



For all my grandchildren and  
a special mention for my writing  
buddy Claire Guest who gave me lots of  
encouragement. A giant thank you.

**Other stories by the author**

**Percy The Fisherman**  
**Percy's Pirate Adventure**

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# **The Great little Giant**

by Roy Thomas

I wrote my first two stories 'Percy The Fisherman' and 'Percy's Pirate Adventure' for my grandchildren. I had so much fun producing it that I wanted to write a longer story and here it is. I hope you have as much fun reading it as I have had producing it.

Roy Thomas

One reader's comments:

*'The amazing illustrations and vocabulary that you used making this book magic..... makes the book really come to life.*

*The wide use of exaggeration in the book brings to it a sense of humour and a jolly character.*

*A real heart warming story.'*

*Sarah, a year nine student, East Bergholt.*



The author

# Chapter 1

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Cornelius Glump. I'm a giant. We giants like to scare people. We can pretend to be friendly with a great big smile, but I can tell people are scared by looking carefully into their eyes. And in their pants they are secretly pooing themselves. Because we giants are so absolutely enormously and gigantically tall, we are bound to scare the Littleys. That's what we call people like you, Littleys.

My dad who is now sixty years old is taller than me. He is as tall as the London Eye. That's like the big wheel you see at a fair only much, much bigger. He doesn't see very well, his eyesight is poor. So I tell him to be very careful when he has a little run, if he fell over he'd squish a forest.

When we giants go for a walk we try not to go near the little peoples homes, because we're actually scared of them. Can you believe that? We

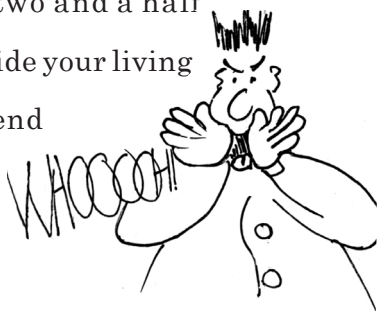
think that they will make us become extinct somehow, like pre-historic animals. Just imagine, not having any giants about. But sometimes when we are bored we just cannot resist teasing the Littlely people. We creep up upon their houses ready for

a big whooooh shout, but it's nearly always too late. Because when we get there the people have heard us coming with our incredibly loud footsteps. Well it's impossible to tiptoe when you weigh as much as an elephant!

How tall are you? One metre? One and a bit? a little taller? Well, the tallest man who lived in the Littlely's world ever was two and a half metres. He wouldn't fit inside your living room without having to bend over and stoop quite a bit.

He would look so up in the sky to you

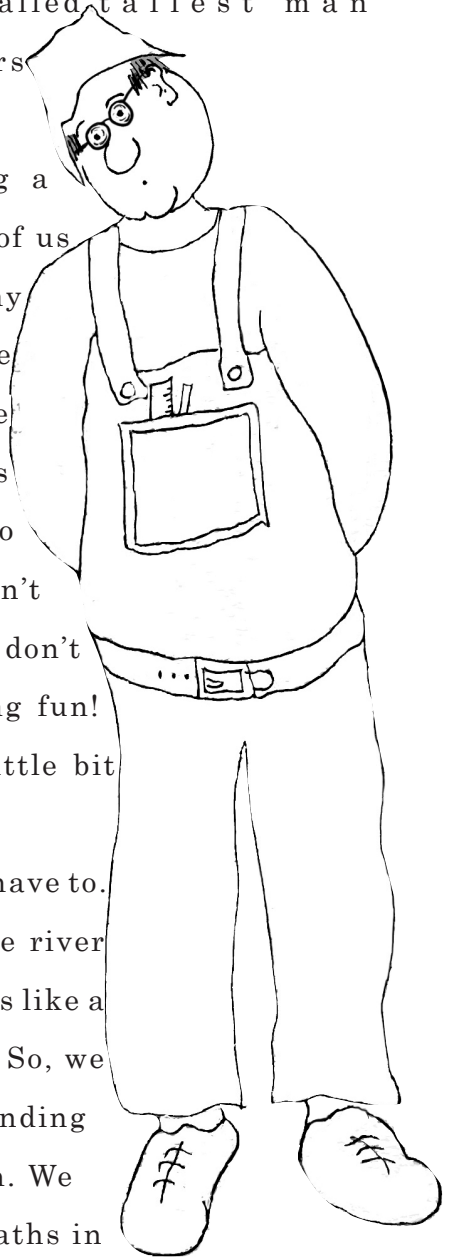
Littlelys. Ha ha! But to us, he's tiny, incy wincy, tichy witchy! To be as tall as my dad you would have to get at least twenty one people the



