

# Storytime with Dad

## The Knights of the Round Tablecloth

Welcome to Storytime with Dad! Today, we will be reading Knights of the Round Tablecloth.

Once upon a time, in the flavorful Kingdom of Munch-a-Lot, there lived a group of brave knights who protected the land. These knights were legendary across the land and were called the Knights of the Round Tablecloth!

There was Sir Spaghetti, who swung a mighty spaghetti lasso. Lady Lollipop wielded a shiny shield made of the sweetest candy. Sir Sausage brandished a sizzling sausage sword, and Dame Dumpling had a pouch full of steaming dumplings ready to be tossed at any foe. They were the bravest and most delicious knights in all the land.

One sunny morning, the kingdom buzzed with excitement. The Great Food Festival was just a day away! Everyone was preparing their yummiest dishes to share. Bakers were baking, chefs were chopping, and even the cows were practicing how to produce the creamiest milk.

As the villagers of the Kingdom bustled about, a faint rumbling sound began to fill the air. At first, it was so soft that only the rabbits in their burrows noticed. But soon, the tremor grew stronger. Cups of hot cocoa started to wobble, and jelly jars jiggled on the shelves.

"Do you feel that?" asked a little boy holding a balloon shaped like a doughnut.

Suddenly, the ground shook harder – BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! It was like a giant drum beating beneath their feet. The villagers looked up toward Mount Grumble, the tallest mountain overlooking their kingdom.

High atop Mount Grumble, rocks began to tumble down its sides. Pebbles skipped and hopped, while bigger rocks rolled and bounced, kicking up clouds of dust. Trees swayed as birds fluttered out, squawking in surprise.

"Look! Up there!" shouted the baker, pointing with a flour-covered hand.

Emerging from the dust was the enormous figure of the Grumpy Giant. He was taller than the tallest castle tower and wore shoes the size of boats. With each step he took, the earth trembled, and more rocks broke free, cascading down like a stony waterfall.

The villagers gasped. "The Grumpy Giant is coming!" they cried, their voices a mix of fear and astonishment.

The King, who loved nothing more than a good feast, summoned the Knights of the Round Tablecloth to his candy-coated castle.

"Brave knights," said the King, "the Grumpy Giant is on his way, and he's sure to spoil our festival! You must stop him!"

"Don't worry, Your Majesty," said Sir Spaghetti, twirling his noodle lasso. "We'll take care of it!"

"Yes!" chimed in Lady Lollipop. "We'll make sure the festival is a sweet success!"

The knights packed their food weapons and set off to meet the giant. They crossed the Jellybean Bridge, hopped over the River of Chocolate Milk, and marched through the Forest of Fruit Trees, where apples and oranges begged to be picked... but the knights resisted all temptation and distraction and carried on.

"Stay alert," whispered Sir Spaghetti, his eyes fixed ahead.

The path led them to the edge of a vast meadow. There, standing in the middle, was the Grumpy Giant himself. He was even larger up close – so tall that the clouds brushed against his shoulders. His back was turned to them as he gazed toward the kingdom, a deep sigh escaping his lips like a gusty breeze.

The knights exchanged determined glances. "This is our moment," said Lady Lollipop, the sweat from her hands making her candy shield sticky.

"Ready your weapons," instructed Sir Sausage, his sausage sword shining in the sunlight and getting grease everywhere.

Quietly, they stepped into the meadow. The grass swayed around them like waves in the ocean, but the giant was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't notice their approach.

"Grumpy Giant!" called out Dame Dumpling, her voice strong despite her size.

The giant turned slowly, his eyes heavy and forlorn. When he saw the tiny figures of the knights, his eyebrows raised in surprise. From his perspective, they looked no bigger than toy soldiers.

"Who calls me?" he rumbled, his voice deep and echoing.

"We are the Knights of the Round Tablecloth!" declared Sir Spaghetti, twirling his noodle lasso into a ready position. "Why do you threaten our kingdom?"

"Your stomping is causing rocks to fall and the ground to shake," added Lady Lollipop, her candy shield held high. "You are scaring the villagers and could ruin our Great Food Festival!"

The giant looked genuinely puzzled. "Threaten? Scare?" he repeated softly.

"Yes!" said Sir Sausage. "We cannot allow you to harm our home!"

The giant took a step back, his massive foot causing a minor quake. The knights steadied themselves, their hearts pounding. For a moment, the air was thick with tension. The wind hushed, and even the clouds seemed to pause. Nothing moved.

"I... I didn't mean to cause any trouble," the giant said, his voice softer now but still resonating. "I was just coming down to see if I could find something to eat."

The knights hesitated. "Something to eat?" echoed Dame Dumpling, her grip on her pouch loosening.

