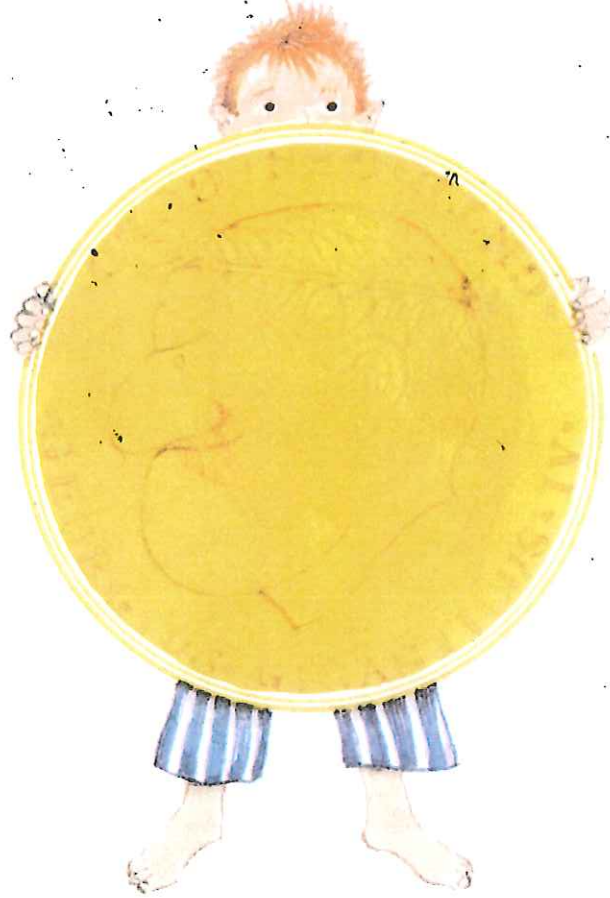


A watercolor illustration of a young boy with red hair, wearing blue and white striped pajamas, climbing a large green beanstalk. The beanstalk has large, rounded leaves. In the background, a large stone castle sits on a rocky island in the sea under a pale yellow sky.

Jim and the Beanstalk

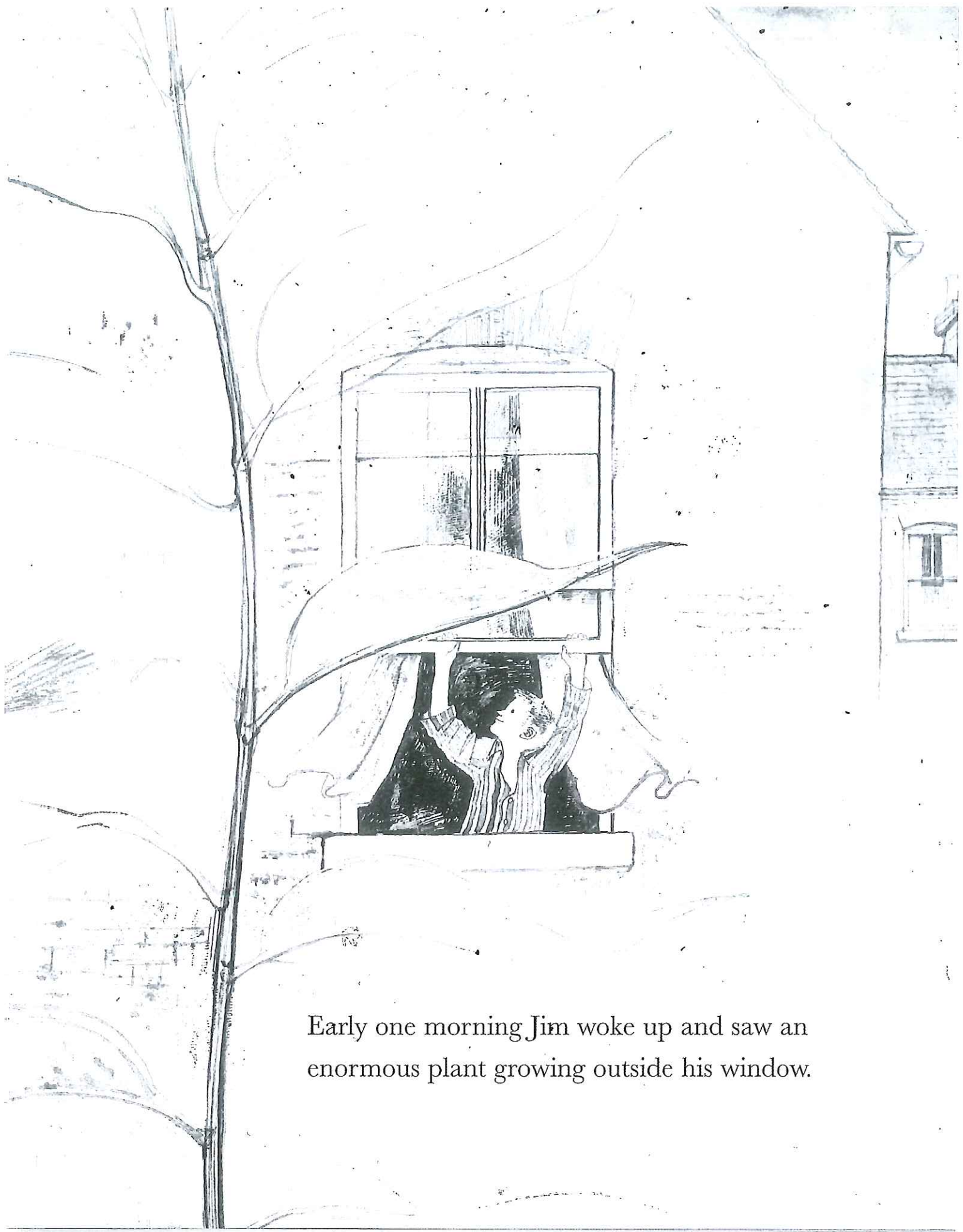
RAYMOND BRIGGS

Jim and the Beanstalk



RAYMOND BRIGGS

PUFFIN BOOKS



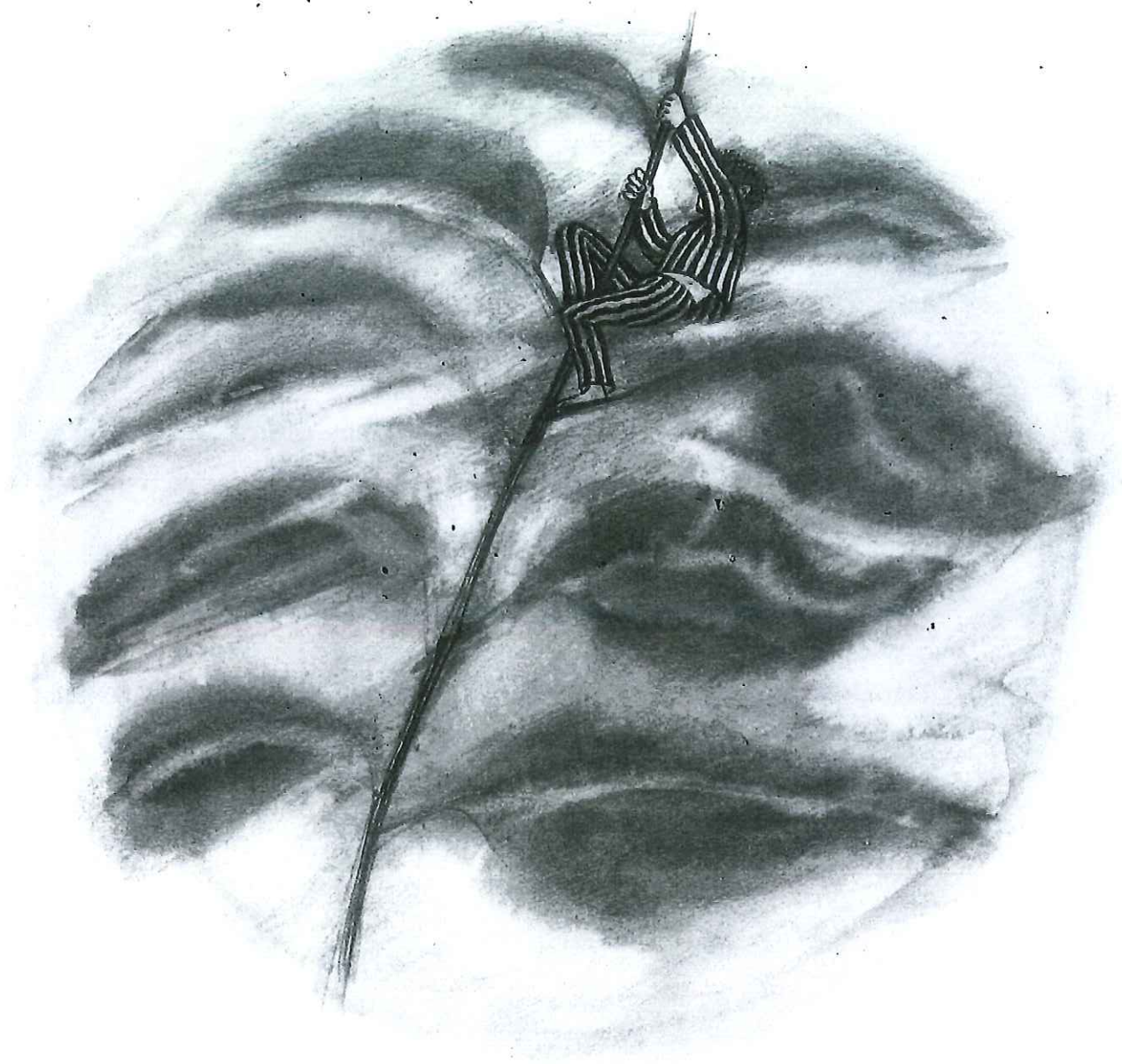
Early one morning Jim woke up and saw an enormous plant growing outside his window.

