

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

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**W**ay back in once-upon-a-time time there was no moon in the sky, 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 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 in their language 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 are 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, "Caaw caw-caaw caw-caaw caw! Caaw caw-caaw caw-caaw caw!" as loudly as they could. This meant: "Naah nah-naah nah booo-boo, you're a silly gooo-goo!"—and other things 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 throw straight, and the crows were far too nimble. They dodged this way and that, hiding behind his back or sitting on 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. He caught the mud, shaped it into a great big 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. 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 moon was called for a long, long, long time—until some bright spark put an N on the end.