Everybody who’s anybody knows about Jack and the Giant Bean Stalk. Fame for one so young can often overshadow their siblings. Yes, siblings. Most people assumed that Jack was an only child. But that my dear friend, was not the case. This tale, though not as tall as the bean stalk itself, is about Jane the Giant Killer, Jack’s younger, much neglected little sister.  
  
You see, no one knew about Jane because it was Jack who was sent to the market with the cow. Jane would have loved to get out of the house on such an adventure with Jack, but she was told that she was too little, good for nothing but the kitchen.  
  
So poor little Jane slaved away in the kitchen while Shazza, their mother, sent Jack away.   
  
At the time Jane was disappointed, but she didn’t really mind. She quite enjoyed cooking. Even at a young age Jane had a special gift when it came to the culinary, always thinking of something new and exciting to satisfy the tastebuds of her family.  
  
Anyway, as we all know, when Jack came back from the market with magic beans Shazza went crazy, throwing the beans out the window.  
  
The next day of course, Jack went up the stalk and came back with the goose that laid the golden eggs. This is when Jack became the golden child. It was as if dollar signs appeared in Shazza’s eyes but it wasn’t enough. What else could be taken from the Giant’s lair?  
  
So Jack went up the stalk again. They hadn’t considered that the Giant would notice that someone had been taking his stuff.   
  
Jack barely escaped with his life. It wasn’t until he was standing on the ground when he realised that the Giant was still chasing him. That was when he wet his pants.   
  
It was Jane who handed Jack the axe and told him to chop. The whole earth trembled when the Giant finally fell to his death and the legend of Jack and the Giant Bean Stalk was born. But of course, life for little Jane didn’t end there.  
  
As they grew older Jane’s culinary skills improved. They moved to a fancy mansion in the hills and were able to get all the ingredients she had ever wanted. Jane slaved away in the kitchen, to create wondrous meals that the world had never even thought of. But both Jack and their Shazza took her hard work for granted.  
  
“At least Jane is good for something,” Shazza would say after almost every meal. “Not like my boy Jack though.”  
  
Jack would smile at his mother and Jane would clean up the dishes, heart sinking a little more every time.   
  
Now Giants weren’t the most forgiving of beings. They too had heard about Jack’s thieving and murdering ways. Eventually, one came to seek revenge.  
  
One night Jane was preparing yet another fantastic feast for her family, starting with a tomato soup combined with macaroni pasta and blocks of cheese that had to be added at just the right time so that they melted perfectly... Suddenly she was interrupted by an ear-splitting scream. She ran out the door to find Jack as he screamed again, Shazza had already fled.  
  
A giant hand had pushed open the windows of the lounge room. It was searching for something to crush.  
  
Jane looked at the large bowl that she held in her hands as an idea came to mind.  
  
Quickly she dashed back into the kitchen. Grabbing a paper bag she filled it with the soup and shoved it under her shirt before grabbing a knife, heading outside.  
  
The Giant was on his hands and knees, arm through the window up to the elbow.   
  
“Excuse me Mr. Giant,” she shouted.  
  
The massive head of the Giant turned to look at Jane with surprise. Pushing up from the ground he raised himself to his full height; three times as tall as Jack’s mansion.  
  
“What do you want little girl?” he boomed.  
  
“A challenge. If I win, you go away, if not, you can do what you like with my brother Jack.”  
  
“Ho, Ho,” his laughter rattled the windows. He was so amused by this challenge that he nodded in agreement.  
  
“I bet that I can show you my insides and that you cannot!”   
  
The Giant looked down at the little girl, thinking that this was a trick.  
  
“I’m not stupid,” he said, “you go first.”  
  
Jade ran her knife across her belly. To the Giant’s amazement, her insides oozed out onto the ground yet the little girl still stood.  
  
The Giant grabbed his dagger and grit his teeth thinking there was no way a little girl could best him! With a swift motion he dragged the knife across his midsection. His look of triumph soon changed to an anguished look of pain as he fell to the ground.  
  
Finally, Jack and Shazza made their way outside to stare at the dead Giant. Shazza looked from Jack, to Jane then back to Jack again before stretching out her arms.  
  
“Jack, you’re okay!”  
  
Jane threw her knife to the ground. That was it. She knew that this Giant wouldn’t be the last to seek Jack out but she no longer cared.   
  
Jane made her way over to the Giant’s pockets to find his pouch that luckily enough, contained some very large gold coins. With a grunt she hefted them over her shoulder. Jack could claim yet another Giant victory once he gathered his wits. Jane on the other hand, had come to a decision. As Jane walked off into the night she started to think of possible names for a soup shop.  
  
Not many people have heard of Jane the Giant Killer. If you are ever lucky enough to taste tomato pasta cheezy soup, take a moment to smile at those who take credit when it is not due, for the Giant’s may not get you the first time, or the second, but one day...