“That’s funny,” he said, “it wasn’t there yesterday.
I’ll see how high it goes,” and he began to climb
up the plant.









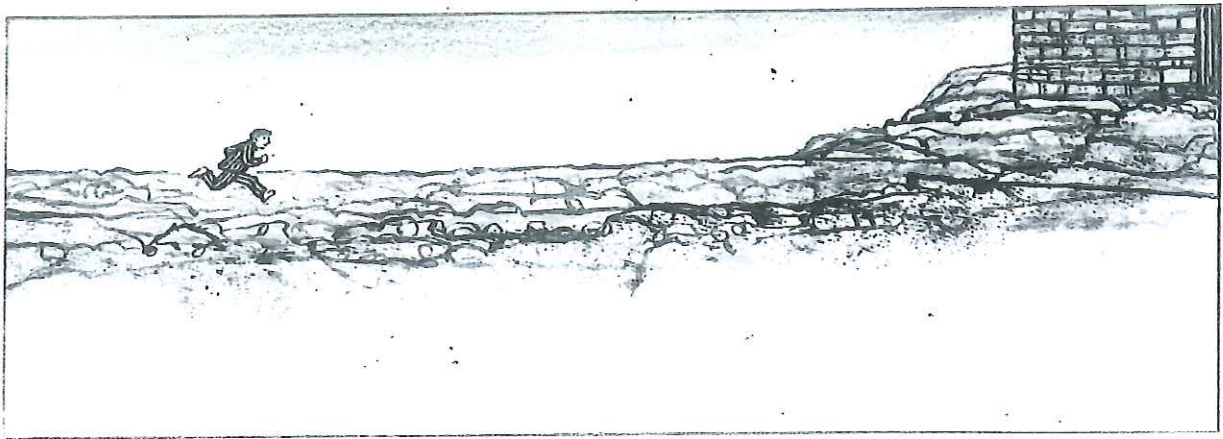
“It certainly is a big plant,” he said, as he went into the clouds.





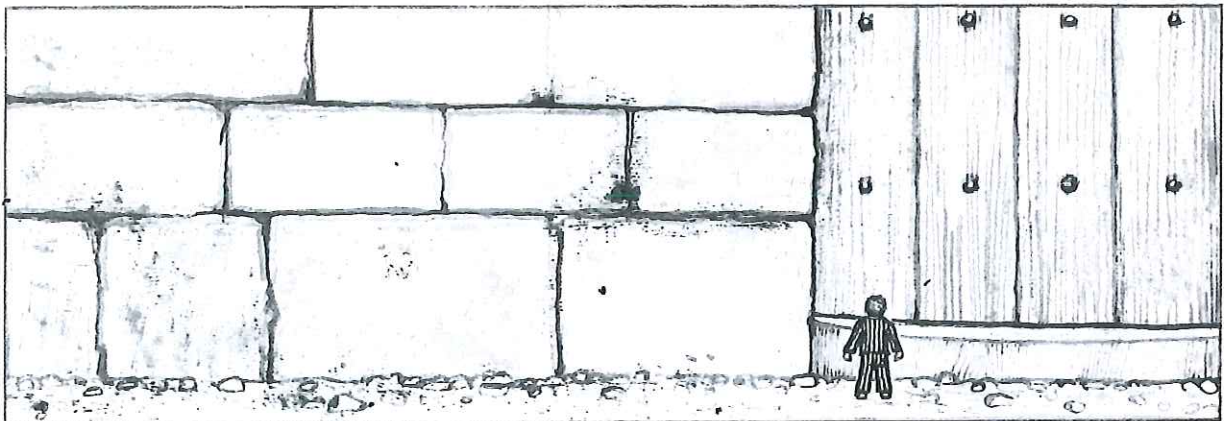
When he reached the top of the plant, Jim saw a castle.

"I'm hungry," he said. "I'll ask at the castle for breakfast.
I hope they have cornflakes."



Jim ran to the castle and knocked on the door. He waited and waited, until the door was slowly opened by a very old giant.

“Aha!” said the Giant. “A boy. A nice juicy boy. Three fried boys on a slice of toast – that’s what I used to enjoy eating in the old days, but I’ve got no teeth now. Come in, boy, you’re quite safe.”





The Giant shared his breakfast of beef and beer with Jim.

"Is your name Jack?" he asked.

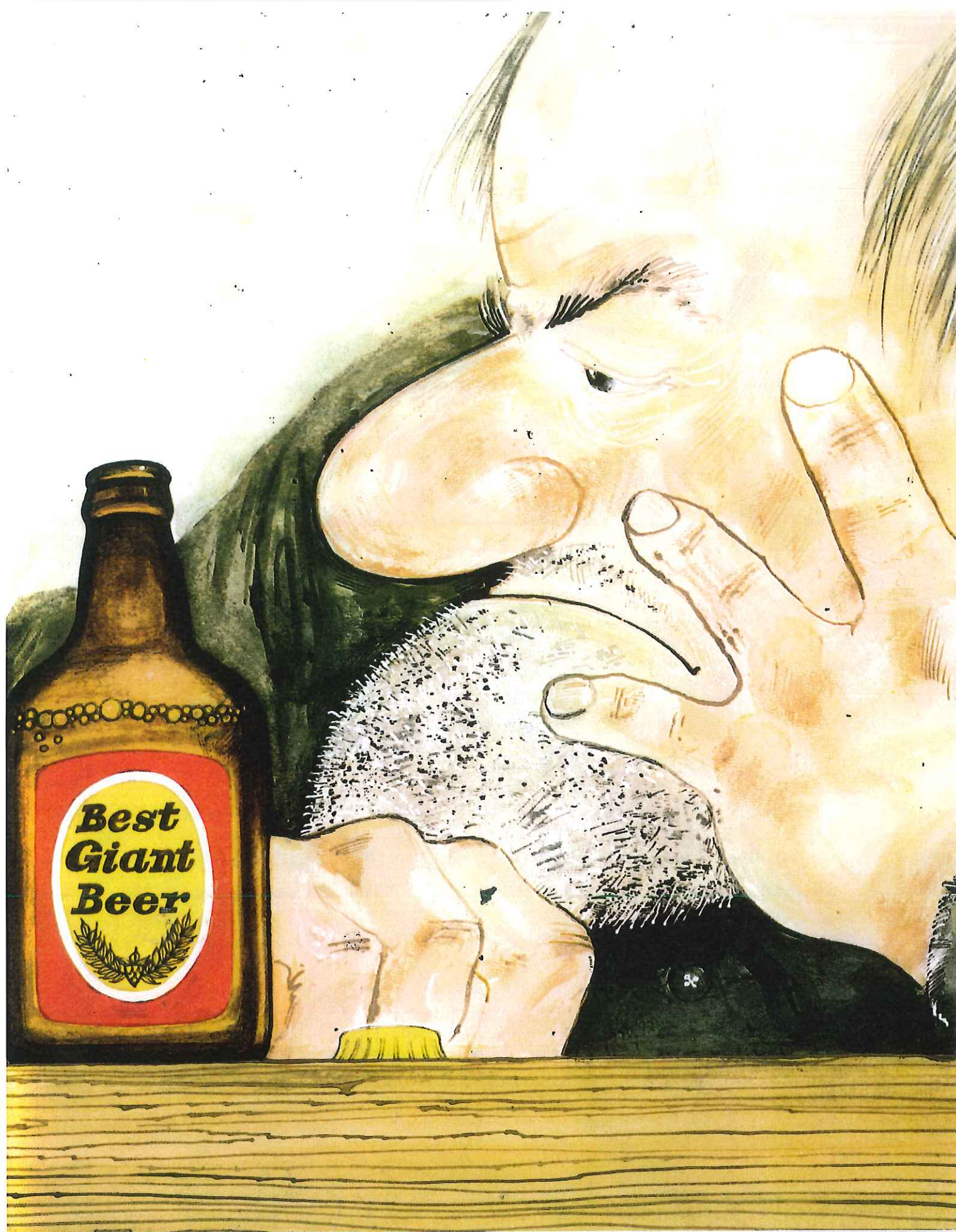
"No," said Jim, "it's Jim."

"Did you come up a beanstalk?" asked the Giant.

"I came up some sort of plant," said Jim.

"It's that beanstalk again," said the Giant. "It came up once before. That pesky boy Jack stole some of my father's gold and took our golden harp and our golden hen and I've never really been happy since. And now I'm old too. I can't even see to read my poetry books because the print is too small."







"Haven't you got any glasses?" asked Jim.

"Only beer glasses," said the Giant.

"I mean reading glasses," said Jim. "They go on your nose and ears."

"It's my eyes I'm talking about!" roared the Giant, banging his fist on the table.

"These glasses are *for* your eyes," said Jim, and he explained about glasses while the Giant listened carefully.

