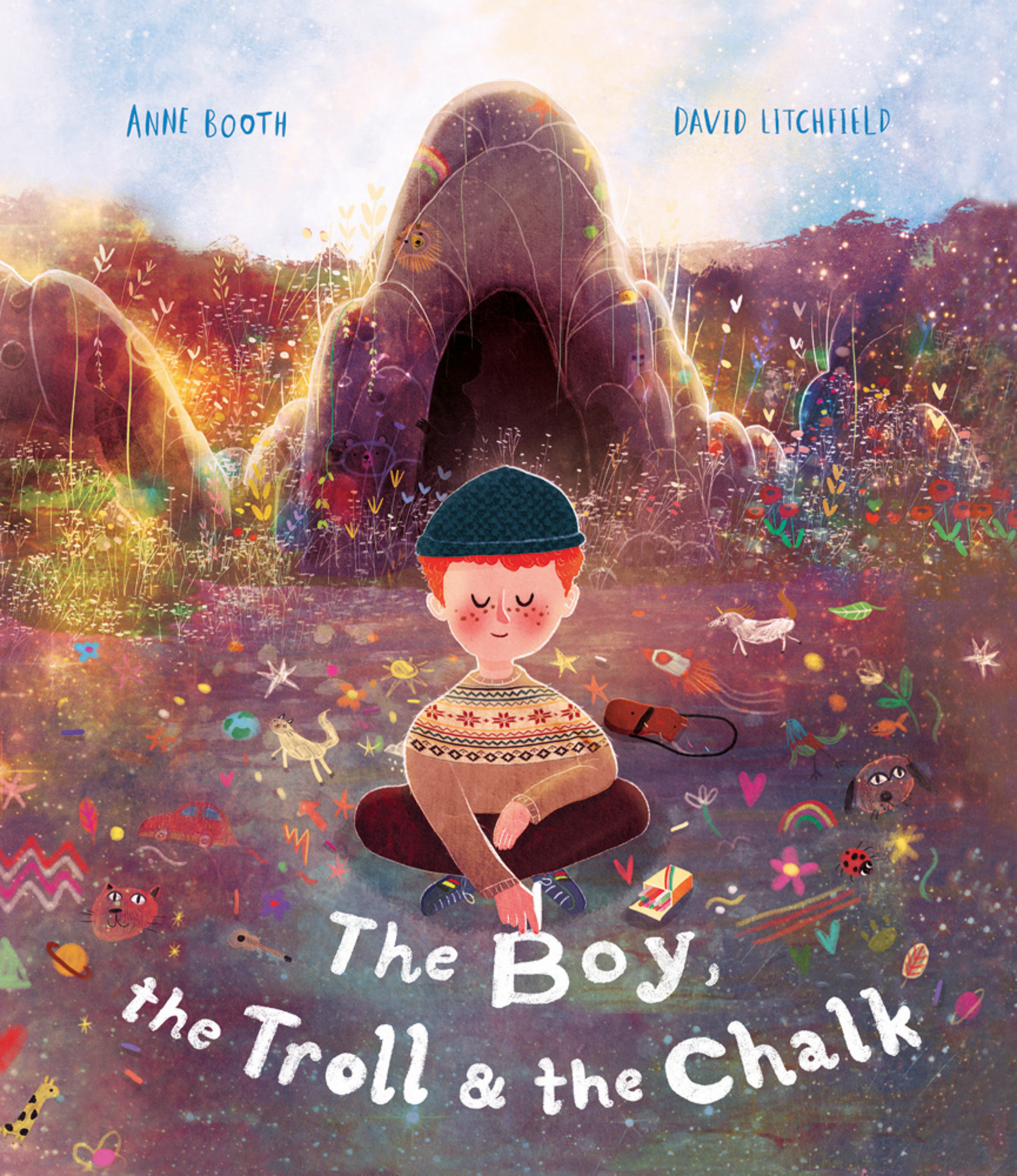


ANNE BOOTH

DAVID LITCHFIELD



The Boy,
the Troll & the Chalk



To all who listen very carefully, and watch,
and wonder, and to Graeme, who is so kind

– A.B.

For Gareth, Neil and Paul, thanks for
bringing me out of my cave

– D.L.



