

No one really agrees on what a troll looks like (in modern times, that is). They're either "big and ugly," or "small and disgusting." The shadow looming over you now suggests the former.

This troll is huge! The club he is carrying looks very frightening. He lumbers up to you, his long arms dragging near the ground. Each step sounds like a clap of thunder as he gets closer and closer. The bridge shakes and trembles so much that you are starting to worry that the bridge is going to collapse before the troll can even reach you. Every instinct you have tells you to RUN! but for some reason, you stand your ground. Soon he arrives in front of you. You look up at a dirty morass of chest hair, and look up further to gaze into the troll's face. He lets out a long, huffy, and odorous breath.

"Who's that on my bridge?" he bellows, glaring straight down at you. "Run before I eat you." The part of your brain that is stopping you from running suddenly has vanished into thin air.

*If you run back into
the woods, turn to
page 18.*

*If you run right
between his legs, turn
to page 21.*