# The Dark Beneath The City

5th GRADE FICTION

"Hurry up Shawn!" Kaleb yelled. He's one out of my three friends. My other friends are Ezra and Saylor. We have been best friends forever. Now that we are in the 5th grade, we spend all of our free time hanging out. We love to watch TV together and are hooked on shows like "Ghost Hunters" and "Finding Big Foot." Someday we will be hunting for big foot or looking for ghosts and the four of us will be famous.

"I can't believe you guys are dragging me to the town statue," I said. "It's 1:15am in the morning."

"There has been paranormal sightings there this early," Ezra snapped back. "You know we have to find out why pets have been disappearing in our city."

The people of Woodsville have been seeing pets gather around the statue at night. It is as if the statue was drawing all four legged creatures to it at night. Many people have been reporting their pets missing after letting them out after dark. Kaleb's dog went missing and has never been found.

About 5 minutes later we arrived at the statue. "I have to say it is a nice statue," Saylor said pointing her flashlight at the head of the city's founder.

"It is a really nice statue. C'mon, let's check it out," I replied.

We all stepped cautiously around the water puddles of past rain storms. Just then, something tripped me beneath my feet. I landed on the ground with a hard THUD.

"Are you okay?" all of my friends shouted at once.

"Yeah, I just slipped in a puddle," struggling to get up. I had a few scrapes, but otherwise I was okay. "Dumb rain," I said gritting my teeth. I walked up to the statue and started to feel around.

"Wow, there's a picture!" I said out loud. "It's in the crack between his copper teeth." I tried to reach up to it, but it was a couple of feet out of my reach.

"Here, let me try. If I can't reach it, I can give you a boost," Ezra said as he started to reach up to his metallic choppers.

I stared in disbelief as he climbed the statue's arm and grabbed the picture easily.

Crack! Just then Ezra went flying in the air and the statue's teeth disappeared into its head.

"EZRA!" We all yelled in unison as we ran to him.

"I landed in the brushes, I'm fine," Ezra said brushing off his pants and picking off the stickers of thorns.

"Look at the statue," Saylor pointed. The statute now looked like a faceless cowboy. In the middle of its head there was a big red button.

"Press it!" Kaleb shouted. "Why would a big red button appear if they didn't want us to press it?"

"I'll do it," I said. I backed up to get a good running start and made the leap up towards the red button. I leaped up on the statue's hand and barely grazed the button."

"Wow, great job!" Kaleb teasingly shouted.

I could tell my friends didn't believe I could get the red button pushed. All of sudden, the whole statue started to move underground. The ground around the statue started to shake.

"Coming out here this early in the morning to see this statue was a horrible idea," Ezra said, his voice and body shaking with fear. "RUN!"

We all started to run as fast as we could. I looked back and saw that the statue was gone. "Where is it?" I yelled over the booming sound of footsteps. Just then I tripped for the second time today. I hit the ground hard, all the air in my body being pressed out of me. I could feel my body being pulled back by something. I fearfully looked back and saw a big, copper, robotic tentacle reaching for me.

Looking around for something to grab hold of to help me back up, I grabbed the first thing my hand grasped. What a horrible mistake that was. I had grabbed a big plate of very thin ice. The plate of ice split into tiny glass like pieces, making a big gaping cut in my hand. Trying not to yell like a girl from the pain, I noticed Ezra got trucked by one of the tentacles. He immediately fell limp.

The robotic tentacle reached for me again.....BAM! My head bounced off the concrete. I guess that was the last thing I saw for awhile.

I woke up to the smell of wet dirt and compost. "Well, I guess that the statue wasn't that nice," I said as Ezra was slowly coming around next to me. The hole that we were dragged through closed above us.

My hand was still throbbing and bleeding badly. I knew I needed to get the bleeding to stop. I grabbed the flashlight which I had got for Christmas off of my neck. I clicked on the light and Ezra immediately gasped.

"That looks bad," Ezra pointed to my bleeding hand.

