

FAIRY TALE JOURNALS



This Journal Belongs to
JACK

A Jack and the Beanstalk
Fractured Fairy Tale

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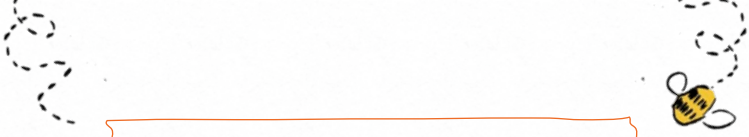


Table of Contents

Go Away, Goat	4
Ooh, Shiny!	8
Rock On and Up!	13
“Fee, Fi, Fo, Woof!”	18
“Fee, Fi, Fo, Buzz!”	22
“Fee, Fi, Fo, Cluck!”	27
Well, That Was Egg-citing	32
I Make a Promise	37
I Break a Promise (At First)	41
Charming Chimes	45
“Fee, Fi, Fo... Throw It!”	50
Home Again!	55





SATURDAY



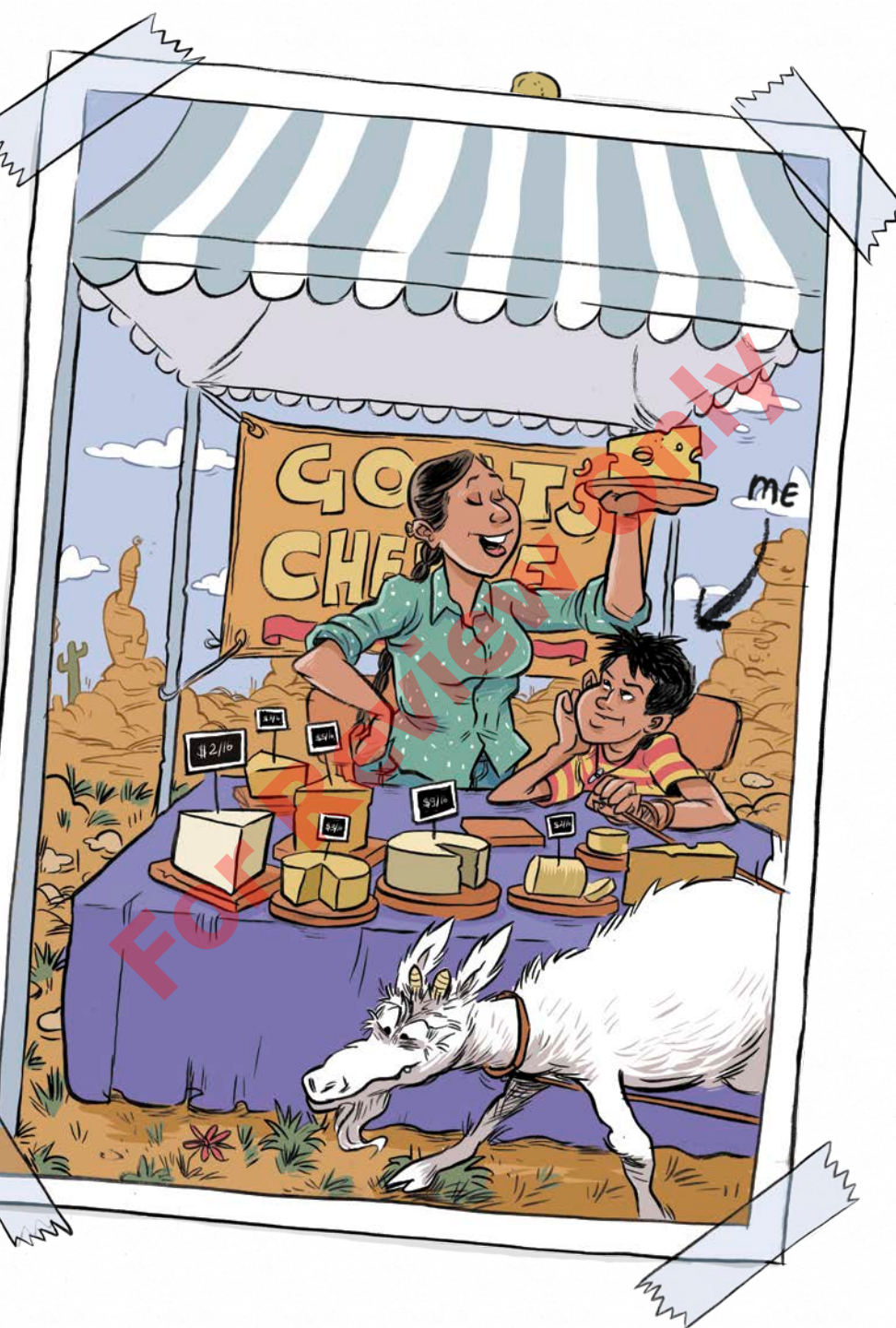
Go Away, Goat



Well, it's another beautiful Saturday.

Perfect for rock hunting or rock climbing or writing in my journal about the rocks I found or climbed. Basically, anything to do with rocks!

Instead, I'm at the farmer's market goat-sitting for our goat, Nanny. Mom has a booth here. She sells cheese she makes from Nanny's milk.





I don't like goat cheese or our goat.
Both are lumpy and smell **bad**. At least
the cheese doesn't sneak attack me.
Nanny does. I'll be picking up a cool
rock in our yard when *whump!* She
butts me from behind—in my behind!

“It's what goats do, Jack,” Mom says
when I complain.

I wish we still had hens and bees.
Sure, I got pecked and stung sometimes.
But they were better than Nanny. And
we sold lots of eggs and honey.



We lost our hens when a fox got into
the chicken coop. All the bees left when
the queen took off. Now all we have is
goat cheese. And Nanny. I'd sell her if
I could, little nubby horns and all!



That stupid goat just headbutted me again! I crashed onto our table and face-planted in the cheese. Some got in my mouth. That was gross.

The only good thing was Nanny got loose and took off.



Okay, fine, I untied her when Mom wasn't looking. Then I fist-bumped her in her backside. She liked that about as much as I liked being butted.

I pretended not to know how she got away. Mom didn't buy it. "She couldn't just leave," she said. "Go find her." 🍌

So now, instead of goat-sitting or rock hunting, I'm goat-hunting. Could this day get any worse?

SATURDAY

NIGHT

Ooh, Shiny!



The day got worse. Here's what happened:

I wandered all over the market looking for Nanny. I found her munching cans from a bin. Of course, the second she saw me, she lowered her head and **charged**.

I jumped out of the way. And I bumped into this weird little dude with crazy curly hair. He grabbed Nanny's rope before she could come at me again.

“Is this your goat?” he asked. “I love goats. And goat cheese!” He smacked his lips and rubbed his belly. “Yum!”

I made a face. “I don’t like goat cheese. Or this goat.”

I told him how Nanny had butted me. (I didn’t tell him how I’d fist-butted her back.) “So instead of rock hunting, I ate stinky cheese.”

