

Ed Wicke
Wicked Tales
(A taster of 'The Thundertroll')

Published by BlacknBlue Press UK
13 Dellands, Overton, Hampshire, England
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Liz McGregor, January 2006
Rob Wicke, January 2006
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Printed in Great Britain by:
Lightning Source
6 Precedent Drive, Rooksley, Milton Keynes MK13 8PR, England

ISBN 0 9677652 7 7

The Thunder troll

The voices

All **Trolls** talk gruffly.

The **Littlest Thunder troll** thinks very slowly. He talks the way he thinks, as if he's building each sentence out of a handful of rocks. He's a good-natured and amusing square-shaped creature who gets into all sorts of trouble by accident.

The **King of the Thunder trolls** is a jolly green giant who speaks with a posh accent. He's like one of those distant uncles you meet at family weddings, who pats you on the head and talks at you very loudly, as if you're deaf. His first words are usually "Goodness! Haven't you grown!"

The **Thunder troll Fairy** talks like an American gangster.

The **Old Lady** is really a young witch but she does quite a good 'sweet old lady' impression. She sounds just like your favourite grandmother, though she probably thwacks people with her umbrella more often than your grandmother does.

Rover the dog growls from time to time in a disgruntled manner. He's a small, brownish mutt who hates it when the witch ties pretty ribbons on him. What he really wants is to become a **Wonder Dog** and save the world from bad cats.

The **Shopkeepers** and **Librarian** talk rather severely and bossily to the Thunder troll, as they do to everyone under the age of sixty-five.

The story

You may think that thunder and lightning are made by electricity in the clouds....

YOU'RE WRONG.

Thunder and lightning are made by special trolls that live up in the sky. And this is a story about one of them, the littlest Thundertroll.

He was useless at making lightning. Every day he worked hard shaping little lightning bolts, testing them for sharpness and hotness with the tip of his finger (*OUCH!*). But they never worked properly.

Good lightning bolts, like the ones his father made, were supposed to go

ZING
 ZING
 ZOING
 ZAP!

But his own lightning always went something like

ZING
 Zinnn
 zizzz
 pffff...



One morning, a storm blew up and the littlest Thundertroll took his place in the thunderclouds

next to his father. And the King of the Thundertrols came and stood next to him.

Now, the littlest Thundertroll probably just about comes up to your shoulder. But the King of the Thundertrols is about the height of a house.

The King had a big, booming voice and was one of those jolly adults who always pat children on the head. He was doing it now.

'HOW ARE YOU? COME TO THROW SOME SPARKLERS, HAVE YOU? HO HO HO!'

(pat pat pat)

The Thundertroll tried to hide but got patted on the head so hard that he was shooshed down through the clouds with each pat and bounced back up again, like an apple being bobbed into the water.

'Stupid old man!' he muttered.

The King of the Thundertroll threw his first bolt, and it went

ZING! ZAP! KAPOWIE!
... and blew off a hilltop.

The littlest Thundertroll took out *his* first bolt and threw it with all his might, and it went

FIZZ Pzzz splut...

The King of the Thundertroll laughed at him. **'NOT VERY GOOD AT THIS, ARE YOU?'** he roared. **'HO HO HO! HAR HAR HAR!'**

(pat pat pat)

The littlest Thunder troll gave up in disgust and went to see the Thunder troll Fairy. He walked along the cloud hallways until he came to the Thunder troll Fairy's door. He knocked.

'Go away!' growled a deep voice.

The littlest Thunder troll said, 'But please... I'm the littlest Thunder troll and I need to talk to you!'

'Don't care! Trog off, little troll!'

But the Thunder troll was desperate, so he kicked the door down and went inside.

Now, ordinary fairies are cute. They have tiny wings and sweet little faces and dainty feet.

Not the Thunder troll Fairy. He was shaped like a very large refrigerator with a big, lumpy head attached. And instead of wings, he had a small propeller stuck on the top of his head.

When the littlest Thunder troll kicked the door down, the Thunder troll Fairy was sitting on an old settee with holes in it, eating garlic flavoured popcorn, drinking beer and watching Troll Wrestling on television.



'Waddya want, short stuff?' he growled.

'Please, Thunder troll Fairy, I want you to do a spell for me so I can make lightning bolts that go KAPOWIE and not phlut.'

'Nah. I'm busy.'

'Oh, please! I'll do *anything!*

The Thunder troll Fairy looked at the littlest Thunder troll. *'HMMMM,'* he said, thinking hard. And the propeller on the top of his head started going round, to keep his brain cool while he thought.

