

*Jim Henson's*™  
**THE STORYTELLER**™  
*Giants*

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THE PEACH'S SON

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THE TAILOR'S DAUGHTER

by  
*Brandon Dayton*

PRU AND THE  
FOMORIAN GIANTS

Story & Art by  
*Tared Cullum*

Letters by  
*Wanen Montgomery*

THE FISHERMAN  
AND THE GIANT

by  
*Feifei Ruan*









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.

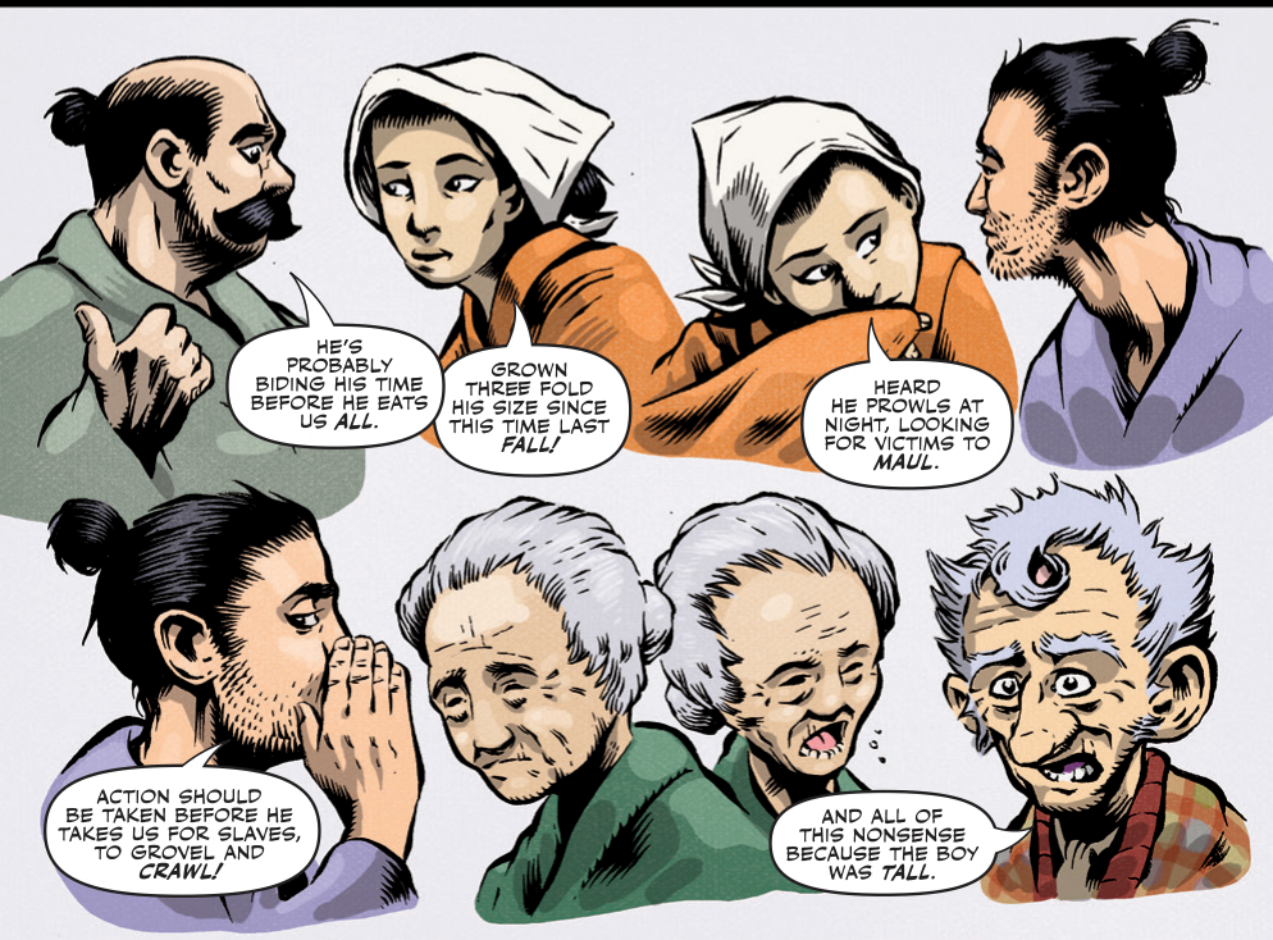
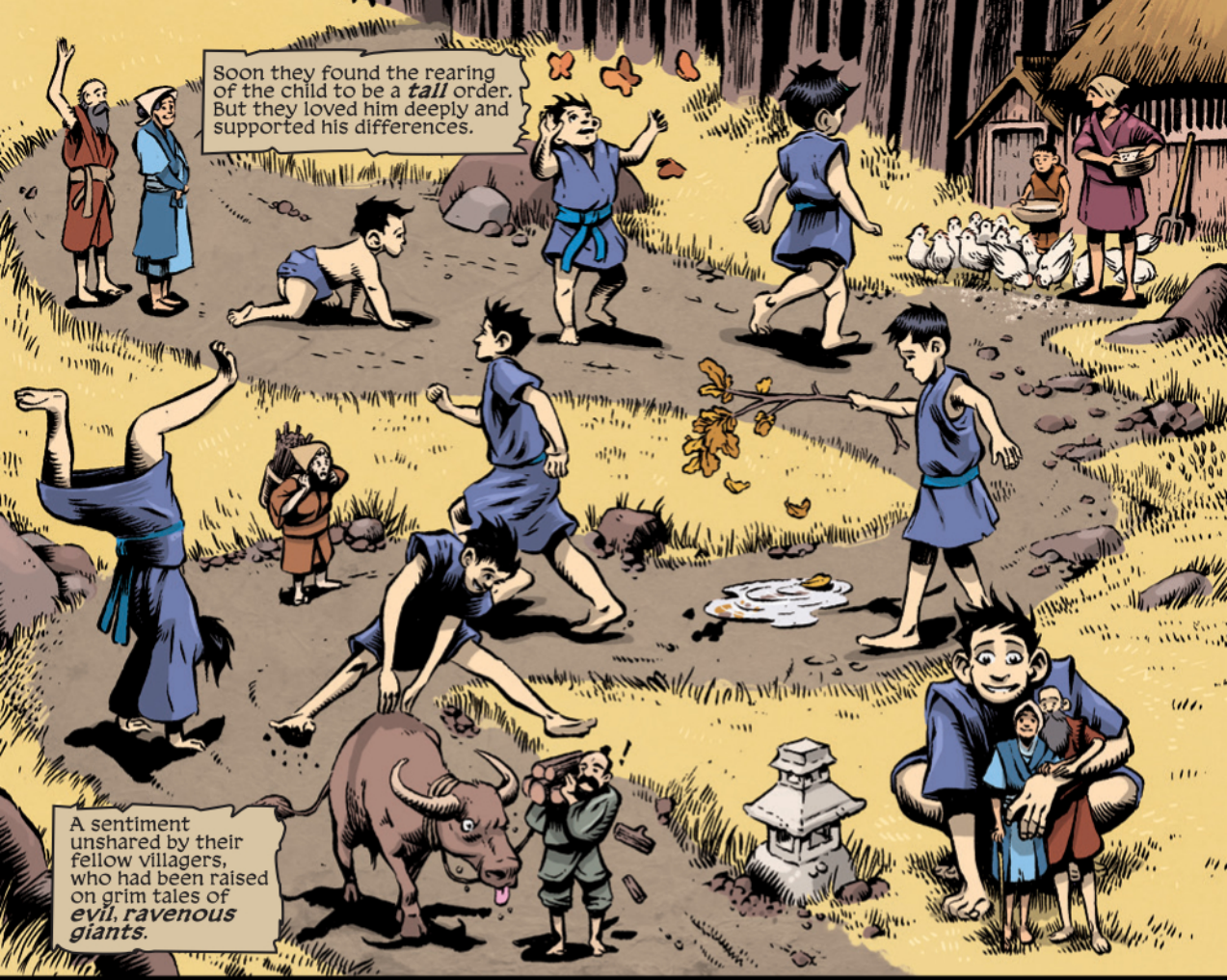
HEAVENS! SCARCELY CAN I BELIEVE MY OWN! WE'LL HAVE PEACH EVERY MEAL FOR A YEAR!

