

ANNE BOOTH

DAVID LITCHFIELD

*The Boy,  
the Troll & the Chalk*

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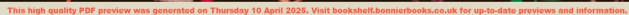


This book belongs to:

.....

.....





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.



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# The Boy, the Troll & 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.



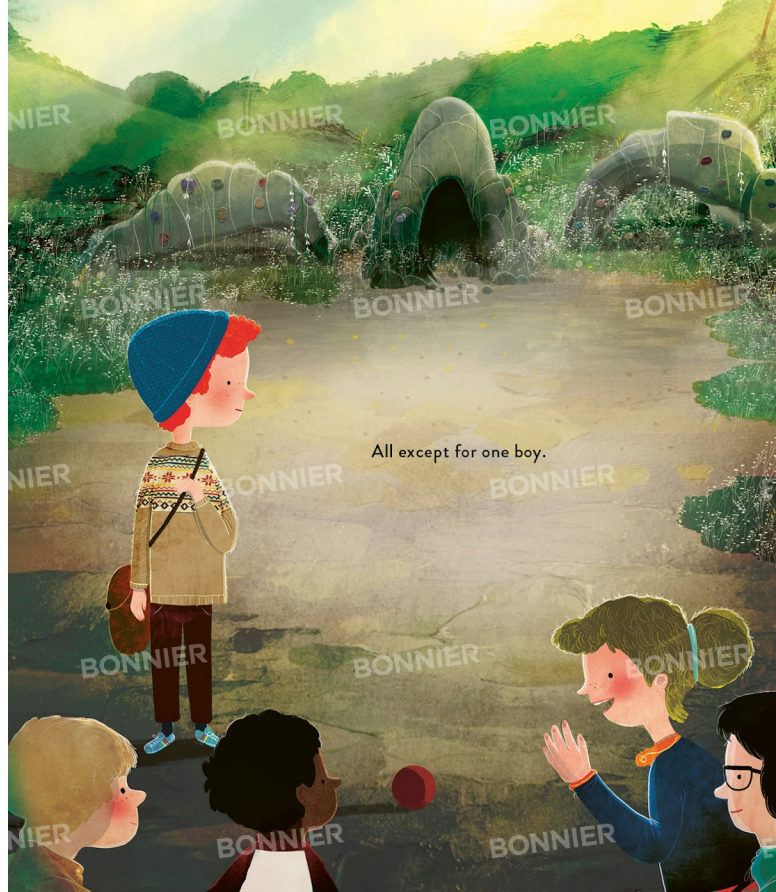
Sometimes they heard  
the troll growling.



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



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

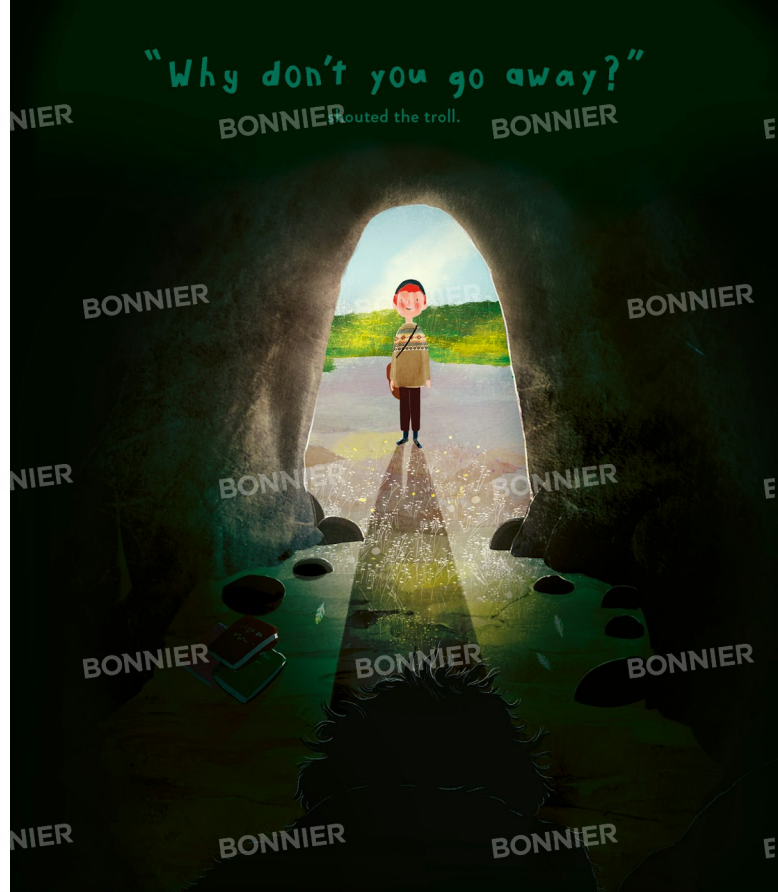


All except for one boy.





