

Jim and the Beanstalk

RAYMOND BRIGGS



Hebron
Briggs, Raymond, Jim and the Beanstalk



2/7/14

E
BRI

Briggs, Raymond.
Jim and the Beanstalk.

319041

Hobart Avenue School
Library Media Center
1383 Hobron Avenue
Glastonbury, CT 06033

Written and Illustrated by

RAYMOND BRIGGS

Jim and the Beanstalk



The Putnam & Grosset Group



Printed on recycled paper

Copyright © 1970 by Raymond Briggs

*All rights reserved. This book, or parts thereof, may not be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the Publisher.*

*A PaperStar Book, published in 1997 by The Putnam & Grosset Group,
200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016.*

PaperStar Books is a registered trademark of The Putnam Berkley Group, Inc.

The PaperStar logo is a trademark of The Putnam Berkley Group, Inc.

Originally published in 1970 by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Published simultaneously in Canada.

Printed in the United States of America.

L.C. number: 77-111062

ISBN 0-698-11577-5

5 7 9 10 8 6 4

E
BRI
10/01
BTJ
13.55



Early one morning Jim woke up and saw a great plant growing outside his window.

"That's funny," he said, "it wasn't there yesterday.

I'll see how high it goes," and he began to climb up the plant.









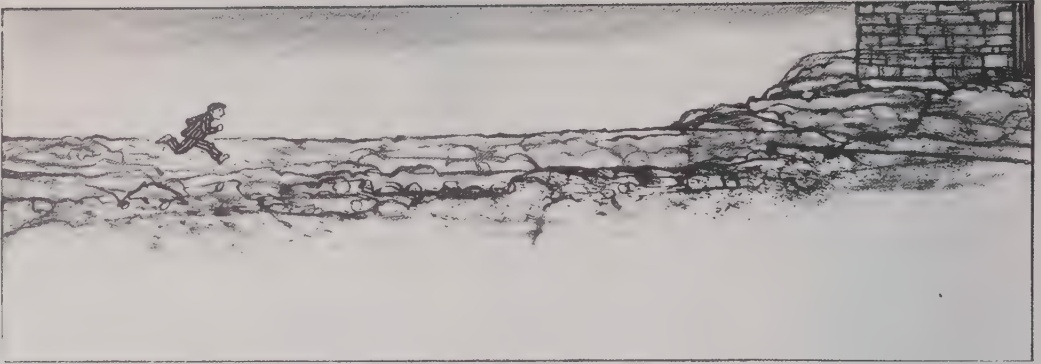
"It certainly is big," he said, as he disappeared into the clouds.





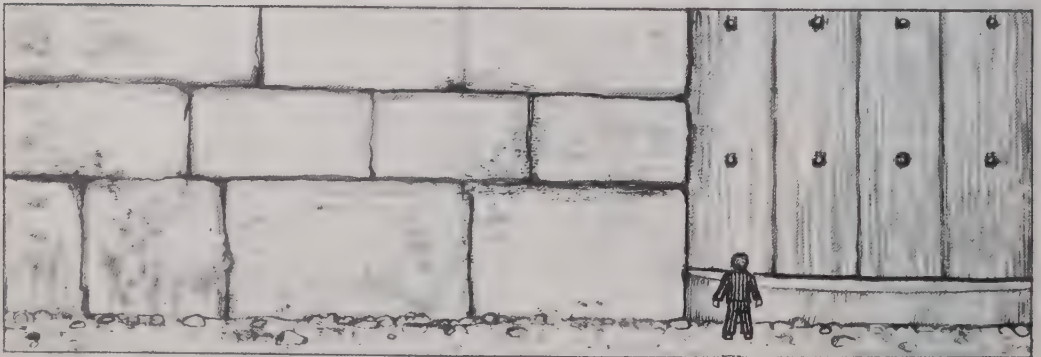
When he reached the top of the plant, Jim saw a castle.

"I'm hungry," he said. "I'll ask at the castle for breakfast. I hope they have some cornflakes."



Jim ran to the castle and knocked on the door. He waited and waited, until the door was slowly opened by a very old giant.

“Aha!” said the Giant. “A boy. A nice juicy boy. Three fried boys on a slice of toast. That’s what I used to enjoy eating in the old days, but I haven’t any teeth now. Come in, boy. You’re safe.”





The Giant shared his breakfast of beef and beer with Jim.

“Is your name Jack?” he asked.

“No,” said Jim, “it’s Jim.”

“Did you come up a beanstalk?” asked the Giant.

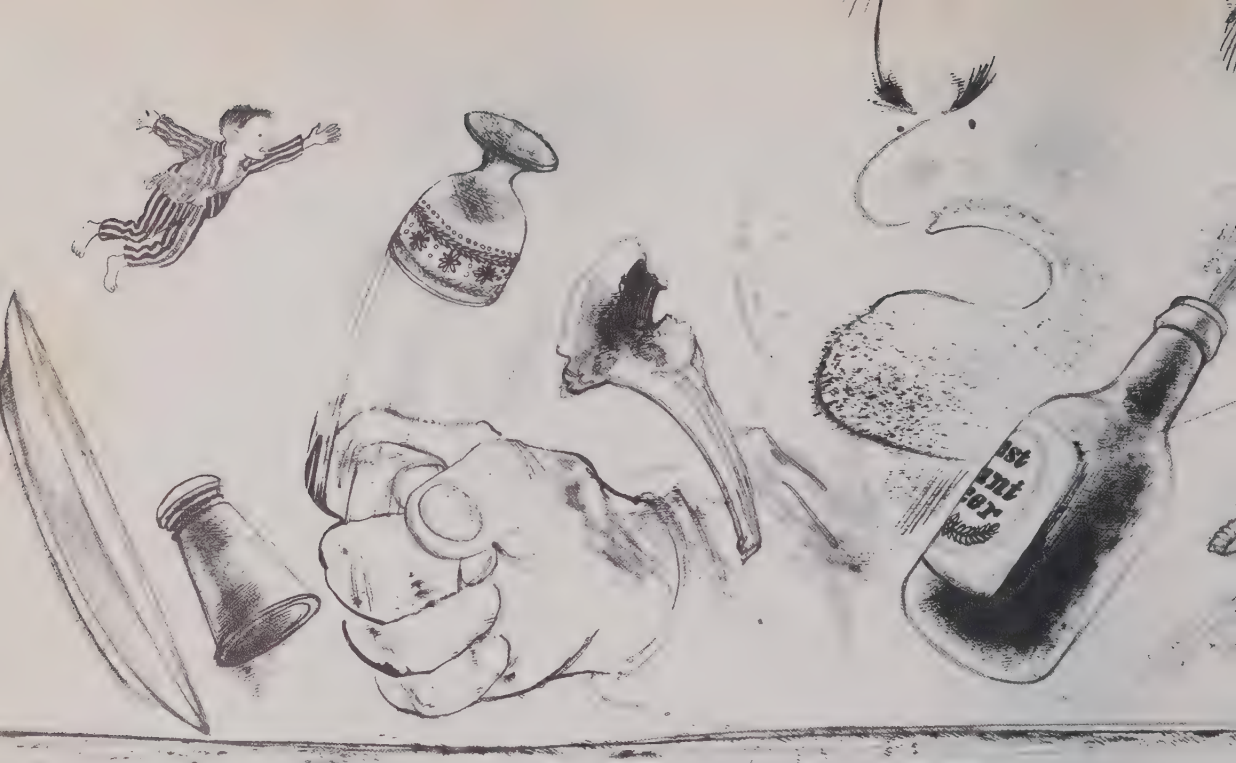
“I came up some sort of plant,” said Jim.