'Or! right,' he said finally. *'You go down to that Human-land place and get me a BIGGG box of chocolates.'*

'How do I do that?'

'Dunno. But don't come back till you've got one. Now go away! I'm a busy fairy, I got lots of TV to watch. And put my door back together!'

An Excursion down to Human-Land

The littlest Thunder troll waited until the next storm, and stood as usual next to his father. When his father threw his first lightning bolt, the littlest Thunder troll jumped onto it and slid down it all the way to the ground.

He landed in a gloomy bus shelter, on the foot of an old lady.

'Is that you, Rover?' she asked. 'Is that my little doggie?'

'No. I'm a troll.'

'Oh. How did you fall in a hole?'

(Note: The Thunder troll couldn't speak Human very well, and Humans were always misunderstanding him).

I'm *not* in a hole!

'Then you shouldn't have said you were! You young people are SO RUDE!' And she hit him on the head with her umbrella.

THWACK!

'Ouch!'

The old lady said, 'Look what you've done to my umbrella! You've bent it, you BAD boy. Take that! And that! And that!' She hit him several more times.

'Ouch!'

'Ouch!'

'Ouch!'

'You're as bad (*thwack!*) as my little doggie! He's run away again. *Bad Rover!*' said the old lady. 'Maybe he's fallen down the same hole as you...'

The Sad Truth

Now, I said she was an old lady. This is not true. She was actually a young witch who had turned herself into an old lady for the day. And why was she at a bus stop? She was there *pretending* to be an old lady so she could catch a nice little child to eat.

And why was her doggie there? Because little children like to stroke little doggies, and when they bent down to give Rover a pat, she would give them a push and they would end up in her huge shopping bag, upside down, with their feet poking out of the top. And they were never seen again...

And why did Rover keep running away? Because Rover was a kind-hearted creature and didn't want to be a witch's dog.

The Thunder troll repeated, 'I'm not in a hole. I'm a

troll.'

The Witch said, 'I'd help you out of the hole, but there's something on my foot.'

'It's me.'

'No, it's not a bee, dear, they're ever so small. How did you end up on my foot?'

'I slid down a lightning bolt.'

'Did you call me an old dolt? You young people!' (*Thwack* went the umbrella again. *Thwack thwack thwack.*)

'What's that smell?' she asked suddenly, her umbrella paused in midair.

'It's me.'

Thwack!

'You smell just like my dog... my dear little doggie who ran away. Will you help me look for him? I know - you could look in my lovely big shopping bag. That's right, bend right over, have a good look inside...'

She gave the Thundertroll a shove and he fell into the bag. But since trolls are very heavy, he also fell right through the bottom of it.

'You got a big hole in your bag, lady,' he said as he stood up again.

'Ohhhh!' And she hit him with the umbrella again. 'Stupid boy!' she shouted. 'Go away!'

'I can't. I've got to find a bigggg box of chocolates.'

'Well, why didn't you say so? If you want a book about chocolates, you should go to the library and ask for one.'

'Uhhhh... How do I get to the library?'

'You haven't asked politely, have you? Aren't you

forgetting the little word with the big meaning?’

‘Uhhhh.... Little word with big meaning... I got it – chocolate!’

‘No! You’re a very stupid little boy.’

‘Thank you!’

‘I won’t tell you the way to the library until you say please.’

‘Okay...’

...After a minute the lady asked, ‘Well, are you going to say it?’

‘Say what?’

‘Please!’

‘Please what?’

‘Please how do I get to the library?’

‘But I don’t know how to get to the library, that’s why I’m asking *you!*’

‘You - idiot!!’

Thwack thwack thwack.



So the Thundertroll wandered about, asking people where the library was. Some people were helpful. Others just stared at him.

This is not surprising. He was short and square.

And green.
And totally naked.

Finally he found the library and walked up to the front desk. He said loudly:

'I'm looking for a biggg -'

'Shhhhh!' exclaimed the lady librarian sitting at the desk. 'We don't have pigs here.'

'I'm not a pig. I'm a troll.'

'If you're *cold*, put a jacket on. Why are you dressed up in those funny green clothes, anyway?'

'I don't wear clothes. That's my skin...'

'Oh. You're - you're *naked!*' she gasped.

'Yes. Nice, isn't it? Do *you* like being naked?'

'What happened to your clothes?'

'Mummy never gave me none.'

'You can't come in here without clothes!'

'But I need a bigggg -'

'All right, all right! Stop shouting about your pig. Where are your library tickets?'

'Mummy never gave me none.'

'I'll have to make out a new card for you, then... Here we are... Now, where do you live?'

'Up there!'

