

Jack and the Beanstalk

7. And he went higher!

Jack was having a lovely dream. Ma was cooking a stew full of meat, vegetables and magic beans. It smelt delicious and he was holding out a big bowl, ready to tuck in...



Jack slowly woke up to the song of birds chirping in the garden. Something about his bedroom was different. It seemed darker than usual... and what was that rustling sound coming from outside..?



Jack went over to the window and opened the curtains. He could hardly believe what he saw! Something that looked like a giant tree was standing in the garden – except it wasn't a tree. It was more like a thick stalk, twisting up into the sky and covered in rustling leaves. Jack had seen stalks like these before, only much smaller of course. Stalks that grew beans...



Of course! This was a beanstalk! A giant, magic beanstalk! 'It must have grown from the beans Ma threw out last night!' thought Jack. 'The old man did tell the truth after all!'

The beanstalk rose up as far as Jack could see. Where did it go? 'I have to find out where it leads,' Jack thought, his eyes shining with excitement. 'Now I know why the old man gave me the shoes. I certainly couldn't climb this beanstalk in my old ones.'



Ma was still asleep as Jack quietly tip-toed downstairs. He didn't want to wake her up!

He felt nervous as he placed his foot on the thick stalk. Slowly, he began to climb - up past his bedroom window - and up past the chimney on the roof. Soon, the cottage looked like a small dot beneath him. 'Don't look down!' Jack thought as he clung on tight. 'I hope I don't fall. It's a very long way to the bottom!'



Jack carried on climbing. Before long, he was so high up that he passed into fluffy white clouds. He couldn't see the ground anymore, and he couldn't see the top of the beanstalk either. He was all alone in the thick whiteness.

'But it's too late to turn back now,' thought Jack. 'I mustn't stop. I must keep on climbing till I get to the top!'