“It’s that beanstalk again,” said the Giant. “It came up once before. That nasty boy Jack stole some of my father’s gold and took our golden harp and our golden hen and I’ve never really been happy since. Now I’m old, too. I can’t even see to read my poetry books because the print is too small.”





**Best
Giant
Beer**



"Don't you have any glasses?" asked Jim.

"Only beer glasses," said the Giant.

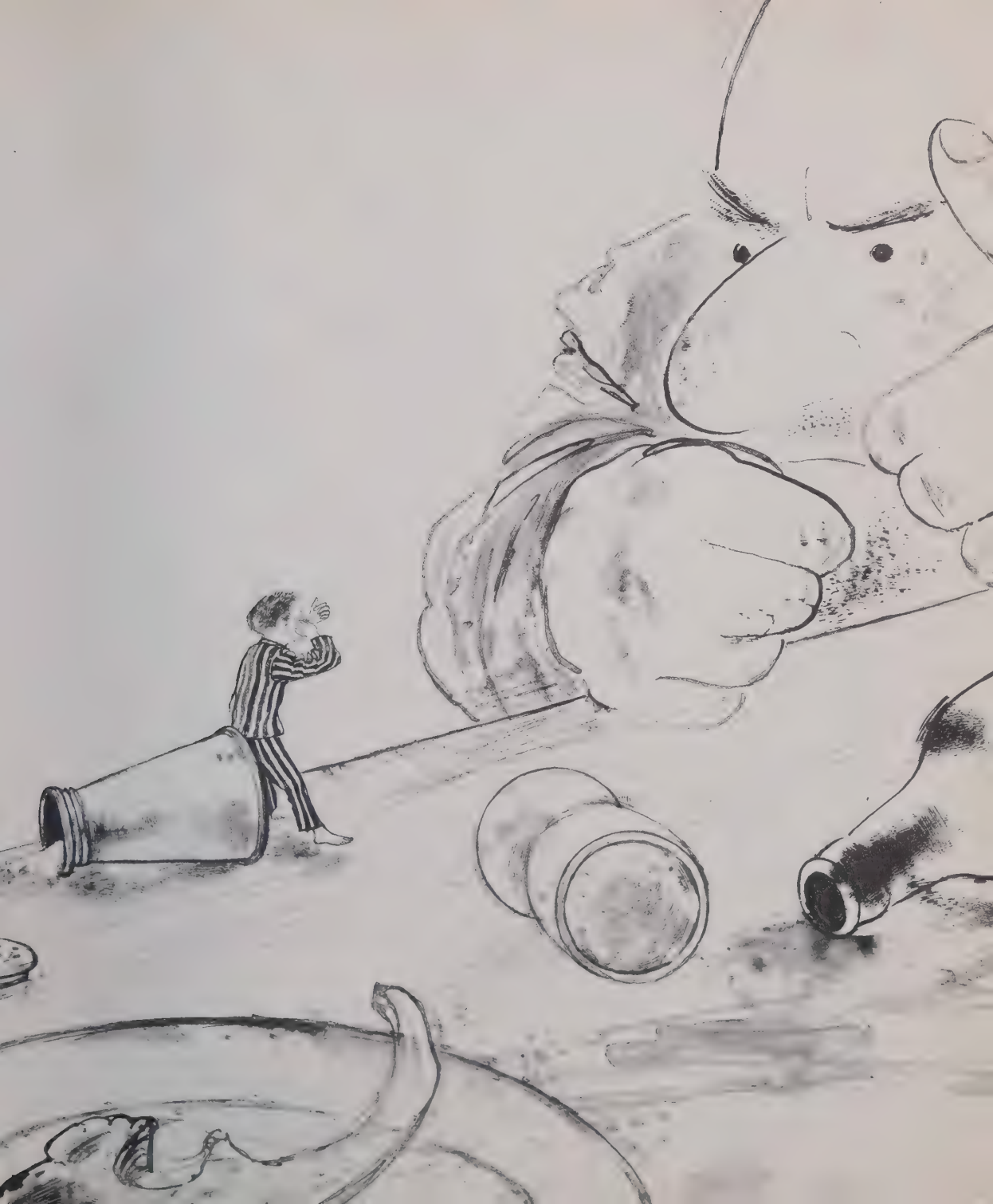
"I mean reading glasses," said Jim. "They go on your nose and ears."