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

WHAT IS IT?

A CHILD. A BABY BOY.









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.

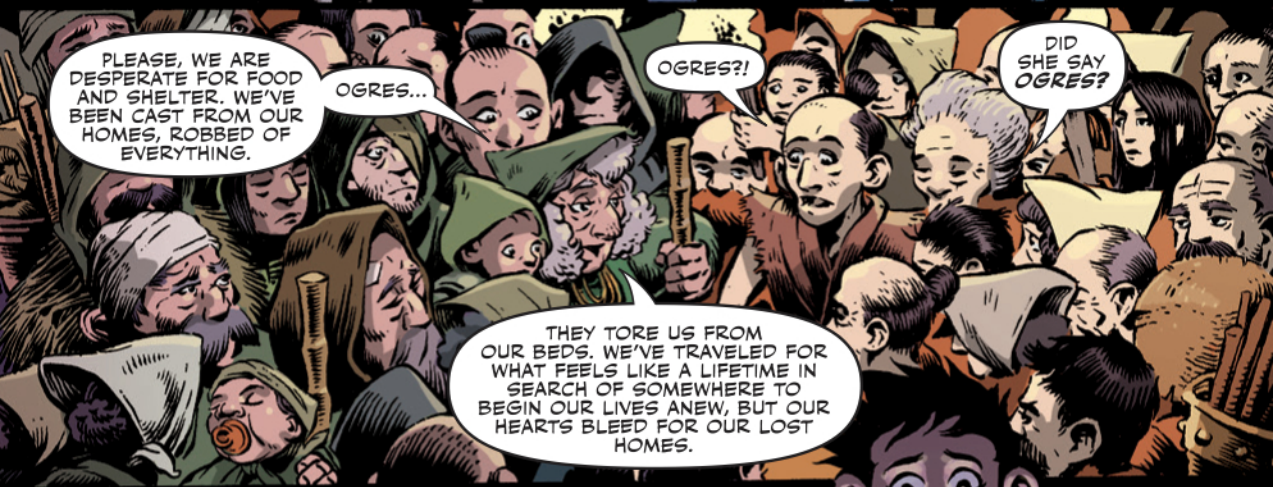






WHO IS IT? WHAT'S GOING ON?

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?

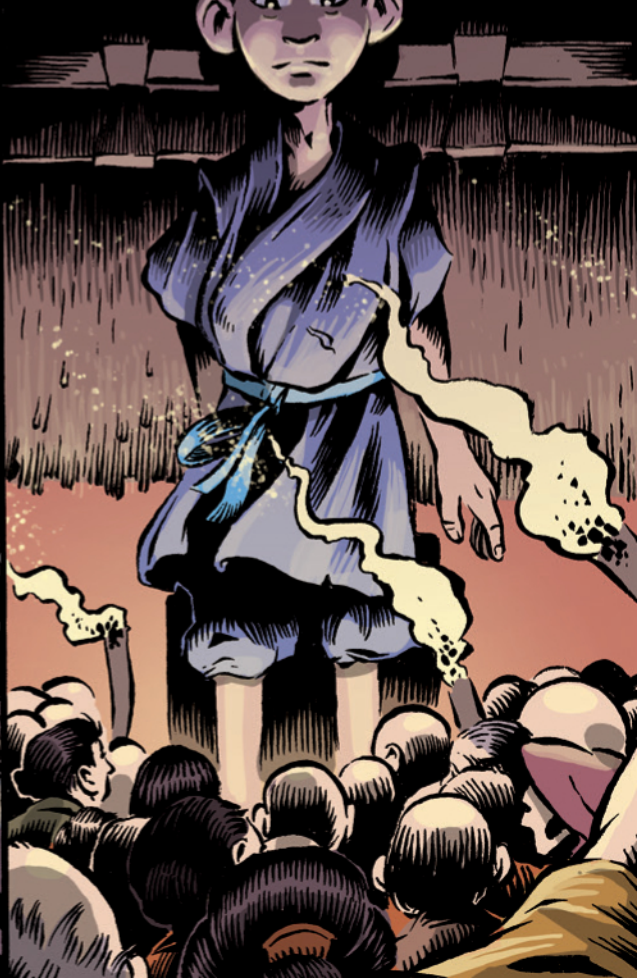
THEY TORE US FROM OUR BEDS. WE'VE TRAVELED FOR WHAT FEELS LIKE A LIFETIME IN SEARCH OF SOMEWHERE TO BEGIN OUR LIVES ANEW, BUT OUR HEARTS BLEED FOR OUR LOST HOMES.



