

# THE ALLTFECHAN GIANT



Story by Judith Hooper  
Illustrations by Sonja Burniston

For Rose and Nick, who inspired this story to pop into my head  
as we sat on Alltfechan hill, Pont-Faen, Powys

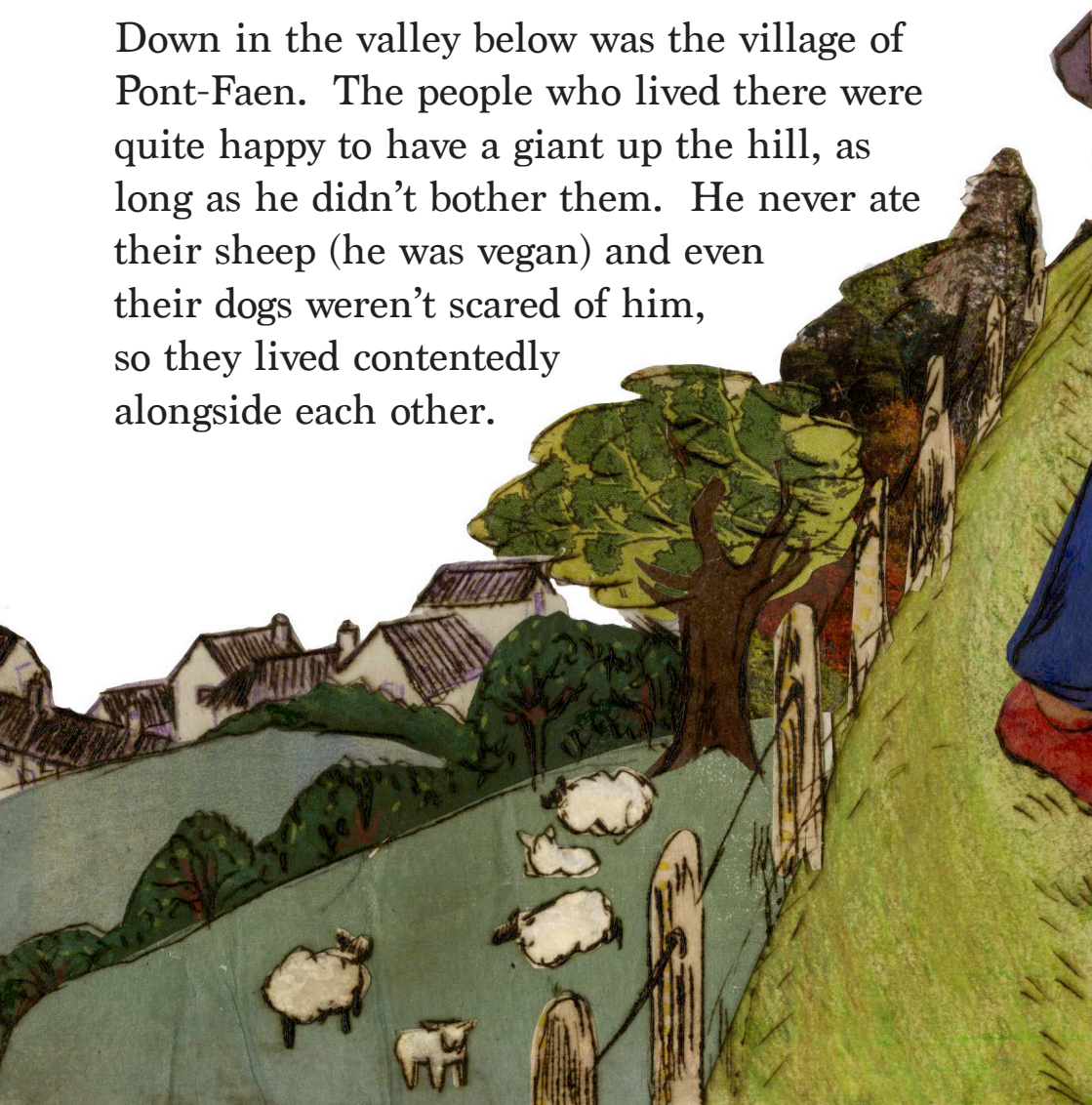
J.H

For Jack who is Joe-like, and Joe who is Jack-like

S.B

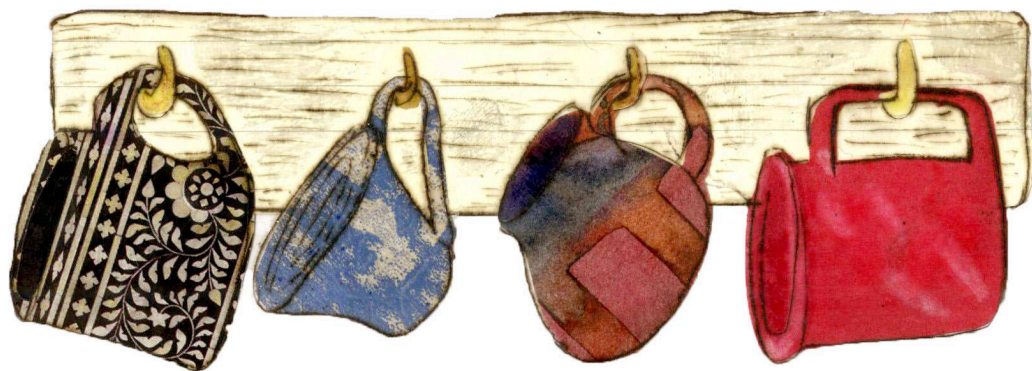
Once upon a time there was a giant who lived in a barn on a hillside. His name was Joe, and the hillside was called Alltfechan. He was a friendly giant, content to potter round his hillside and enjoy the view from his barn.

Down in the valley below was the village of Pont-Faen. The people who lived there were quite happy to have a giant up the hill, as long as he didn't bother them. He never ate their sheep (he was vegan) and even their dogs weren't scared of him, so they lived contentedly alongside each other.









There was only one problem about Joe the giant. When he was making his tea in the morning, which he did every morning without fail, just before pouring his oat milk into the steaming mug, he had this really annoying habit of hurling the teabag out of the barn window, and it always landed in the same place: just down the hill, on top of the hydrangeas in Richard and Ann's garden. You might think that this wouldn't really matter – one little teabag landing on a hydrangea plant.



The problem was, being a giant, he had giant teabags, so they really were quite big, and they piled up quickly. Richard and Ann were very tolerant people, but one day they'd had enough. Their healthiest, most beautiful hydrangea plant had got squashed.