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



"Why don't you go away?"

BONNIERouted the troll.

BONNIER



So the boy did  
go away.



He went and got  
some chalks.

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



WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?

yelled the troll.




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



And one blue chalk.





The illustration depicts a cave entrance with dark, jagged rock walls. A large, black, gloved hand reaches out from the darkness, holding a small, light blue flower. Outside the cave, a boy with red hair, wearing a blue jacket, red trousers, and a blue hat, stands on a path. He is looking towards the cave. In the background, there is a green field and a small figure of a person walking a dog. The word "BONNIER" is repeated multiple times in a light blue font across the background.

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.

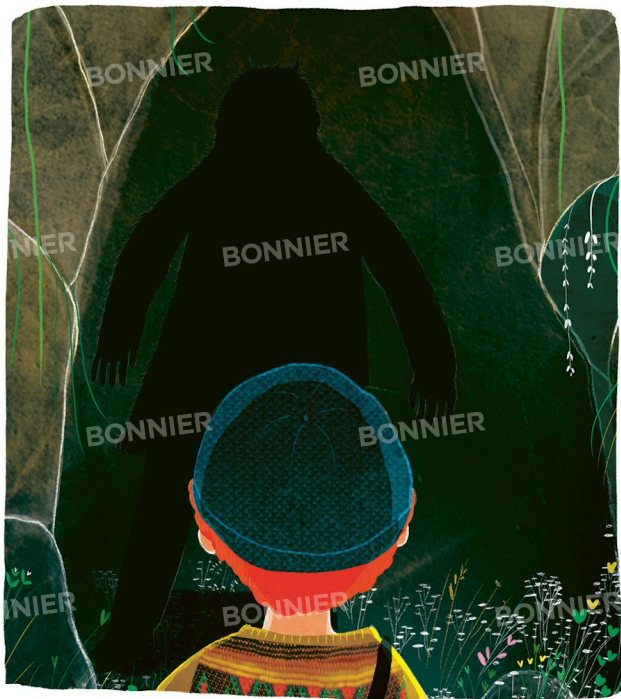
The flower was still blue, the cat still had whiskers,  
the dog still had a tail.

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.

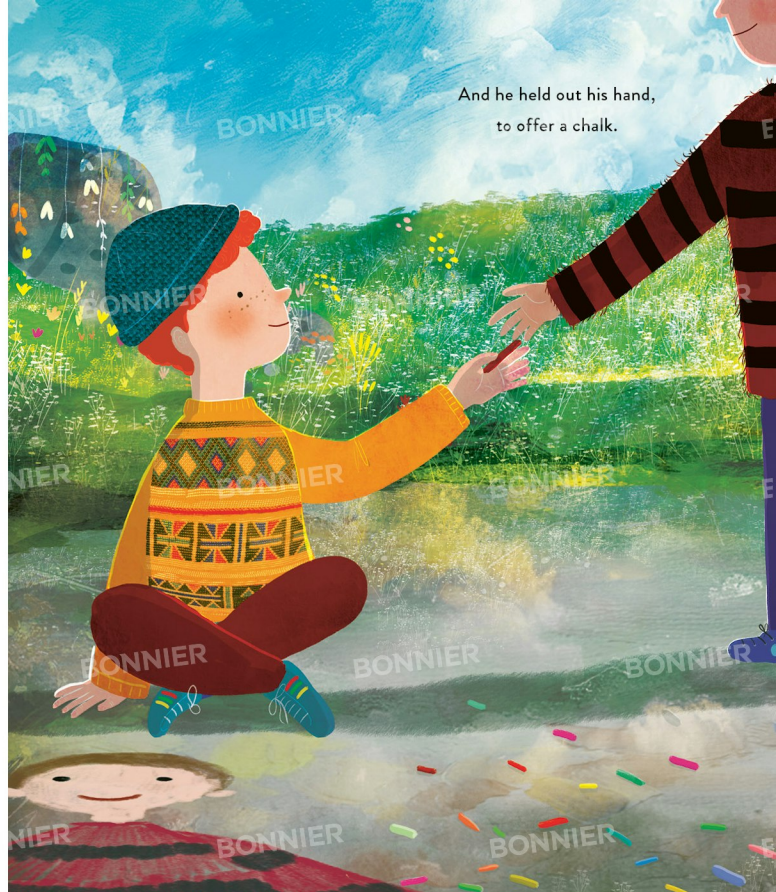
Without saying anything,  
he sat down and started  
to change the picture.





"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 chalks 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.











Outside the cave, there is **so much** to draw.

You can use this space to join in and draw, too.

This could be a portrait of you and your friends, your favourite food, animals or rockets – the options are endless!



*Get creative, happy drawing!*

