Helping your children choose books they will love

I reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

The Giant Book of Giants

Published by

Egmont Books Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

The Giant Book of Giants

Contents

Jack and the Beanstalk	2
Coyote Tricks the Giant	6
Momotaro, the Peach Boy	10
Finn and the Buggane	14
The Curious Giantess	16
Sinbad's Third Voyage	20



Written by Saviour Pirotta

Illustrated by Mark Robertson

EGMONT

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

Somewhere in the woods lived a penniless widow. All she had in the world was a lazy son and a milking cow. The cow made milk every morning, but her son Jack did nothing all day except pilfer food from the near-empty pantry.

One morning, Jack's mother cried, "Oh, what's to become of us? The cow has stopped making milk."

"Don't worry, mother! I'll take her to market and get a good price for her," offered Jack to his mother's surprise. And off he went, leading the cow. He had not walked for long when he came across an old crone.

"Where are you off to, my boy?" asked the woman.

"Down to the market to sell our last cow," said Jack.

"You won't get much for that wretched beast," cackled the woman, "but I'll buy her from you, if you like."

She waved her wizened hands in the air and five beans appeared. "Here you are, fellow. Take them before I change my mind."

"Five beans for a cow?" laughed Jack, walking away.

"Magic beans," whispered the crone. "Plant them in your garden and wonders will sprout. Good fortune will grow."

"In that case," said Jack, "we'll shake hands on it."

When Jack's mother saw the beans, she burst into tears. "My foolish son!" she cried, "Even an old crone can double-cross you!" And she flung the beans out of the window.



When Jack woke up the next morning, he looked out of the window, and what did he see? A giant beanstalk was growing in the garden, disappearing up high into the sky.

Jack hopped out of the window and, branch by branch, he climbed up the beanstalk until he was above the clouds. There, he followed a winding path that led to a huge castle, where a giant woman was standing on the doorstep.

"If it's not too much bother, ma'am," said Jack, "could I have a crust to eat? At home our pantry is empty."

"Very well," nodded the giant woman, "But beware! My husband likes to gobble up children for dessert. When he comes back, you'll have to run away."

Jack was diving into freshly-baked bread and jam, when the ground started to tremble.

"That's my husband," gasped the giant's wife. "Hide in the oven, quick."

No sooner had Jack closed the oven door than the giant burst in. He was terrible to look at, and his voice was like thunder, making the porcelain cups on the draining board rattle. "Fee-fi-fo-fum," he roared. "I smell children for my tum! Fetch a plate and serve me a couple of little rascals."

"There are no children here," said the giant's wife. "Just the sheep I roasted for you, my dear."

The giant put a bag of gold down on the table and gobbled his breakfast with his bare hands.

SINBAD'S THIRD VOYAGE

In the days when only the bravest of souls set sail in stormy waters, there was a merchant called Sinbad the Sailor. He travelled the seven seas, buying and selling rugs, silks and diamonds the size of honey melons.

On his third voyage, his ship was caught in a hurricane which blew it off-course. It fetched up near a small island that was covered with vicious looking, spiky trees. Suddenly, hundreds of fierce, hairy little creatures rushed out of the undergrowth and into the sea. They swarmed aboard Sinbad's ship, and before the surprised sailors could do anything, they seized it and sailed away. Sinbad and his sailors were left stranded.



Sindbad looked around and wondered where they had been cast away. Who were their captors, and why had they run for their lives? In the distance, he could see a large palace with high towers and a gold-studded gate that twinkled in the bright sunlight. He suggested to the ship's captain that they walk toward it. "If there's anyone living there, we can ask them where we are," said Sinbad.

Someone had left the door to the palace ajar. Sinbad and his men pushed it open, expecting to see a beautiful hallway with marble floors and tapestries hanging on the walls. But the room was bare. The men tiptoed further in and found themselves inside a huge kitchen. There, a horrible sight met their eyes – a big fire for cooking, skewers and a huge pile of bones. Human bones! Whoever lived there ate people for supper. The sailors' knees started to shake with fear, and before they could even start thinking about bolting, the front door to the palace crashed shut.

The people-eater was home.

The ground shook as whoever it was crossed the hallway and stomped into the kitchen. Through the door came a giant so terrible, some of the hardy sailors fainted at the mere sight of him. He was as tall as a palm tree. His teeth were long and pointed, and he had only one eye, positioned directly in the middle of his forehead.

"Dinner!" the giant roared.

The terrified sailors fled, scattering to the far corners of the room. The giant caught Sinbad and looked him over. "No, you won't do!" he snarled, setting him aside. Then he grabbed another member of the crew. Holding him tightly in his fist, he lifted him up to look at him closely. The giant grunted with satisfaction. "Here's someone with more meat on his bones!"

EGMONT
We bring stories to life

First published in Great Britain 2011
by Egmont UK Limited
239 Kensington High Street
London W8 6SA

Text and illustrations copyright © XXXXXXXXXXXX
The moral rights of the author/illustrator have been asserted

ISBN 978 14052 XXXX X (Hardback)
ISBN 978 14052 XXXX X (Paperback)

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

A CIP catalogue record for this title
is available from the British Library

Printed and bound in XXXXXXXXXXXX

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means,
electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise,
without the prior permission of the publisher and copyright owner.



Paper engineering Alan Brown
Editors Michelle Misra, Yvonne Deutch
Designer Laura Hambleton
Senior Art Editor Dan Bramall
Managing Editor Pauliina Teodoro
Art Director Jonathan Gilbert
Publisher Sue Grabham