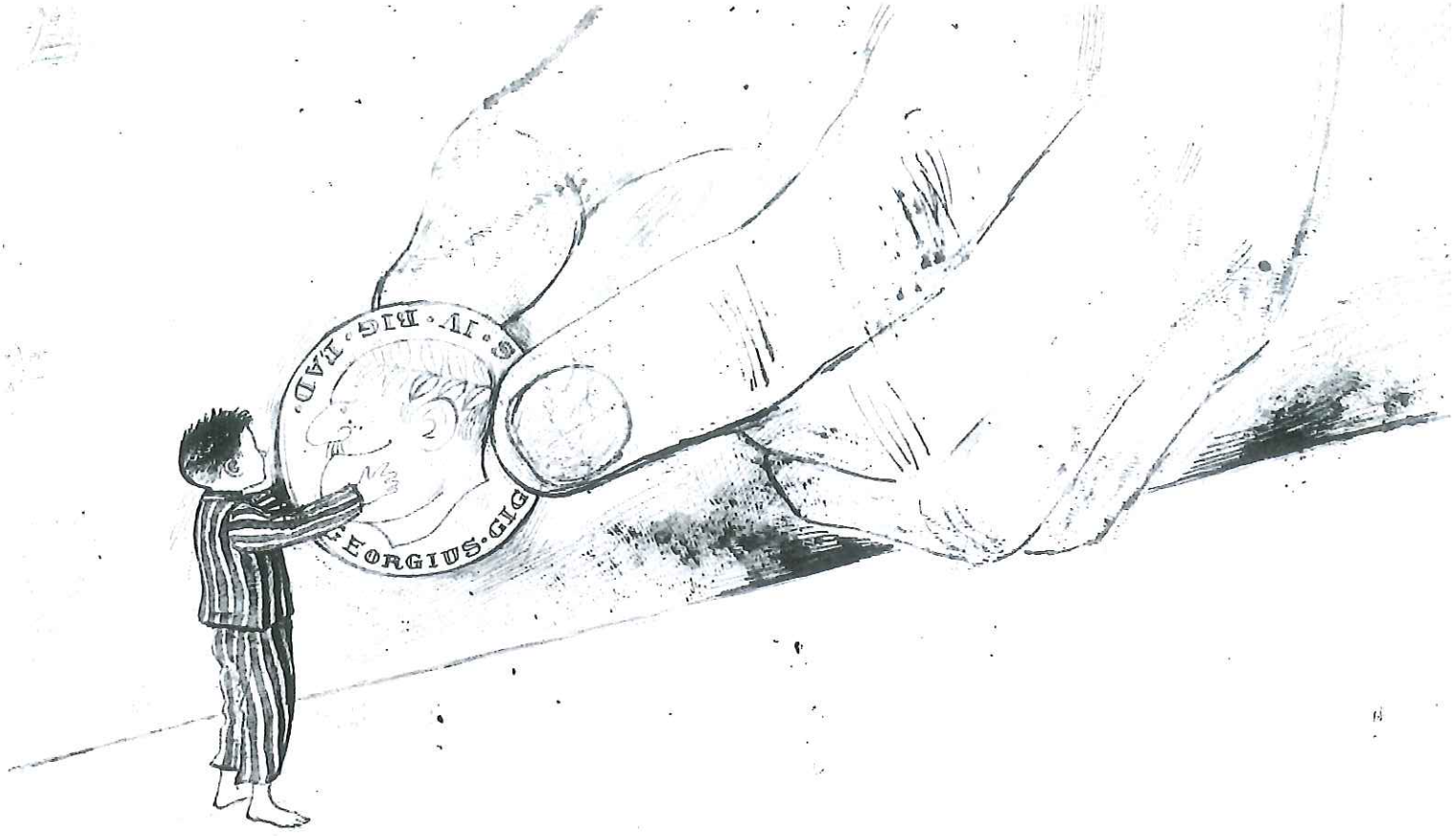
"Get 'em!" said the Giant fiercely when Jim had finished. "Get 'em for me. I'll pay good gold."





“I’ll have to measure you,” said Jim.
So Jim measured the Giant’s head.



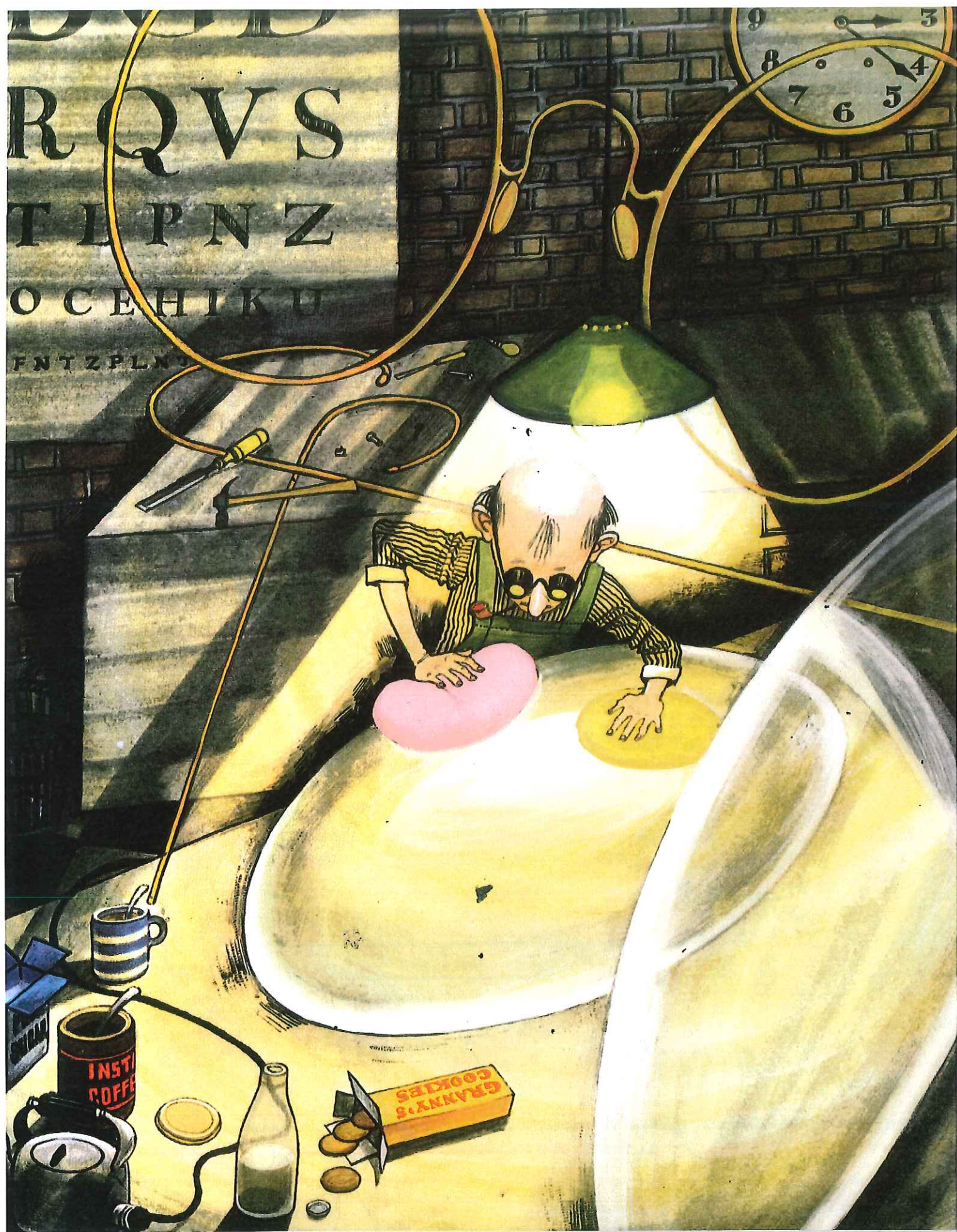




The Giant gave Jim a gold coin, and Jim climbed down the beanstalk as fast as he could, holding tight to the coin. He showed the coin to his mother, but before she could say anything he got dressed and ran off to the oculist.



The oculist could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the giant gold coin, but he set to work straight away. He worked all night, and in the morning the glasses were ready.



The Giant loved his glasses and began reading rhymes to Jim as soon as he put them on.

