

Names: _____

Our Teacher is a Troll

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- Later, Sean and Holly got a chance to talk.
- We've got to do something.
- said Holly, as she prepared a charge of dynamite that had been especially manufactured for the use of children.
- everyone's getting eaten.
- And brussel sprouts make me sick.
- said Sean, twisting some tiny wires around a tiny detonator
- let's see a policeman.
- Do you think they'll listen?
- Hollie paused, thinking, then said
- Yes. I think they will. Eating people *must* be illegal.
- And forcing children to mine gold is surely against the law, said Sean
- We have to try something, said Holly, and I think this time it's going to work.
- And that was all they managed to say as Sean had to push the plunger on the child sizer detonator and they both had to run for their lives before the dynamite exploded with a deafening roar.
- That evening they stopped at the police station and spoke to the sergeant
- Who was polishing his buttons in preparation for the policeman's ball.
- A *what?*
- Said the Sergeant?
- A Troll!
- Shouted Sean and Holly together, becoming more than just a little bit frustrated at the inability of the grown ups to grasp the simplest of concepts.

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- A Troll?
- said the Sergeant, looking at himself in the mirror.
- Yes!
- said Holly
- and he's eaten little Tommy Anderson, Jaimie and Mrs Trelik and he's got us building a gold mine
- That's not very good at all
- said the Sergeant, putting on his hat and pouting in the mirror
- No, it's not
- said Sean
- so what are you going to do about it?
- Let me tell you this
- said the Sergeant
- eating people is wrong. And making children work in gold mines is almost certainly against the law.
- That's what we thought!
- cried Holly
- However technically speaking
- said the Sergeant, selecting a truncheon to match his particularly elegant policeman's hat.
- Trolls do not exist.