

# Aran and the Giant with Bells

Aran was small, very small.

But he liked big things.

Especially giants.

One night, when the moon was already peeking through the window, Aran heard:

Dring, dring!

He looked under the bed.

Nothing.

He looked behind the curtain.

Nothing.

Dring, dring!

In the middle of the room stood a little giant. He was taller than Aran, but short enough not to touch the ceiling. He wore a yellow crown, a green cape, and two bells on his shoes.

“Hello, Aran,” said the giant.

Aran’s eyes widened.

“Giant!”

“My name is Dring,” he explained. “I’ve come to find the music of the night.”

The giant moved one foot.

Dring!

He moved the other foot.

Dring!

Aran clapped his hands.

Pam, pam!

The giant took a step.

Dring!

Aran clapped his hands.

Pam!

Dring, pam. Dring, pam.

They danced slowly around the rug. The green cape made the painted stars flutter. Aran laughed. The giant did too.

But after a while, Aran yawned.

“Oooooh…”

The giant Dring stopped.

“The music of the night has arrived,” he whispered.

“Where is it?” Aran asked.

The giant pointed to the boy’s chest.

Thump-thump, thump-thump.

It was the quiet beating of his heart.

The giant took off a bell and placed it beside the pillow.

“If you ever want to dance again, listen carefully.”

Aran hugged his new friend.

“Good night, giant.”

“Good night, Aran.”

Dring!

The giant disappeared in a flash of moonlight.

Aran lay down in bed. Outside, the village slept. Inside, his heart sang very softly:

Thump-thump, thump-thump.

And just before he closed his eyes, a bell answered:

Dring…