The giant nodded slowly. "Yes. I've been so hungry, I don't know how to cook. I thought someone could help but whenever I come close, everyone runs away."

Sir Spaghetti lowered his lasso just a bit. "You're... hungry?"

"Very hungry," the giant admitted, his stomach growling loudly like distant thunder. "I haven't eaten in days."

Lady Lollipop glanced at her fellow knights. "Perhaps he's not grumpy – just hungry!"

Sir Sausage tilted his head. "Is that why you've been stomping around?"

The giant sighed, a gentle breeze rustling the knights' hair. "I suppose I was walking a bit heavily. I didn't realize."

Feeling a mixture of relief and compassion, Dame Dumpling stepped forward. "Mr. Giant, we're sorry we assumed the worst. We can help you!"

"Really?" The giant's eyes lit up like two giant gumdrops.

"Of course!" said Sir Spaghetti. "But first, let's get you a snack."

They decided to have a picnic right there. The knights shared their food weapons, turning them into a delicious meal. Sir Spaghetti turned his noodle lasso into a big bowl of spaghetti. Sir Sausage grilled his sausage sword, and Dame Dumpling shared her tasty dumplings. Lady Lollipop added the finishing touches with some sweet treats for dessert.

"This is the best meal I've ever had!" said the giant with a big smile.

"Glad you like it!" said Dame Dumpling. "But you know, the Great Food Festival is tomorrow. Why don't you come and join us?"

"I'd love to, but I'm afraid I'll scare everyone," said the giant.

"Nonsense!" said Sir Sausage. "We'll tell everyone you're our friend."

The next day, the festival was in full swing. There were tables piled high with pies, cakes, fruits, and cheeses. Children played games, and music filled the air.

When the giant appeared on the horizon, some villagers gasped. "It's the Grumpy Giant!" they cried.

But the knights stepped forward. "Be not afraid," announced Lady Lollipop. "He's our friend, and he's here to share in the fun!"

The giant waved shyly. "Hello, everyone."

The villagers hesitated, then one little girl walked up and handed him a balloon. "Welcome to the festival!" she said.

Soon, everyone was having a wonderful time. The giant played gentle games with the children, like "Hide and Seek" (though he was very easy to find), and he even helped the bakers make the biggest cake the kingdom had ever seen!

"Thank you for inviting me," the giant said to the knights. "This is the happiest I've ever been."

"You're welcome!" they replied. "Friends should always share in the fun."

From that day on, the Grumpy Giant was known as the Jolly Giant. He learned to cook with help from the villagers and never went hungry again. The knights realized that sometimes, all you need to solve a problem is kindness and a good meal.

And so, the Kingdom of Munch-a-Lot became even happier, with the Jolly Giant as a friend. They all lived deliciously ever after!

The End.



Well, how about that? I never would have guessed the giant was just hungry and grumpy! I've felt that way before, and do you know what it's called when a person is angry and grumpy? Hangry! Sometimes I'm hangry, but anytime I feel like that I try eat a snack then I feel better. It gives me the energy I need to be kind to other people.

So, first off, I want to give a big thank you to Brynsen, Alex, and Liam for your amazing story ideas! This one was obviously about knights who had weapons made of food, and I think I'll be able to do a Pizza Monster part 2 in the future as well. Keep your eyes open and be patient with me while I think up a good story for a sequel.

But this story, Knights of the Round Tablecloth has a good message. The knights were prepared for anything. They thought they were going to have to go battle a giant bigger than their own castle. Whack it with some spaghetti noodles and dumplings and hope for the best I guess. I don't really think they wouldn't have won, do you? Thankfully, they were smart enough to figure out what was going on before they tried to fight it. And then they became friends.

It's a good reminder for us. Sometimes people are grumpy! We don't always have a good reason to be mean to someone else, but sometimes we are - even for silly reasons like not eating enough. So if someone is grumpy to you, maybe instead of being grumpy back at them you could try to forgive them and give a second chance. Maybe they had a rough day. Maybe someone was mean to them and their feelings were hurt. We don't always know what someone else is going through, but what we can do is choose to return grumpiness with kindness. And maybe, just maybe, someday when you're grumpy, other people will treat you with kindness when you need it, too. Wouldn't that be nice.

Thanks again for the story requests! I do have a list going and am trying to get as many done that I'm allowed to do as quickly as I can. Unfortunately, I can't read every story that's been sent to me so far, this is especially true with books. Authors just don't always give me permission to read them on the podcast but promise I do ask, and you can see I have been granted permission to read a couple of the books on the podcast. So please keep the ideas

coming. You can submit them to me at [storytimewithdad.com](http://storytimewithdad.com), or email me at [hello@storytimewithdad.com](mailto:hello@storytimewithdad.com).

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