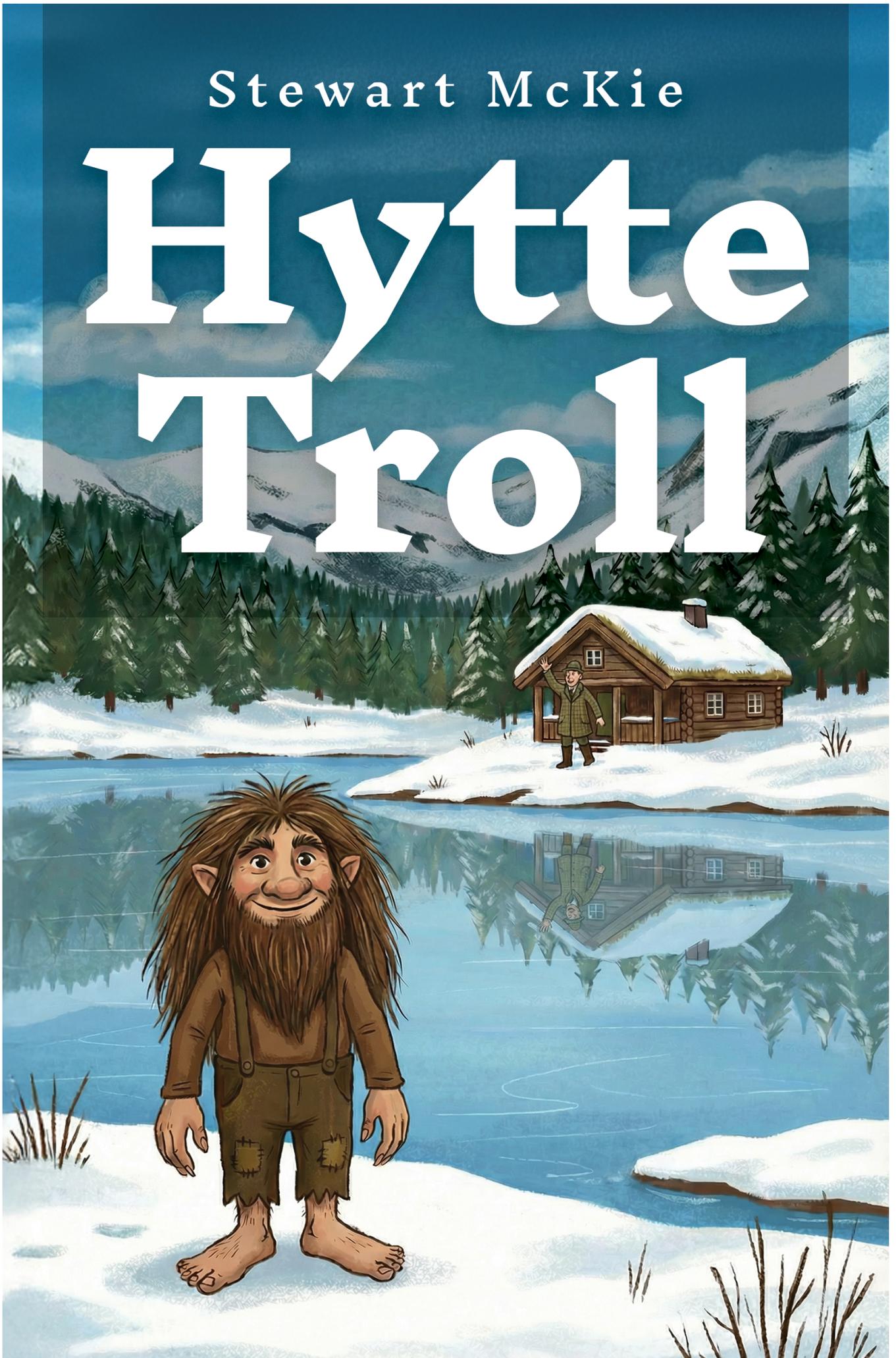


Stewart McKie

Hytte Troll



****HYTTE TROLL****

Copyright © 2026 by Stewart McKie

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

—

**For Norway,
a land of mountains, fjords, and magic,
and for everyone who has ever felt
the pull of distant places.**

Contents of this Booklet:

Chapter 1 - The Porridge Thief

Other Chapters:

Chapter 2 - Langlaufen

Chapter 3 - Going Fishing

Chapter 4 - Timber and Jam

Chapter 5 - Let's Party!

