

# Chapter Five

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## Entering The Troll's Lair

The Leadington twins' petrified screams were deafening as they tumbled through the darkness for what seemed an eternity, before all of a sudden being gulped up by a blinding light and spat out into what appeared to be a forest. Fortunately for them they landed in a large soft snow drift, but unfortunately it was also right next to a cave which was inhabited by a troll - not that they were to know this as at this moment in time they were just glad they hadn't been killed in the fall. Albert and

Florrie looked at each other as the fear on their faces slowly subsided into expressions of utter bewilderment.

“What just happened?” exclaimed Florrie.

“I’ve no idea but she must have been a witch or something. She was muttering something. Did you hear what she said?”

“No, she was too far away,” replied Florrie, feeling as rattled as a rattlesnake’s tail.

“I wonder where we are? I bet you it’s not somewhere nice,” shuddered Albert, glancing around as fear tapped him on the shoulder and made him feel quite jumpy.

“Well, we can’t just stay here or we’ll freeze to death,” interjected Florrie. “We should see if we can find shelter, there must be somebody who lives near here that will take pity on us.”

The two children stood up and brushed off the snow from their clothes.

“Which way do you think we should go?” Florrie asked her brother nervously, as they both scanned the horizon for some indication of life.

“Look, over there!” Albert suddenly exclaimed. “I see smoke, maybe its coming from someone’s chimney?”

“Right, let’s head towards it then,” nodded Florrie, pulling her coat tighter around as the cold crept into her young bones.

The Leadington twins had taken but a few steps when they heard a crunching sound behind them and a deeply disturbing voice boomed out, “And just where do you think you’re going?”

Albert and Florrie nearly sprang out of their skins as they spun around and found themselves face to face with possibly the most hideous creature they had ever clapped eyes on.

Now if you have never seen a troll it is a little difficult to describe. They are very large creatures, around the height of two grown men and six times as wide with somewhat of a hunchback. They are usually a putrid green colour with skin that is covered in mottled boils and other such ugly blemishes. This particular troll had a huge square shaped face which looked as if it had been slammed repeatedly into a brick wall and a nasty smile that gaped from ear to ear suggesting it would have eaten its own mother if it was hungry. It lumbered over to the petrified children,

dragging a wooden club along the ground as if it were marking out its territory.

“Now then,” the troll continued, “which one of you shall I beat to death first?”

“Neither of us?” ventured Albert hopefully, as he pushed his sister behind him.

“Ha, ha, ha – very droll!”

“Please Sir, don’t kill us after all we haven’t done anything to you,” trembled Florrie, as the monster came even closer and bent down towards them.

“I’m a sporting type of fellow so I’ll tell you what I’ll do,” grinned the troll, as it caressed the club in a most unsettling manner, “just for fun, I’m going to count to three and you have to try and escape, then I’m going to hunt you down. If you manage to get away then good on you but as I know this forest like the back of my hand, I don’t think you’ll

get far - even if I don't get you there are far worse things that will. Now then I suggest you run – one, two...”

Albert and Florrie didn't wait to hear any more as they frantically ran for their lives, listening to the troll crashing through the trees as it pursued them.

“We need to split up,” yelled Albert, “it can't chase both of us!”

“No, I don't want to leave you!” cried Florrie, as she desperately pushed aside some branches.

“We don't have any choice! I'll draw it away from you and hide somewhere – you get to safety,” urged Albert. “Now go, before it's too late!”

There was no time for goodbyes as the twins made off in different directions without a clue as to where they were going and

whether they would even make it out of the forest alive.

Albert felt as if his heart would die of fright as he leapt through the thick undergrowth, listening to the thunderous steps of the troll as it got closer and closer to him. He prayed his sister would be alright, as he sprinted through the maze of trees and dived beneath a spiky bush, forgetting of course that he had left his footprints in the snow. He waited with baited breath as the troll neared his hiding place. The troll smiled to itself as it yanked up the bush and flung it to one side.

“There you are,” it chuckled, as it raised the club high above its head and brought it crashing down.