

For three years Jack had not mounted the beanstalk, but still he could not forget it, though he feared making his mother unhappy; and she would never speak about the hated beanstalk lest it should lead him to take another journey. The very sight of it was a grief to her, but she knew not how to get rid of it.

Notwithstanding the comforts which Jack had at home, his mind kept upon the beanstalk, and upon the fairy's warning to him in case of his disobedience. He could not think of anything else; it was in vain he tried to amuse himself: he became thoughtful, and would arise at the dawn of day, and sit and look at the beanstalk for hours together.

His mother found that something preyed upon his mind, and tried to find the cause; but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be if he should tell her the cause of his grief. He did his utmost, therefore, to conquer the great wish he felt for another journey up the beanstalk.

Finding, however, that his wish grew more and more upon him, he began to make secret preparations for his journey; and, on the longest day of the year, he rose as soon as it was light, went up the beanstalk, and reached the top with some trouble.

He found everything the same as in former times.