



*Fee Fi Fo Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread!*

The air quivered as the giant's words boomed deep within Jack's ears, the giant's heavy footsteps getting ever louder.

As quick as a flash, Jack leapt onto the nearest branch of the beanstalk and began to climb down. Now Jack, being an adventurous lad, had climbed many trees before hunting for birds' eggs and looking for bees' nests, but this was no ordinary tree.

This way and that way he would try to steady his feet and hands, but the branches would only squirm and wriggle and coil themselves around Jack's body. It was as if he were climbing a ladder made of snakes and Jack knew he had to think fast.

Grabbing hold of one of the leaves with both hands, he closed his eyes, held his breath and with all his might jumped.

As gently as a feather, Jack landed in the dusty yard of his mother's farm. And there, out of the corner of his eye, he spotted an axe.

**FEE FI FO FUM,
I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN.
BE HE ALIVE OR BE HE DEAD,
I'LL GRIND HIS BONES
TO MAKE MY BREAD!**

And without further delay Jack picked up the axe and began to swing