Richard stomped up the hill and called,

Joe, I need  
a word!

Joe the giant stirred himself in his enormous armchair, pulled on his sheepskin slippers and peered round the door of the barn.

What can  
I do for  
you Richard?

he said  
politely, his  
rumbling  
voice echoing  
around the  
hillside.

It's your teabags ... It's got to stop.



‘My teabags? What do you mean, what’s wrong with my teabags?’

‘You keep chucking them out of the window, and they always land in the same place: on my hydrangeas. Please could you stop doing it?’

Joe rubbed his chin for a moment, a slightly forlorn look settling on his creased, friendly face.



Then he sniffed and said,

‘You know, Richard, I didn’t even realise I was doing that. Ever so inconsiderate. Won’t happen again. Promise.’

And with that, he sniffed again (he hated upsetting people), pulled his head back inside the barn, and went back to sitting by his wood-burning stove, where he picked up his knitting and went off to sleep.











The next morning, as he stirred his tea, and was just about to reach for the jug of oat milk, he muttered to himself, 'I must not throw my teabag out of the window, I must not throw my teabag out of the window'. But then he was so taken up by the beautiful view across the valley, which he never tired of, especially on a sunny morning, that without thinking he flicked the teaspoon and the giant teabag flew out of the window.

Spot,

he heard it landing in  
Richard and Ann's garden.

