

The Giant

A Treasury Of Eskimo Tales

North American

Easy
2 min read

In days of old an enormous man lived with other members of the Inuit tribe in a village beside a large inlet. He was so tall that he could straddle the inlet, and he used to stand that way every morning and wait for the whales to pass beneath him. As soon as one came along he used to scoop it up just as easily as other men scoop up a minnow. And he ate the whole whale just as other men eat a small fish.

One day all the natives manned their boats to catch a whale that was spouting off the shore; but he sat idly by his hut. When the men had harpooned the whale and were having a hard time to hold it and keep their boats from capsizing, he rose and strolled down to the shore and scooped the whale and the boats from the water and placed them on the beach.

Another time when he was tired of walking about, he lay down on a high hill to take a nap.

“You would better be careful,” said the people, “for a couple of huge bears have been seen near the village.”

“Oh, I don’t care for them. If they come too near me, throw some stones at me to waken me,” he said with a yawn.

The bears came, and the people threw the stones and grabbed their spears. The giant sat up.

“Where are they? I see no bears. Where are they?” he asked.

“There! There! Don’t you see them?” cried the Inuit.

“What! those little things! They are not worth all this bustle. They are nothing but small foxes.” And he crushed one between his fingers, and put the other into the eyelet of his boot to strangle it.

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