same height as your so called tallest man standing on each others shoulders!

It's not fun being a giant. There are so few of us that we don't have many friends. And of course going around scaring the Littleys makes things even worse. They're so frightened that they don't want to be friends. They don't realise we're only having fun! Well actually, we're a little bit scared of them.

We live near the sea. We have to. Think about it. The huge river Thames in London town is like a little stream to us. So, we have a problem finding somewhere to wash. We have to have our baths in



the sea. I love a bath, take no notice of the poor image people have us of being dirty. We giants that live near the sea are spotlessly clean most of the time. When we take a bath it does create a bit of a problem though. I am afraid there have been quite a few boats capsized as I jump into the water. That's part of the fun of it though, seeing



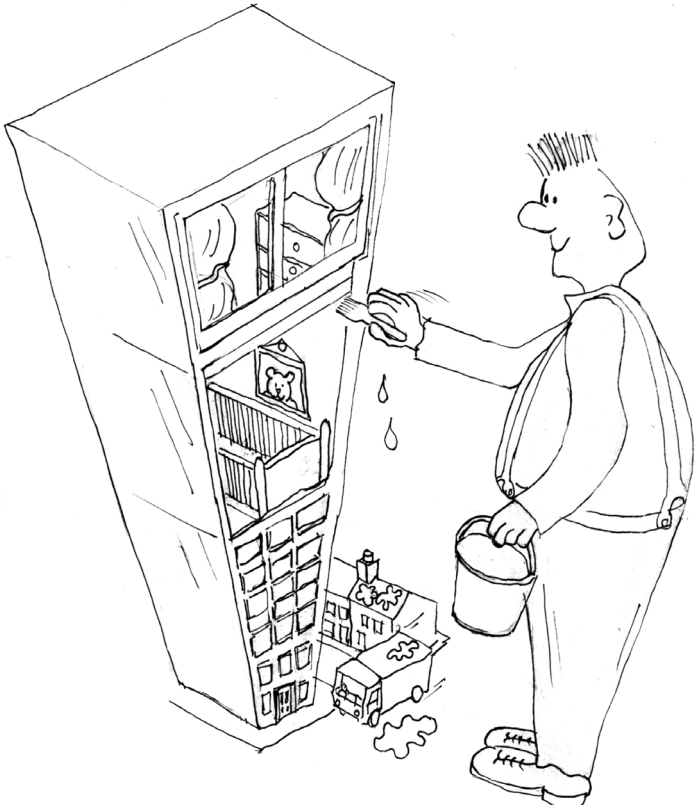
the fear in people's faces as they hang on for grim life to their little boats. Well, what do you expect? I am a giant! Anyway, you'll be pleased to know I do wear a pair of swimming trunks when I have a bath. One other thing that I love doing is having a good fart in the sea. (I bet you do too in the bath!) This causes a few problems. Like the tidal waves on the holiday makers'

beaches. Oh, the pleasure, and the sound of it. Bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-bubbbbb! People think there's an underwater volcano. I have been known to clear a whole seafront when the wind has been blowing inland. The smell has been likened to a boiled egg sandwich factory working at full output.

My wife, Mrs Glump to you, is excited. She's going to have our first baby. She is very well, thank you, and I just know that we're going to have a boy. She would tell you otherwise. She would love to have a girl. So, at the moment Mrs Glump is preparing all sorts of stuff for the boy/girl. I've had to decorate the spare tower block ready for the big one to sleep in.