THOSE POOR PEOPLE.

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

WAIT!







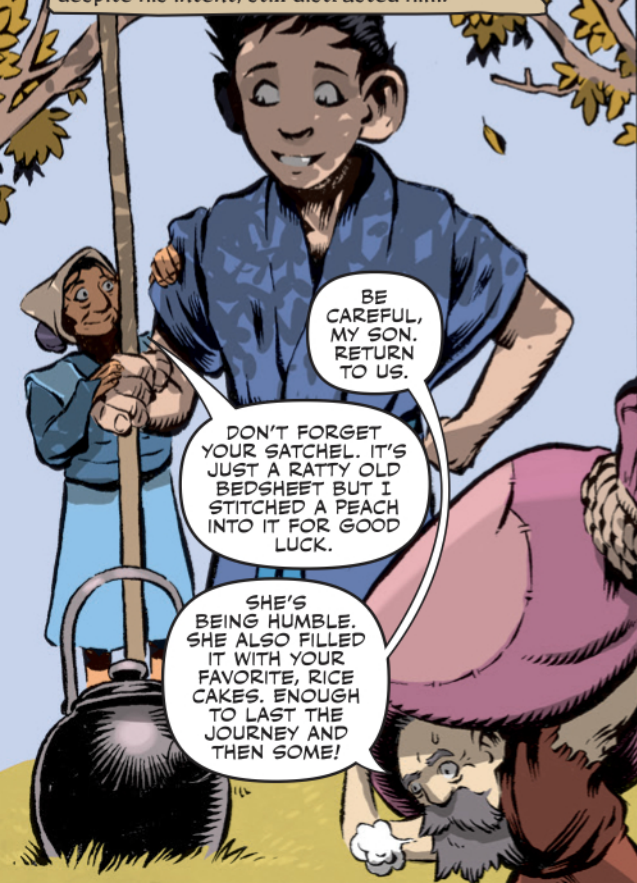
NO ONE SHOULD BE WITHOUT A HOME. I'M YOUNG BUT I'M LARGE, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, **UNAFRAID.**

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.

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!



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

AND THE DISTANCE SO FAR.





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  
CAKES I'M  
SMELLING?



THEY ARE,  
MY MOTHER  
MADE THEM  
FOR ME.