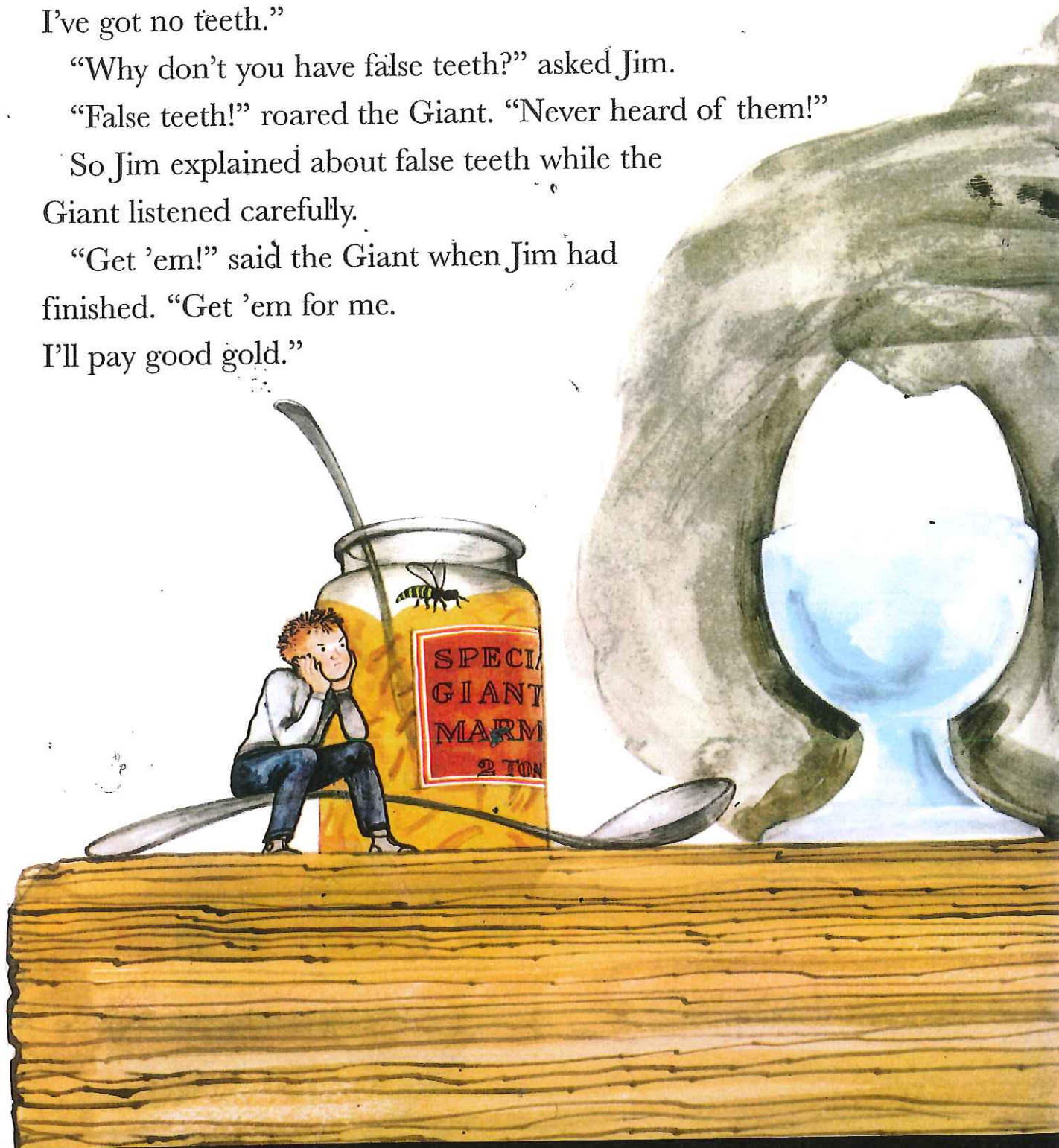
"You're a good boy," he said. "Now I can see you properly I wonder what you'd be like to eat. I can't eat anything much nowadays because I've got no teeth."

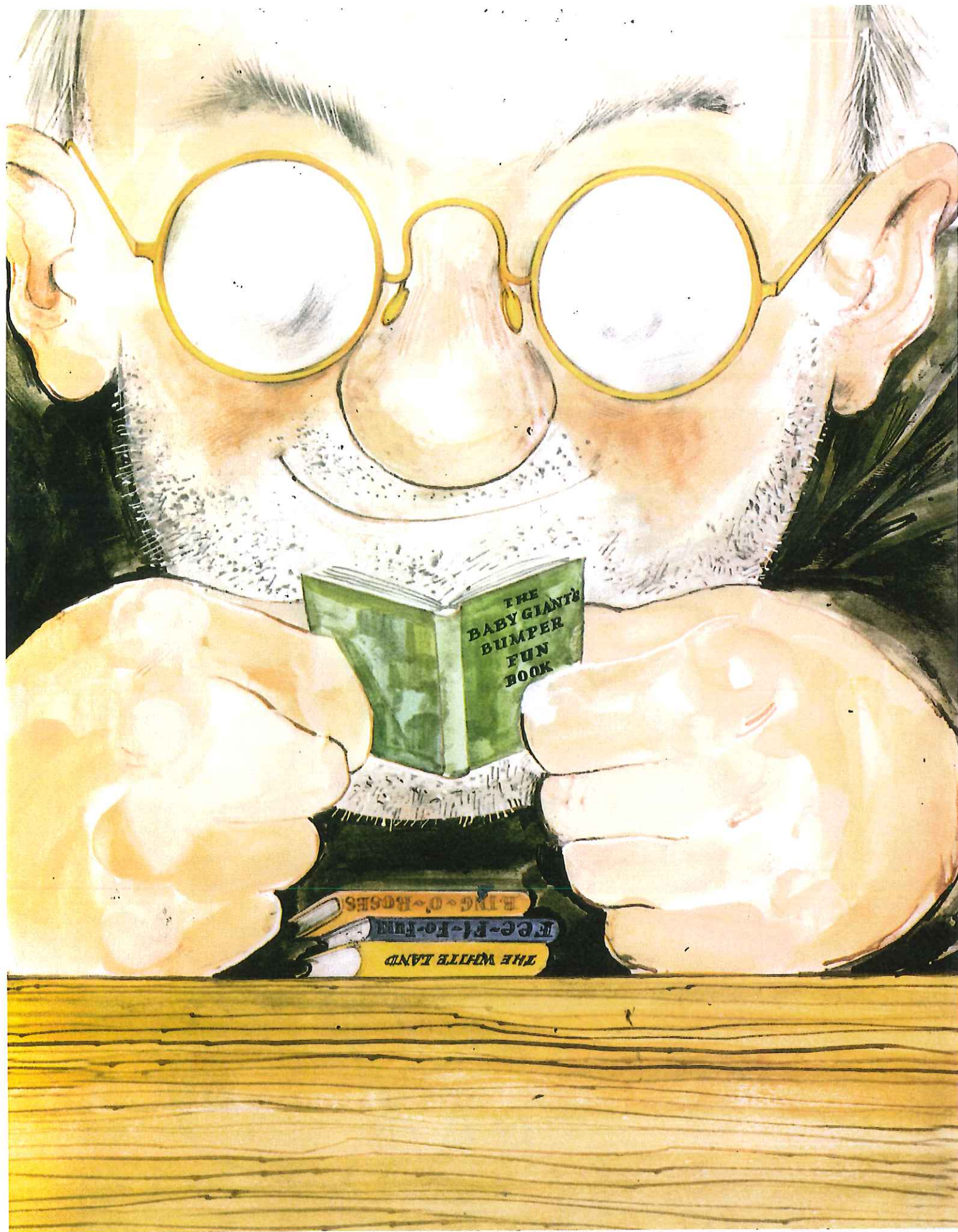
"Why don't you have false teeth?" asked Jim.

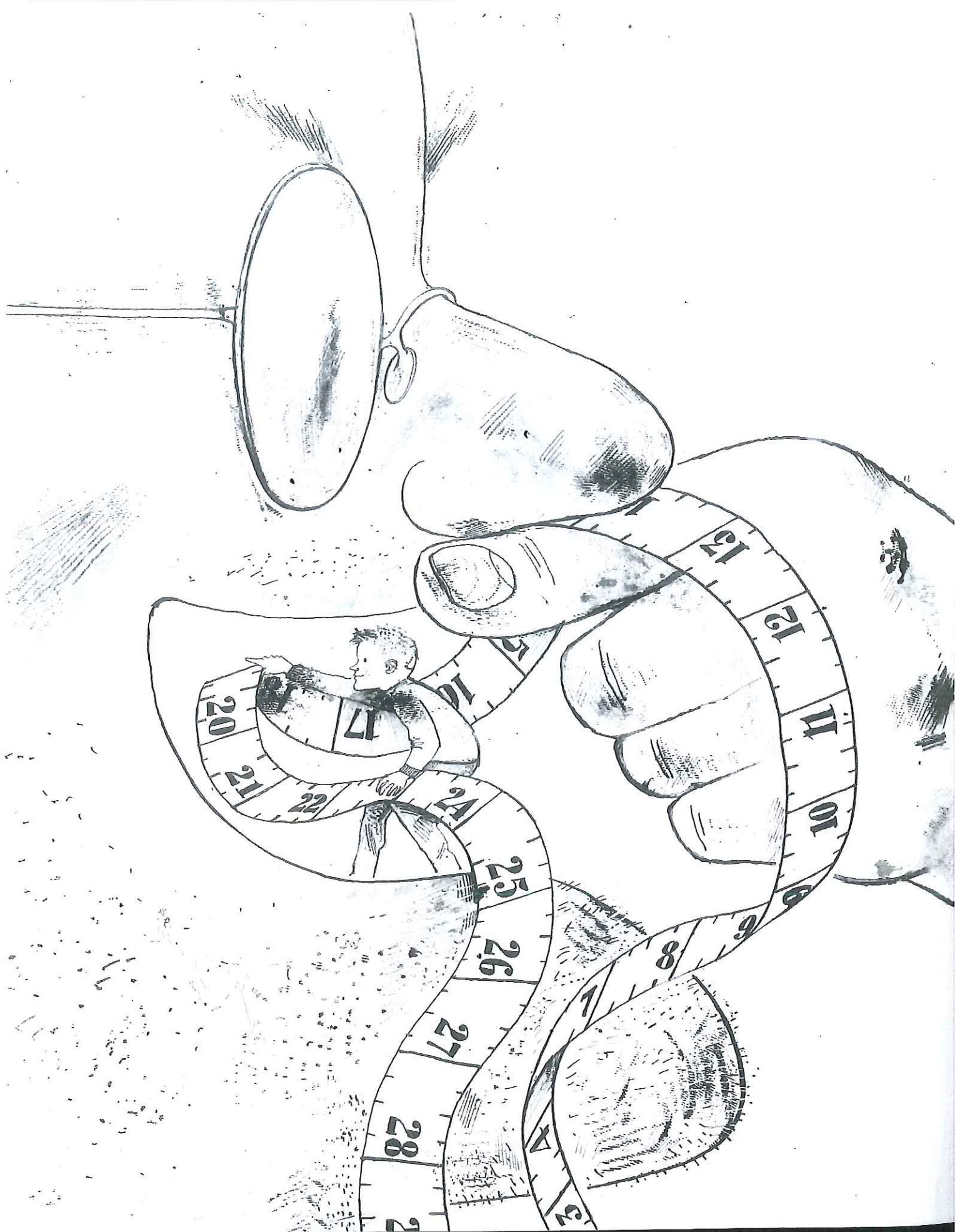
"False teeth!" roared the Giant. "Never heard of them!"

