

Jim Henson's™
THE STORYTELLER™
Giants

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THE PEACH'S SON
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PRU AND THE
FOMORIAN GIANTS

Story & Art by
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Letters by
Wanen Montgomery

THE TAILOR'S DAUGHTER
by
Brandon Dayton

THE FISHERMAN
AND THE GIANT
by
Feifei Ruan



meeph mur
meffer mem
um mink!



IT'S FRIGHTFULLY
DIFFICULT TO UNDER-
STAND YOU, MY FRIEND.
PERHAPS TAKE THE
BASKET OUT OF
YOUR MOUTH?

SORRY I'M
SO LATE. THESE
ARE HEAVIER THAN
THEY LOOK!



ALL THE
BETTER FOR OUR
PIE! PERHAPS WE'LL
MAKE MORE THAN
ONE.

AHH...
HOME.

MY WORD!
YOU WEREN'T
JOKING, THESE
PEACHES ARE
GIANT!



I'M EXHAUSTED. IF YOU FIND ANY GRUBS, YOU CAN RETURN THEM.

REST YOUR BONES FOR A SPELL, YOU'VE REMINDED ME OF A TALE. LET THE WARMTH OF HEARTH AND HOME KEEP YOU AWHILE AS I TELL YOU OF THE GIANT BORN FROM A PEACH'S PIT.



IF "HOME" IS A SPACE FILLED WITH COMFORT, LOVE, AND SECURITY...



...then a peasant woman and her peasant husband had room for one more.

Despite having little money, a small home, and relentless hunger, the thing the couple wanted most was a child.

LOOK, MY LOVE, LOOK AT THIS BOUNTY! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES.

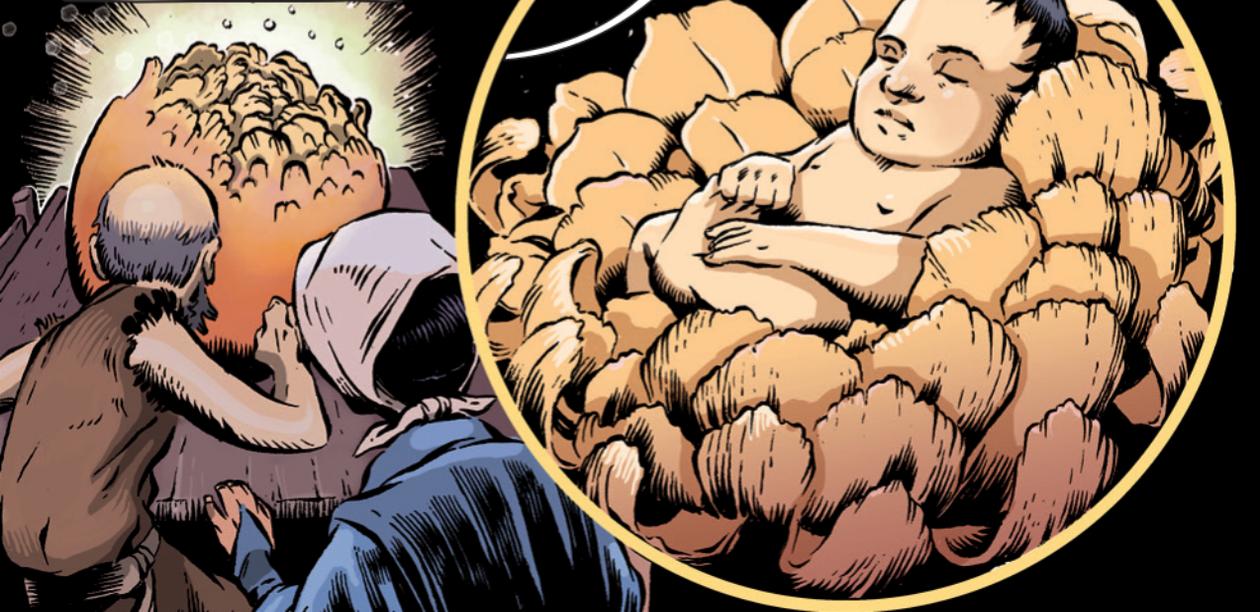
HEAVENS! SCARCELY CAN I BELIEVE MY OWN! WE'LL HAVE PEACH EVERY MEAL FOR A YEAR!



