

Little Rose and the Giant

Little Rose was a tiny girl who lived in a very windy village. Every day huge windstorms rattled the windows and arched tree branches side to side like ballerinas. Her mother always said: *Little Rose, Little Rose! You have to eat to be Strong. Otherwise, the storm winds will take you away.* At the edge of the same village, a giant lived on the mountainside. As one would guess, he was enormous and strong.

But, the giant was not a bad giant, He helped people in the village during the windstorms by holding their homes together and rebuilding their damaged roofs. Helping the village came easily to him. It was like playing with legos.

Little Rose had a crush on the giant, but he never paid her any attention. In his eyes she was small and skinny. Instead, he flirted with a silicone woman who didn't love him back, which hurt Little Rose's feelings. She wished to be a big woman with whom the giant would fall in love. Not only a big woman, but a giant woman.

Little Rose wanted his heart. She decided to build a huge set of underwear in hopes that one day she would grow so big she would fit into it. This way, she thought, I will attract the giant's attention and his love. Over many months, she collected various peices of rain gutter left behind by the roofer giant. She worked day and night, singing while forming the hard metal into underwear. And she ate everything her mother served her - anything that would help her grow and be strong.

One day when she was deeply into her project, the winds howled into a hurricane which swept through the village battering homes in its path. The giant was overwhelmed with roofs and kitchen sinks flying through town. His hands couldn't work fast enough. Horrified, Little Rose held onto rain gutters with all her strenght and love.

Her rain gutters lifted, swung and looped in the swirling air. The Giant saw her struggle and jumped into the air stretching his long arms. A great wind blew through his giant heart, and with both hands he reached for Little Rose. He wanted to save her and put her in his shirt pocket and tell her giant stories, but as he grasped Little Rose she slipped between his massive fingers and disappeared. The giant ripped apart the hurricane's cone to find her, but she was gone.

The villagers swear they hear Little Rose singing during the windiest nights. And they say the monsoons that now hold the village hostage are the giant's tears rolling forever down the mountainside.

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