**Roald Dahl – Revolting Rhymes**

**Jack and the Beanstalk**

Jack’s mother said, ‘We’re stony broke!

Go out and find some wealthy bloke

Who’ll buy our cow. Just say she’s sound

And worth at least a hundred pound.

But don’t you dare to let him know

That she’s as old as billy-o!’

Jack led the old brown cow away,

And came back later in the day,

And said, ‘Oh mummy dear, guess what

Your clever little boy has got.

I got, I really don’t know how,

A super trade-in for our cow.’

The mother said, ‘You little creep,

I bet you sold her much too cheap!’

When Jack produced one lousy bean,

His startled mother, turning green,

Leaped high up in the air and cried,

‘I’m absolutely stupefied!
You crazy boy! D’you really mean

You sold out Daisy for a bean?’

She snatched the bean and yelled, ‘You chump!’

And flung it on the rubbish-dump.

Then summoning up all her power,

She beat the boy for half an hour.

At ten p.m. or thereabout,

The little bean began to sprout.

By morning it had grown so tall

You couldn’t see the top at all.

Young Jack cried, ‘Mum, admit it now!

It’s better than a rotten cow!’

The mother said, ‘You lunatic!

Where are the beans that I can pick?

There’s not one bean! It’s bare as bare!’

‘No, no!’ cried Jack. ‘You look up there!

Look very high and you’ll behold,

Each single leaf is solid gold!’

By gollikins, the boy was right!

Now, glistening in the morning light,

The mother actually perceives

A mass of lovely golden leaves!

She yells out loud, ‘My sainted souls!

I’ll sell the Mini, buy a Rolls!

Don’t stand and gape, you little clot!

Get up there quick and grab the lot!’

Jack was nimble, Jack was keen.

He scrambled up the mighty bean.

Up, up he went without a stop,

But just as he was near the top,

A ghastly frightening thing occurred -

Not far above his head he heard

A big deep voice, a rumbling thing

That made the very heavens ring.

It should loud, “FEE FI FO FUM

I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN!”

Jack was frightened, Jack was quick,

And down he climbed in half a tick.

‘Oh mum!’ he gasped, ‘Believe you me

There’s something nasty up our tree!

He smelled me out. I swear it, Mum!

He said he smelled an Englishman!’

The mother said, ‘And well he might!

I’ve told you every single night

To take a bath because you smell,

But would you do it? Would you hell!’

Jack answered, ‘Well, if you’re so clean,

Why don’t *you* climb the crazy bean?’

The mother cried, ‘By gad, I will!

There’s life within the old dog still!’

She hitched her skirts above her knee

And disappeared right up the tree.

Now would the Giant smell his mum?

Jack listened for the fee-fo-fum.

He gazed aloft. He wondered when

The dreaded words would come… and then…

From somewhere high above the ground

There came a frightful crunching sound

He heard the Giant mutter twice,

‘By gosh, that tasted very nice.

Although,’ (and this in grumpy tones)

‘I wish there weren’t so many bones.’

‘By Christopher!’ Jack cried. ‘By gum!

The Giant’s eaten up my mum!’

‘He smelled her out! She’s in his belly!

I had a hunch that she was smelly.’

Jack stood there gazing longingly

Upon the huge and golden tree.

He murmured softly, ‘Golly-gosh,

I guess I’ll *have* to take a wash

If I am going to climb this tree

Without the Giant smelling me.

In fact, a bath’s my only hope….’

He rushed indoors and grabbed the soap.

He scrubbed his body everywhere.

He even washed and rinsed his hair.

He did his teeth, he blew his nose

And went out smelling like a rose.

Once more he climbed the mighty bean.

The Giant sat there, gross obscene,

Muttering through his viscous teeth

(While Jack sat tensely just beneath),

Muttering loud, ‘FEE FI FO FUM,

RIGHT NOW I CAN’T SMELL ANYONE.’

Jack waited till the Giant slept,

Then out along the boughs he crept

And gathered so much gold, I swear

He was an instant millionaire.

‘A bath,’ he said, ‘does seem to pay.

I’m going to have one every day.’

