

Jack and the Beanstalk

Roald Dahl

Jack's mother said, 'We're *stony broke!*
Go out and find some wealthy bloke
Who'll buy our cow. Just say she's sound
And worth at least a hundred pound.
But don't you dare to let him know
That she's as old as billy-o.'
Jack led the old brown cow away,
And came back later in the day,
And said, 'Oh Mumsie dear, guess what
Your clever little boy has got.
I got, I really don't know how,
A super trade-in for our cow.'
The mother said, 'You little creep,
I'll bet you sold her much too cheap.'
When Jack produced one lousy bean,
His startled mother, turning green,
Leaped high up in the air and cried,
'I'm *absolutely stupefied!*
You crazy boy! D'you really mean
You sold our Daisy for a bean?'

She snatched the bean. She yelled, 'You
chump!'
And flung it on the rubbish-dump.
Then summoning up all her power,
She beat the boy for half an hour,
Using (and nothing could be meaner)
The handle of a vacuum-cleaner.
At ten p.m. or thereabout,
The little bean began to sprout.
By morning it had grown so tall
You couldn't see the top at all.
Young Jack cried, 'Mum, admit it now!
It's better than a rotten cow!'
The mother said, 'You lunatic!
Where are the beans that I can pick?
There's not *one bean!* It's bare as bare!'
'No, no!' cried Jack. 'You look up there!
Look very high and you'll behold
Each single leaf is solid gold!'
By gollikins, the boy was right!
Now, glistening in the morning light,
The mother actually perceives

A mass of lovely golden leaves!
She yells out loud, 'My sainted souls!
I'll sell the Mini, buy a Rolls!
Don't stand and gape, you little clot!
Get up there quick and grab the lot!'
Jack was nimble, Jack was keen.
He scrambled up the mighty bean.
Up up he went without a stop,
But just as he was near the top,
A ghastly frightening thing occurred –
Not far above his head he heard
A big deep voice, a rumbling thing
That made the very heavens ring.
It shouted loud, 'FEE FI FO FUM
I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN
ENGLISHMAN!'
Jack was frightened, Jack was quick,
And down he climbed in half a tick.
'Oh mum!' he gasped. 'Believe you me,
There's something nasty up our tree!
I saw him mum! My gizzard froze!
A Giant with a clever nose!'

'A *clever nose!*' his mother hissed.
'You must be going round the twist!' 'He smelled me out, I swear it, mum! He said he *smelled* an Englishman!' The mother said, 'And well he might! I've told you every single night To take a bath because you smell, But would you do it? Would you hell! You even make your mother shrink Because of your unholy stink!' Jack answered, 'Well, if you're so clean Why don't *you* climb the crazy bean.' The mother cried, 'By gad, I will! There's life within the old dog still!' She hitched her skirts above her knee And disappeared right up the tree. Now would the Giant smell his mum? Jack listened for the *fee-fo-fum*. He gazed aloft. He wondered when The dreaded words would come . . . And then . . . From somewhere high above the ground

There came a frightful crunching sound. He heard the Giant mutter twice, 'By gosh, that tasted very nice. Although' (and this in grumpy tones) 'I wish there weren't so many bones.' 'By Christopher!' Jack cried. 'By gum! The Giant's eaten up my mum! He smelled her out! She's in his belly! I had a hunch that she was smelly.' Jack stood there gazing longingly Upon the huge and golden tree. He murmured softly, 'Golly-gosh, I guess I'll *have* to take a wash If I am going to climb this tree Without the Giant smelling me. In fact, a bath's my only hope . . .'

He rushed indoors and grabbed the soap
He scrubbed his body everywhere.
He even washed and rinsed his hair.
He did his teeth, he blew his nose
And went out smelling like a rose.
Once more he climbed the mighty bean.

The Giant sat there, gross, obscene,
Muttering through his vicious teeth
(While Jack sat tensely just beneath),
Muttering loud, 'FEE FI FO FUM,
RIGHT NOW I CAN'T SMELL ANYONE.'
Jack waited till the Giant slept,
Then out along the boughs he crept
And gathered so much gold, I swear
He was an instant millionaire.
'A bath,' he said, 'does seem to pay.
I'm going to have one every day.'