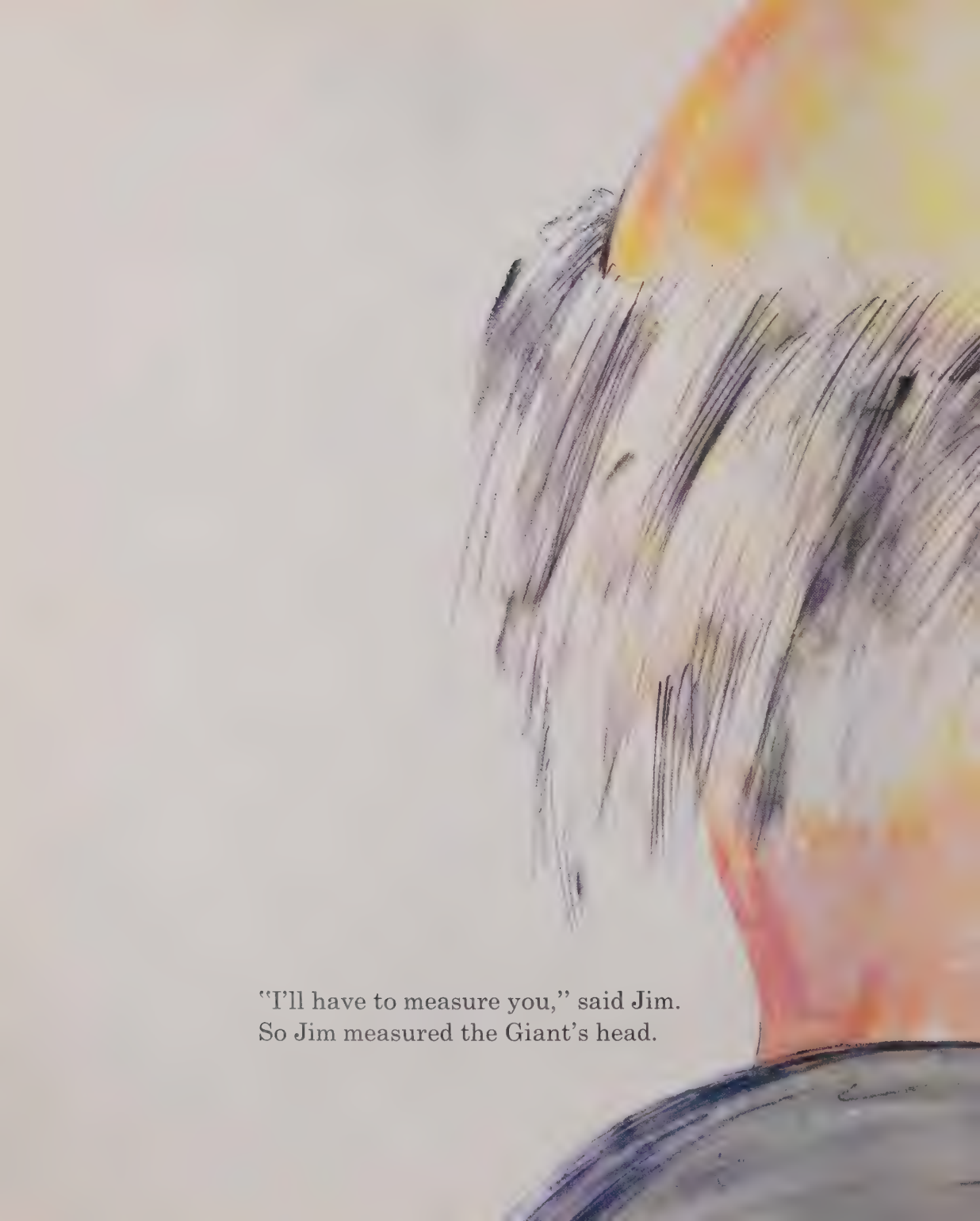
"It's my eyes I'm talking about!" roared the Giant, banging his fist on the table.

"These glasses are *for* your eyes," said Jim, and he explained about glasses while the Giant listened carefully.

"Get 'em!" said the Giant fiercely when Jim had finished.

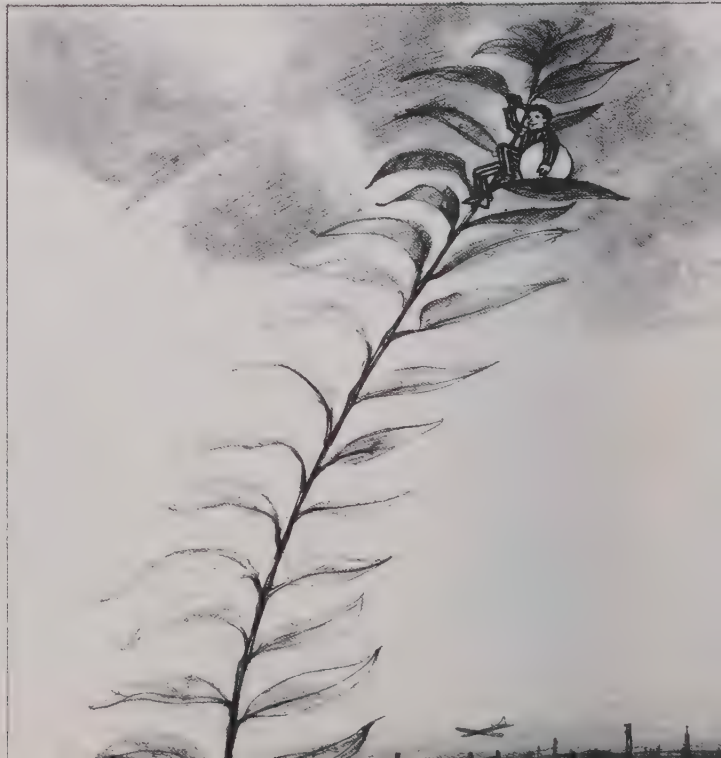
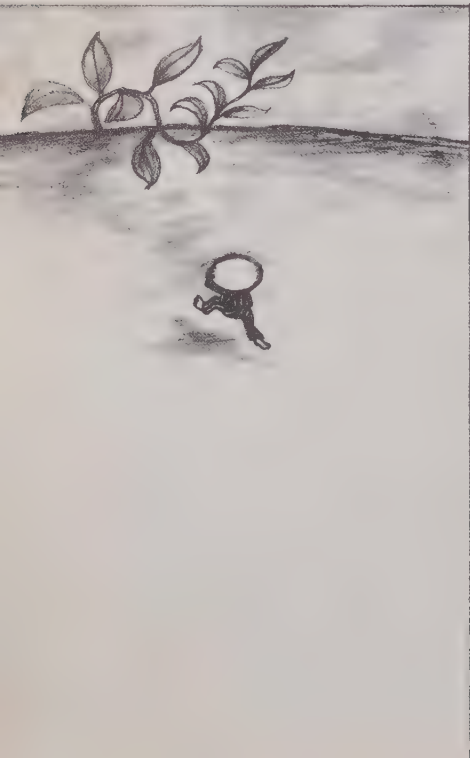
"Get 'em for me. I'll pay good gold."