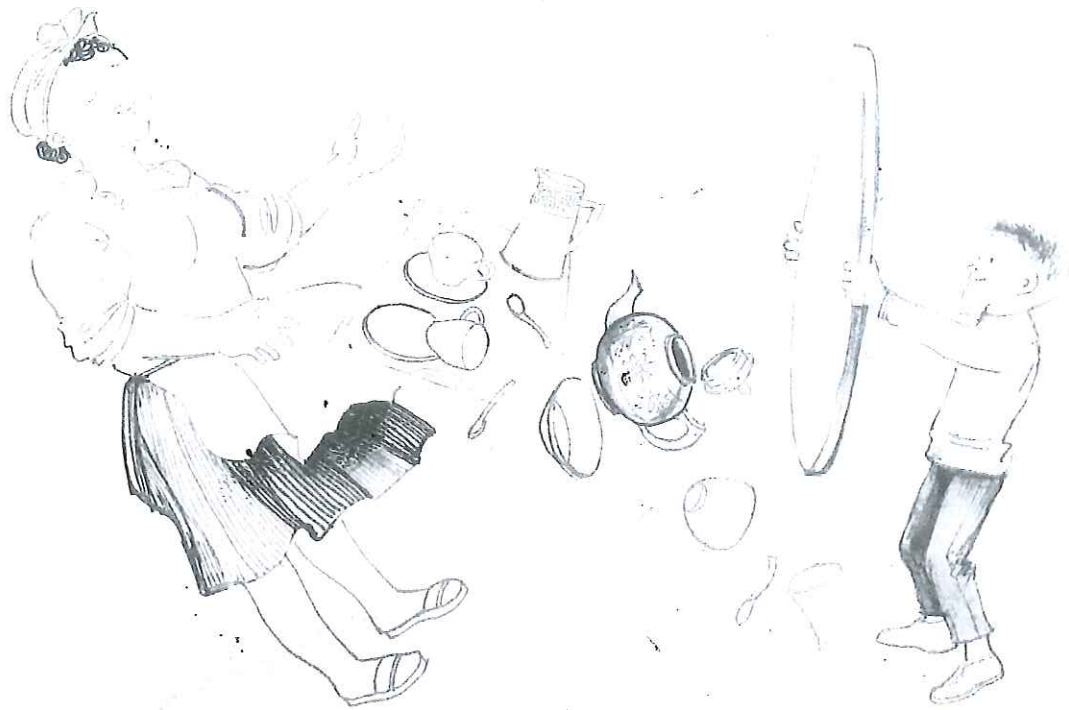
So Jim explained about false teeth while the Giant listened carefully.

"Get 'em!" said the Giant when Jim had finished. "Get 'em for me. I'll pay good gold."





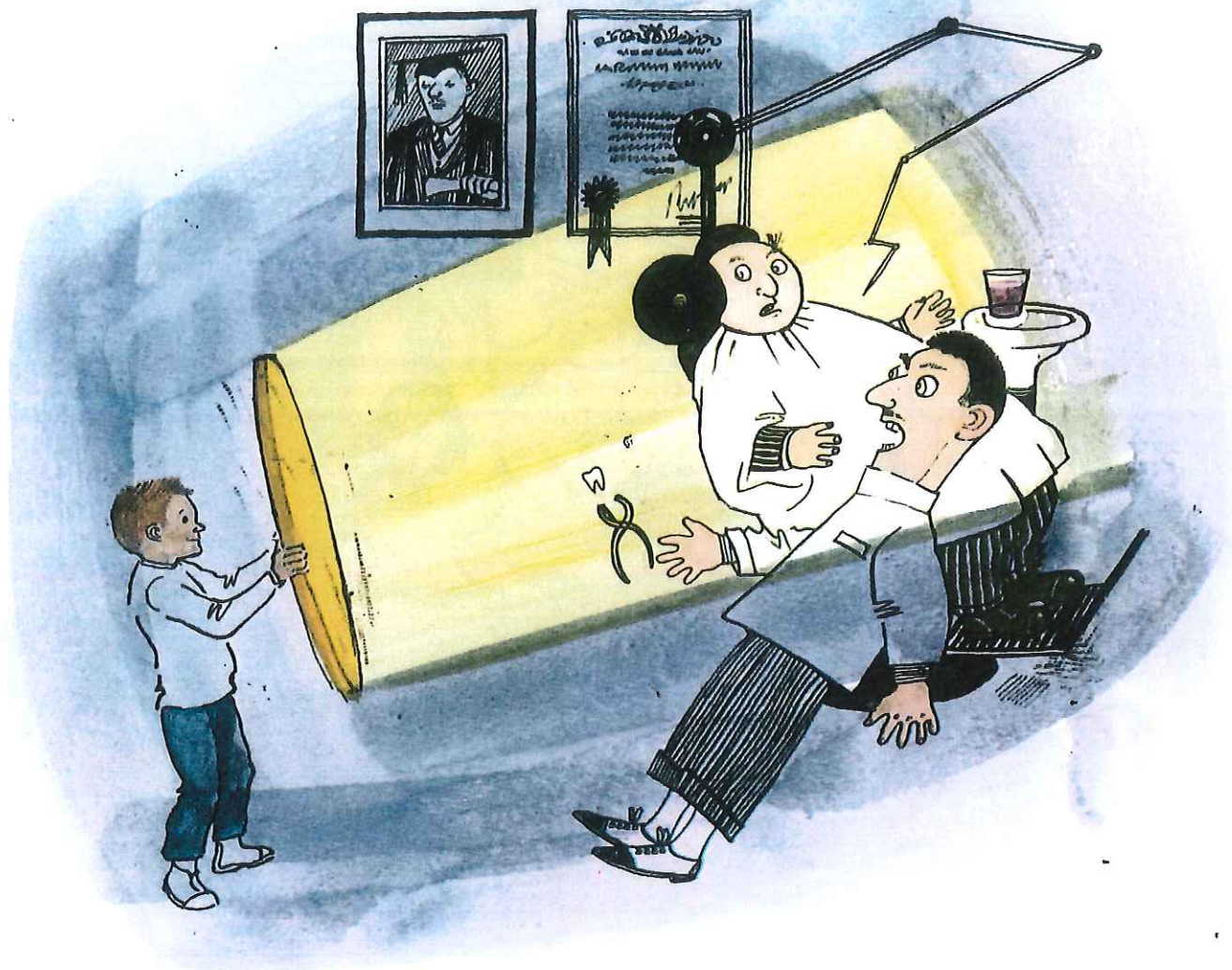




So Jim measured the Giant's mouth.