Chapter 6 - Jorvik (York)

Chapter 7 - Midsummer Madness

Chapter 8 - God Jul!

The Porridge Thief

Stewart and Michael stood at the huge picture windows of his new cabin. Beyond them stretched miles and miles of dark green forest, leading all the way to distant mountains with snow-capped peaks that sparkled in the winter sun.

“How do you like your new cabin?” asked Michael, the builder who had made Stewart's dream come true.

“It's perfect,” said Stewart with a happy sigh. “Just what I wanted. The view is absolutely stunning. Thank you for building the home of my dreams.”

Michael smiled. “You're certain to get the peace and quiet you need to relax and work at your writing.”

“Exactly!” Stewart nodded eagerly. “No one and nothing to disturb me.”

“I hope you won't be too lonely here?” Michael asked.

“How could I be lonely. I have my imagination.” Stewart replied.

They shook hands, and Michael left Stewart to enjoy his new home in Telemark.

A few days later, Stewart was preparing porridge in the microwave. He rather liked porridge for breakfast—it reminded him of home in England, even if he was now living in the mountains of Norway.

Ding!

The microwave announced his breakfast was ready. Stewart opened the door and lifted out the steaming bowl. Just then, his

phone buzzed with a text message. He placed the porridge bowl on the counter, pulled his phone from his pocket and read the message.

After replying to the text, he got a spoon from the drawer and turned his attention back to breakfast.

He stopped and stared at the bowl.

"Wait a minute!" he said aloud to the empty cabin. "Half of it is gone!"

He examined the bowl carefully, turning it this way and that. Someone—or something—had definitely eaten half his porridge. He added some raisins to what was left and thought hard.

"A mouse?" he wondered, speaking to himself. But that seemed like an awful lot of porridge for a mouse to eat so quickly.

Stewart had a cunning plan. He set the bowl back on the counter, then walked to the bathroom, leaving the door slightly ajar. He waited quietly, listening.

After a few moments, he heard it: a loud *slurp... slurp... slurp.*

He threw open the bathroom door and rushed out. Something small and quick zoomed away from the porridge bowl and disappeared under the wood burner!

Stewart hurried to the wood burner and got down on his hands and knees, peering underneath. There was a little gap at the back. Maybe whatever it was had gone in there?

He opened the glass front panel of the wood burner and looked inside.

There, sitting on the firewood and licking its fingers, was a tiny troll!

With a beard and feet and hands slightly too big for his body, the troll was dressed in a hairy shirt and scruffy pants held up by

braces.



Stewart stepped back, his eyes as wide as saucers.

"What the hell!" he gasped.

"Have you never seen a troll before?" asked the tiny creature in a surprisingly normal voice.

"Never," Stewart managed to say.

"Well, you have now," said the troll matter-of-factly. "I am your Hytte troll, and my name is Grim."

Stewart slumped into his armchair, trying to take it all in. His brain felt rather fuzzy. The little troll jumped nimbly from the wood burner and landed on the armrest beside him.

"A hytte troll?" Stewart repeated faintly.

"Every hytte has a troll," Grim explained. "I'm yours. Technically speaking, this cabin belongs to me. But I'm happy to have you as a lodger. I was getting lonely."

Stewart blinked. "You... you live in the wood burner?"

"As if!" Grim laughed. "What would I do when you light a fire? I'd be toast! No, I live in the back of your woodshed."

If Stewart could have seen Grim's little home at that moment, he would have noticed it was a cozy nook tucked between the logs, made mostly of... socks. Lots and lots of missing socks.

"Wait a minute," Stewart said, his mind starting to work again. "I thought cabins had their own spirits called Nisse?"

"Ah!" Grim's eyes lit up. "So you know about Nisse? Tell me—are you missing any socks?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am," Stewart admitted.

"I thought so," said Grim knowingly. "Nisse love socks. They use them to make their little houses in the roof more comfortable. They especially love the smell of feet."

Stewart wrinkled his nose. "So what happened to my Nisse?"

"He left," Grim said with a shrug. "He probably won't be back until Christmas."

"He left? But where did he go?"

"Who knows?" said Grim.

If Stewart had looked very carefully in the woodshed at that exact moment, he might have spotted a Nisse with a big red hat, tied up with rope and gagged, tucked behind some logs. But of course, he didn't look.



"If you notice anything else has gone missing," Grim continued cheerfully, "it's probably because a Nisse has paid you a visit. They're always pinching stuff."