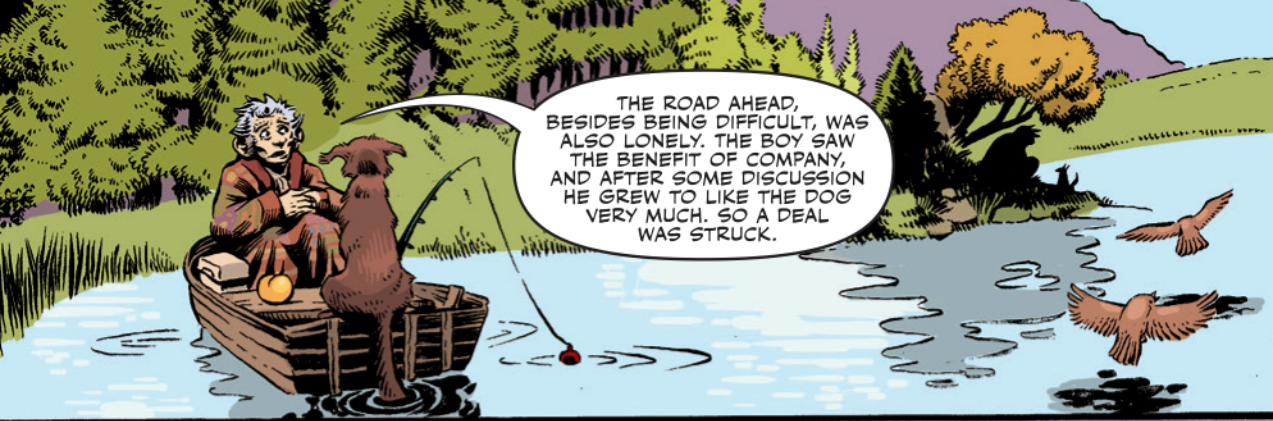
THEY SMELL  
DELIGHTFUL.  
PERHAPS YOU'D  
ALLOW ME A  
NIBBLE?



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.

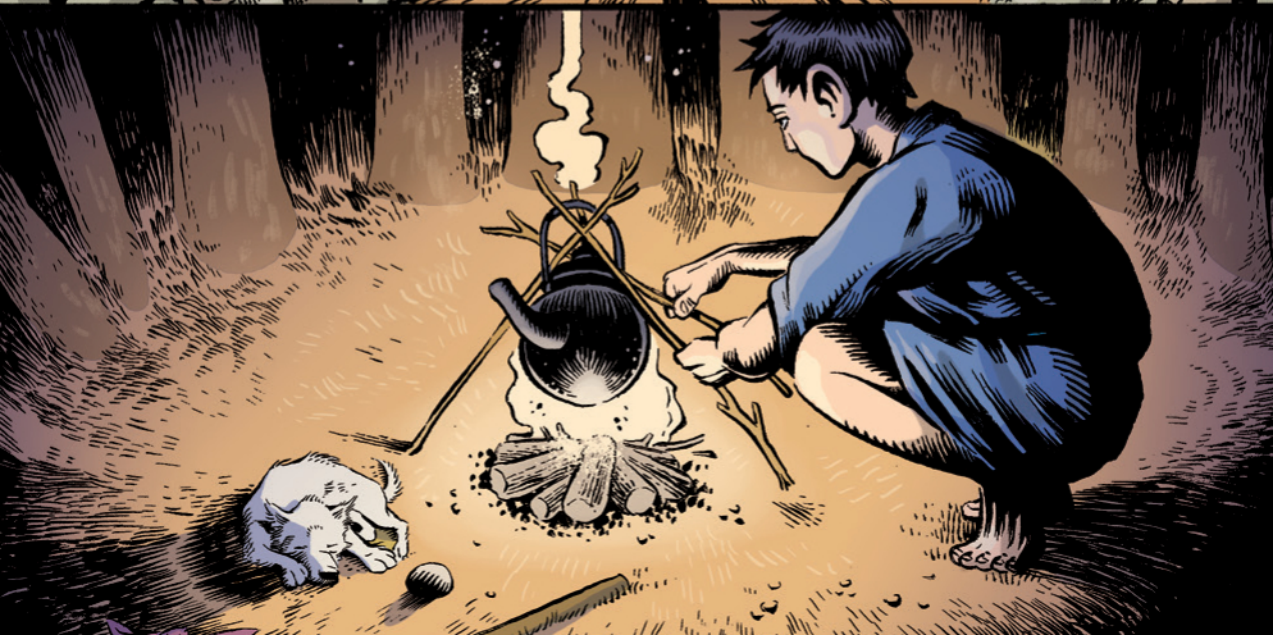


ONE THOUSAND RICE CAKES.

