



# *Truce with the Trolls*

Ethan Yap

Fable

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I heard a loud honking sound and a voice calling me to wake up. I was too tired from yesterday so I didn't bother answering. Then, I heard my mom shouting at the top of her lungs asking me to wake up or I will be locked in my chamber for a month.

I immediately jumped up from my bed and almost hit the ceiling. After properly cleaning up, I was summoned to the meeting hall to discuss a serious event that had struck my people. I am a prince – The Prince of Elves. The world we know is separated into four major clans. My tribe, the Elven Clan, is the biggest amongst the four. Our clan has joined forces with the humans to bring down the smelly, gas farting and hideous Troll Clan. While the Dwarven clan lay hidden in their mountains, they still traded with the humans. My people excel at archery but are average at close range combat. Humans are better at close range combat and have the most advanced technology amongst all the clans. The trolls are outcasts, but there have been cases of them hiding in our cities.

As I entered the meeting hall, I saw my father seated at the far end of the table; the sign of Kingship. I have two sisters, who were both seated beside my mother. My father rose and declared in a baritone voice: 'This case may mean that the trolls have sent a mole to spy on our every move. That particular troll may even be in this very room right now!' My mom urged him to keep his cool: 'Calm down! We just need to send out a warning message since the trolls' body odour is unbearable for our sensitive elfish noses.'

After the meeting, my father told me he wanted me to follow him into the world of humans. We arrived at the

capital of the Human Clan, a place called Malaysia. The reason Malaysia is the capital of humans is because it doesn't have four seasons which saves lots of money, because plants don't die in the winter and it never really suffers from natural disasters that stumble along and destroy everything.

As we arrived, we found the houses primitive. They were plain with no gold or silver walls or decorations. Even in the Human Clan, despite being second smallest they still have many tribes. In the meeting, the pacifist tribe leader kept on saying that we should have a truce with the Troll Clan. The warmongering clan leader shouted 'We are at war here!' After the meeting we went straight to the hotel to clean up, and then on to the hotel buffet. The meaning of buffet in the Human Clan is very different from our understanding. Back home, a buffet only has a small selection of food, but here the food is unlimited. The food looked a little dirty but it tasted heavenly. When we went back to the rooms, I noticed that there was a blur behind us.

When I woke up, there was no noise but I heard chattering sounds. I opened my eyes to see myself face to face with a troll. I found myself tied in ropes. The troll in front of me said he wanted me to stay with them for two weeks so that I could see their true colours. As soon as I arrived, I thought I would smell a huge stench, but instead I was greeted by a refreshing, flowery smell. I quickly made friends. It turns out the only stinky troll was the Troll Clan leader. Everyone had been warning the leader that the Elven and Human clans could easily crush them, but the leader didn't listen, which caused upset and even a few riots. After those two weeks, I was actually sad to leave. I promised them I would get my father to sign a truce.

In the end, the trolls successfully overthrew the useless, smelly, gas farting, hideous leader. From that day on, the elves and the trolls enjoyed a strong relationship, and all four clans were united.

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