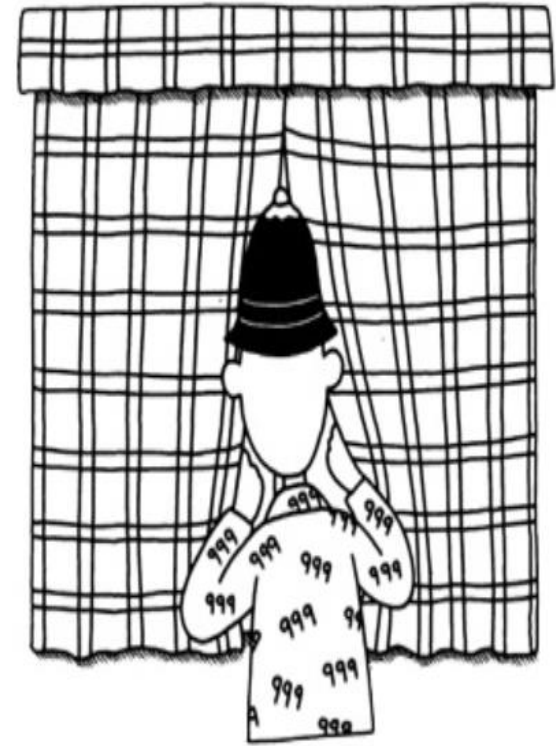


# 1 How to Arrest a Giant

There was a very strange noise coming from beyond the window. Constable Dunstable sat up in bed and scratched his head. It was half-past six in the morning. What could be making such a noise? He got out of bed, went across to the window and pulled back the curtains.





the body had two long, hairy arms,  
and two huge legs.

‘Aargh!’ Constable Dunstable leaped back. Staring through the window at him was a huge face, with a ginger beard as big as a forest and –

the face belonged to a head, and

the head belonged to a body, and



'It's a giant!' cried Constable Dunstable. He ran downstairs and ran across the room. He opened his front door and ran outside, right between the giant's legs, and he carried on running and running, still in his pyjamas.

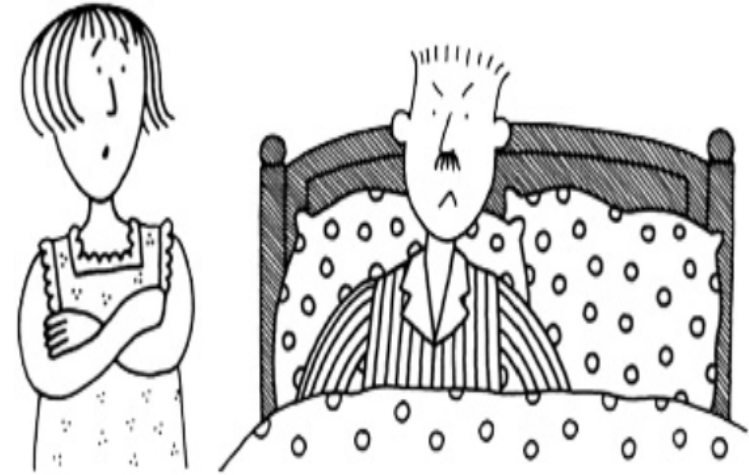
'There's a giant in our town!' yelled Constable Dunstable as he hurried through the streets.

Windows were thrown open. Sleepy people poked out their heads to see what all the fuss was about.

'Well I never!' murmured Mrs Sniffing. 'Constable Dunstable is running round the streets in his pyjamas. He is shouting something about a giant.'

'A giant?' sniffed Mr Sniffing, and he sat up in bed. 'I don't believe in giants.'

'I think you might believe in this one,' said his wife. 'Because this giant is



standing at the end of our road. He is as tall as four houses sitting on top of each other, and he is holding a giant saucepan in one hand and a giant wicker basket in the other, and he has a giant saxophone strapped to his back.'

Mr Sniffing growled and climbed out of his nice, warm bed. He went to the window. 'Oh!' he cried. 'A giant! There's a giant in our town!'

'Do you know, that is exactly what Constable Dunstable was saying,' said Mrs Sniffing. 'Look, *now you* are running round in your pyjamas too!'

It was quite true. Mr Sniffing was racing down the street in his pyjamas. In fact, almost half the town were rushing about in

pyjamas and nightdresses, and they were all shouting at each other.