"But where did **you** come from?" Stewart asked.

"I was born in Trollhaugen. It's a big cave near Bergen with terrific acoustics. I can hear it now. Listen..."

For just a moment, Stewart could swear he heard the faint strains of Edvard Grieg's music drifting through the cabin.

"That sounds familiar," he said. "But Bergen is miles away! How did you get here?"

"Easy," said Grim. "I ran along the overhead electricity cables."

"Wasn't that dangerous?" Stewart gasped. "What if you fell off?"

Grim looked at him with amusement. "You don't know anything about trolls, do you? We have sticky feet, for example."

"Sticky feet?"

"Watch this."

Grim jumped down from the armrest and walked over to the wall. Then, to Stewart's amazement, he ran straight up the wall and across the ceiling until he was directly above Stewart's head. His scruffy hair hung straight down toward the floor.

"See?" Grim called down. "Just let me know when you need to change a lightbulb."

He scampered back down and hopped onto the armrest again.

"But how did you find my cabin?" Stewart asked, still trying to make sense of it all.

"It was advertised in Trollbladet," Grim said simply.

"Trollbladet?"

"The newspaper for trolls."

If Stewart could have seen it, he would have noticed a classified advertisement that read: *New Hytte! Ready for occupation in Telemark. Contact Box Number 3864 for directions.*

"So here I am," Grim announced. "Your Hytte troll."

He fetched the porridge bowl and began eating with his fingers, making loud slurping sounds that would have horrified Stewart's mother.

"You're from England, aren't you?" Grim asked between mouthfuls.

"How do you know that?"

"I tried to eat one of your horrible English pork pies from the fridge," Grim made a face. "Oh, and I stuck my finger in a jar labeled Marmite. Yuk!"

Stewart almost smiled. "I assume you've never been to England?"

"No," said Grim. "But some of my ancestors have. They stowed away on a Viking ship, and now they live near a place called York. I have a selfie they took on my bedroom wall"

If Stewart could have seen the photo, he would have spotted a grinning troll family posing in front of a typical British terraced house, the father holding a mug of tea.

"I never realised there were trolls in England," Stewart said in wonder.

"Trolls are everywhere," Grim told him. "Africa, Brazil, China. There are even trolls in the White House."

Grim finished the porridge and began sucking the remains off his fingers. "Did you know that you should leave a bowl of porridge out every night for your troll? That's the custom here in Norway."

"So you thought my porridge was for you?"

"Naturally."

Stewart leaned back in his chair. "Looks like you can teach me a lot about Norway. But why are you so tiny? I thought trolls were big, hairy monsters?"

Grim's eyes glinted mischievously. "We only turn into monsters when we're angry. Let me show you. Say something nasty."

"Okay..." Stewart hesitated, then said, "You're ugly, your hair is a mess, you have a big wart on your nose, and you smell of fish."

In an instant, Grim transformed into a massive, terrifying troll whose head touched the ceiling of the cabin. He picked Stewart up by the throat with one enormous hand.

"See what I mean?" the monster rumbled.



"I must remember not to make you angry," Stewart squeaked.

Grim gently lowered Stewart back into the chair and shrank to his normal tiny size, settling once more on the armrest.

"Yes," he said pleasantly. "Anger management is a good skill to have. It's one of the first things they teach us when we go to Trollergarten."

"A school for trolls?"

"Of course. We're naturally smart, but even trolls need to learn." Grim settled himself more comfortably. "You're going to have to learn to shovel snow and avoid slipping on icy pavements. But most importantly, you need to learn how to eat a Rom Marsipankake without getting cream all over your face."

"I don't have any Rom Marsipankake," Stewart admitted.

"Well, you need to get some," Grim said seriously. "They're delicious."

Stewart thought for a moment. "Are trolls related to Smurfs or the Teletubbies?"

"Don't be ridiculous!" Grim looked offended. "Smurfs wear silly hats, and the Teletubbies have antennae sticking out of their heads. Does that look like me?"

"No, I guess not," Stewart said quickly.

Grim leaped from the armrest and turned to face Stewart, hands on his hips.

"Anyway, I can't spend all day chatting with you," he announced. "I have things to do."

"Like what?" Stewart asked.

Grim's eyes twinkled with mischief. "You'll see."

And with that, the tiny troll scampered away, leaving Stewart wondering what on earth he'd gotten himself into by moving to Norway.