'Don't be silly, there's no one living on the roof.' She wrote something on the card. 'I'll just put down that you don't know where you live. What's your name?'

'Mummy never gave me one.'

'Don't be silly, everyone's got a name. What's your mother's name?'

'Uh... I know that one! It's "Mummy"!'

'You're a very stupid little boy.'

'Thank you!'

She wrote "Stupid Boy" on the card. 'You'll find books about chocolate in the Cooking section,' she said. 'Here, these are your library tickets. Enjoy.'

The Thunder troll took the tickets and licked one.

'Thank you very much!' he said. 'Not as nice as a box of chocolates, though...' And he wandered off between the rows of books.

He found some books like Charlie and the Chocolate Factory and started walking out with them. But the librarian stopped him.

She asked, 'Where are you going?'

'Up there!' He pointed at the clouds floating above the window.

'Don't be silly. What have you got in your hand?'

'Books. I couldn't find a box of chocolates.'

'This is a *library*. We don't have chocolate. You'd have to go to a chocolate shop for that.'

'Oh.... Thank you.' The Thunder troll started to walk out again.

'Come back!'

He turned around and returned slowly. 'Yes?'

'You need to check the books out. Where are your library tickets?'

'I haven't got them no more. I ate them.... They were very good. You got any more?'

'You can't take books out without library tickets. I NEED to stamp the tickets!'

'Oh, I still got the tickets - in here!!' He pointed at his large, green, naked tummy.

'But - but - I need to - I need to -'

The Thunder troll snatched the librarian's rubber stamp and stamped his tummy with it.

'There. You done it now. Bye!' And he walked away down the road, chewing on the books as he went.

The Witch was back at the bus stop. She'd found her little dog and was busy tying a pink ribbon onto its head to make it more attractive to children.

'Did you find the library, boy?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'Yes *what?*'

'Uhhhh... Yes, I did.'

'You're a very impolite little boy!'

'Thank you.'

THWACK!

'Ow. Now I need a chocolate shop.'

'Now I need a chocolate shop, *please!*'

'Oh, do you? So do I - shall we go together?'

'You idiot boy! (*Thwack!*) Rover! Bite his toes off! Rover! *Come back here!* Rover, *bite!* No! Not *my* toes, *his* toes! Owwwwwww!'

Finally the Thunder troll found a chocolate shop, and knocked on the door....

Crash... splinter... tinkle...

The troll said to himself, 'I must remember that - trolls should not knock on glass doors.'

The shop assistant looked up from the counter as the Thunder troll walked in.

'What would you like?' he asked.

'A bigggg box of chocolates!'

'Pooh! Your breath is like a stinkbomb! What *have* you been eating?'

'A children's book about dark materials. It wasn't very good...'

'It must have been rotten. What *you* need now is mouthwash!'

'Have you got chocolate mouthwash?'

'No!'

'I want a biggggg -'

'We don't have those, either! Chocolate bunnies, Santas, eggs and even mice, but NO chocolate pigs.'

'I don't want a pig. I just want a box of chocolates. A bigggggg -'

'All right, all right! There's plenty of boxes on the shelves.'

'Can I take any one I like?'

'Yes, of course.'

'Good... I'll have this one then - bye!' And the Thunder troll started out through the door with an enormous box of chocolates, almost as big as himself.

'No! Come back here, you STUPID boy!'

The Thunder troll walked back inside, puzzled. He said, 'Yes... what do you want?'

'You have to pay for the chocolates first.'

'Why?'

'Because - because - because you have to, that's all!'

The Thunder troll thought for a while. Then he said, 'Uh... I haven't got any library tickets.... I ate them.'

'You don't pay for chocolates with library tickets! You *must* know that!'

'Must I? I'll try to remember it, then.' The Thunder-troll thought hard as he repeated the shop assistant's words. 'You don't pay for chocolates with library tickets... Right, I got that now - bye!' He headed for the door again.

'No! Come back here!'

'Yes...? What do you want this time?'

'Look, you stupid troglodyte, you have to pay with money.'

'Oh. Mummy never gave me any money... what is it?'

'It's *this* - look!' The shop assistant opened the cash till. '*This* is money.'

The Thundertroll reached his hand into the till and took out a great wad of banknotes. 'I got plenty of money now!' he shouted.

'PUT IT BACK!!'

The shop manager heard the shouting and came hurrying out of a back room.

'What's the trouble, Mr Prendergast?' he asked. 'Can't you manage a simple sale? What does the ugly little child want?'

'He wants a box of chocolates, Sir.'