A TEMPLAR BOOK

First published in the UK in 2024 by Templar Books,
an imprint of Bonnier Books UK
4th Floor, Victoria House
Bloomsbury Square, London WC1B 4DA
Owned by Bonnier Books
Sveavägen 56, Stockholm, Sweden
www.bonnierbooks.co.uk

Text copyright © 2024 by Anne Booth
Illustration copyright © 2024 by David Litchfield
Design copyright © 2024 by Templar Books

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

All rights reserved

ISBN 978-1-80078-305-8 (Hardback)

Edited by Ruth Symons
Designed by Laura Hall
Production by Giulia Caparrelli
Printed in China



The Boy, the Troll and the Chalk



ANNE BOOTH & DAVID LITCHFIELD



Everybody knew that a big
fierce troll lived in the cave.

So everybody did.



LEAVE ME ALONE!

it yelled.

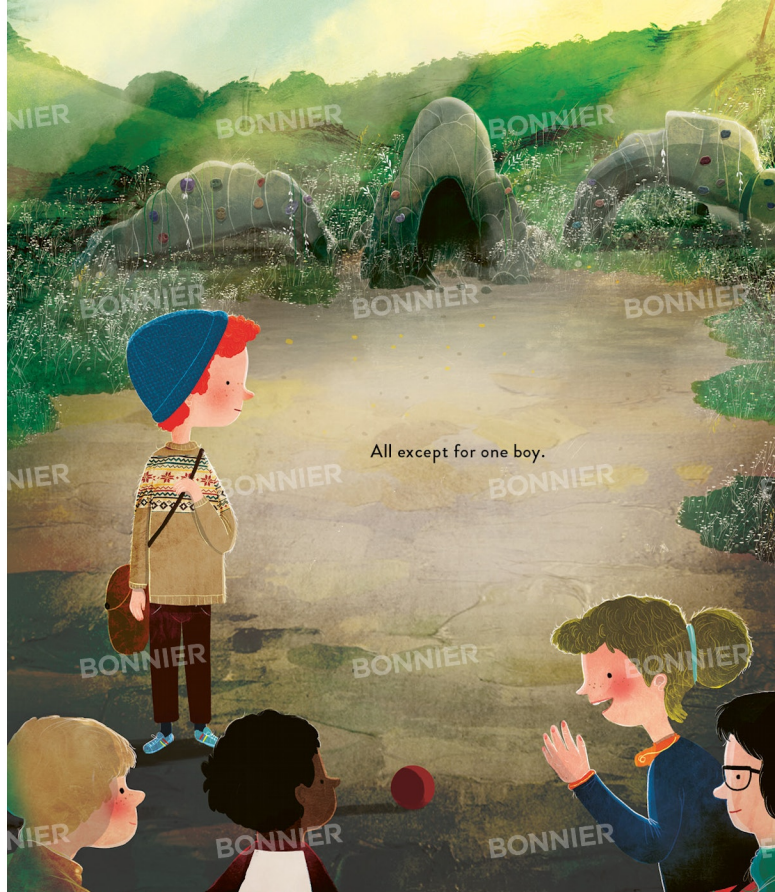
Sometimes they heard
the troll growling.



So they took their games to
the other side of the park.



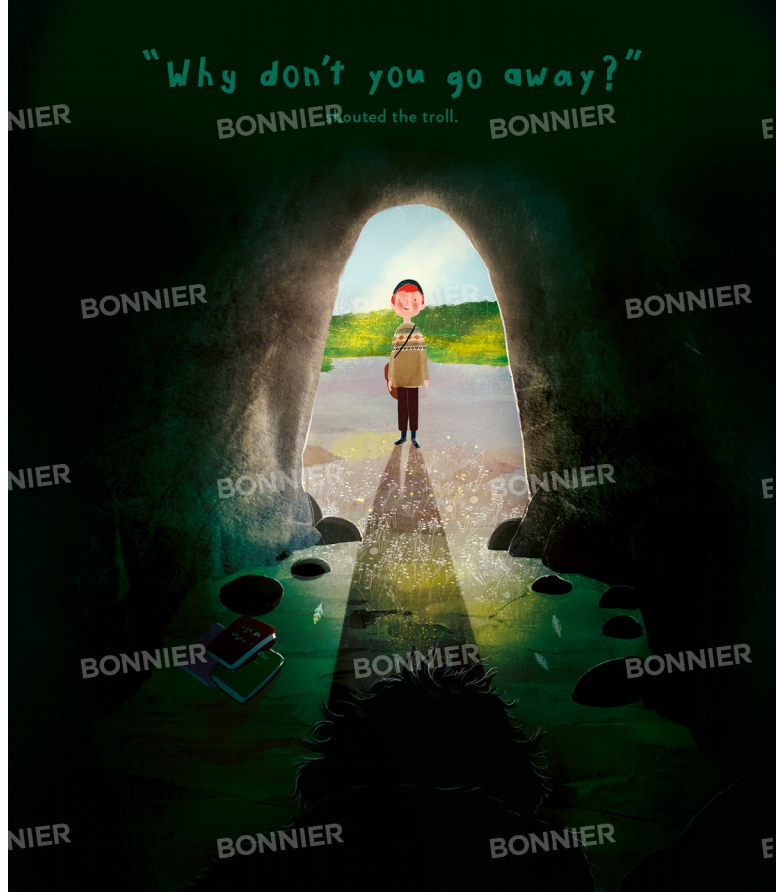
And - after a while - they
forgot all about the troll.