'Oh no. I've done it again.'









At that moment, Richard and Ann were looking out of the window of their sitting room, and heard the ‘splot’ of the teabag landing on the hydrangea.

Richard marched out of the house and then stood, stock still, in amazement: beautiful streaks of blue had appeared on his previously pink hydrangea.





They were, indeed,  
in the process of turning blue.





Richard scratched his head, puzzled, wondering how this could have happened.

At that moment, Judith and Rose, from the Mill next door, walked past. Richard told them about the blue-streaked hydrangeas.

‘You know, that reminds me of when I was a little girl’, said Judith. ‘We always used to put our tealeaves on the hydrangea plants when we were emptying the teapot. It was a job I really liked doing. Very satisfying. And after a while, they changed from pink to blue.’



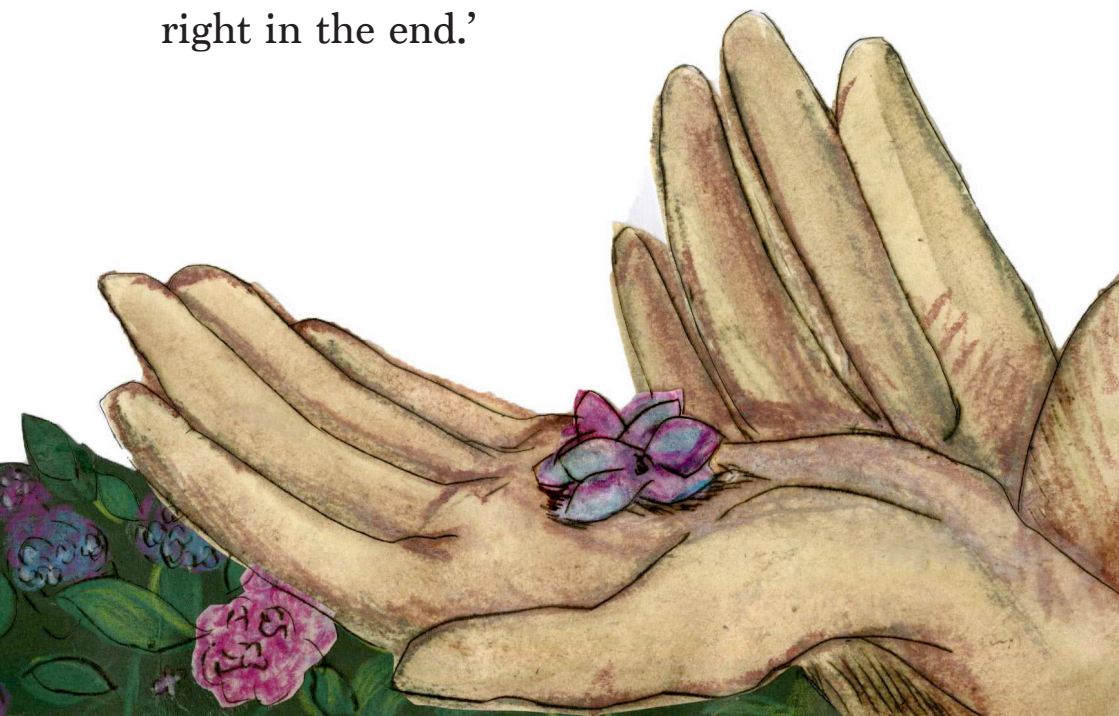




Richard brightened up.

‘You know what, I think I rather like them turning blue. It’s rather interesting. Maybe it’s not such a bad thing, Joe chucking his teabags out of the window. What do you think, Ann?’

Ann had just come out of the door to see what was going on. ‘I think it’s lovely. And Joe isn’t really doing any harm. It’s a bit of a shame when the hydrangeas get squashed, but they do seem to be all right in the end.’



So from that day on, nobody minded that Joe the Giant threw his teabags out the window of his barn on the hill at Alltfechan. And everybody who walked past Richard and Ann's house admired their lovely blue hydrangeas.



The End