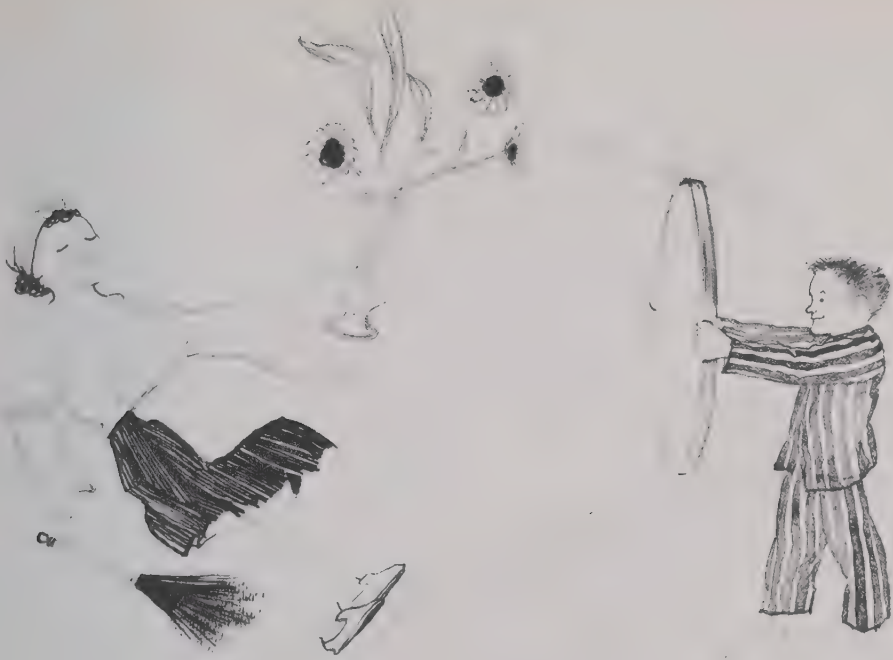




"I'll have to measure you," said Jim.
So Jim measured the Giant's head.





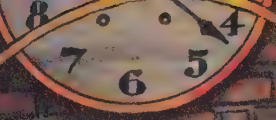


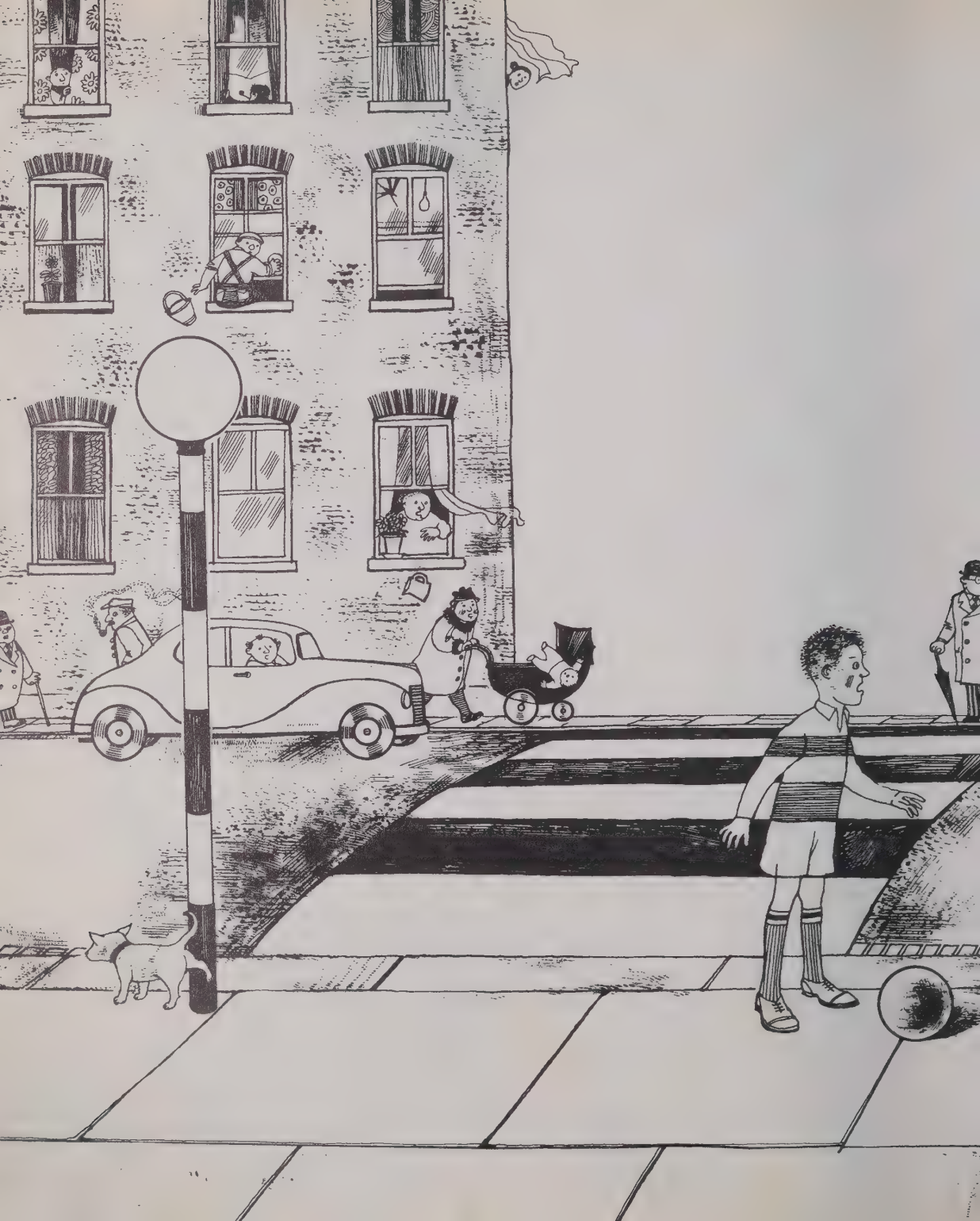
The Giant gave Jim a gold coin, and Jim climbed down the beanstalk as fast as he could, holding tight to the coin. He showed it to his mother, but before she could say anything he got dressed and ran off to the oculist.



