

Baby pie

There was once a boy called Jack who found a magic feather. One day he was walking down the road when he met a mother, crying. "Why are you crying?" asked Jack. The mother told Jack all about the three giants who live in the castle on the other side of the hill. They wanted her to put her own baby into a baby pie and serve it up to them for supper.

Jack decided to help. They went to the castle and made a big vegetable pie but just before they put the pastry lid onto the pie, Jack cut off one of the baby's finger nails, cut it into three pieces and put them in the pie. The mother hid the baby upstairs. Jack hid under the table.

The first giant came home. *"Where's my baby pie?"*

The mother took the pie from the oven and put it on the plate with some chips.

"Are you sure this is baby pie?" said the giant. Because if this isn't baby pie, I'm going to eat you AND the baby!"

The giant tasted the pie and a piece of baby's finger nail got stuck in his teeth. "You haven't chopped up this baby small enough," said the giant. "Next time, chop 'em up real small." But he thought he was eating baby pie. Still feeling peckish, the giant went to the fridge. "I can smell something," said the giant. "It smells like boy. I like to eat boys."

The giant followed his nose and captured Jack. He was just about to eat him when Jack got out his magic feather and tickled the giant on the nose and the giant died laughing.

The second giant came home. *"Where's my baby pie...?" [repeat]*

The third giant came home. *"Where's my baby pie...?" [repeat]*

Finally all three giants were dead. The mother thanked Jack for saving her life and the life of her baby and they all sat down for supper. And when they were done they left the giant's castle and never went back there ever again!

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