Grandpa has made a cot using a few beech trees, (don't worry they're not endangered,) and Grandma has knitted a cardigan with the wool from two hundred sheep. You Littleys would only need the wool from just one sheep!

Mrs Glump has decided to breast feed the big one. I'm pleased about that, because I'm not

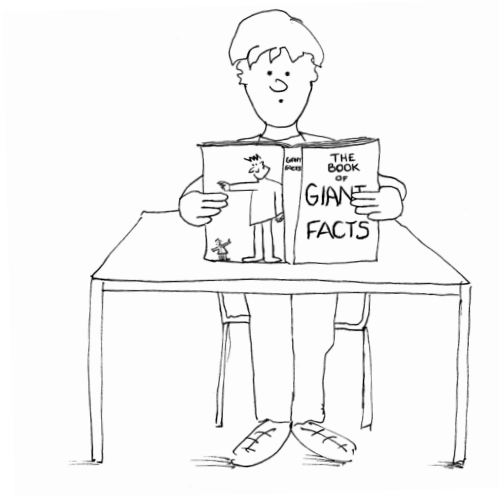


sure whereabouts you can get a tanker with special formula babies' milk. Goodness me I've been talking for far too long, it's time for my cup of tea. You go and have a look and see what's happening at the primary school in Chiversbury.

## Chapter 2

At Chiversbury Primary School year three children were doing whispered silent reading. (That's silent reading where you whisper to your friend if the teacher doesn't catch you.)

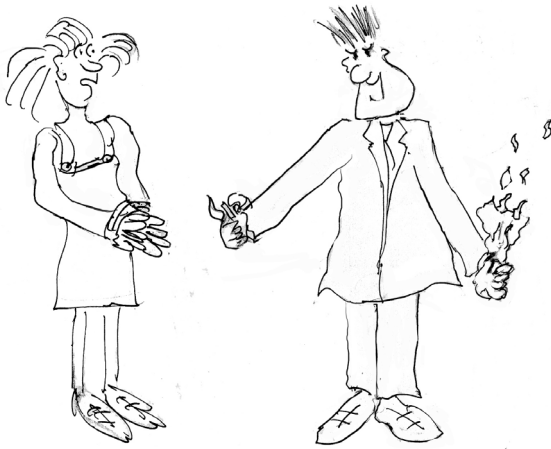
Billy Bull was reading a book entitled one hundred evil tricks to play on your friends. Pippa Politely was reading 'The tiger the witch and the sideboard' and Sebastian was reading 'The book of Giant facts.' The book said the facts were collected by a daring explorer named De Ville Maicair. He had actually met giants



and had spoken to them long enough to collect some interesting facts. Well, you already know a few, but not that the famous Roman, Julius Ceaser Glump was a distant relative of Mr and Mrs Glump who were about to have a baby. The Glumps still had some Roman Treasure handed down by Julius Glump. Their favourite was the 194 carat gold ring. You can image the size of the ring.....

Billy was a horrid boy. Well, what do you expect with a name like Billy Bull? If you had something he wanted he'd snatch it. If you had something he didn't want, he'd snatch that too. Greedy, nasty dirty smelly and snatchy. There were times when the teacher, Miss Golightly, a tall thin person with rimless glasses, who likes pot plants and wrestling, caught him doing something wrong.

'Billy!' She'd shout, 'untie Pippa's hands at once. No, not with a cigarette lighter! Where on earth did you get that?'



‘Billy!’ at another time, she’d squeal, ‘You mustn’t jump up and down on Sebastian’s lunch box. Give it back to him at once! Well, the pieces and sandwiches anyway.’

Billy did get punished. He was made to sit in the corner of the classroom when he’d been naughty. But he always thought to himself, ‘I’m not sorry. They’re horrible, I didn’t do anything wrong, I was only playing.’

When silent reading was finished, Sebastian was still thinking about the book he’d been reading about giant facts.

‘Did you know,’ he said to Jeremy Joseph,

‘that giants are actually scared of us?’

