

## Daring and Fright

A band of travellers was on their way to the city. One more day of walking and they would be home. They ate and drank and prepared for the last stage of their journey. By the time it was midday they had reached the top of the hills that surrounded the valley. Down there lay the town with its sturdy city walls and the large gate, which was always open.

But what was going on? A crowd of people poured through the city gates. People fled into the woods or the mountains in a great panic. Soon enough it became clear why. Some people had come quite close already. They cried out: 'A giant! A giant! Don't go to the town, a giant grabs everything that comes near him.' Another merely said: 'He has teeth like daggers' and 'He roars so loudly that the roofs and the houses are shaking on their foundations.' Another still said: 'He has eyes like fire!'

The travellers looked at the gate and with every giant danger they heard of the giant seemed to grow. 'He squashes the houses with his steel soles. He gobbles up the cattle. He...'  
The giant grew and grew. He grew so large that the city gate was no longer visible. Mighty was his frame. And he seemed to grow stronger by the minute.

The giant towered above even the tallest buildings. The travellers did not dare to travel on. But the youngest of the travellers looked around, took up his cane and walked in the direction of the town. His heart thumped high in his throat. There in the distance stood the giant, large and powerful, roaring like a thunderstorm. But the closer the brave young man got, the quieter the sound became and the more the giant seemed to shrink. 'Another half hour of walking and then I'll be there,' the youth thought. While he walked the giant got smaller and smaller, quieter and quieter. And by the time the young traveller stood in front of the city gates he could look the giant straight in his eyes. The giant and he were the same height. The youth looked at the giant and asked: 'What is your name?' The giant looked at him and said: 'My name is Fright. In dark times the people call me Fear and in good times I am called Awe. But tell me. What is your name? I saw you come down from the hills. The closer you got the bigger you grew. And now you are face to face with me.' The youth answered: 'My name is Daring. In dark times people call me Courage and in good times they call me Bold.'

The giant smiled and from that day on Daring and Fright travelled as the closest of friends, hand in hand through all the land.

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