

Tuesday



Dear Diary,

This is so unfair; I can't believe Mum's being so mean! This morning, she said that just because Milky the cow hasn't given us any milk now for a month, we've got to get rid of her.

Milky's my best friend - I can't just sell her. Mum and I had a huge fight about it at dinner tonight and now she's all bent out of shape. Well, two can play at that game - I'm not talking to mum tomorrow!

10 p.m. Oh no, it gets worse! She's just come in (not knocking first, mind you, no privacy here!) to tell me I have to take poor Milky to market tomorrow morning. I'm so miserable I could cry!

Wednesday

Dear Diary,

Well, what a day it's been here. Ups and downs like you wouldn't believe. This morning, Mum virtually threw me out of the house with Milky to go to market. She said if I didn't get a good price, I'd have to chop all the wood for the rest of the year. I wasn't happy about it, but I set off anyway. While I was on my way to town through the woods, I bumped into this weird old bloke who offered to buy Milky. But guess what? Instead of money, he offered to let me have some of these miraculous magic beans he had. I thought, you know, magic's got to be better than money, so I said "Yes please!" and off he went. He said he'd look after Milky, so that's ok then.

I ran straight back home to show my mum what an phenomenal bargain I'd got, but she had a massive hissy fit and called me a silly little boy (charming!) and threw the magic beans out of the window! Then, she sent me to bed without any supper. Grrr...

Thursday

Dear Diary,

BEST. DAY. EVER. Just listen...

This morning, I woke up to find my window completely covered by huge, green leaves. When we went outside to have a look, there was the most enormous beanstalk growing up the side of our house. Well, that's an understatement; it was right up the wall, past the chimney and into the sky! In fact, it was so tall that the top end disappeared into the clouds.

Well, you know me - always up for a challenge; I was climbing that beanstalk before Mum could say anything. It took me an hour, but eventually I emerged through the clouds, only to see a huge castle. There was nobody about, so I sneaked inside to have a stickybeak. All the furniture was massive, at least five times normal size.

As I was having a poke about, I heard this deep, rumbling voice saying, "Fee, fie, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman!" That scared the pants off me, so I hid in a cupboard and looked out through the keyhole. A gigantic man (well, a giant, obviously) came in holding a hen and a golden harp. He put the hen on the table and commanded it to lay an egg, and guess what popped out? Only a gold egg! Next he told the harp to play, and it made the sweetest tune I've ever heard.

Pretty soon, the giant settled down for a nap. Once he was snoring away, I crept over and swiped the two treasures. Unfortunately, as I was tiptoeing across the room, the harp shouted out, "Help master!" which woke the giant up. He chased after me at once, but I was too quick. I was off down the beanstalk before he could catch me, although he started to follow me down.

When I got to the bottom, I grabbed an axe and began chopping at the stalk. All the while, I could feel it shaking with the giant's weight. Luckily, I hacked through it just in time because the giant fell from the sky, landing about a mile away in a field. Phew!

So now, I'm the proud owner of a magical hen, a singing harp AND I'm in Mum's good books for once. Result!