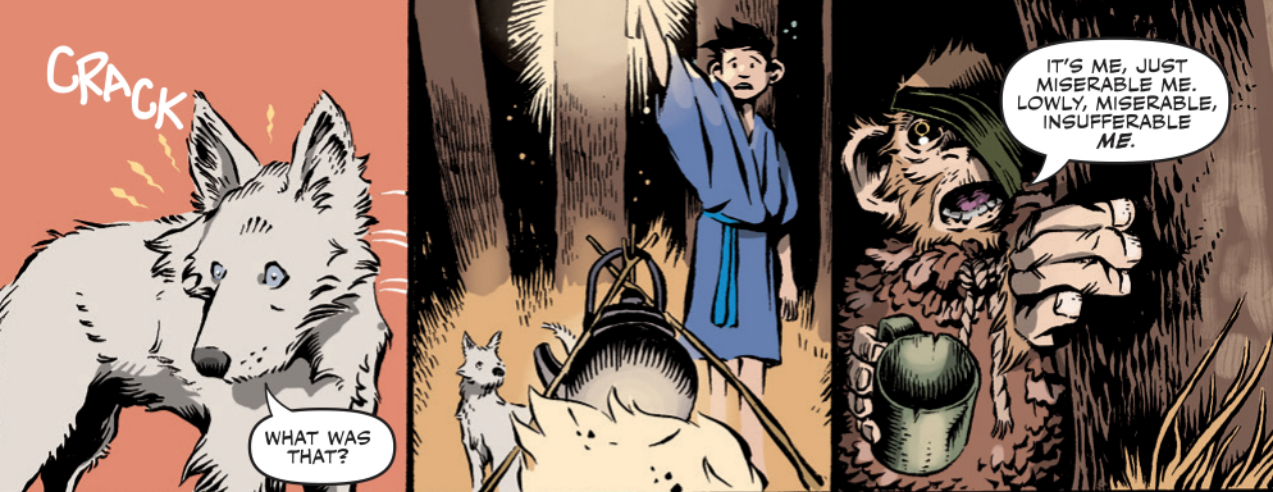
ONE THOUSAND?! I DON'T HAVE NEARLY THAT MANY. THOUGH, IF YOU'LL ACCOMPANY ME AND WE MAKE IT BACK HOME, I'M SURE MY MOTHER WOULD MAKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT.