All except for one boy.



"Why don't you come out of there?"
he called into the cave.



So the boy did
go away.



He went and got
some chalks.



yelled the troll.



Then he went right up to the
mouth of the cave, crouched down
and started to draw.




So the boy turned and left,
leaving a flower with every petal
coloured in but one.



And one blue chalk.





The next day, the boy went back to the cave,
and the flower had five perfectly blue petals.

"Will you come out now?"
said the boy.

"NO!"

yelled the troll.

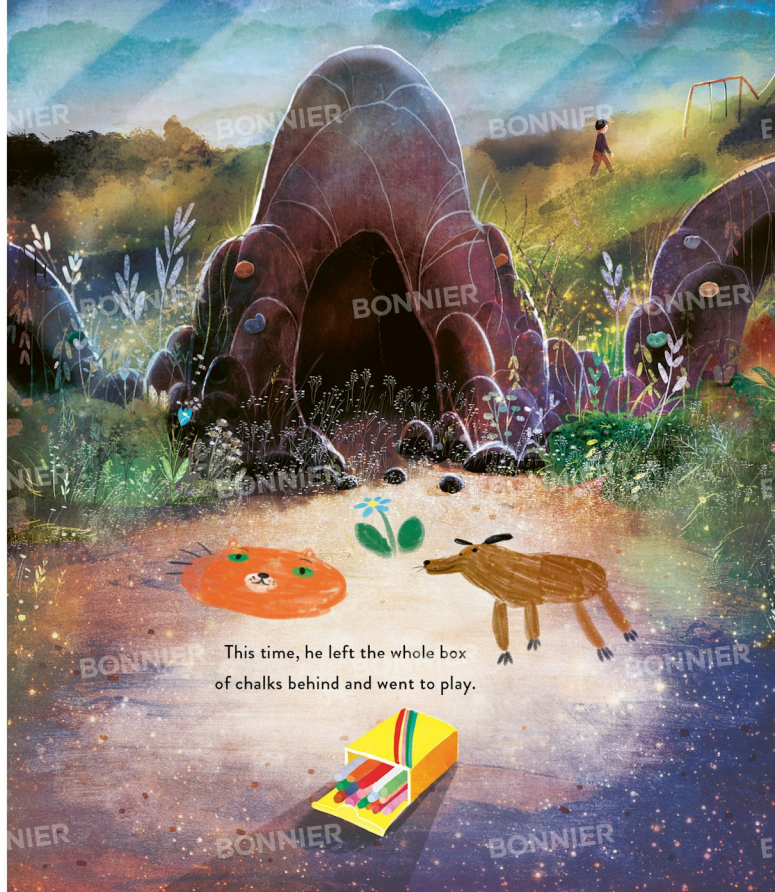
The boy thought for a minute.



Then he drew a cat with only half its whiskers...



and a dog without a tail.



This time, he left the whole box of chalks behind and went to play.

In the morning, the boy
went back to the cave.

And he saw...



...the cat had all its whiskers,



and the dog had a tail.

"I like your pictures!"
said the boy.

NO YOU
DON'T!



The boy was running
out of ideas.

So he picked up his
favourite chalk, and drew
a boy, smiling and holding
out his hand.