Revolting Rhymes

Unit 2

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Roald Dahl

This famous wicked little tale
Should never have been put on sale.
It is a mystery to me
Why loving parents cannot see
That this is actually a book
About a brazen little crook.
Had I the chance I wouldn't fail
To clap young Goldilocks in jail.
Now just imagine how *you'd* feel
If you had cooked a lovely meal,
Delicious porridge, steaming hot,
Fresh coffee in the coffee-pot,
With maybe toast and marmalade,
The table beautifully laid,
One place for you and one for dad,
Another for your little lad.
Then dad cries, "Golly-gosh! Gee-whizz!
Oh cripes! How hot this porridge is!
Let's take a walk along the street
Until it's cool enough to eat."

He adds, "An early morning stroll
Is good for people on the whole
It makes your appetite improve
It also helps your bowels to move."
No proper wife would dare to question
Such a sensible suggestion,
Above all not at breakfast-time
When men are seldom at their prime.
No sooner are you down the road
Than Goldilocks, that little toad
That nosey thieving little louse,
Comes sneaking in your empty house.
She looks around. She quickly notes
Three bowls brimful of porridge oats.
And while still standing on her feet,
She grabs a spoon and starts to eat.
I say again, how *would* you feel
If you had made this lovely meal
And some delinquent little tot
Broke in and gobbled up the lot?

But wait! That's not the worst of it!
Now comes the most distressing bit.
You are of course a houseproud wife,
And all your happy married life
You have collected lovely things
Like gilded cherubs wearing wings,
And furniture by Chippendale
Bought at some famous auction sale.
But your most special valued treasure,
The piece that gives you endless
pleasure,
Is one small children's dining-chair,
Elizabethan, very rare.
It is in fact your joy and pride,
Passed down to you on grandma's side.
But Goldilocks, like many freaks,
Does not appreciate antiques.
She doesn't care, she doesn't mind,
And now she plonks her fat behind
Upon this dainty precious chair,

And crunch! It bursts beyond repair.
A nice girl would at once exclaim,
“Oh dear! Oh heavens! What a shame!”
Not Goldie. She begins to swear.
She bellows, “What a lousy chair!”
And uses *one* disgusting word
That luckily you’ve never heard.
(I dare not write it, even hint it.
Nobody would ever print it.)
You’d think by now this little skunk
Would have the sense to do a bunk.
But no. I very much regret
She hasn’t nearly finished yet.
Deciding she would like a rest,
She says, “Let’s see which bed is best.”
Upstairs she goes and tries all three.
(Here comes the next catastrophe.)
Most educated people choose
To rid themselves of socks and shoes
Before they clamber into bed.

But Goldie didn’t give a shred.
Her filthy shoes were thick with grime,
And mud and mush and slush and
slime.
Worse still, upon the heel of one
Was something that a dog had done.
I say once more, what *would* you think
If all this horrid dirt and stink
Was smeared upon your eiderdown
By this revolting little clown?
(The famous story has no clues
to show the girl removed her shoes.)
Oh what a tale of crime on crime!
Let’s check it for a second time.
Crime One, the prosecution’s case:
She breaks and enters someone’s place.

Crime Two, the prosecutor notes:
She steals a bowl of porridge oats.
Crime Three, she breaks a precious
chair

Belonging to the baby Bear.
Crime Four, she smears each spotless
sheet
With filthy messes from her feet.

A judge would say without a blink,
“Ten years hard labour in the clink!”
but in the book, as you will see,
the little beast gets off scot-free,
while tiny children near and far
shout, “Goody-good! Hooray! Hurrah!”
“Poor darling Goldilocks!” they say,
“Thank goodness that she got away!”
Myself I think I’d rather send
Young Goldie to a sticky end.
“Oh daddy!” cried the Baby Bear,
“My porridge gone! It isn’t fair!”
“Then go upstairs,” the Big Bear said,
“Your porridge is upon the bed.
But as it’s inside mademoiselle,
You’ll have to eat *her* up as well.”

Building Expanded Noun Phrases

Jack sold the cow.

Beans grew towards the sky.

Jack scrambled up the beanstalk.

Giant muttered through teeth.

Giant ate the mother.

Leaves grew on the beanstalk.

Mother climbed the beanstalk.

Goose lays eggs.

Sun rises in the sky.
