

Belts
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In the ancient of days there lived a giant. As is typical of giants, he lived in a mountaintop castle of oversized rooms. The giant had a wife and a child, which is not always typical, but true nonetheless. When the child was bad, the giant would grab a belt in one hand, grab the child in the other hand, and, with the child dangling several feet in the air, the giant would whip the child. All across the land, the people could hear the belt make slapping sounds against the child's skin. It sounded like thunder, only different.

This of course was all quite disturbing to the children in the villages in the valley below the castle, so their parents tried to comfort them. They explained to the children—for it was explained to them by the giant—that the giant hated to have to whip the child, and wouldn't have, except God, who rules over everything—even the giant—told the giant he must, for from it comes goodness.

This was a great mystery to the villagers, therefore worthy of emulation. So when the children of the villages were bad their parents would whip them. The children's cries of course could not be heard beyond a house or two, yet this did not diminish the goodness in any way.