‘A giant! A giant! We shall all be squashed!’ cried Mr Sniffing.

‘We shall all be squished!’ squeaked Mrs Goodbody. She hurried across to



Constable Dunstable. ‘Arrest that giant at once!’ she insisted.

Constable Dunstable looked up at the giant’s big, ginger head and swallowed hard. He was an awfully big person to arrest.

‘I shall have to put my uniform on and get my handcuffs and my *Giant-Spotter’s Handbook*. Then you can all come with

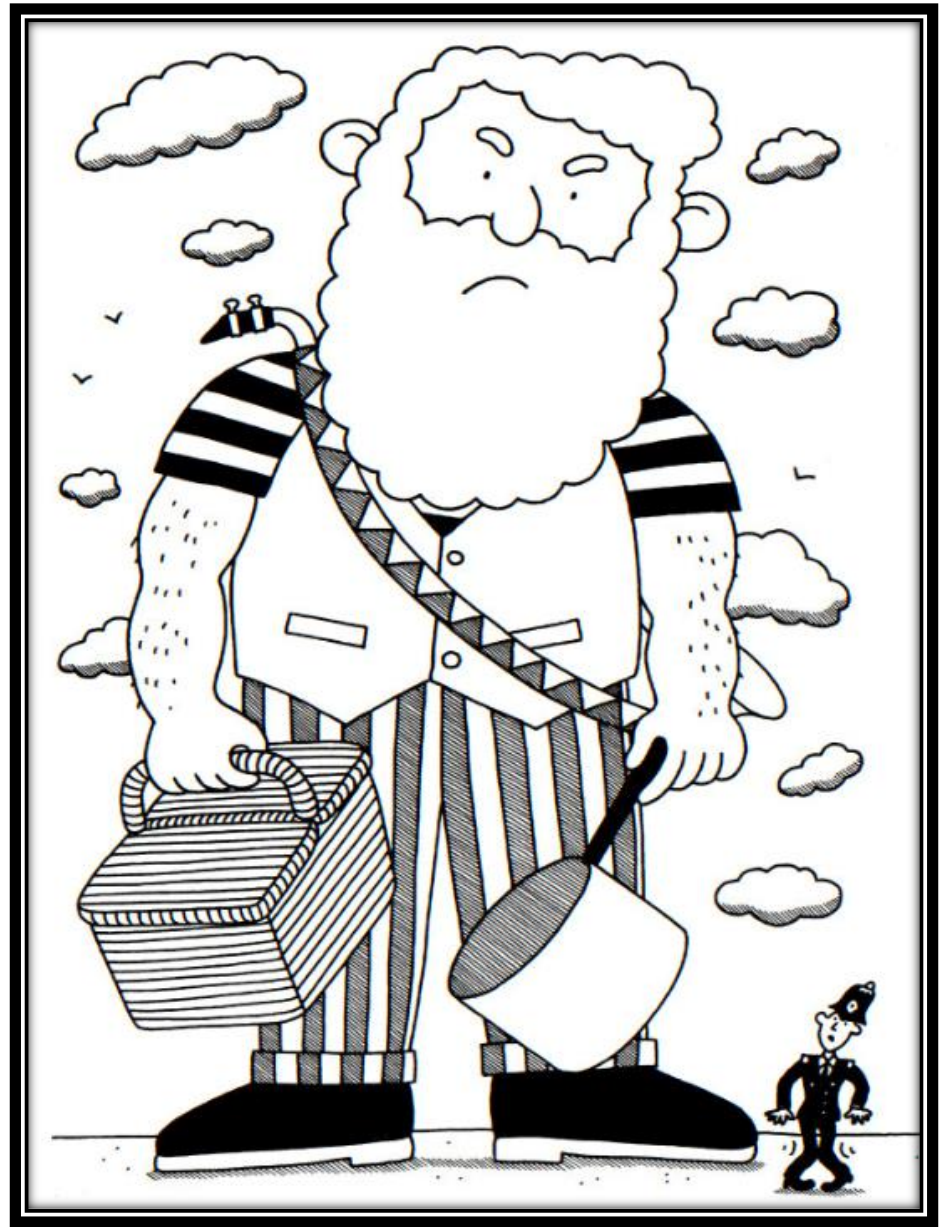
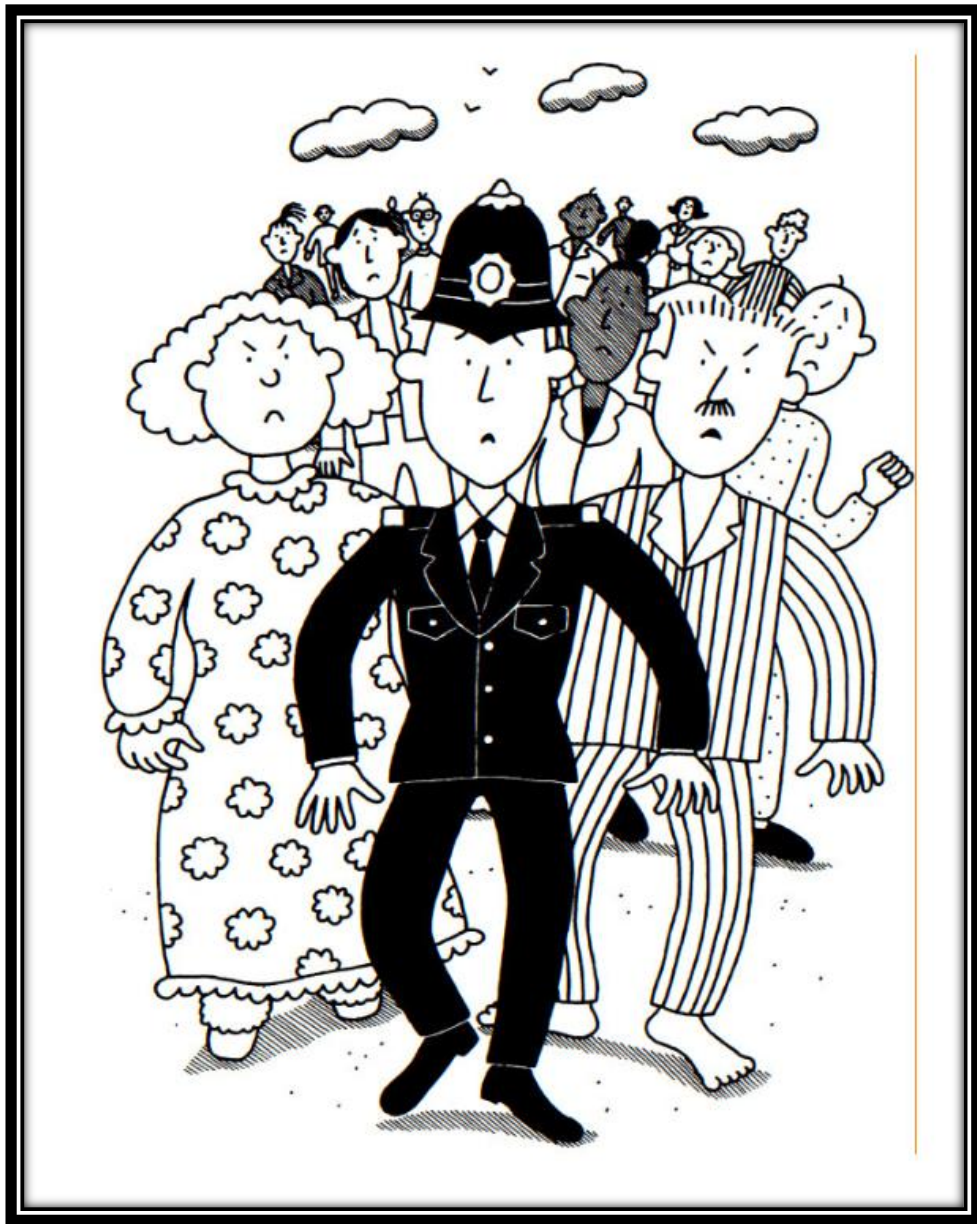
me and we will arrest the giant and shoo him out of our town. We don’t want giants here.’

‘No! We don’t want giants in our town!’ everyone shouted.

‘What’s wrong with giants?’ asked little Poppy Palmer, the farmer’s daughter. But nobody listened. She thought the giant looked rather nice.



