Jack and the Beanstalk read aloud story

Many years ago, there lived a young boy called Jack. He lived in the little town of Beanfield, in a pretty cottage with his mother. The family were very poor and a cow named Daisy was the only valuable thing that they owned. Daisy was Jack's only friend, but she was getting old and wasn't giving as much milk as she used to.

One bright and sunny morning, Jack's mother decided that they should sell Daisy. 'Take her to the market,' she said, 'and make sure that you get a good price for her.'

Jack tried his best to pursuade his mother to keep Daisy, but she would not change her mind.

As Jack walked Daisy to the market, he met an old man. 'Where are you off to young man?' the old man asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

'I'm going to the market to sell my cow,' replied Jack miserably.

'I might be interested,' the man said mysteriously, 'but I can't give you any money for her.'

'What will you give me then?' laughed Jack. 'Beans?'

'Well, actually, yes!' the man responded, and he held out his hand to show five of the most ordinary looking beans Jack had ever seen. Jack looked down at the beans and laughed.

'Beans?' he asked. 'Why on earth would I sell my cow for a handful of beans?'

'They're not just any beans,' smiled the man. 'These are magic beans. Plant them and they will bring you good luck.'

Jack thought carefully about what the old man was saying. Should he ignore the man and try to sell Daisy at the market, or should he take the

The Scented Garden

man up on his offer? Jack felt that he could certainly do with some good luck.

'It's a deal!' Jack exclaimed. 'But there is one condition – you must take good care of Daisy. She's my best friend.'

The man agreed. He gave Jack the beans and gently lead Daisy away. Jack returned home to his mother, who was furious when she heard what Jack had done.

'You did what? You sold our cow for some 'magic' beans? What's the matter with you, Jack?' She threw the beans out of the window and sent Jack to bed without any supper.

The next morning, Jack woke up feeling terrible about everything. How could he have sold his best friend for a handful of beans? He got up and looked out of the window, but instead of his usual view of the garden, Jack saw a huge beanstalk!

'Mum!' Jack shouted. 'Look!' Jack's mother ran into his bedroom and looked out of the window.

'What is that?' she asked.

'It's a beanstalk! See, the beans were magical after all. I'm going to climb it and see where it goes.'

'Be careful, Jack,' his mother said. 'You don't know what's up there.'

Bravely, Jack began to climb the beanstalk. It was very, very tall. Up and up he went until his head was in the clouds. Finally, he reached the top and saw a magnificent castle. It was the biggest castle that he had ever seen. 'Wow!' Jack exclaimed. 'I wonder who lives there?'

Carefully, Jack climbed down from the beanstalk and began to walk towards the castle. Jack soon arrived at the castle gates, which were open. Jack crept inside. He looked around and saw a gigantic table and a gigantic chair. In fact, everything was gigantic! Jack tiptoed forward and

looked up at the table. *I wonder what's up there?* Jack thought to himself. He began to climb the table leg, but when he was exactly half way up, Jack heard gigantic footsteps approaching, and the table began to wobble.

'Oh no!' cried Jack. 'It must be a giant!' As fast as he could, Jack scrambled up onto the table and hid behind a gigantic salt pot.

'Fee-fi-fo-fum!' boomed the giant. 'I smell the blood of an Englishman. Be he alive, or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread!'

