

Lock That Door, Nib!



Nib sat on the floor and spun red wool round and round her wheel. She had big plans for that wool. Big plans.

Her brothers stood at the door. 'Lock up when we go, Nib!'

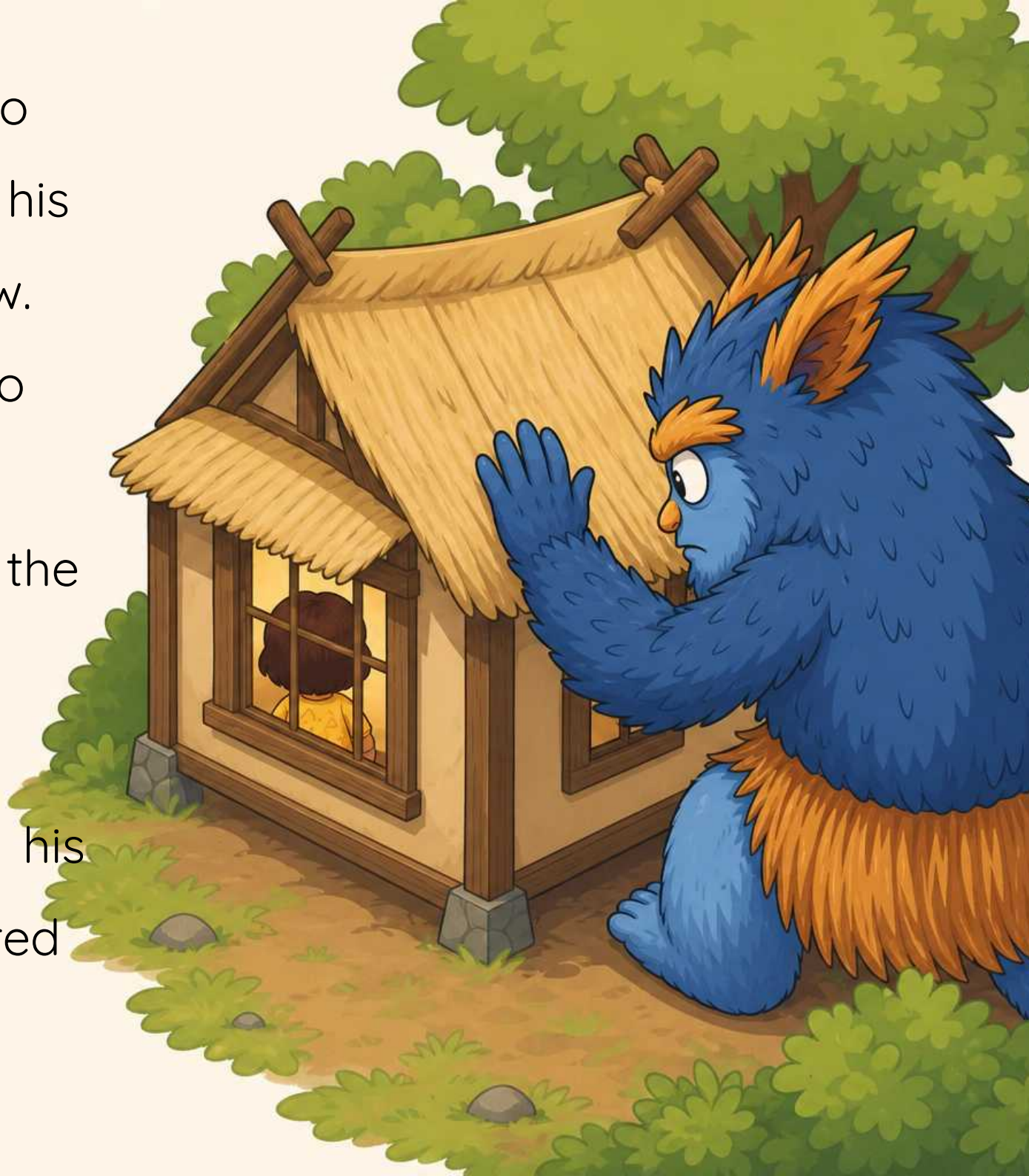
'I will be fine,' Nib said, **carefree** as ever, but she did not lock that door.





