



Giant



There was once a giant who lived in a small town. He was called the lonely giant not because he did not have any friends but because he found it hard to make friends.

Everyone had tried to make his acquaintance, but the permanent scowl on his face drove even the friendliest of faces away. One fateful day, a fire spread rapidly across town, leaving the town with nothing but charcoal and polluted air. Everything was razed save for the tiny field that the giant owned.

The people were sad and thrust into a great depression. It would be difficult for them to recover and pick themselves up from where they had fallen.

The giant wanted to help them, he needed to help them, but he would not find a way to encroach into the townspeople lives, especially when they were at their lowest.

After thinking long and hard for a solution, he found a way to help them. Over time his people, the giants of old, had gathered knowledge on how to make the land fertile again, especially after a devastating fire.

He would wake up early on a fine Saturday morning while everyone was still asleep and begin tilling the land.

When D-day arrived, the giant did what he said he would. He woke up, watered the land, and took over the blackened and ashy soil. He had tried to be quiet, but there was only so much silence that could be achieved with farming machinery.

The townspeople eventually awoke from their slumber, causing a few to watch him from their windows and others too scared or intrigued to help. He seemed to be the display object for a few hours until one little towns boy opened up his door and ran to meet him.

"Hello," the boy with soft green eyes said, "My name's Joel. Do you need any help?"