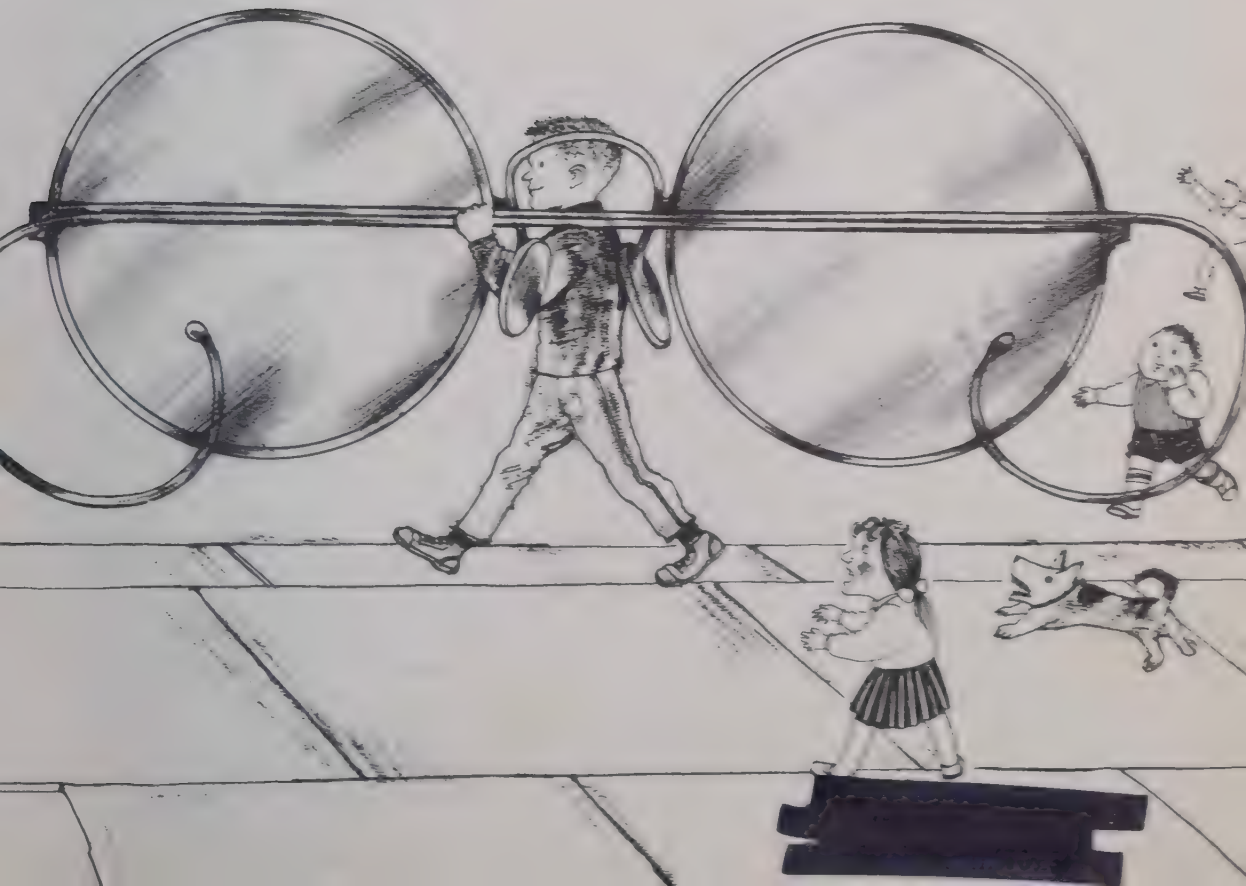
The oculist could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the giant gold coin, but he set to work straight away. He worked all night, and in the morning the glasses were ready.

R Q V S
T L P N Z
O C E H I K U
F N T Z P L N





Jim carried them home. Then he tied them on his back and climbed up the beanstalk.



The Giant loved his glasses. He put them on and began reading rhymes to Jim.