The moment the boys went up the path, the Troll crept from his **lair** in the woods. He was big and shaggy, with a wild tuft of **hair** on his head and a belly that grumbled like thunder. The Troll had **stared** at that little house for days. Now the big ones were gone.

The Troll tiptoed up to the wall and pressed his big eye to the window. There she sat, back to him, spinning her red wool like she had all the time in the world, **unaware** that he was there. The Troll licked his lips. 'Easy,' he whispered with a grin.



The Troll rammed his **hairy** face into the window and **glared** inside. Glass and cracked wood flew as he crashed into the frame, but his big body would not fit. He grunted, pulled back, and rubbed a sore nose.

'Fine,' the Troll muttered. 'I will try the door instead.'



The door swung open, just like that. Nib never locked it. A huge furry arm reached in and grabbed Nib by the back of her sweater. Nib yelped. The room spun and the ground dropped away. Nib was **scared**. But even up in the grip of a Troll, she held her ball of red wool tight to her chest.





The Troll rested below the tall tree. He had stuffed Nib high up in the branches. He was sure she was too **scared** to move, but he was wrong. Nib **carefully** tied her red wool to a branch and let the thread unroll down past the leaves, along the dirt path, all the way back home. 'Find the wool,' she whispered. 'Follow the wool.'

Up on the hill, Nib's brothers stopped to **stare**. A thin red line ran past the trees, the rooftops, all the way deep into the dark woods below.

'That is Nib's wool!' one said. 'It leads to the cave on the ridge. We have to go, now!'





The mouth of the cave
gaped like a yawn in the
rock. Cold **air** crept out,
and the red wool trailed in,
swallowed up by the dark.

The brothers **shared** a look.
'She is in there,' one said
softly.

The other nodded, and they
stepped into the gloom.

Inside, the Troll sat slumped against the wall, snoring so hard the pebbles jumped. On his belt hung a big gold key.

One brother crept close, then closer. He **dared** to lift 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 thick bars,
small faces **stared** out,
not **daring** to make a
sound. The brother slid
the big gold key into
the lock and turned it,
smooth and slow. Click.
The gate swung open
at last, and the kids
rushed out, free.

'Stop!' the Troll yelled as his eyes snapped open. He **glared** at the open gate, the **scared** kids, and his big gold key, gone. 'That is my food!' he roared, scrambling to his feet. The brothers grabbed all the small hands they could and ran for the cave mouth.





The Troll charged after them, out of the cave and into the light. One step, two steps, then his foot tangled in Nib's red wool, looped round his ankles, his knees, his belly. She had **snared** him all along. The Troll wobbled and swayed and went down like a big blue rock. Boom.

Nib stood up tall, wool dust on her sweater and a grin on her face. Her brothers blinked, then laughed. 'Nib! That wool trick saved every one of us. But next time, lock that door!' Nib shrugged, **carefree** as ever. 'If I had locked the door, who would have set all the kids free?'





Lock That Door, Nib!

Nib spins bright red wool by her window, warned to lock the door the moment her brothers leave. She never does, and soon a hairy, hungry Troll creeps from his lair, unaware that a clever girl with a ball of wool might be more than he bargained for. Could her wool be the one thing that saves the day? Created to align with the UFLI Foundations scope and sequence (Lesson 112: air, are, ear /air/), this book practices words like 'scared', 'glared', 'lair', 'carefully', 'unaware'.

Phonics Focus: air, are, ear /air/

air, bare, carefree, carefully, dared, daring, glared, hair, hairy, lair, scared, shared, snared, stare, stared, unaware

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