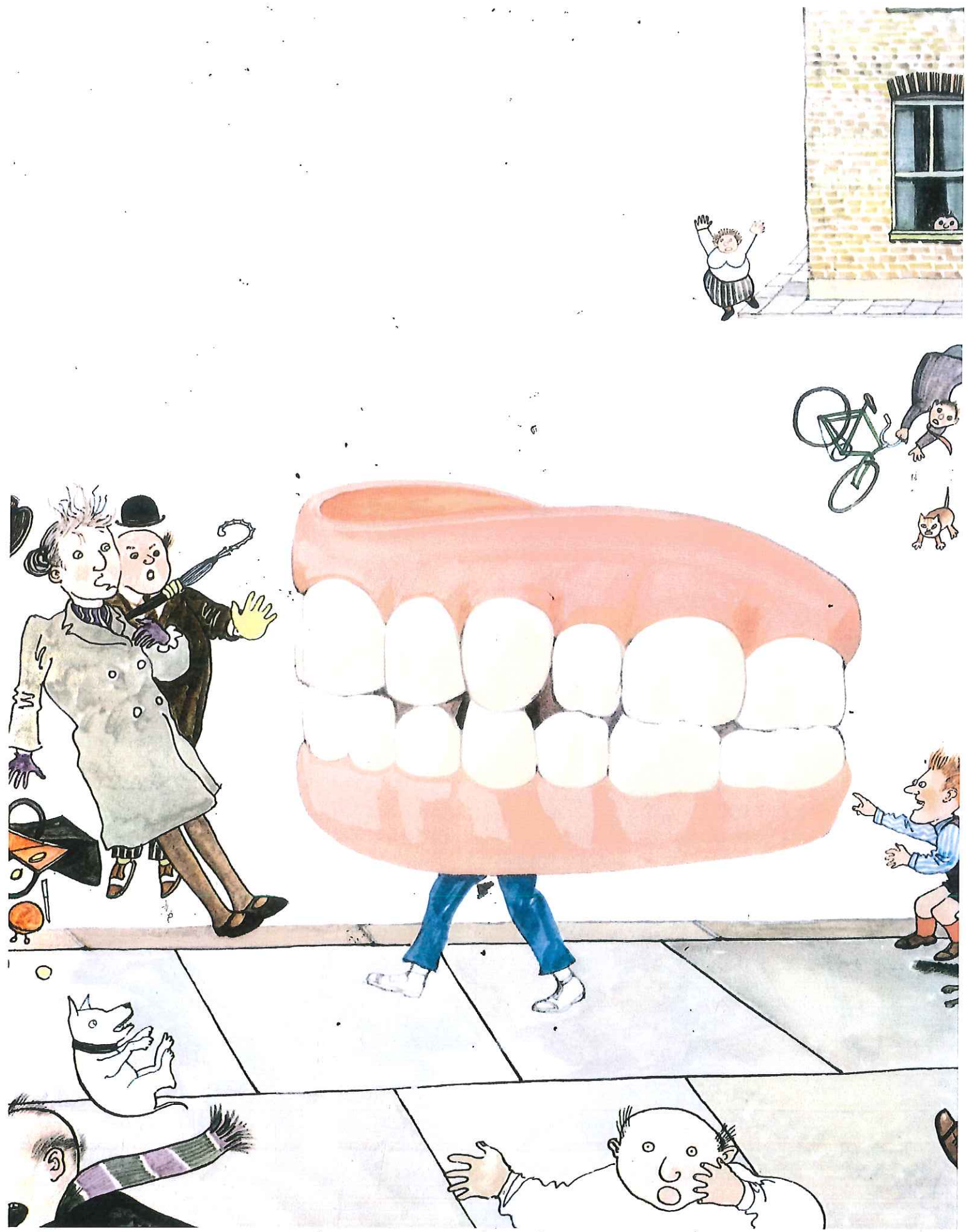
"Make them big," said the Giant, "and sharp. I like sharp teeth."

The Giant gave Jim another gold coin and Jim climbed down the beanstalk as fast as he could, holding tight to the coin. He showed the coin to his mother, but before she could say anything he ran off to the dentist.

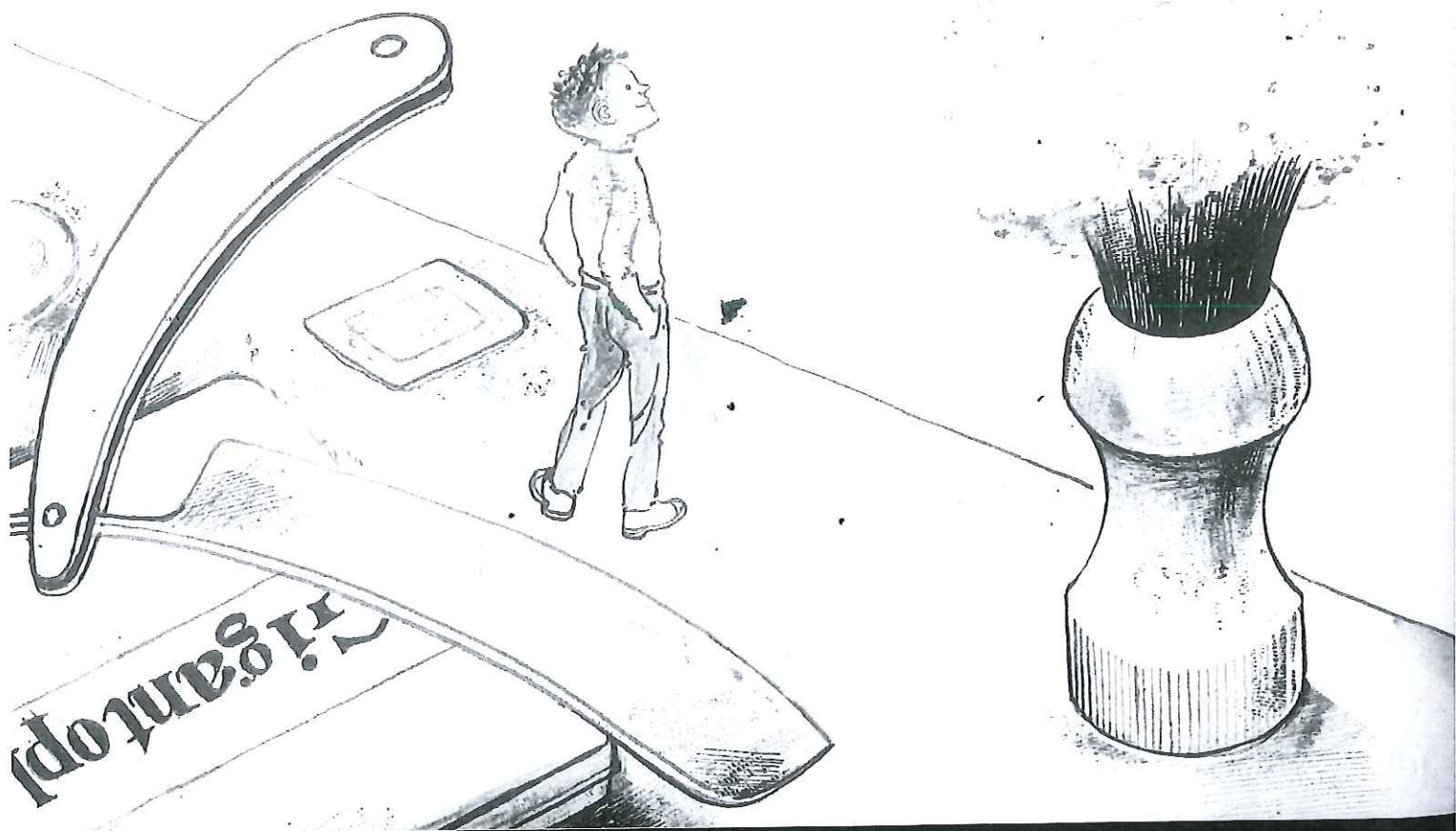


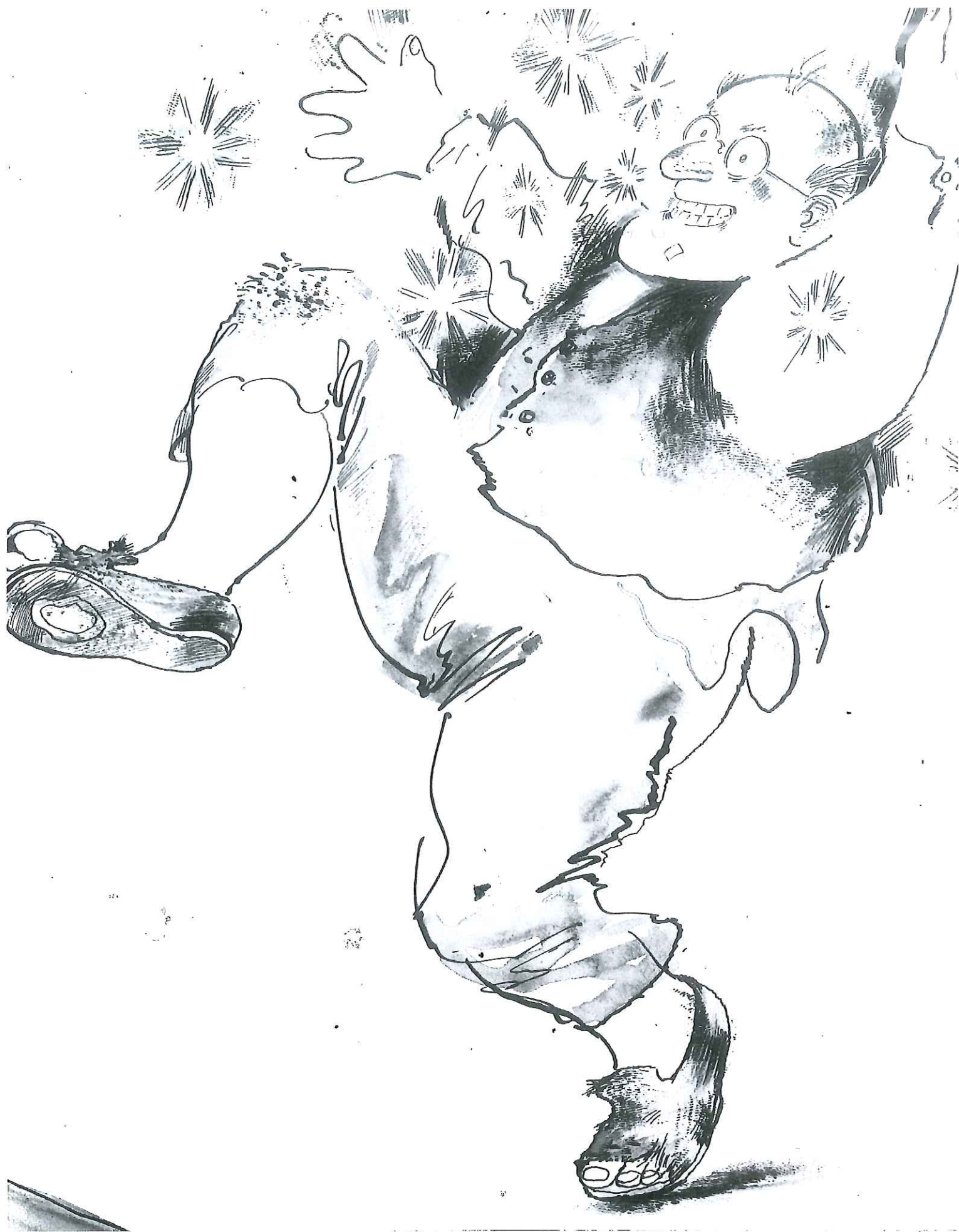
The dentist could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the giant gold coin, but he set to work straight away. He worked all night, and in the morning the teeth were ready.

