The Very Polite Giant

Some knocks are simply too big.



A short story for reading aloud

AGES 4-7 • Take your time. Enjoy the sounds.

The Very Polite Giant

A giant arrived at the woodland library.

He wanted a book about butterflies.

He knocked on the door with one finger.

BOOM.

Inside, three books fell off a shelf.

"Sorry," whispered the giant.

His whisper rattled the window.

Owl opened the door. She looked up. And up.

"Good morning."

"May I borrow a book?"

"Of course. Please come—"

Owl looked at the doorway. She looked at the giant's knees.

"Perhaps you could wait outside."

The giant sat down slowly. The ground shivered.

Owl brought the butterfly book. It rested on the giant's palm like a tiny square leaf.

He squinted at the cover.

The Very Polite Giant

"The pictures are rather small," he said.

Owl fetched her magnifying glass.

The giant held it above the book. Now he could see a bright blue butterfly with spots along its wings.

"Beautiful," he whispered as gently as he could.

Something blue fluttered past his nose.

A real butterfly landed on his finger.

The giant froze. He hardly dared breathe.

Owl found the matching picture in the book.

"There," she said. "Your first visitor."

Soon Mouse came to look. Rabbit came too. They climbed onto the low stone wall beside him.

The giant held his hand perfectly still while Owl read about wings and flowers.

When the butterfly flew away, everyone watched it cross the garden.

"May I come again?" asked the giant.

"Certainly," said Owl. "You could wave at the window instead of knocking."

Next morning, an enormous hand appeared outside.

It was holding one flower.

THE END

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