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I can’t believe they published that load of lies! Here I am, sitting in a hospital bed with three broken limbs and I just finished reading that little brat’s story. Many of you may have already read "Jack and the Beanstalk" and probably believed every word of it. Well, think again! Just so you don’t get confused, I’m going to tell you the real story.

For many long years I have watched over their family farm, being the kind, benevolent giant I am. Blowing in rain clouds for the crops, guarding against terrible storms, and watching for any other bad influences on the family. The family became rich over time and became a little too free with their money. Jack, contrary to what he wrote, bought those magical beans with his weekly allowance, which is more money than some people see in their lifetimes, and planted them behind his house. Lo and behold, they grew into a mighty beanstalk whose highest point reached right up into my flower garden.

Jack, being the devious, evil boy that he is, climbed that beanstalk hoping to grab a few of my rare treasures. Although he had more than enough money already, the greedy little boy wanted more. I greeted Jack with a smile and a handshake, unaware of his intentions when he first arrived at my door. I don’t have the faintest idea where he
came up with that "Blood of an Englishman" line, considering I never said anything of the sort. To tell the truth, I'm a vegetarian and can't stand the sight of meat! Back to the story, Jack shared a meal with me then decided to accept my invitation to spend the night. The little con-man put up an act worthy of an Oscar to prove he was my friend. Later that night, the problem started.

I was having trouble sleeping due to my bad back and happened to wake at about midnight. On my way to the kitchen to get a glass of water, I happened upon little Jack making off with my golden harp and Fluffy, my treasure laying goose. "Why aren't you in bed, little friend? And what are you doing with all my stuff?" I inquired. Jack made a rather rude remark relating to giants and their cleanliness, one I dare not repeat, and started sprinting for the door. Enraged that the greedy criminal was going to get away with my most prized possessions, I started chasing him out the door. I would have caught him had I not tripped on that cursed banana he tossed on my walkway.

By the time I reached the beanstalk, the agile thief was already a good fifty yards down. I started down after him but his small size and quick speed gave him an obvious advantage on the climb. Jack thus reached the ground long before me. Here is where Jack's story tells the only truth. The wicked fiend ran into his tool shed and emerged wielding a woodcutter's ax! I scrambled to reach the ground in time but to no avail. The black-hearted burglar had chopped completely through the base of the stalk and sent me plummeting to the ground. The paramedics arrived shortly and took me away to the hospital while Jack and his mother were rejoicing with my goose! It upsets me even now to think how scared little Fluffy probably is.
Not only does Jack get to keep my harp and goose, but he also gets to collect royalties on his untruthful story! My lawyers are preparing a lawsuit against Jack’s family even now, hoping to sue for every last penny they own. However, Jack’s cash should only just about cover my giant sized hospital bills and not leave me with anything extra. Oh well, at least I won’t be receiving any more trouble from those bothersome pests!