

# Jack and the Beanstalk

## 13. The magic harp

Jack built a little home for the magic hen to live in. Winter turned to Spring, and every morning, the hen laid a glittering, golden egg.



And Jack spent his days travelling far and wide, giving a golden egg to whoever needed one.



But one morning the hen was nowhere to be found.

'I've heard news of a gang of thieves in the area,' groaned Ma. 'They must have heard about our special hen and come to steal it in the night.' 'But there are still hungry people who need help,' said Jack. 'I think it's time for me to pay one more visit to the Giant's castle...' And so for the third time, Jack climbed up the beanstalk.



'My husband is still just as bad as ever, I'm afraid,' the Giant's wife told Jack. 'But today he's out playing football with his giant friends.' Jack was just telling her how the golden hen had been stolen, when they heard a familiar noise...



'He's back - but this time, I'll hide under his dirty washing,' said Jack. 'I bet it smells much stronger than I do!'



'Fee-fi-fo-fum!' roared the Giant as he entered the kitchen. 'We lost the game and I'm in a very bad mood indeed!' He sniffed his enormous, hairy nose. 'It's that smell again!' he said. 'Are you sure you're not hiding a little boy somewhere, wife?' 'Quite sure, dear,' she replied. 'Are you ready for some pie? I've baked fifteen of them.'



The Giant gobbled up the pies in no time. 'Bring me my golden harp,' he demanded. 'Its beautiful song always makes me feel happy again.' 'I bet the person you stole it from wasn't too happy,' said his wife. But she did as she was asked and placed a glittering, golden harp by her husband's side.



The harp played the most magical and beautiful music, all by itself. 'Ahhhhh!' sighed the Giant. 'I feel better already. In fact, I feel rather sleepy...'

'If only Ma and the villagers could hear this,' Jack thought. 'Such wonderful music would really cheer everyone up. I wonder if I can take the golden harp without the Giant noticing?'