



*To create my own
version of a
traditional tale.*



Your task is to write your own version of a traditional story

Introduction

Set your scene and introduce your characters – What will your opening sentence be?

Main body

The build-up – What things happen? How do you build the excitement?

The problem – Something goes wrong, is there a mystery or does something terrible happen? Is there an argument?

The action & resolution – How are things sorted out? How is the problem solved?

Conclusion – Does the story end happily ever after? What have people learned? Have characters changed? What is the moral behind the story?

Jack and The Beanstalk - The Giants Perspective

I'm sure you've all heard the story about a young boy named Jack and a few magic beans. Well, if you have, you might want to find out the true story because what you know is NOT the true story. In the children's tale of Jack and the Beanstalk there is a giant who gives the impression of being 'scary'. Well, let me tell you this: I am that giant and I am not scary in the slightest! It has been claimed for centuries that I'm a ferocious giant who hates children and eats young boys for breakfast. Now just because we're a bit bigger than normal humans doesn't mean that we are man eating monsters! If you want to know what we are really like, then read my story, because I know afterwards you will think differently about us giants...

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One day I was in my castle with my dear wife who had kindly decided to make me breakfast - it was delicious! While I was eating, I was distracted by the wonderful smell of a young boy. I love children and think they are absolutely adorable. I thought I could hear my wife talking in the kitchen, but later realised that I must have been imagining things, because there was no one else in the house. Or was there? I went into the kitchen to talk to my wife before I had a lovely relaxing nap. As I walked over to my wife in the kitchen the smell of the young boy was getting closer. The strange thing was, there was no sign of a young child in the room anywhere. I was awfully confused.

“Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman. I can smell the scent of a young boy in here,” I said curiously. “Are you sure there isn’t one in here?”

My wife looked up from the sink and informed me that there was not a child (boy or girl) in the castle.

Perplexed, I strolled out of the room and went to my bedroom for a quiet nap. Dozing on the bed my thoughts turned to my earlier conversation, my wife hadn't seemed like herself. I was quite sure she wasn't lying, because I completely trust her with all my life. I wouldn't have minded if there were young children in the house anyway, because I love their entertaining company and there was no need for her to lie to me anyway. After a while, I calmly dropped off into a deep sleep like I usually do after I have eaten my delicious breakfast.

What seemed like only moments later, I was awoken by a ear splitting shriek, "We have been robbed!"

Nervously my wife continued, "A cheeky boy arrived just after you left, begging for some breakfast. Taking pity on him, poor wee mite... I gave him some food, he looked half starved, popped back into the kitchen to finish off the cake I know you like, although that was my mistake.

When I came back he was gone, and so was some of our precious gold.”

You’ll never believe it but only the next day we were robbed, again! This time I was astonished. That rascal, Jack his name is, snuck back into my home and stole my magic hen that lays golden eggs which was one of my most prized possessions. I wondered if it was stolen by the same rude young thief as last time. This boy had some guts.

Now, I know I said that I am a gentle giant, and I am, but when somebody steals my gold and my magic hen, they are in for some trouble.

Only the next week, I had fallen asleep after playing my golden harp, it is so relaxing and helps me to unwind, (As I have said before, I love my sleep). While I was sleeping I heard my harp speaking, shouting for my help.

“Master save me!” my harp cried. “Don't let him take me!” I knew the boy was trying to steal my precious harp now, but I wouldn't let him get away this time. I started running after the young boy. I chased him down the road. He dropped the harp when we got to the beanstalk. I was still running after him. He slid down the beanstalk like a jet plane, and fetched an axe as sharp as Excalibur.

Raising the axe above his head triumphantly he began to chop down the beanstalk, and I fell to the ground. They thought I was dead, him and his mother. But I can assure you that I definitely wasn't as I didn't want the devious boy to come back and bother me again.

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A beanstalk can't kill a giant. It was really only double my size. And that's my story. Jack won in his eyes, in reality I did and so did all the other giants across the world. Jack had won wealth and he was happy with that, however our victory was greater: it was peace.

From that day forward, no one has ever bothered us again as giants now have the reputation of being massive man eating creatures that devour young boys for dinner. He had fame and wealth but we had peace, and nothing could beat that. By the way, please don't be scared of giants, because we are not scary at all; we just say that to make sure nobody steals from us again.

Can you include the following...

Passive Voice Sentence

I've been robbed by that troublesome boy Jack!

Modal Verb Sentence

Despite how this tale is usually told, I must urge that I am the true victim here.

Embedded Clause Sentence

The boy, who should never have ventured up that beanstalk, trespassed on my property and stole my precious golden eggs!

Success Criteria:

- First person
- Past tense
- A range of sentence starters
- Descriptive vocabulary
- Figurative language (similes, metaphors etc.)
- Passive voice sentence
- Modal verbs
- A range of conjunctions
- A range of punctuation