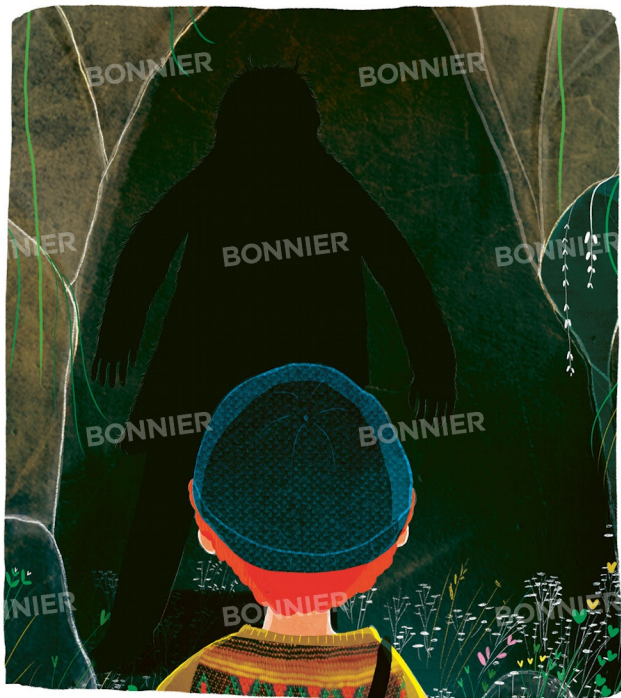
On the last day, the boy came back.

The flower was still blue, the cat still had whiskers,
the dog still had a tail.

But the boy was
holding hands with

a big
scary
troll.





The boy stepped right up to the cave and said,
"But you're not a troll."



"I'm not a troll!"
"No, you're a boy – just like me. Step out and see."

Still, nothing happened.



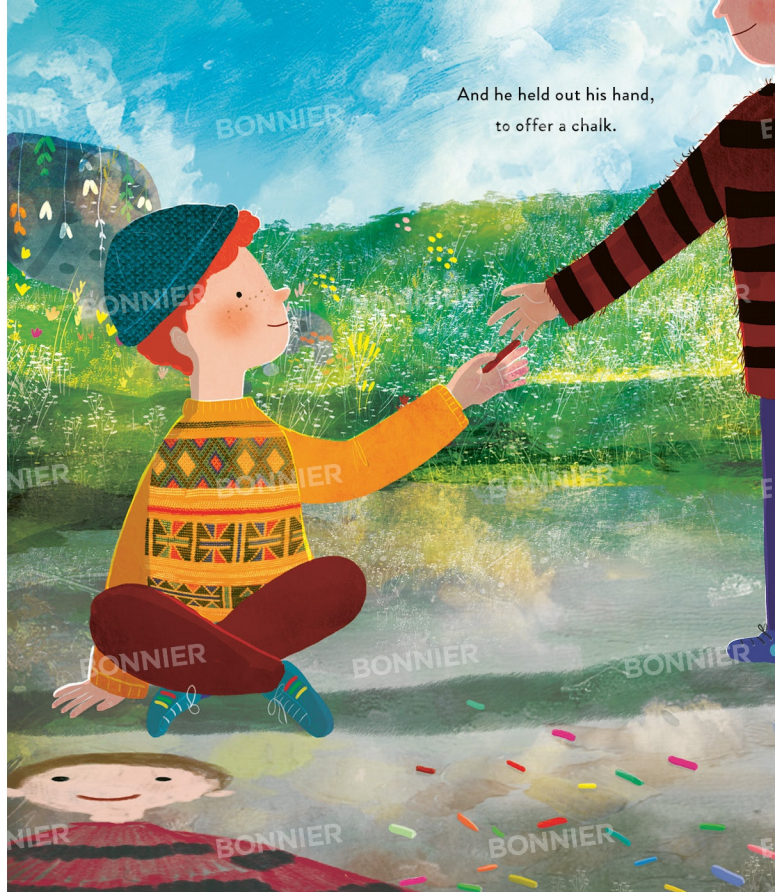
So the boy did the only thing he knew how. He tipped up his satchel, and a mountain of coloured chalks came rolling out all over the ground.

Without saying anything, he sat down and started to change the picture.



"How did you know?"
whispered the boy
from the cave.

"I listened very carefully, and I watched and wondered.
You said to go away, so we did,"
said the boy with the chalks.
"But that cave looked lonely, so I came back."



And he held out his hand,
to offer a chalk.



The two boys drew,

and drew,

and drew.

And as the picture got bigger,
all the other children came back
and joined in with the drawing.

There were plenty
of chinks to go around.

Soon, everybody forgot that
there had ever been a troll
inside the cave.



Because outside the cave,
there was **so much** to draw.



And they drew the world
together.