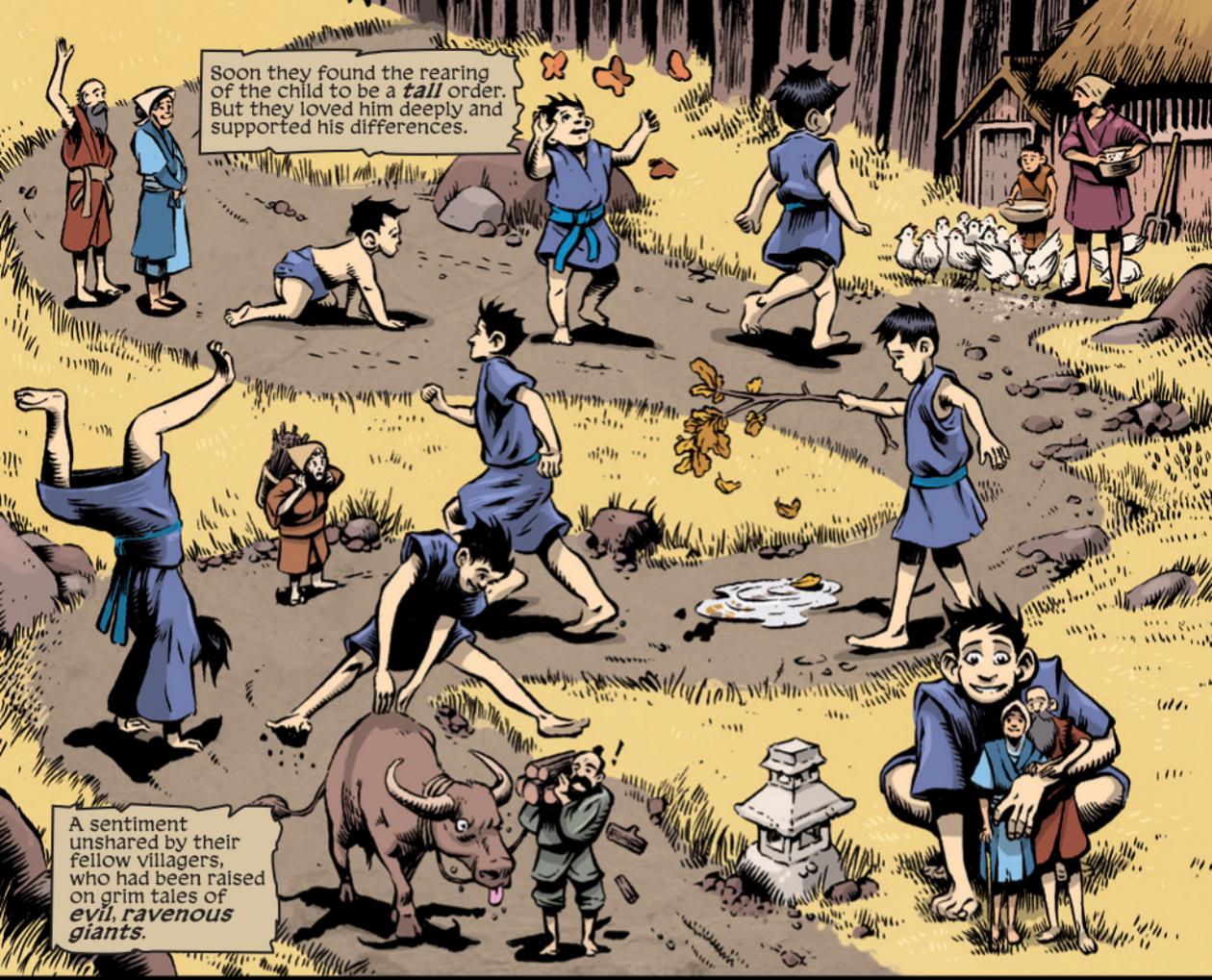
The couple's prayers had been answered in a *big* way...

WHAT IS IT?

A CHILD. A BABY BOY.



Soon they found the rearing of the child to be a *tall* order. But they loved him deeply and supported his differences.



A sentiment unshared by their fellow villagers, who had been raised on grim tales of *evil, ravenous giants*.



