

Lazing on a Sunny Afternoon

It had been a year since the so-called 'BEANSTALK BONANZA!' and Jack was safely ensconced in his new mansion at the centre of town. His mother, much to Jack's pleasure, had refused to move, accusing him of 'forgetting where he came from' and 'being above himself' which always made him laugh considering where he'd managed to filch the chicken and the harp. Anyway, this arrangement suited him just fine as (something he made sure to tell his increasing number of friends) she'd always 'cramped his style' and would never get off his back with her 'do this, do that, Jack!' all day long. He'd made sure she was alright, of course, and paid for repairs to the roof *and* removal of the body – half a dozen wagons and a day's work for as many men do not come cheap, but the publicity was good and Jack was now a celebrity throughout the kingdom. But, in truth, Jack was still as dim as the day he acquired the beans, and the riches served only to make him ever-more intolerable and crass.

That afternoon, Jack was by the pool, a goblet of Aperol Spritz (with little umbrella, of course) in his hand. The remains of the harp lay mangled on the grass, a reminder to everyone what would happen to those who dared cross him. The hen continued to lay its golden eggs but was now safely locked up in the vault, and never saw the light of day. Jack leant back and considered his good fortune.

'Sir?' His manservant coughed gently into his glove.

'Oh, what is it *now*, Smithers?' Jack responded in his normal, rude, manner.

'There's someone at the gate.'

'At the gate?!'

'Yes sir. It's Gerry. The giant's long-lost big brother. And he wants to see you.'

Now...'

300 words

Jack and The Beanstalk