‘You’re kidding!’ said Jeremy, ‘they frighten the pants off me!’

‘It’s true,’ said Sebastian. ‘This book that I’ve been reading says that they’re like animals. The reason that they scare us is because they’re frightened themselves.’

‘Wow!’ replied Jeremy. ‘So it’s like they’re wild animals?’

‘Yes, exactly!’

‘Do you think they could be tamed?’

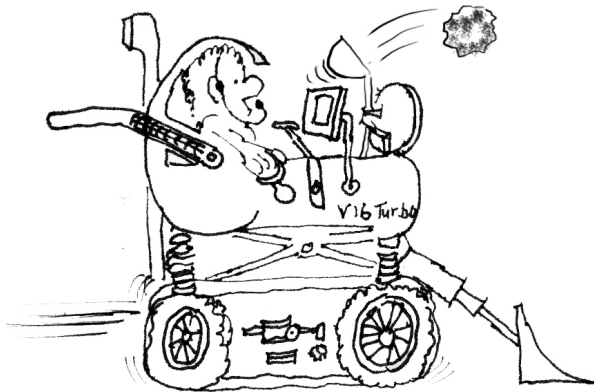
Sebastian laughed. ‘I don’t know. How exactly would you tame a giant? They’re so huge, this book says the shortest giant is as tall as Tower Bridge in London.’

‘I’d be too scared to try to tame them!’

Just then the bell rang for lunch and with a great rush the whole school seemed to enter the dining hall.

## Chapter 3

Cornelius Glump was in a bit of a state. Gemima his wife had told him that everything must be just so for when their baby was to be born. The cot was to be painted beautifully, the mattress inside the cot must have supersoft blankets. The baby must have a full wardrobe of clothes with pretty little bonnets and socks. He was instructed to buy the correct buggy with all the latest gadgets, like a special place to hold rocks for the baby to throw at people. (Only for fun, you understand.)



Cornelius was managing quite well, making the beech trees for the cot nice and smooth, before painting the cot. But shopping for baby clothes just wasn't what he was cut out for. It was SO embarrassing. Just when he thought he'd got away without being noticed in Walmart, he noticed Horatio Thump, another giant buying his weekly supply of six thousand cans of beer. Well, just exactly where does a giant hide? Not under the counter that's for sure. He remembered being in a similar situation before. He was shopping for underpants hoping not to be noticed, when that time Horatio's wife who was buying two lorries full of baby food, called out 'Hello Cornelius!' His face went so red that it heated the shop for a week.

Everything was ready for the birth of the Glump's first chivld. The day came for the baby to be born and sure enough, Mrs Glump said to Mr Glump 'I think something is about to happen.' And it did. But it did not happen exactly how they expected it. Their eyes were about to pop

out of their giant heads.

‘Where am I?’ Squeaked a tiny, tiny voice. To you and me this would have been the voice of a normal little boy of about six or seven years. To a giant the sound was a squeak.

‘Well!’ boomed out Cornelius, ‘I’ll go eat a whale!’

The baby was as small as a ....well, seven year old Littley, and it was a boy. He looked exactly like a Littley boy, absolutely nothing like the size of a giant baby. Gemima Grump looked at this tiny creature and said, ‘Is this all I given birth to? A piddly diddly squat? What are we going to do with him? He’ll never eat all that baby food we’ve bought! As for the buggy, he’d need a ladder to get into it.’

A fine welcome into the world this was becoming. This newborn was getting none of the fuss that YOU would get, with mums and dads saying ooh’s and aah’s, ‘isn’t he gorgeous?’ And, ‘he’s got his father’s, nose,’ that of course is a ridiculous thing to say, his father would look

stupid walking around without a nose.

‘Pick him up then, Cornelius! He’ll catch a death of cold like that.’ Cornelius the giant reached down to pick the boy up. It was no use using his whole hand. Instead he had to pick the boy up between his fingers. This called for a delicate touch. He had to be incredibly careful not to squeeze the boy to death! Naturally the boy was emotional, and cried, as you are supposed to when you’re newborn.

