

# The Giant, the Crows, the Cow and the Moon

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Way back in once-upon-a-time time there wasn't a moon ... but there was a giant who didn't like crows.

"Crows are such a nuisance," he said. "They caw and they crow and never say anything nice. And they're cheeky. I don't like cheeky."

One day the giant went for a walk. The sun was shining and he got thirsty.

"I'm thirsty!" said the giant. "I want a drink. I'll look for a lake."

So off he strode—stomp, stomp, stomp—till he found a lake. Down on his hands and down on his knees he got, and slurp, slurp, slurp, he drank the whole lake dry.

"Ah! That's better," he burped, rubbing his tummy and watching the fish flip-flop on the lake bed.

"And look! Fish snacks too!" he cried, and he began to pop fish into his mouth just like we eat popcorn.

By and by a flock of crows came flapping past.

"Caw! Caw!" cawed the crows—which meant: "Oh, look! Fish snacks! Let's eat!"

The giant didn't like the crows cawing, and he didn't like them stealing his fish.

"Gerroff!" he shouted, waving his arms in the air. "Gerroff my fishies!"

"Caw! Caw!" cawed the crows, louder than ever—which meant: "Watch out, brothers! That giant is waving his arms about! But never mind, there's still lots of fish to eat!" and they flapped about eating as many flip-flop fish as they could get their beaks on.

The giant waded out onto the lake bed and soon was up to his knees in mud. He thrashed about, trying to chase the crows away.

"Gerroff! You stinking caw-crows!" he roared. "Leave my flip-flop fishies alone!"

“Caw! Caw!” cawed the crows, cawing louder than ever. This meant: “That giant’s in a tizzy! He doesn’t like us crowing! Let’s caw louder!”

So the crows cawed (in time to a well-known schoolyard taunt) as loudly as they could: “Caw caw-caw caw-caw caw! Caw caw-caw caw-caw caw!”

In crow language this meant: “Nah nah-nah nah boo-boo! You’re a silly moo-moo!” —and other things much worse than that!

This made the giant monstrously mad! His face turned redder than radishes! Bolts of lightning shot out of his eyes! Steam hissed from his ears and black smoke exploded out of his nostrils! He grabbed huge handfuls of mud from the lake bed and hurled it at the crows.

“Take that! And that! And that! You brats!” he screamed, his arms whirling round and round like a windmill in a storm.

But the giant was too angry to shoot straight, and the crows far too nimble. They dodged this way and that, hid behind his back, or sat upon his head. Meanwhile, the clumps of mud whizzed through the air, punched holes in the clouds, and hurtled towards the sun.

“Whoa!” cried the sun, not liking the look of things, and he put out his hands to stop the mud from hitting him. Then he shaped the mud into a great grey ball and rolled it across the sky.

The crows saw it and stopped crowing.

The giant saw it and stopped throwing.

A cow saw it and started lowing—“Moo! Moo!”

The giant threw his last handful of lake bed at the ball—and hit it! Split-splat-splud went the mud as it struck – and you can still see the splotches to this day.

“Moo! Moo!” moo’d the cow again at the great ball in the sky.

“Moo is a good name!” declared the giant, patting the cow on the back. “We shall call it ‘the moo.’”

And that’s what the ball was called for a long time – until somebody added an N.