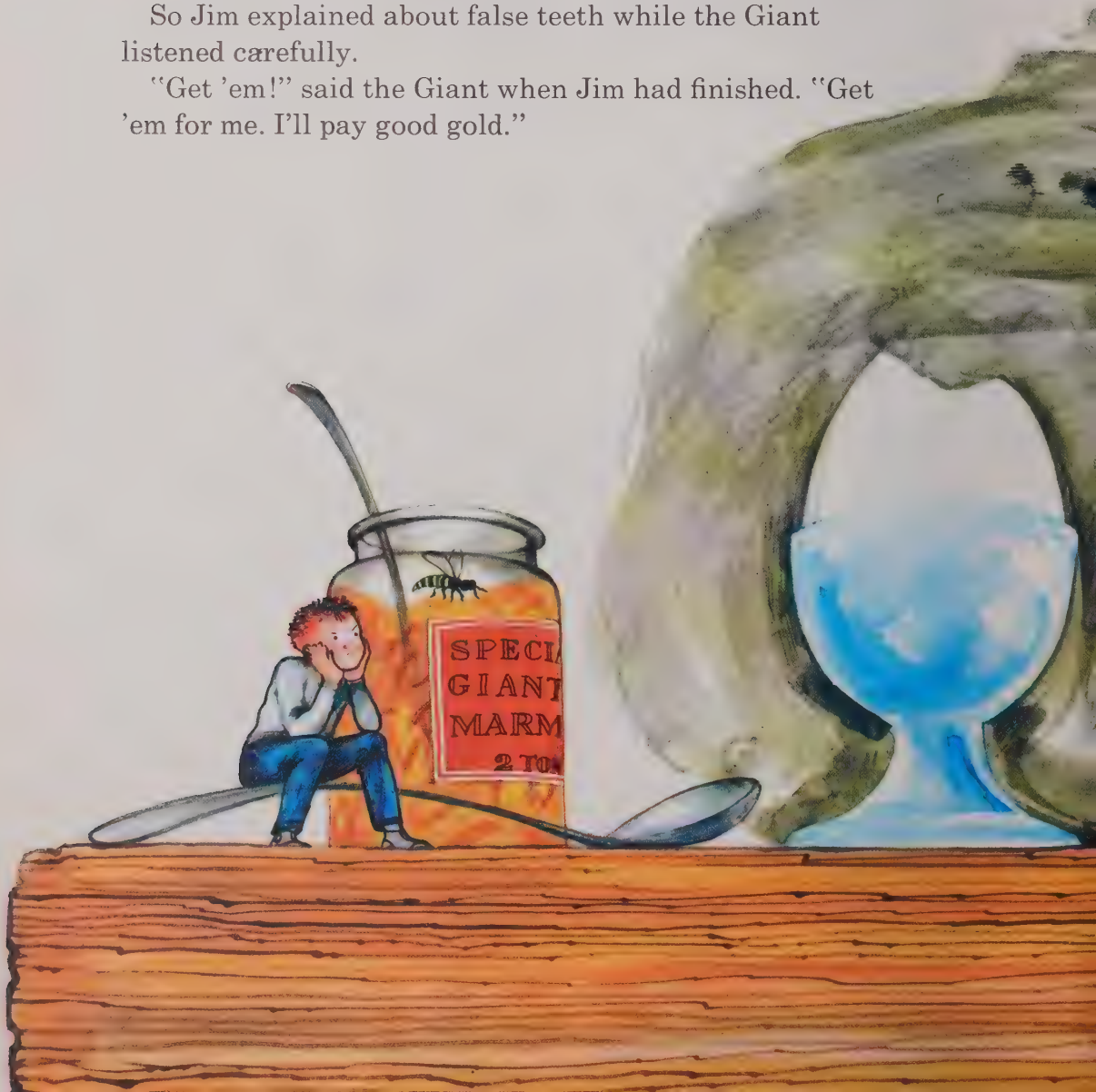
"You're a good boy," he said. "Now I can see you properly. I wonder how juicy you are? I can't eat anything much nowadays because I don't have any teeth."

"Why don't you have false teeth?" asked Jim.

"False teeth!" roared the Giant. "Never heard of them!"

So Jim explained about false teeth while the Giant listened carefully.

"Get 'em!" said the Giant when Jim had finished. "Get 'em for me. I'll pay good gold."