'So what's the problem? Everyone who comes in here wants chocolate. We're a *chocolate* shop, Mr Prendergast!'

'But he hasn't any money!'

'I got plenty of money!' exclaimed the Thundertroll, waving the banknotes.

The manager said, 'He has plenty of money, Mr Prendergast, so sell him a box of chocolates. He can't help being that horrible colour.'

'But - but -'

The Thunder troll gave all the money to the shop assistant and left the shop with his box of chocolates.

The Thunder troll walked along road, looking for the place where the next lightning bolt would strike. He said to himself, 'It ought to come down just about **HERE.**'

As it happened, the Witch was passing by with her dog - *and* a bulging shopping bag. She asked, 'The bus is going to stop just about here, did you say?'

'Not a bus, a bolt of lightning!'

'No, there's nothing *frightening* about a bus. I've been travelling on them for years! I know, I'll wait here with you. I need to get home quickly and put something in the oven.' She looked down at her shopping bag, and smiled.

'Look, lady - this isn't a safe place to be. You've gotta go to the other side.'

'Oh, the bus queue is on the other side of you? Well, I don't see why *I* should move. When I was young, we always let our elders get on the bus first.'

'No - listen: **A BIG LIGHTNING BOLT IS GOING TO COME DOWN OUT OF THE SKY!**'

'Ohhhh... the bus is going to come down out of the sky, is it? Isn't science marvellous? In my day, they just used to drive along the road.'

'You stupid human...'

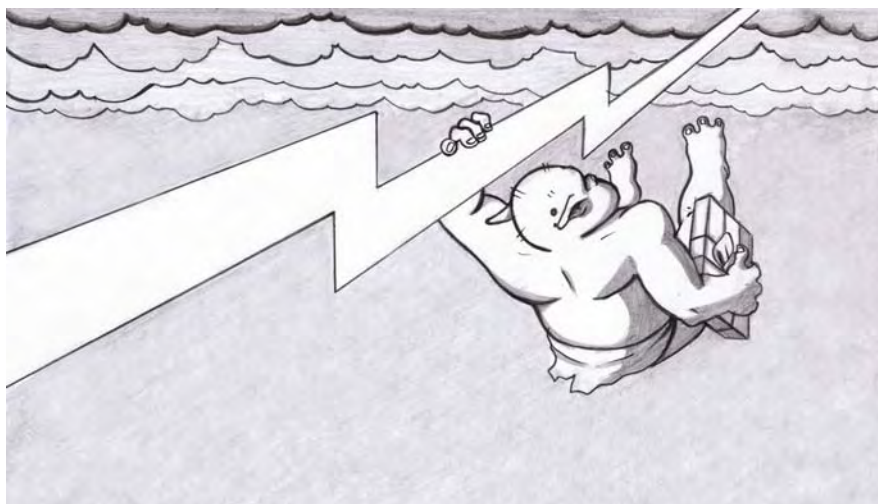
'What did you call me?' (*Thwack!* went the big umbrella)

'Just move aside - it's coming now!'

'The bus is coming, is it? I'll put my arm up to tell it to stop...'

A lightning bolt came whizzing down out of the sky and struck the Witch, who fell and knocked over her shopping bag, so that everything spilled out of it... and escaped.

‘Ow! He bit me!’ she cried. ‘Just like my dog...’



... There's a lot more in *The Thunder troll*, of course - with no less than three happy endings and one unhappy one (for the witch).

A full list of the stories is given on the following pages.

Ed Wicke
Wicked Tales
(a taster)

Alicroc the Alien

An alien with green, crackly skin and 272 fine white teeth becomes a nursery school teacher. Hypergalactic chaos follows.



The Thundertroll

When your lightning bolts won't work, the Thundertroll Fairy might be able to help you. If you get him a big box of chocolates, that is...



The Princess and the Golden Ball



You might want to think twice before trying to fool an enchanted prince disguised as a frog.

Snow White and the Seven Easter Bunnies

"Drop that Easter Egg! And back away from it reaaaaaal slow..."



The Fairy and the Horse

You'll believe a horse can fly. But not dance.



Mouldysocks and the Three Humans



We bears don't like hoomun fairy tales an' has our own versions. Dis one is about a cool bear who eats all duh porridge... an' duh honey... an' duh sugar. Of course.

The Boy and the Trolls

NEVER run away from home. If you do, this is what will happen.



The Pink Pig



If a furry grey creature with beautiful yellow eyes, perfect manners and sharp teeth invites you to dinner, you really ought to go, right?

The Gorilla

It's a real jungle out there. A little gorilla would have to be ultra-cool just to survive the journey to school.