‘Pass me a blanket to put around him,’ said Cornelius.

‘Don’t be silly.’ Gemima replied, ‘we’d lose him in one of our blankets!’

Just then she pulled out a tiny coat. ‘Here’s a coat from a Littlely I found yesterday. This will keep him warm.’

As she looked at this incredibly small creature, who was her baby, her voice became softer as she said, ‘what *are* we going to do with you?’

## Chapter 4

Sebastian ran home from school and couldn't wait to tell his mother the news.

'Billy Bull's dad is coming to see Miss Golightly tomorrow. There's going to be big trouble!' Sebastian blurted out.

'Slowly, slowly.'

His mother needed to calm Sebastian down who just couldn't wait to see her reaction.

'Why would there be trouble?' She asked.

'Well, Miss Golightly got more than a little angry with Billy today. She caught him, secretly pouring salt into Pippa Predagast's glass of water at lunchtime. So, she grabbed hold of him, and gave him one of her famous headlocks that she'd been practising at wrestling club. He wasn't happy at all. His face went bright purple, and foam started dripping from his mouth. When he eventually got the chance to speak, he squealed, "I am going to get my dad onto you. Just wait and see." All those in the dinner hall

were cheering. We'd never seen real wrestling before.'

Billy's dad was a refuse collector. (As a child he loved playing with toys that had wheels.) So, of course it was like he'd won the lottery when he landed himself a job racing around with wheelie bins. He had worked his way up to being the driver of a community recycling vehicle. (A rubbish truck to you and me.) He called it his company vehicle. He was proud of his work, being able to hold the traffic up first thing in the morning when people are trying to get to work. Carefully leaving the wheelie bins in the middle of the road, to hold up more traffic, he was enthralled by the power it gave him. King of the bins!

He didn't find it difficult to sort out problems with his customers. When they complained about the service, for example, that he had left their bins three houses away from where they belonged, he would push his shoulders back, tip his cheese cutter hat with his broad

thumb, and stride up to the person complaining. That was all he needed to do. Ugh! Pooh! Their faces would screw up at the disgusting smell of Mr Bull. The smell was so disgusting, you'd have thought he'd just come out of a sewer.

'Never mind, no problems at all, they'd say and then they would disappear as quick as a ferret going down a rabbit hole.

The next day, Bernard Bull decided that he would call into school to confront Miss Golightly and give her a piece of his mind. He was working near the school, so he used his company vehicle to turn up in.

The children of Chiversbury School were out at playtime when Bernard Bull's company vehicle came around the corner at high speed. He then screeched his brakes on as he arrived, parking his huge lorry on the grass front of the school flattening all of the flowers Mr Winterbottom's class had so carefully grown from seeds.

The usual chattering, shouting and

singing at break time came to an abrupt halt, and the children were whispering to each other,

‘That’s Billy Bull’s dad. There’s going to be big trouble!’

It seemed that what Sebastian had said to his mum the day before was perfectly true. There was going to be a kerfuffle. Sebastian quickly ran into the school, to see what was about to happen.

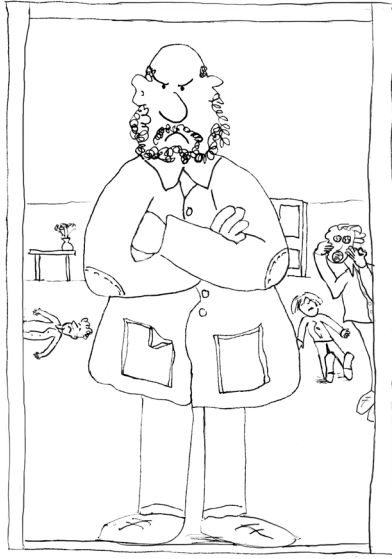
Miss Golightly was taking a moment to tend her pot plants, checking that they had not got too dry with the hot summer weather they had been having.

Sebastian asked Miss Golightly if it was alright to go into her classroom to complete some homework.

‘Of course,’ she replied with no idea that he wanted a seat in the front row, to see what was about to happen.

