

Extract from the story “Little Beck”

The ogre took the roast out of the oven and started to eat. He thought the meat was far too tough to be Little Beck. He went to wake his wife, but when he checked the bed again, he found that there was nothing in it but a nightcap and when he saw that his stick was missing, he understood what had happened. He ran as fast as he could down to the beach.

Little Beck and the girl had just boarded the dough trough and were only a little way from the water’s edge. The ogre jumped up and down in fury.

“You’ve taken my ram?” he said.

“Yes,” replied Little Beck.

“Thrown my mother down the well.”

“Yes.”

“Taken the magic lamp?”

“Yes.”

“Tricked me into eating my wife?”

“Yes.”

“And now you’ve taken my walking stick and the girl?”

“Yes.”

“Oh! Oh! I’m coming to get you,” said the ogre.

“Come on then,” replied Little Beck.