Jim carried them home. Then he tied them on his back and climbed up the beanstalk.



The Giant loved his new teeth. He jumped
up and down, champing his jaws and
gnashing the teeth until the sparks flew.







Then the Giant sat down and looked at himself in a mirror.

"Ah," he said, "I used to be a good-looking lad. Great head of flaming red hair I had, and now look at me."

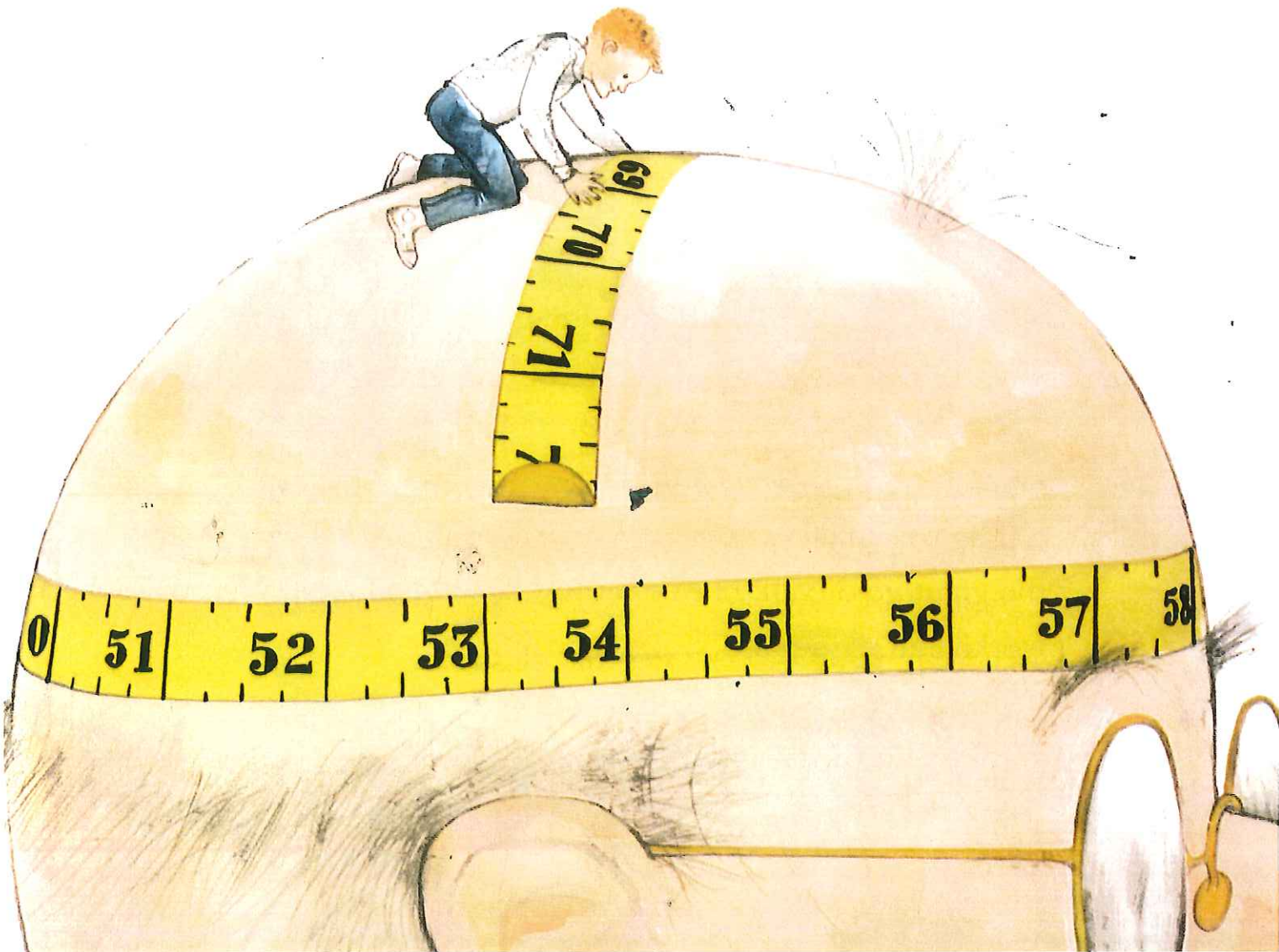
"Why don't you have a wig?" asked Jim.

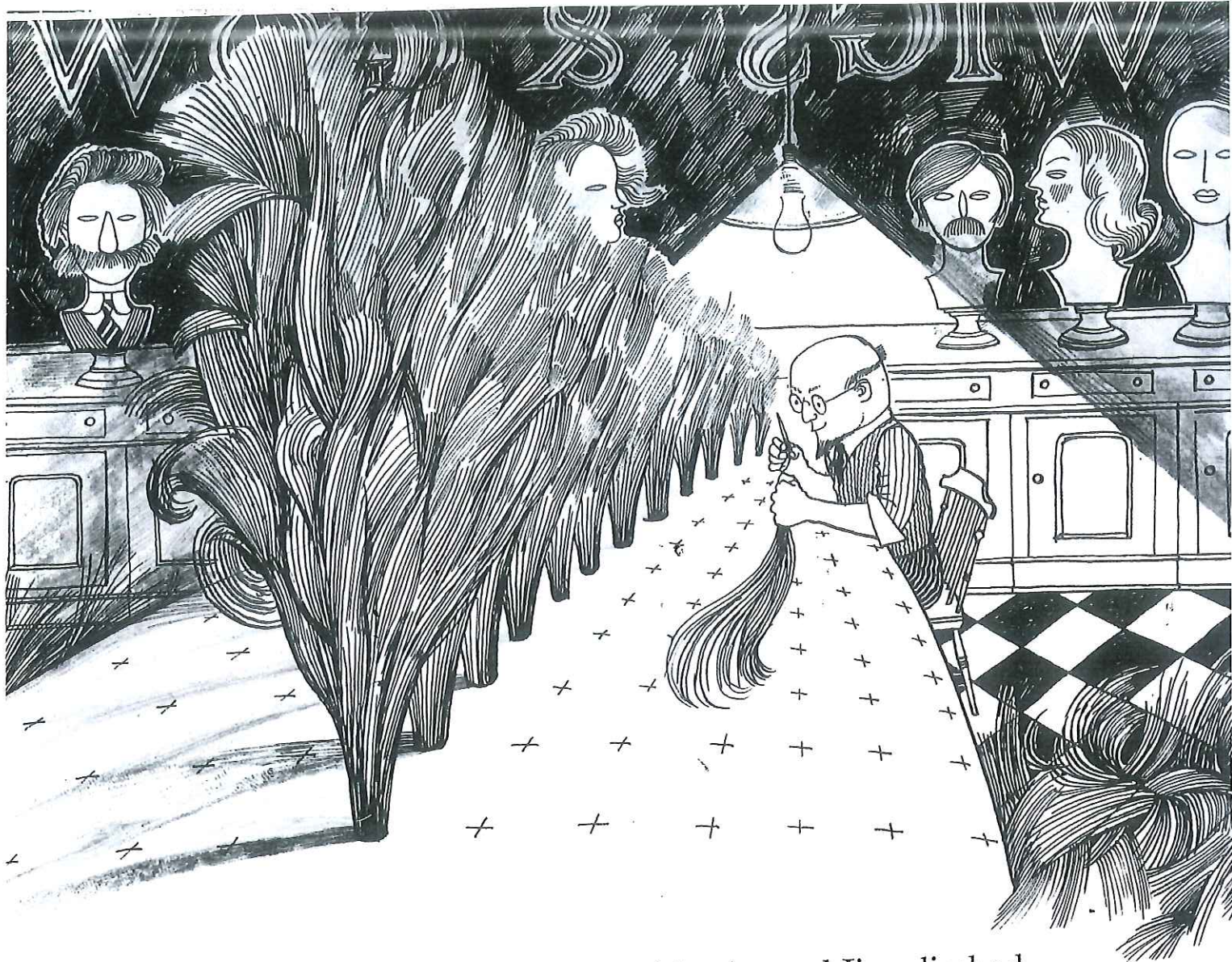
"A wig!" roared the Giant. "Never heard of a wig!"

So Jim explained about wigs while the Giant listened carefully.

"Get one!" said the Giant when Jim had finished. "Get one that's red and curly! I'll pay good gold."

So Jim measured the rest of the Giant's head.