The crowd marched off behind Constable Dunstable and waited patiently until the policeman had changed into his uniform. When Constable Dunstable came back out they all got up and marched behind him once again, and that helped him feel a bit braver.



They went up the road and there was the giant, standing at the other end and frowning down at them with his great big, bearded face. The crowd stopped.

Mr Sniffling pushed Constable Dunstable forward.

‘Go on,’ he muttered. ‘Arrest that giant at once.’

Constable Dunstable took two wobbly steps forward and then stopped. He pressed his knees together very hard, so that he couldn’t hear them knocking any longer. He stared up and UP and UP.



‘I arrest you in the name of the law!’ he cried. ‘Put on these

handcuffs at once!’

The giant looked at the tiny handcuffs. They were much too small for his great hands. Carefully he put down his saucepan and his wicker basket and gently held out his hands. Constable Dunstable just managed to push the handcuffs over the tips of the giant’s fingers. He snapped them shut.



‘There,’ said Constable Dunstable. ‘Now you are our prisoner. I am going to put you in jail for years and years and years.’



'But I haven't done anything,' said the giant. His voice was such a roar that half the townspeople were blown back down the road and the other half fell over on the spot.

Constable Dunstable picked himself up.

'It is against the law for giants to come to our town,' he said severely.



'That isn't very fair,' said the giant, and everyone fell over again. Constable Dunstable picked himself up.

'AND – you keep knocking everyone over.'

'I can't help it,' said the giant, and everyone fell over again. Constable Dunstable picked himself up for the third time.

'Then I shall have to put you in jail for ever and ever!' said the policeman.



And that was when the giant began to cry. Huge tears filled his eyes, trickled down his cheeks and crashed to the ground far below.

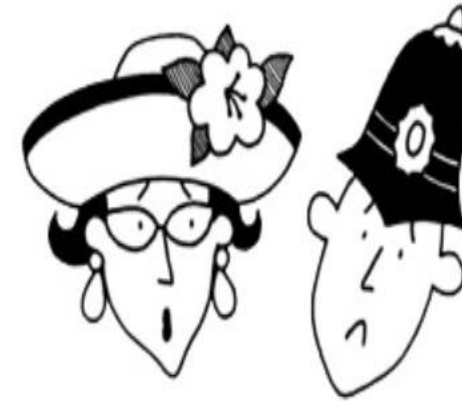


‘Stop it!’ cried the soaking townspeople. ‘We shall all drown!’

This made the giant cry even more, and it was just like two long, thin, sparkling waterfalls. The giant cried for half the morning. Soon there was a little pool of tears, and the pool became a pond, and the pond became a lake. Some people got out their umbrellas and some people got out their boats, but the children got out their swimming costumes and swam about

splashing each other.

Mrs Careless, the Mayoress, was becoming most concerned. ‘We can’t have this,’ she told Constable Dunstable.



‘We must do something. This lake will start overflowing any minute and then the whole town will be flooded. Tell the giant you won’t arrest him if he stops crying.’

So Constable Dunstable told the giant to stop crying.

‘I won’t arrest you,’ he explained. ‘But you must promise to be a good giant.’

‘I am a good giant,’ snivelled the giant, and he blew his nose



SSPPPLLLLUUURRRRRGGGGHHH!

– and everyone who wasn't swimming fell over, and half the rowing boats were overturned, and Constable Dunstable disappeared into the lake.



'I have always been a good giant,' the giant added, poking a helpful finger into the lake and hooking Constable Dunstable back on to dry land.

'Do you think you could speak more softly?' asked Mrs Goodbody. 'Every time you speak it makes a terrible wind and we all fall over. And please don't sneeze.'

'Sorry,' said the giant, and everyone fell over.

'Sorry,' he said again, very quietly, and everyone picked themselves up.

The policeman glared angrily at the giant.

'Right then, you sit down on that hill. You are going to have to answer some questions.'

'Oh good! Is it a quiz, like on television? Will I win a painting

set?’ asked the giant, sitting himself down on the hill with an enormous, thunderous thump.

‘Not exactly. First of all, question one: What is your name?’

‘Jim.’

‘I want your full name,’ said the policeman.

‘Oh. Giant Jim.’

‘Question two: Where do you live?’ ‘That’s obvious,’ said Giant Jim with such a big smile that his whole beard went crinkly. ‘I live right here.’