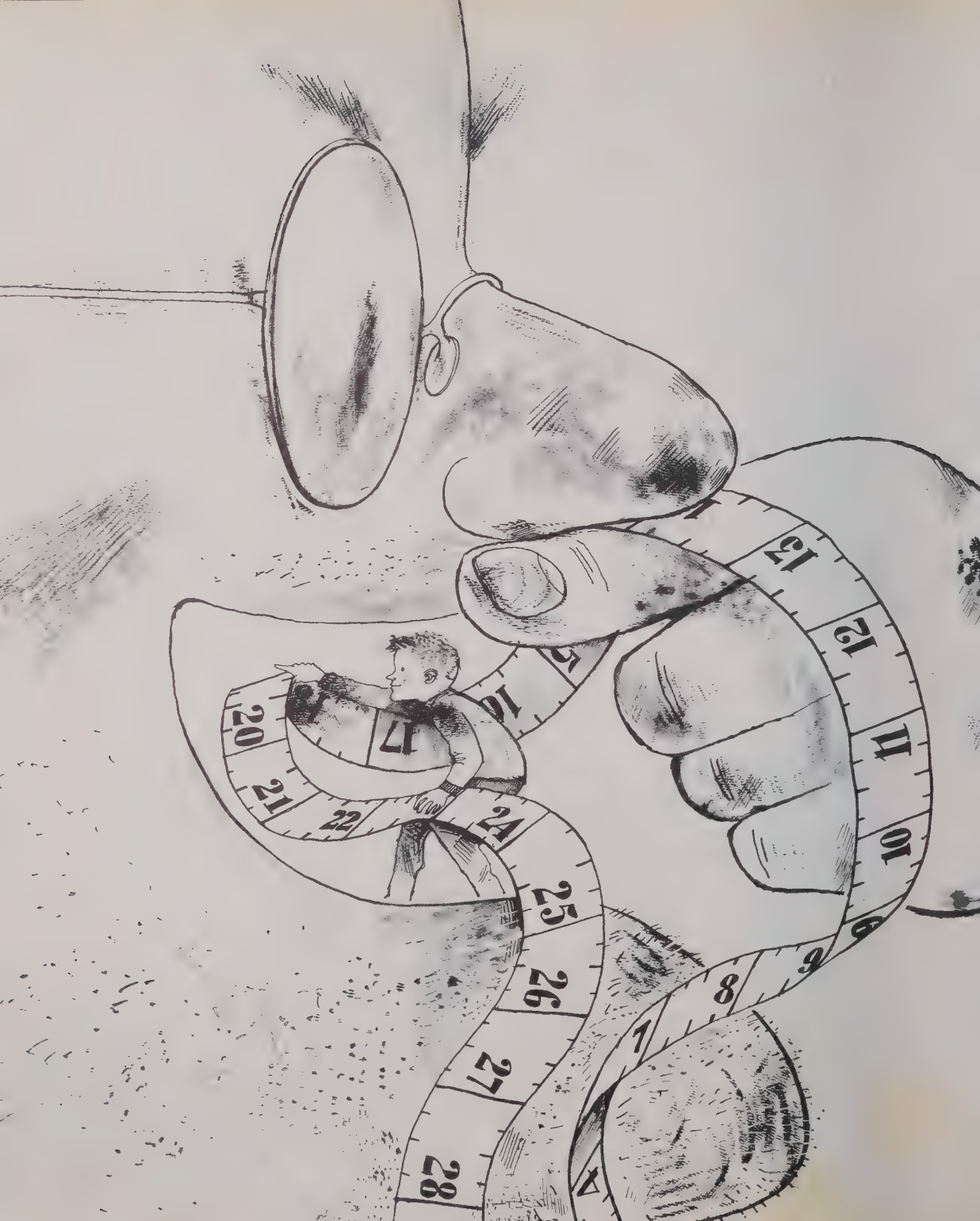


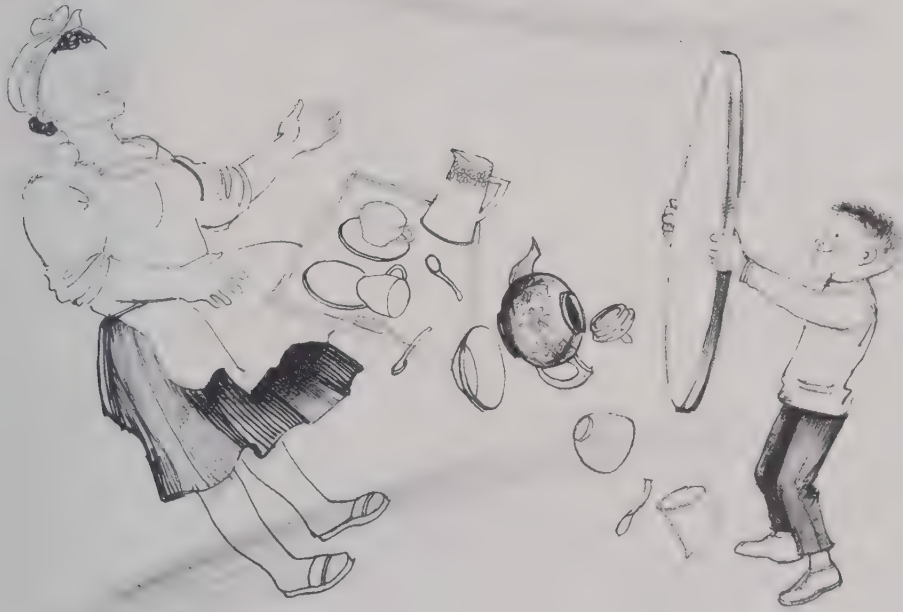
THE
BABY GIANT
BUMPER
FUN
BOOK

A LITTLE BOOK OF RHYMES

FEE-FI-FO-FUM

THE WHITE LAND





So Jim measured the Giant's mouth. "Make 'em big," said the Giant, "and sharp. I like sharp teeth."

The Giant gave Jim a gold coin and Jim climbed down the beanstalk as fast as he could, holding tight to the coin. He showed it to his mother, but before she could say anything he ran off to the dentist.



The dentist could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the giant gold coin, but he set to work straight away. He worked all night, and in the morning the teeth were ready. Jim carried them home. Then he tied them on his back and climbed up the beanstalk.



The Giant loved his new teeth. He jumped up and down, chomping his jaws and gnashing the teeth until sparks flew.







Then the Giant sat down, looked at himself in a mirror, and was suddenly sad again.

“Ah,” he said, “I used to be a good-looking lad. Great head of flaming red hair I had, and now look at me.”

“Why don’t you have a wig?” asked Jim.

“A wig!” roared the Giant. “Never heard of a wig!”

So Jim explained about wigs while the Giant listened carefully.

“Get one!” said the Giant when Jim had finished. “Get one that’s red and curly! I’ll pay good gold.”

So Jim measured the rest of the Giant’s head.