I grabbed my backpack and searched for my first aid kit, for I knew I had bandages in it. I pulled out my first aid kit and found bandages, but they were bright pink with butterflies. My sister had put her band-aids once again in my manly Boy Scout first aid kit. "Man, do they really need to be this color," looking at the butterfly pattern. I opened up the band-aids and started to place them over my cuts and hoped the bleeding would stop soon.

"What is this place?" Ezra said. "We need to get out of this weird, wet, dirty, stinky, repulsive place!"

After I had finished doctoring my hand, I saw Saylor and Kaleb in the light of the flashlight. They looked so still. I ran over to them and checked for a pulse. They still had a strong pulse, which relieved my nerves. Ezra and I grabbed them and tried to shake them awake.

"How long do you think we have been down here? On my watch it says 2:30 in the morning," I looked over at Ezra and asked.

All of a sudden a loud thundering boom echoed around us. Right then, Saylor shot straight up and saw Kaleb lying on the wet dirt floor next to her. She reached over and slapped him hard. They both were now wide awake, looking at each other. Kaleb began to scream and Saylor joined in. Their blood curdling screams made the tunnel around us shake. The dirt from the walls and ceiling started to drop, which was only about a foot above us.

"I had the craziest..." Kaleb mumbled as he started to regain his composure.

"This isn't a dream sweetie," I cut Kaleb off from his train of thought. I knew my friends very well and what he was thinking at that very moment. I shined my light at him and behind him was something weird. There standing behind him was one big humungous troll.

"Trespassers!" the troll with his lip curled into a menacing snarl bellowed at us, "You are trespassers!"

Saylor, still shaking, mumbled, "Well, you see, we were kind of forced here over our own free will."

The troll turned towards me and knocked my flashlight from my hands. It hit the floor of the tunnel, but an eerie red light was still pointing at the beast. I started to reach down for my light slowly, but the troll jolted forward and started to stomp on it. The wires flew and I saw the main light crack into a pile of trash.

"Wow! That flashlight was special to me!" I yelled at the ugly troll.

"DO NOT SPEAK IN THAT TONE TO CROBBY!" he bellowed. "Crobby no like mean people."

"Oh be quiet you big nosed ugly troll!" as I kicked him hard in the stomach. He rolled over in pain as I looked over at my dismantled light.

"Crobby don't respect Crobby being yelled at," he mumbled over and over.

My body was enraged with anger. I picked up my flashlight and stuffed it in my leather coat pocket. Suddenly, two other trolls appeared and grabbed us, one of us in each of their hands.

"Get off me!" Kaleb shouted as he was thrashing around to get out of the troll's grasp.

I didn't try to fight much, as they looked much bigger and stronger than us. They dragged us through the tunnels. Everyone was fighting and squirming, trying to get out of their death grasp.

"OOF!" the sound all of us made as they threw us down. The trolls had thrown us into a wedge shaped cave and slammed the door shut. The door was made of bones, animal bones it looked like.

The troll that called himself Crobby made sure the door was shut tight. "You will be dealt with soon enough. You bring us much fortune."

"That....these....there animal bones," Ezra's voice echoed off the cave walls.

"Yup, they sure are," Kaleb's voice quivering in horror. "The bones aren't shiny like you see in the movies. I wonder where they get all these bones."

We sat down on the wet dirty floor, too tired to talk. It had been hours. Glancing at her watch Saylor quietly said, "It's been 6 hours since we snuck out of the house."

Tired, hungry and dozing off, I jumped when I heard the door creak.

"Anybody in there?" we heard in a babyish voice. "Wobby knows you in there. Wobby let you out now."

"Who's Wobby?" Ezra said staring at me.

"Everyone knows Wobby. Wobby is not like other trolls. Wobby really nice like kitty," Wobby replied as he flung the door open. He was like a little dwarf with pointy ears, grey hair, barely a beard and was dressed in rags.