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



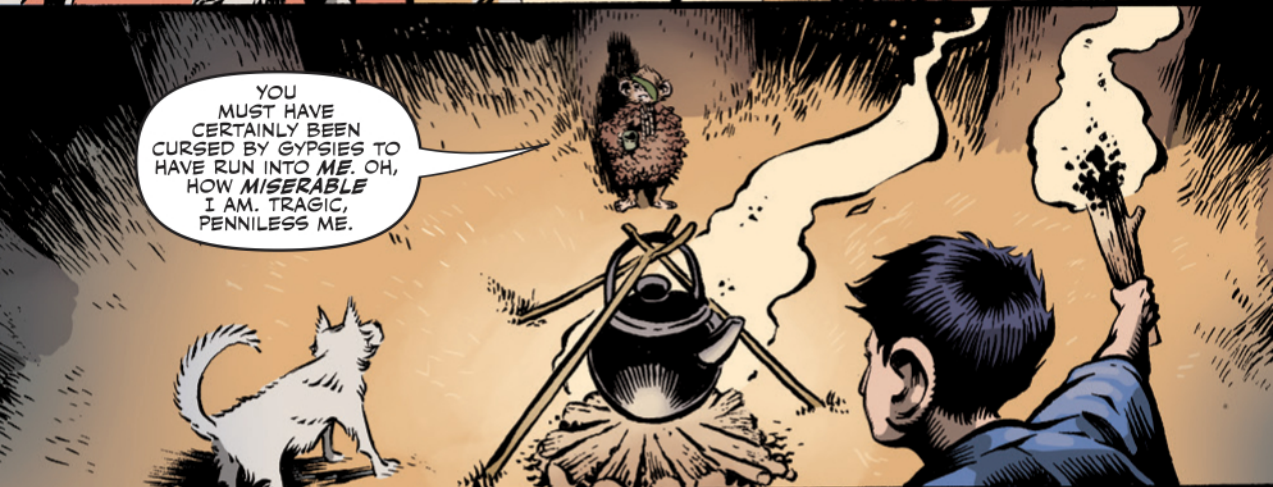




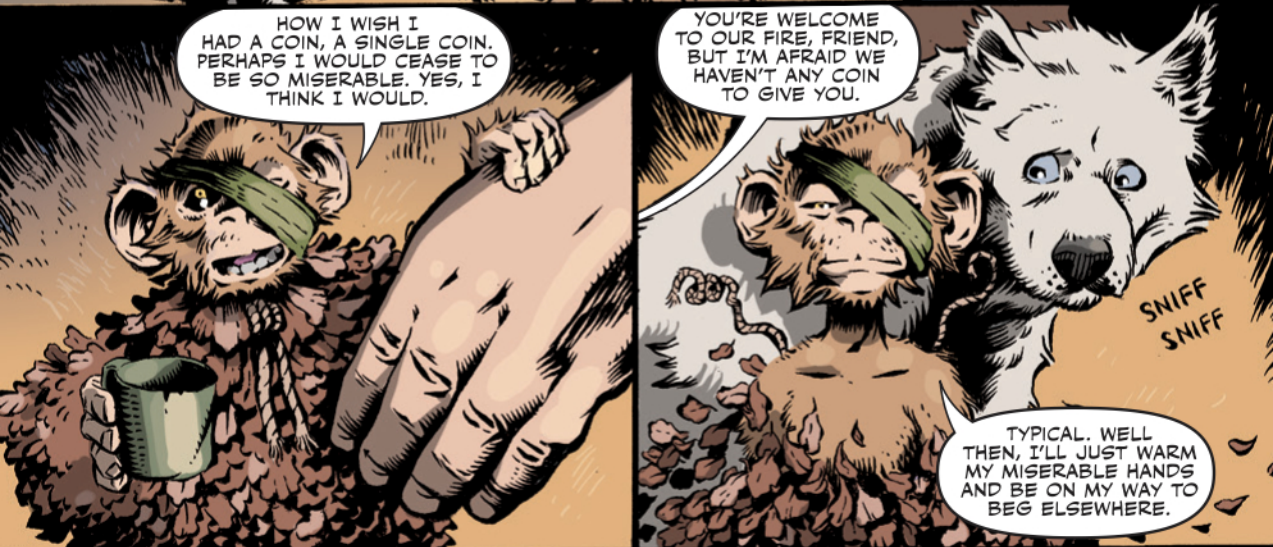
CRACK

WHAT WAS THAT?

IT'S ME, JUST MISERABLE ME. LOWLY, MISERABLE, INSUFFERABLE ME.



YOU MUST HAVE CERTAINLY BEEN CURSED BY GYPSIES TO HAVE RUN INTO ME. OH, HOW MISERABLE I AM. TRAGIC, PENNILESS ME.



HOW I WISH I HAD A COIN, A SINGLE COIN. PERHAPS I WOULD CEASE TO BE SO MISERABLE. YES, I THINK I WOULD.

YOU'RE WELCOME TO OUR FIRE, FRIEND, BUT I'M AFRAID WE HAVEN'T ANY COIN TO GIVE YOU.

SNIFF  
SNIFF

TYPICAL. WELL THEN, I'LL JUST WARM MY MISERABLE HANDS AND BE ON MY WAY TO BEG ELSEWHERE.