Jack's knees shook with fright! What was he going to do? He looked around. On the table was a gigantic mug. Jack quickly scurried towards it and climbed inside, before the giant saw him.
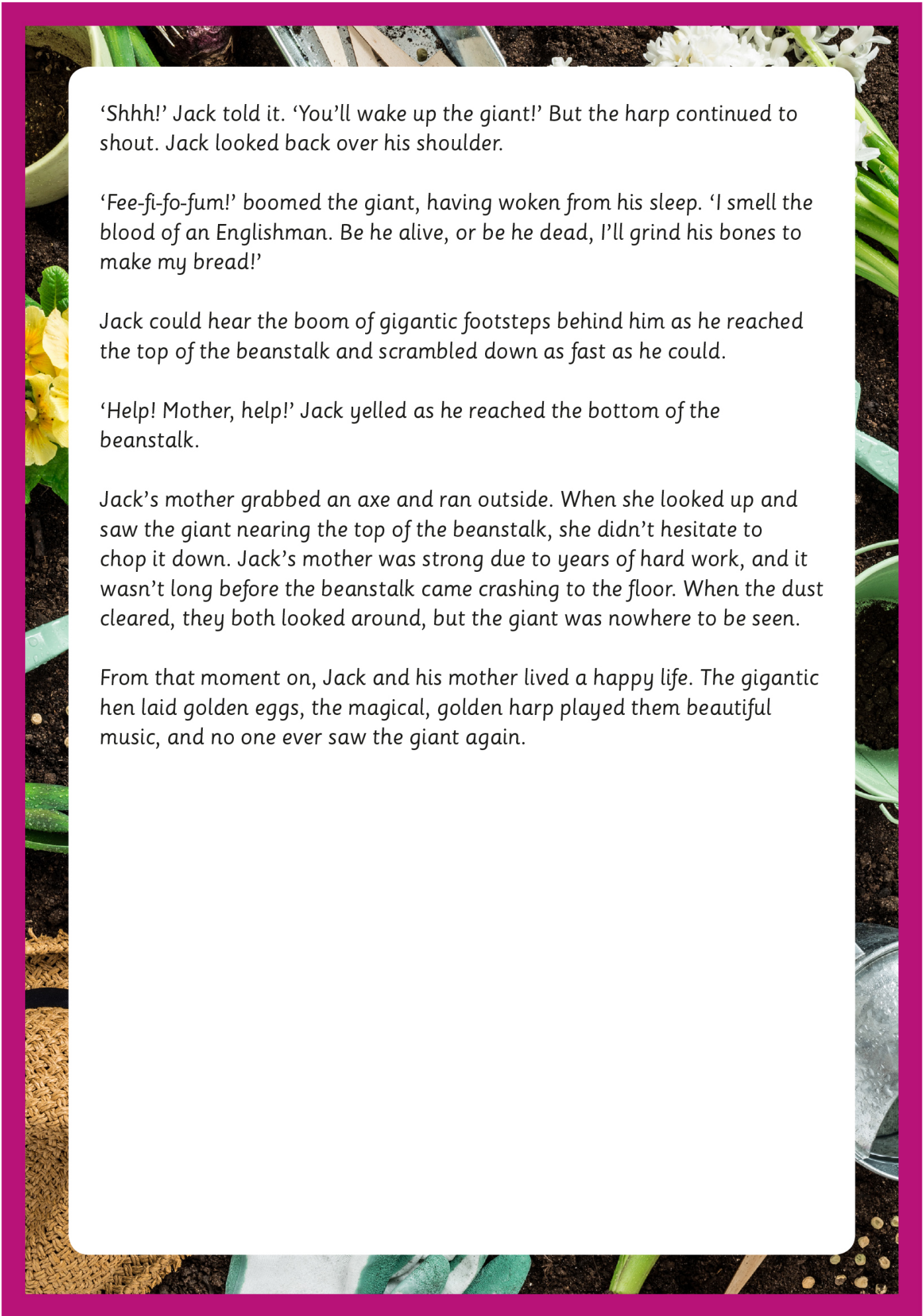
The giant looked around the room, but luckily, Jack was well hidden. The giant soon gave up his search. Instead, he sat down on his gigantic chair and placed a gigantic hen and a golden harp onto the table.

'Lay me an egg!' the giant commanded. The hen clucked and squawked, then laid a golden egg. 'Excellent!' the giant said as he patted the hen. Then he gave a gigantic yawn.

'Play for me harp!' he asked, and it began to play the most beautiful melody that Jack had ever heard. Within minutes, the giant was fast asleep.

Jack peeked over the rim of the gigantic mug. He couldn't believe his eyes. A hen that laid golden eggs and a magical golden harp! These would surely make him rich and make his mother happy. He looked around for a way to carry them both home. On the table was a gigantic tablecloth. Very quickly, Jack pulled the tablecloth towards him without disturbing any of the things on the table and without waking the sleeping giant. Quick as a flash, he threw the tablecloth over the gigantic hen and the golden harp, wrapping them both inside.

Jack climbed off the table and was running towards the beanstalk when suddenly, the harp cried out, 'Help master, help!'

'Shhh!' Jack told it. 'You'll wake up the giant!' But the harp continued to shout. Jack looked back over his shoulder.

'Fee-fi-fo-fum!' boomed the giant, having woken from his sleep. 'I smell the blood of an Englishman. Be he alive, or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread!'

Jack could hear the boom of gigantic footsteps behind him as he reached the top of the beanstalk and scrambled down as fast as he could.

'Help! Mother, help!' Jack yelled as he reached the bottom of the beanstalk.

Jack's mother grabbed an axe and ran outside. When she looked up and saw the giant nearing the top of the beanstalk, she didn't hesitate to chop it down. Jack's mother was strong due to years of hard work, and it wasn't long before the beanstalk came crashing to the floor. When the dust cleared, they both looked around, but the giant was nowhere to be seen.

From that moment on, Jack and his mother lived a happy life. The gigantic hen laid golden eggs, the magical, golden harp played them beautiful music, and no one ever saw the giant again.