

DAISY



and the TROUBLE with

GIANTS

by Kes Gray

Contents

Cover
About the Book
Title Page
Dedication
Praise

Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Chapter 7
Chapter 8
Chapter 9
Chapter 10
Chapter 11
Chapter 12
Chapter 13
Chapter 14
Chapter 15
Chapter 16
Chapter 17
Chapter 18
Chapter 19
Chapter 20

Index
Copyright

About the Book

Fee Fi Fo Fum,
NOW what's Daisy gone and done?!

Daisy has decided she wants to meet a REAL GIANT!

But REALLY BIG TROUBLE looms as she hunts high and low for a magic bean!

DAISY



and the **TROUBLE** with

GIANTS

RED FOX

For Geraldine, a GIANT amongst writers!



Some words about The Trouble with Giants:

“Ooops, I think I just trod on a bus.”

Daisy



“Who are you calling ugly?!”

An ugly giant



“Who are you calling smelly?!”

A smelly troll



“I’m too cross to say anything!”

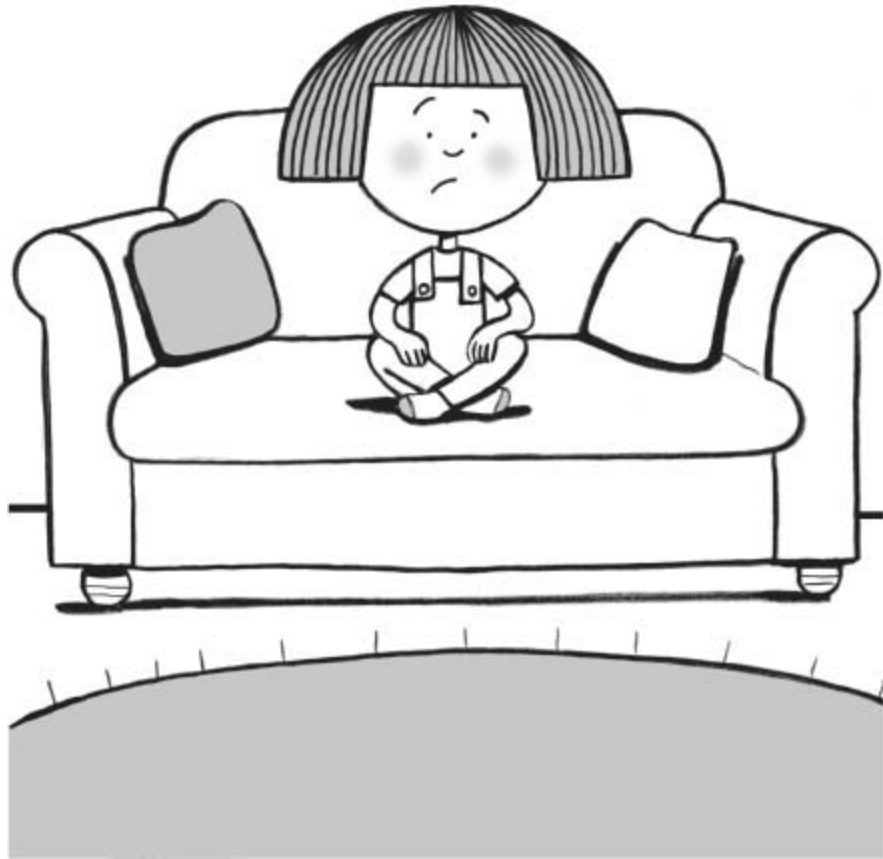
Daisy’s mum



“LET ME OOOOOOUUUUUUUTTT!!!!!!”

Jack Beechwhistle

www.daisyclub.co.uk



Chapter 1

The trouble with giants is they shouldn't live at the top of magic beanstalks.



If giants didn't live at the top of magic beanstalks, then what happened today wouldn't have happened in the first place.

Or the second place.

Or any of the places in Nanny and Grampy's garden.

Nanny wouldn't have got cross.

Mum wouldn't have got cross.

Grampy wouldn't have got cross.

No one would have got cross.

You can't blame me if magic beans don't sparkle. Magic beans would be really easy to spot if they did sparkle like magic. But they don't.

Which ISN'T MY FAULT!!!

Chapter 2

I'd love to meet a real giant.

Giants have giant shoes with giant buckles, giant clothes with giant buttons, giant front doors with giant doorbells, and inside their castles they have giant tables with plates full of giant food.

If I was a giant, I'd eat crunchy creams as big as tractor tyres! And I'd keep them in a biscuit tin as big as a house!

If I wanted a drink, I wouldn't pour my orange squash into a glass, I'd pour it into a swimming pool! And then I'd drink it with a huge giant straw! I reckon a giant's straw would be as long as a ladder at least! Even longer probably! Maybe even as long as two drainpipes!

I bet a giant could empty a swimming pool of orange squash in about two sucks!! *One* suck if it was lemonade! Because lemonade is the best drink in the world.

Meeting a giant for real would be soooooo good! He could pick me up and put me on his shoulder and we could go everywhere together.



We'd have giant adventures and everything. When we got thirsty we could drink giant lemonades, and when we got hungry we could eat giant crunchy creams.

Or custard creams. I don't really mind.

That's another **trouble with giants**. They get REALLY hungry and REALLY thirsty.



Which is why they go *Fee Fi Fo Fum*.

The **trouble with saying *Fee Fi Fo Fum*** is only giants should be allowed to say it.



Otherwise it can end up getting quite rude.

In storytime at school on Friday, Jack Beechwhistle said "Fee Fi Fo Fum" really loudly. And then he said, "Daniel Baines is a stinky bum."

Which rhymes. But it isn't very nice.

Mrs Peters, our teacher, doesn't like it if you shout out in class.



Especially if you shout "*Fee Fi Fo Fum, Daniel Baines is a stinky bum.*"

She said if Jack Beechwhistle didn't say sorry to Daniel Baines straight away, then there wouldn't be any more storytimes on a Friday ever again. For any of us!

Which is really unfair, because why should me and all my friends not get any more stories just because of what Jack Beechwhistle said?

That's the **trouble with Jack Beechwhistle**. He can't control his words. Especially during storytimes.



The **trouble with storytimes at school** is we only get one story.



I wish we got a hundred stories! And I wish all the stories were about giants!!

Mrs Peters is really good at reading stories. She does different voices and everything. When my mum reads me stories at bedtime she does the same voices for everything, so like if there's a princess and a prince in the story they have the same-sounding voice, even when one's a man and one's a woman.

Which isn't right really.

Mrs Peters does princess voices, prince voices, king voices, witch voices, wolf voices and even frog voices.

My mum just does mum voices. But I do still like her reading stories to me.

On Friday Mrs Peters read us the story of *Jack and the Beanstalk*. It was really good, except for when Jack Beechwhistle started Fee-Fi-Fo-Fumming all over the place.

The story of *Jack and the Beanstalk* has got all sorts of really exciting things in it, like the giant (he's the best bit) and a hen that lays golden eggs, and a harp that sings all by itself, and golden treasure, and a magic beanstalk, plus a really sharp axe!



Mrs Peters did all the voices and everything. Apart from the beanstalk and the sharp axe.

The **trouble with beanstalks and sharp axes** is they can't speak.



Which means they didn't say anything during the story. But everyone else did.