

Mountain Number One

ONCE UPON A MOUNTAIN, THERE
lived two brother giants. Twin
brothers, in fact, something that's
rare among giants. When the first
one was born, his giant father
looked at the huge baby and said ...

“Isn’t he e-nor-mous!”



And when the second one arrived,
his giant mother looked at the huge
baby and said ...



"There's a-lot-ov-'im!"



Time passed and Lottavim and Normus

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grew ... and grew.

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They loved playing games. They
liked races –

Down the Mountain

(start from the top, first to reach the bottom wins)



and



Up the Mountain

(start from the bottom, first to reach the top wins).

The finish of these races was always close, often a dead heat, and the time they took for each race grew shorter as the giants' legs grew longer.

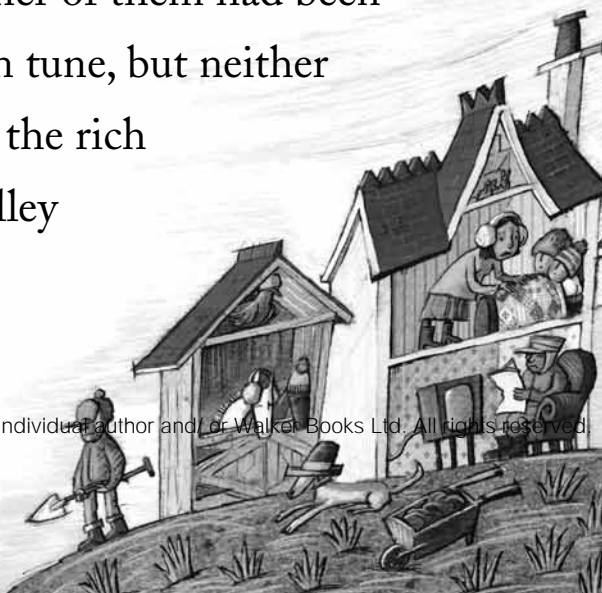
And they liked to play a game called Roll the Boulder. They would choose two gigantic lumps of rock and put them side by side at the top of the mountain.

Then one or other (they took turns) would shout "Roll!" and each would give his rock a shove, and down the mountainside



the two great lumps would go bouncing. The winner was the one whose boulder went the furthest.

The other thing that Lottavim and Normus liked to do was sing. They would sit side by side outside the cave where they lived, and sing the songs their giant parents had taught them, very very loudly of course. This might not have been too bad if either of them had been able to sing in tune, but neither could, and in the rich and fertile valley below the mountain,



mothers would tell their naughty
children, “Behave yourselves,
or the giants will
get you.”

LA LA LA