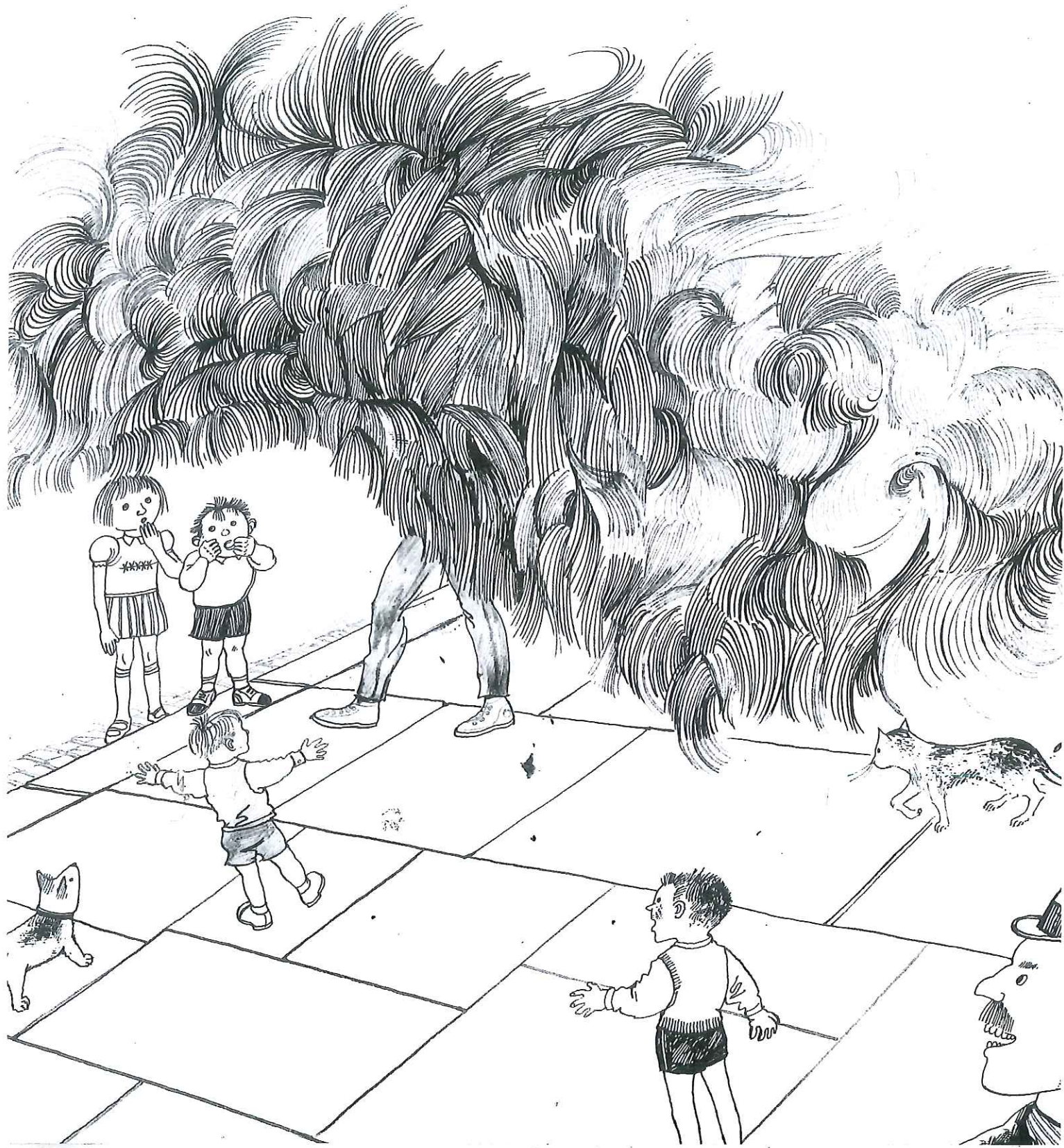




The Giant gave Jim another gold coin, and Jim climbed down the beanstalk as fast as he could, holding tight to the coin. He showed the coin to his mother, but before she could say anything he ran off to the wig-maker.

The wig-maker could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the giant gold coin, but he set to work straight away. He worked all night, and in the morning the wig was ready.

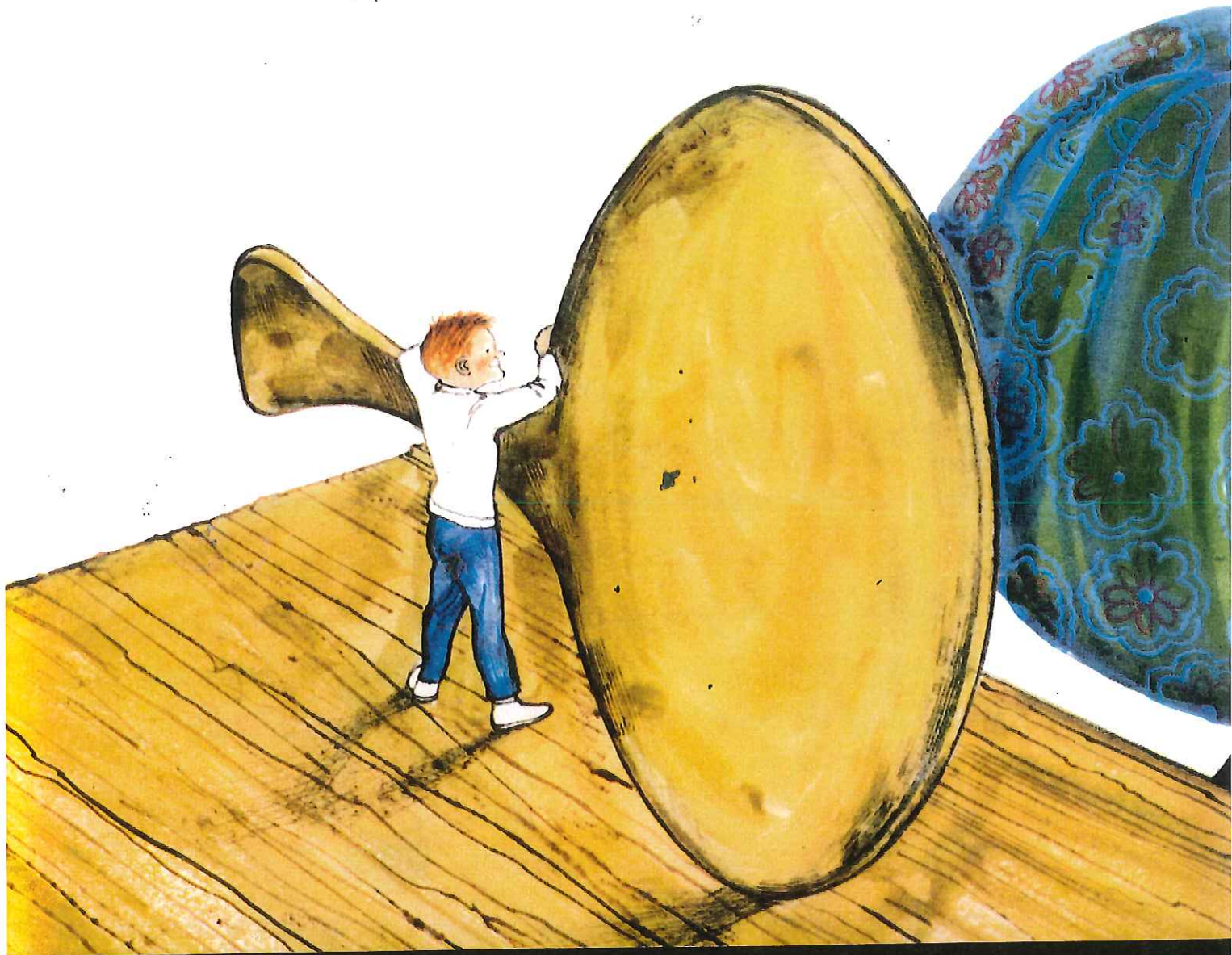
Jim carried it home. Then he tied it on his back and climbed up the beanstalk.



The Giant loved his wig. "I look about a hundred years younger!" he said.

He put on all his best clothes and danced about the room, beaming at himself in the mirror.

"Marvellous! Wonderful!" he boomed. "I'm happy again. I feel like a new Giant. And my appetite has come back too ..."









The Giant stood still and looked at Jim.

“Fried boy,” he said thoughtfully. “Hmmm ...”

Jim waited to hear no more. He ran to the beanstalk, slid down it as fast as he could and landed below in a heap.

Above him he could hear the thunder of the Giant's footsteps.

Seizing an axe, Jim swung mightily and chopped down the beanstalk.

At the very moment the beanstalk fell, something else landed beside Jim with a thud. It was a huge piece of paper wrapped around a giant gold coin. On the paper was written:

DEER JIM
Thank you for the
teeth and the glasses
also the lovely wigg
your friend
The Giant

Jim ran inside and showed the giant gold coin to his mother.

"At last you can keep a coin for yourself!" she said. Somewhere in the distance Jim heard the rumble of giant laughter.





The Giant at the
top of Jim's
beanstalk is so old
and sad and lonely
that he doesn't
even want to
EAT him.
But when Jim
befriends him,
the Giant
begins to feel more
like his old self and
suddenly he has
a taste for
fried boy ...

This well-loved
tale has been given
new life and
freshness by
Raymond Briggs,
the author of the
bestselling classic,
The Snowman.

"Our children will
still be buying
The Snowman for
their children"
— *The Times*



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