

"MARK MY WORDS, YOU STINKY SPROUT, I'LL SKIN YOU IF YOU DON'T GET OUT! SKEDADDLE, BIG EARS! SHOO! GET LOST!"

Hidden under the bridge, Troll delights in shouting nasty things at passers-by with his beloved megaphone. But when Rabbit dares to come to his lair, will he have the courage to say them to her face?



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Below the bridge, beneath the log,
underneath the burping bog,
where townsfolk whispered, cringed and crept,
a terrifying monster slept.

"I think we're lost," cried Goat, and frowned.
"I'm sure the map was upside down,
for isn't this..." His voice grew weak.
"The home of whom we dare not speak?"





"They say he's **stronger** than an ox,

unbreakable
as mountain rocks.



His voice is deeper
than the ridge,



and **oooooh!"**
gulped Fox, "is that
his bridge?

"They say he has a heart of stone.
A hundred years he's lived alone."

"It's just a silly myth," said Hare.
"There's no such thing as—"

"WHO GOES THERE?

THIS BRIDGE IS MINE! THAT STINK IS YOURS!
GO HOME AND WASH YOUR HOOVES AND PAWS
BEFORE I MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR.
PHEW! I CAN SMELL YOUR FEET FROM HERE."



"It's him!" they cried. "He does exist!"
They panicked in the murky mist.
Then, scrambling through the grassy knoll,
they scarpered from the dreaded...