

Short story

# A giant's resting place

## A myth by Tony Wilson

**Y**ou might have seen it as you walk past the old fort. It looks just like a dip in the grass. Sometimes it is filled with water but there are always rocks beside it. Most people know it because they have to walk the long way 'round the field and all you can hear is them grumbling and groaning. When the rain comes down it fills with water and it makes it slimy and slippery. But it didn't get there by accident.

A long time before now, there was a giant who was as tall as a mountain and as strong as a tree. He was happy when he was by himself because, when he was by himself, there was no-one to frighten. He really didn't want to frighten anyone it was just that he was so tall and strong that they thought he would hurt them. He would hide in amongst the rocks and look at his reflection in the smooth water of the sea, wondering why no-one could see that he was not frightening at all. In fact he just wanted to be happy, the same as you and me. When he wasn't hiding, his favourite thing was to eat sweet rocks from the countryside. He had had enough of the salty rocks from the flat, calm sea and he knew it was best to go there at night when everyone was safely in bed.

On one hot July morning at about midday he couldn't stand the heat anymore. He gathered the sweetest rocks that he could find and sat down with his back against the cool walls of the old fort. With his back bent and in the shadow he didn't look so tall. As he sat there eating, a little girl came by. She sat down beside him and started to eat her own picnic. In the shade he looked just a little bit bigger than her own dad. She even offered him some of her sandwiches, but he was too busy eating through the sweet country rocks.

'No.. erm.. thank you,' he boomed as he munched and crunched his way through a particularly tasty piece of obsidian.

He was amazed that she wasn't frightened of him. His parents had told him that everyone was frightened of giants and yet this little girl was the best company he had ever had in all of his long life. She even giggled when he showered her with some rock crumbs as he ate. He could not have been happier to have finally found a friend, or at least someone who was not frightened by the way that he looked. The two of them laughed and burped and belched. They showed each other what they had in their mouths and pulled silly faces as they ate their granite and cupcakes.

It was only as he stood up that she realised just how big he was.

Just like his parents had warned him, she screamed. The noise scratched at his ears like a shark's tooth. It gave him such a fright that he tumbled backwards and fell to the ground with such a crash that he could feel his body sinking into the ground. The little girl cried and no-one believed her that the giant had been there and had fallen into the earth. Even when she was an old woman she would stand by the side of the hole by the fort and sing 'Sorry for frightening you, my good friend giant' and throw a small piece of rock into the pool filled with a giant's tears.

