

A Place For Them

We'd been in the cave for a while when two of the trolls who had snatched us up rumbled through the entrance. They were so *huge*. Larger even than humans. I shivered, and not from the blizzard outside. We were weaponless. Merciful Lady, we didn't even have our *packs*.

The one in front stared at us, then... dropped his burden on the cave floor. Our packs! And half a tree's worth of wood. The other one followed suit with a freshly-killed deer.

We stared, dumbfounded, until old Holly Greenfoot broke the silence. "Oh," she exclaimed. "So they were *rescuing* us!"

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