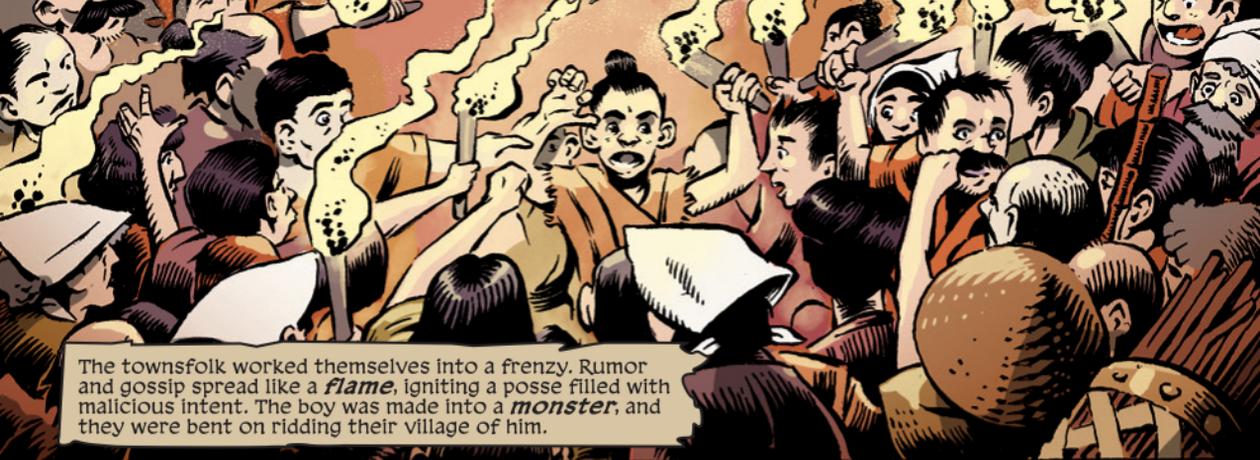
HE'S PROBABLY BIDDING HIS TIME BEFORE HE EATS US ALL.

GROWN THREE FOLD HIS SIZE SINCE THIS TIME LAST FALL!

HEARD HE PROWLS AT NIGHT, LOOKING FOR VICTIMS TO MAUL.

ACTION SHOULD BE TAKEN BEFORE HE TAKES US FOR SLAVES, TO GROVEL AND CRAWL!

AND ALL OF THIS NONSENSE BECAUSE THE BOY WAS TALL.



The townsfolk worked themselves into a frenzy. Rumor and gossip spread like a *flame*, igniting a posse filled with malicious intent. The boy was made into a *monster*, and they were bent on ridding their village of him.



GO AWAY!

BE GONE, AND DON'T RETURN!

MONSTER!



WHO ARE THEY?

WHO IS IT? WHAT'S GOING ON?

I DON'T KNOW, I CAN'T SEE OVER THE CROWD.



PLEASE, WE ARE DESPERATE FOR FOOD AND SHELTER. WE'VE BEEN CAST FROM OUR HOMES, ROBBED OF EVERYTHING.

OGRES...

OGRES?!

DID SHE SAY OGRES?!

THEY TORE US FROM OUR BEDS. WE'VE TRAVELED FOR WHAT FEELS LIKE A LIFETIME IN SEARCH OF SOMEWHERE TO BEGIN OUR LIVES ANEW, BUT OUR HEARTS BLEED FOR OUR LOST HOMES.

THOSE POOR PEOPLE.

IMAGINE, AN OGRE RAIDING PARTY. IT RATTLES MY BONES TO THINK ABOUT.

WAIT!





NO ONE SHOULD BE WITHOUT A HOME. I'M YOUNG BUT I'M LARGE, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, UNAFRAID.

PERHAPS IF I'M FRIGHTFUL TO MY PEOPLE, OGRES WILL FEEL SIMILARLY. I WILL RETURN YOUR HOME TO YOU, I SWEAR IT.

THE DISPLACED PEOPLE WERE GRATEFUL TO ACCEPT THE GIANT'S HELP, BUT RELIEF TURNED TO SINCERE SOLEMNNESS WHEN THEY SPOKE OF THE LEADER OF THE OGRE HORDE, THE TERRIBLE OGRE KING.

