

# Loop That Troll!



Nib sat on the floor, spinning **rough** red wool round her wheel. She had thoughtful plans for that wool, big plans.

One brother leaned **through** the window and yelled, 'We're off to the hills, so lock the door!' 'I'll be fine **enough,**' said Nib, **though** she never looked up. She always said that, **although** she never locked the door.





The moment the boys were gone, something crept out of the woods. Something shaggy. Something sly. Something with a tuft of orange hair and a belly that rumbled like thunder. The Troll had watched that little house **thoroughly** for days. Now the big ones were gone.

The Troll tiptoed to the wall and pressed one huge eye to the window. There she was. A small girl with her back to him, humming and spinning wool like she had all the time in the world. The Troll licked his lips. 'Easy,' he **thought**.

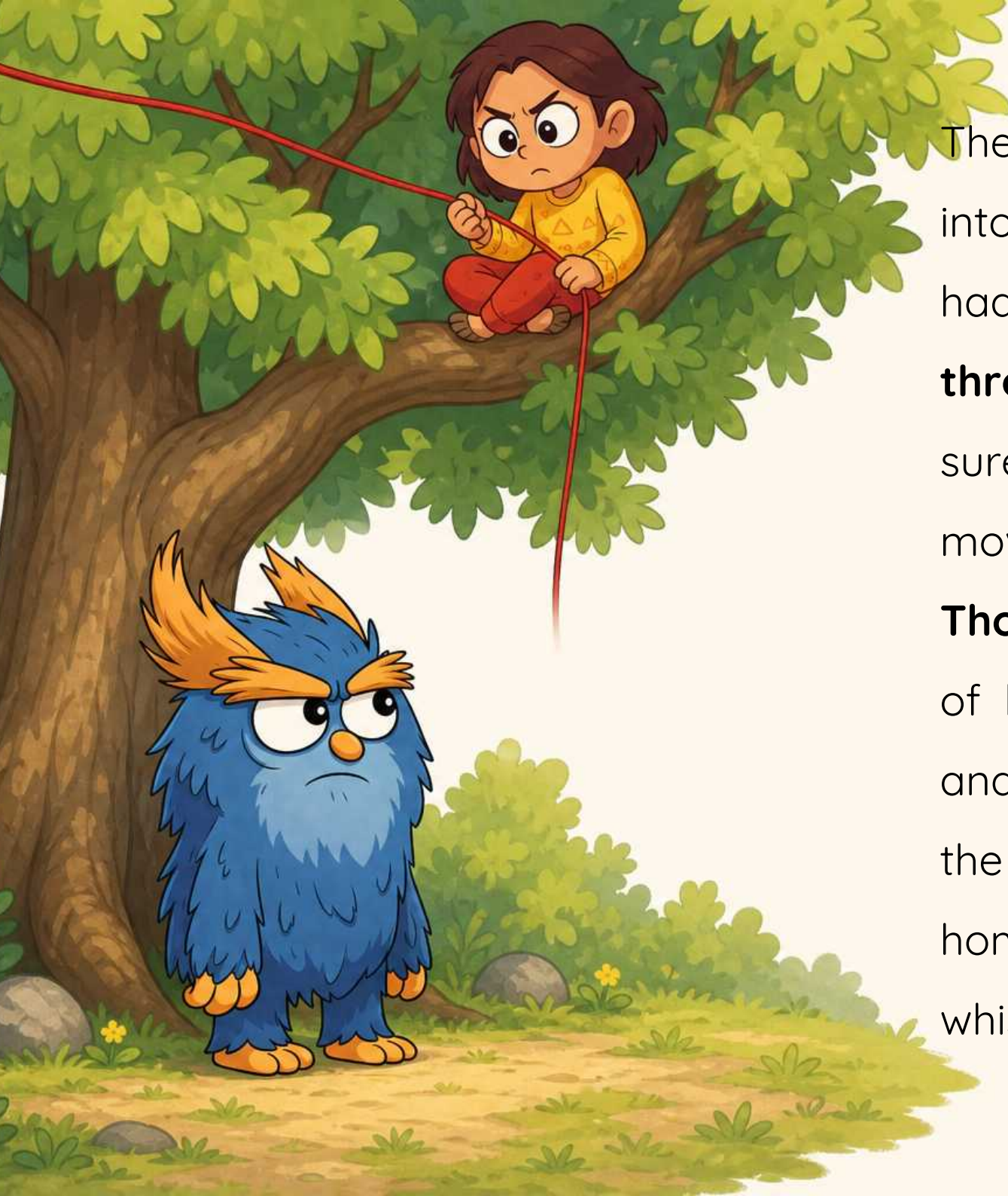


He shoved his head **through** the window. Glass burst and flew, and the wooden frame cracked apart. But the gap was not wide **enough, though** he pushed with all his might. 'Fine,' he muttered, rubbing his nose. 'I'll try the door.'



The door swung open. Of course it did. Nib never locked it. A big furry arm reached in and grabbed her by the sweater. Nib yelped. The room spun. The ground dropped away. But even **though** she dangled in the grip of a troll, Nib hugged her red wool tight.





The Troll had stuffed Nib high into a tall tree, **though** he hadn't **thought** things **through**. He rested below, sure she was too scared to move. He was wrong.

**Thoughtfully**, Nib tied the end of her red wool to a **bough** and let it drop, down along the dirt path, all the way home. 'Find the wool,' she whispered. 'Follow the wool.'

Up on the hill, the brothers stopped.

'What's that?' said one, pointing. A thin red line wound **through** the trees, past the rooftops, deep into the forest.

'That's Nib's wool!' said the other. 'It leads to the cave on the ridge. Come on!' They ran.





The cave mouth gaped like a yawn in the rock. Cold air crept out, and the red wool trailed inside, swallowed by the dark. The rocks were **rough** under their feet. 'She's in there,' one brother said. The other nodded. They stepped into the gloom.

