



Seven, eight, nine, ten.

Ready or not, here I come!

I'm looking for something,  
but I don't know what it is.  
Something is making me feel restless.  
I think it's the giant.

I'm searching for giant tracks.  
I'm *talking* like a giant.

**FEE-FI-FO-FUM.**

Those are giant sounds.  
Am I doing what giants do?





*I'll find you, giant!*  
So I look all around.  
I see a park full of park.  
But there's no giant  
to be found.