THE MOB'S FIERY BEHAVIOR, EXISTING ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE, WAS QUENCHED AND THEIR BLOOD TURNED COLD WHEN THEY HEARD THE VILE ACCOUNTS OF THE OGRE KING'S DOINGS.



MY PEACH, IT IS TOO DANGEROUS. PERHAPS YOU SHOULDN'T GO.

AND THE DISTANCE SO FAR.

But there was no stopping the boy. The giant heart in his giant body broke for these people. He'd not only reclaim the people's homes, but he'd prove himself to his neighbors, whom despite his intent, still distrusted him.



BE CAREFUL, MY SON. RETURN TO US.

DON'T FORGET YOUR SACHEL. IT'S JUST A RATTY OLD BEDSHEET BUT I STITCHED A PEACH INTO IT FOR GOOD LUCK.

SHE'S BEING HUMBLE. SHE ALSO FILLED IT WITH YOUR FAVORITE, RICE CAKES. ENOUGH TO LAST THE JOURNEY AND THEN SOME!





Famished from many days' hard march, the boy decided a hearty lunch was in order. He soon found the perfect spot, a lakeside tree stump, veiled in shade.



AH!
ARE THOSE RICE CAKES I'M SMELLING?



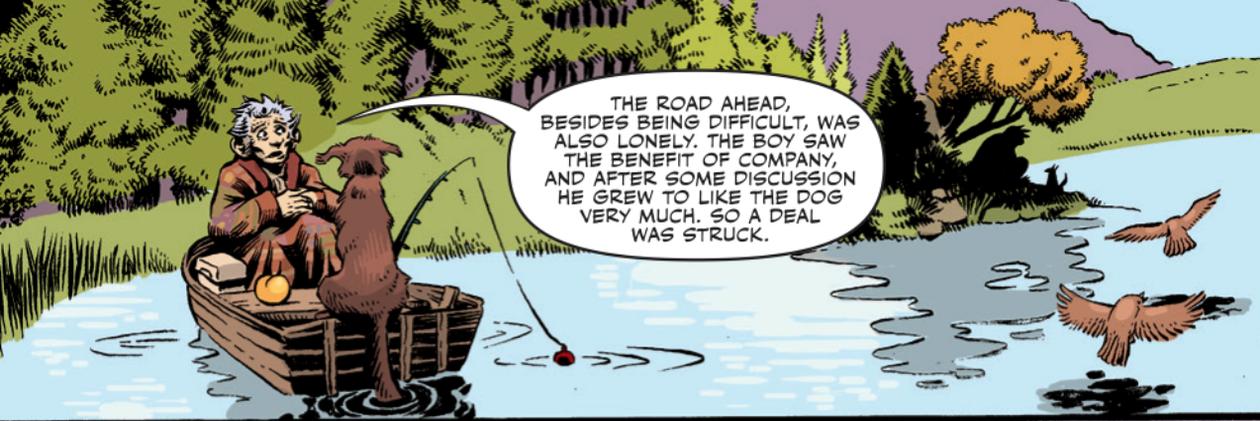
THEY ARE, MY MOTHER MADE THEM FOR ME.

THEY SMELL DELICIOUS. PERHAPS YOU'D ALLOW ME A NIBBLE?



I CAN'T REMEMBER MY LAST RICE CAKE, AND THEY'RE MY FAVORITE.

MINE AS WELL. YOU'RE WELCOME TO ONE, IF YOU WISH. THEY'RE VERY GOOD, UNLESS YOU'VE EATEN THEM EVERYDAY FOR A WEEK AS I HAVE.



THE ROAD AHEAD, BESIDES BEING DIFFICULT, WAS ALSO LONELY. THE BOY SAW THE BENEFIT OF COMPANY, AND AFTER SOME DISCUSSION HE GREW TO LIKE THE DOG VERY MUCH. SO A DEAL WAS STRUCK.



ONE THOUSAND RICE CAKES.

ONE THOUSAND?! I DON'T HAVE NEARLY THAT MANY. THOUGH, IF YOU'LL ACCOMPANY ME AND WE MAKE IT BACK HOME, I'M SURE MY MOTHER WOULD MAKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT.



MY HOLLOW STOMACH RUMBLES THAT IT "ACCEPTS YOUR TERMS." LEAD THE WAY, WE GO TOGETHER TO THE OGRE KING.