The door to her classroom burst open and there stood Mr Bull filling the whole of the door frame. Behind him were several children that

had passed out due to the abominable smell and behind them Mr Winterbottom could be seen quickly putting on a gas mask they'd been using



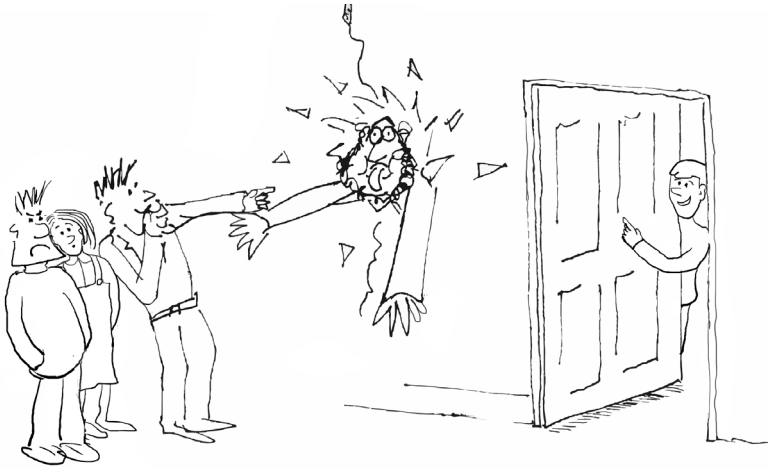
as a wartime display. Quicker than you can say 'Cornelius Glump eats whales' Miss Golightly jumped onto the table and was poised with her wrestling stance. (She was also well prepared. The bright green clothes peg that she grabbed from her desk and quickly placed on her nose wasn't there instead of a jewellery stud. It was there to protect her. No evil smell would catch her unaware.)

Bernie Bull snorted and ran at her with all of his might. That wasn't actually fast at all. He was rather over weight, despite regularly attending Slimming World, where he always wondered why he was the only person to turn up.

He finally arrived just at Miss Golightly's feet. Just then she threw herself in the air, somersaulted and landed squarely on his shoulders. He shuffled across the classroom to try to get her off, and as he did, she went tumbling onto the floor in front of him and then rolled forward into a double somersault ending upright, with her back to the wall. It was at this point that Mr Bull charged at her with his head forward like a real Bull charging at the matadors. She left it to the last second to move quickly out of the way and CRUNCKLE! Bernard's head hit the wall with such force that it went clean through it. The wall was made out of plasterboard and Bernie's head had made a massive hole right through to the corridor. From

the corridor side, he looked like one of those animals where their head is mounted on the wall.

That was it. He was well and truly stuck. Just then, Billy came in from scaring the children



in the playground with a dead rat he had found nearby.

Well, can you imagine the look on his face when he saw his dad's head stuck tight in the wall? Billy's dad looked really filthy after his morning's work. Billy was so embarrassed his shoulders slumped and he walked away in disgust, like a dog with his tail between his legs.

The headmistress quickly sorted the mess out and had Mr Bull removed by the police. But not before some children had very quickly written just below Mr Bull's head,

'This is the trophy of a poor specimen of Homo Sapien, captured by means of self defence by Miss Golightly, Heroine, Go, Golightly, go!'

The next day Billy didn't go to school, he was too upset about his dad being flattened by his slim stickinsect lady teacher. Nevertheless, for the other pupils there was plenty to talk about. Miss Golightly was a star, and in true school fashion they gave her the nickname of 'Goheavy' due to her wrestling ability. Miss Golightly was having none of it.

'It was all self defence,' she'd say, 'and I am sure that Billy's father realises that shouldn't have been so silly.'

'Do you think Billy gets his nasty habits from his dad?' Asked Pippa Prendagast.

'What do you mean?' Replied Goheavy.

'Well, Billy's dad seems to like bullying

people, and trying to get his own way by bashing them.

‘Oh I see. Well, many children can be influenced by their parents, some for good and some for bad. I suppose it is possible that Billy is copying his father.