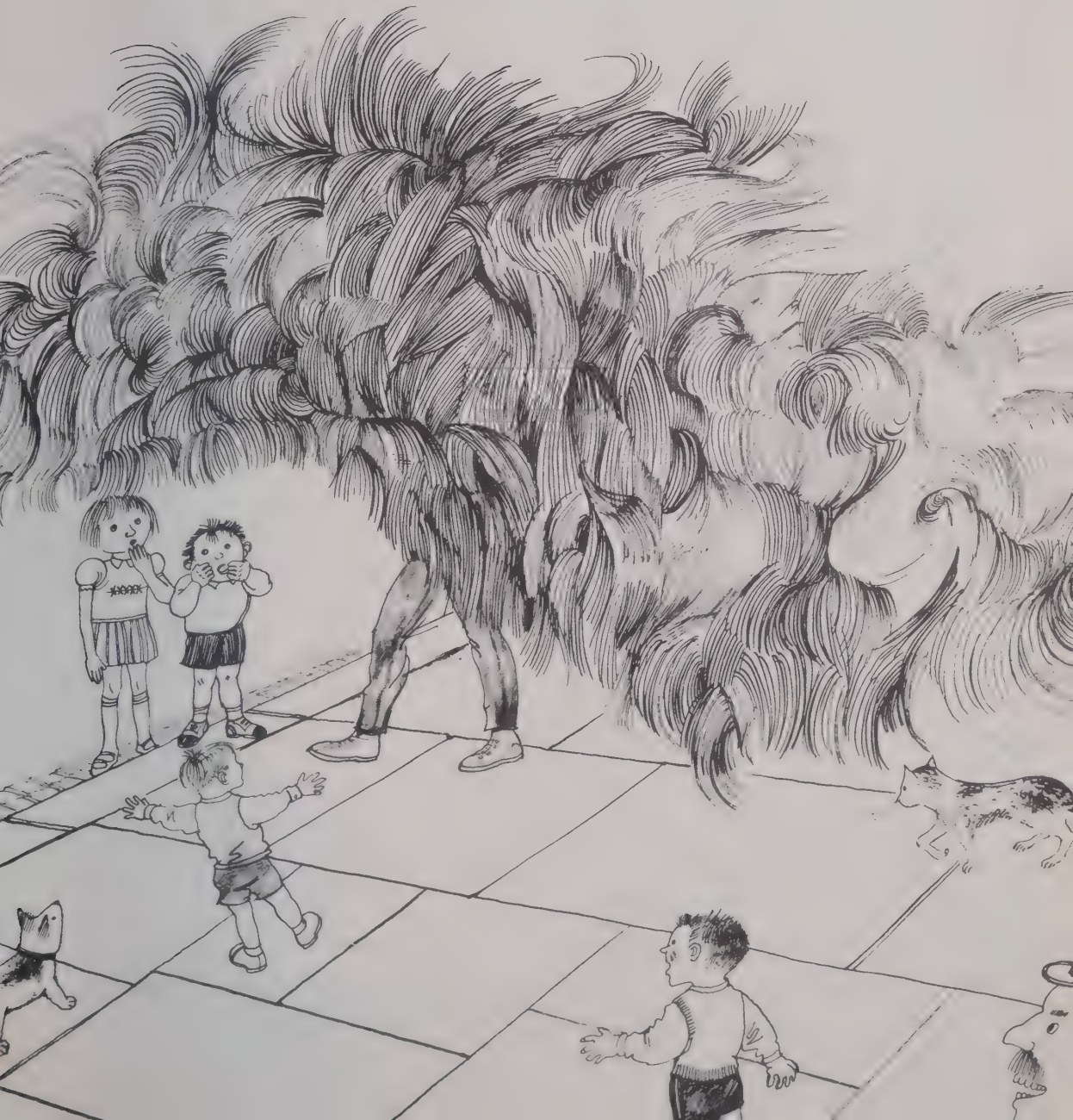




The Giant gave Jim a gold coin, and Jim climbed down the beanstalk as fast as he could, holding tight to the coin. He showed it to his mother, but before she could say anything he ran off to the wig-maker.

The wig-maker could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the giant gold coin, but he set to work straight away. He worked all night, and in the morning the wig was ready.

Jim carried it home. Then he tied it on his back and climbed up the beanstalk.



The Giant loved his wig. "I look about a hundred years younger!" he said.

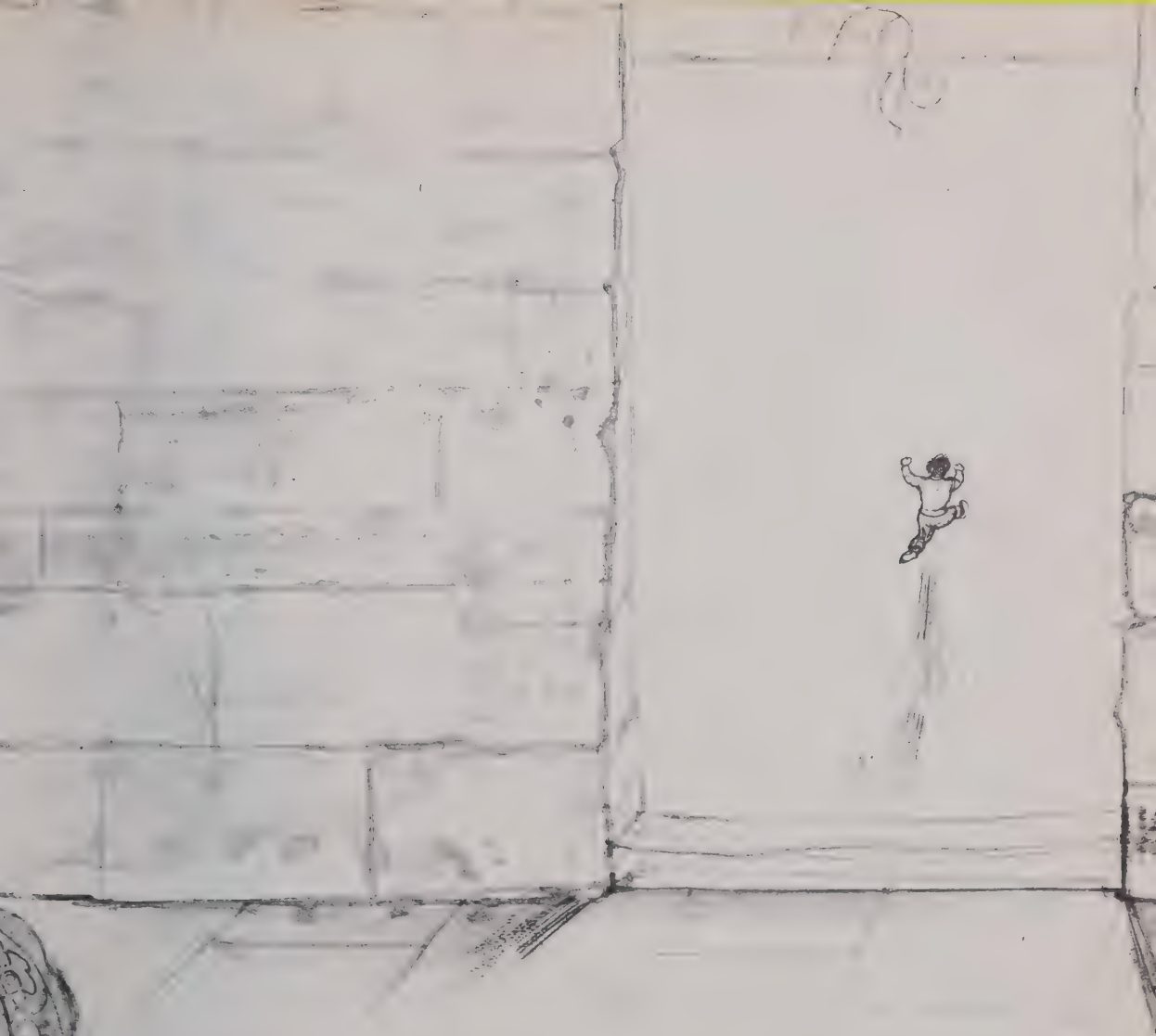
The Giant put on all his best clothes and danced around the room, beaming at himself in the mirror.

"It's terrific. I'm glad I didn't eat you." After a minute he said gruffly, "Now look, boy, you've done wonders. I feel happy again. You'd better go *now* before I feel like fried boy again."









Jim said good-bye fast and ran to the beanstalk. He slid down it and landed in a heap. Above him the Giant shouted, "Chop that beanstalk down or I might come down and crunch you up with my new teeth." Seizing an ax, Jim swung mightily and chopped down the beanstalk.

At the very moment the beanstalk fell, something else landed beside Jim with a thud. It was a giant gold coin wrapped in a giant piece of paper. On the paper was written:

DEER JIM
Thank you for the
teeth and the glasses
also the lovely wigg
your friend
The Giant

Jim ran inside and showed the giant gold coin to his mother.

“At last you can keep a coin for yourself,” she said. Somewhere in the distance Jim heard a roar of giant laughter.



ISBN 0-8335-3055-0



9 780833 530554

JIM AND THE BEANSTALK

143
W7-ATU-464