Inside, the Troll slumped against the wall, snoring **rough** and loud. Pebbles jumped. From his belt hung a big gold key. One brother crept close. His fingers found the cord. He lifted the key slow and steady, and held it up with a grin. The other brother pressed a finger to his lips. Not a sound. Not yet.





Behind the iron bars, small faces pressed forward. Wide eyes. Held breath. The brother slid the key in the lock and turned it slow. Click. One click was **enough**. The gate swung open, and the children poured out like water. Free at last.

'Hey!' the Troll roared, his eyes snapping open.

**Although** he had been sleeping, one **rough** sound had woken him. He saw the open gate, and he saw the children running for the cave mouth. His **thoughts** turned dark. 'That food is mine!' he shouted, scrambling up onto his **tough** feet.





The Troll charged after them, out of the cave and into the light. One step. Two steps. Then his foot caught on something red. Nib's wool! Looped round his ankles, his knees, his belly. She had been winding it round him the whole time. **Although** he was a big **tough** troll, down he went. Boom.

Nib stood at the front, wool dust on her sweater and a grin on her face. Her brothers stared. Then they began to laugh. 'Good for you, Nib! That wool trick saved us all. But next time, lock the door!' Nib shrugged. 'If I had locked it, **though**, you would have missed all the fun!'





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When a shaggy, rumbly troll comes creeping out of the woods, little Nib keeps right on spinning her red wool - but what is she really planning? Can a ball of yarn and a very clever girl outwit a hungry troll big enough to snap a tree? And when her brothers spot a thin red thread winding into the forest, will they follow it in time? This decodable reader practices the 'ough' phonogram in words like 'though,' 'thought,' 'rough,' and 'enough.'

Reading Skills: <ough>

although, bough, enough, rough, roughly, thoroughly, though, thought, thoughtfully, thoughts, through, tough

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