I looked at this dwarf of a troll, "What are we doing down here?" These strange trolls sure had a funny way of speaking and putting sentences together. Mrs. Anderson, our 5th grade English teacher, would have so much fun fixing their grammar.

"Well you see, the evil King Robbie Rotten wanted you for sacrifice. Wobby and Wobby's friends are building a resistance. Wobby wants to know your names," he pointed at us.

"That's Ezra, Saylor, Kaleb and I'm, well you can call me whatever you want." My gut was telling me to not trust Wobby, but they were digging this dwarf troll. I kept staring at the troll and wondering why he wasn't like the other trolls. He was much smaller and scrawnier.

"Follow," Wobby muttered.

None of us said a word. I was trying to figure this all out, but I didn't want to ask Wobby any questions. He led us down a narrow path to another door made of bones.

"Wobby's house," Wobby pointed. "Let's go inside, Wobby wants to show you."

"Okay. Can you open the door though? I don't wanna touch whatever that is," Kaleb stared at the door.

Wobby turned towards the door and grabbed the handle and gave it a tug. The door made a "click" noise and Wobby signaled us all inside. His house was not that roomy. It was just a bit bigger than the cave we were thrown in hours earlier. The door was just weird looking and there were rugs on the ground. It also smelled bad, very bad. The room looked like no one had been there for years. It definitely could use some improvement.

"Wobby has good house, doesn't he," the small troll boasted.

"Yeah, I guess," Ezra replied.

"Wobby use place for planning. Wobby has lots of plans," the troll mumbled.

"Plans for what?" I questioned.

"Plans for digging hole to surface. Wobby wants to live with humans, but Trolls control the statue and won't let Wobby out," Wobby pointed up.

My mind was racing. What would Wobby want at the surface? Invade? That is what I would think he would do. He probably wanted to eat pets, which would explain all the pet bones down here. I looked at the troll and asked him, "Where are all your people, I thought you said you were building a resistance?"

"Well, you see, Wobby's friends are you people," pointing at myself, Kaleb, Saylor, and Ezra.

"WHOEVER SAID WE WERE FRIENDS!" I yelled at Wobby.

"Wobby said," the troll glared at me.

Thoughts were running through my mind. I was wondering why this troll was referring to us as his friends. In my book, he was a stranger! No more than a stranger that we could bump into at a fast food restaurant.

"Let's get out of here," I said looking at my friends. "Not to be rude or anything, but I don't like Wobby."

Kaleb, Saylor and Ezra just stared at me as if I were the monster.

"Wobby, Wobby is sorry for what Wobby did. Wobby didn't mean to hurt friend's feelings," Wobby looked at me with a sad face.

Saylor looked over at Wobby, "You didn't hurt anyone's feelings and I know my friend over there didn't mean it."

I meant every single word, I did not trust Wobby. "I'm sorry Wobby, but why are we down here?"

"Well you see, Wobby and other trolls were down here first. Trolls were first people to live on this land, centuries ago. Trolls were first people, forced here by humans. Trolls live down here. Trolls survive on human's pets for food. Trolls do grow food, but need meat to survive. Every night trolls lure pets with good smelling scent to statue. Trolls lower the statue and quickly grab pets with robotic tentacles. Trolls eat pets and use their bones for building materials. If trolls get stuck on land, they grab picture we put between the statue's teeth and

push the big red button to return home. That is how friends got down here," Wobby pointed at us.

Wobby kept talking. "Robbie Rotten don't like humans, he moved us under the city to live and work. Wobby likes humans. Humans that end up here are sacrificed for Gods to provide us more food. More food means less pets needed."

Wobby has now mentioned Robbie Rotten for the second time, I wondered more and more about him. "Who the heck is Robbie Rotten!? And why doesn't he like humans?"

"Wobby knows Robbie Rotten no like humans. Robbie Rotten is King Troll. Trolls are here because of humans. Humans no like Wobby," Wobby replied.

Kaleb looked towards Wobby sadly and said, "Did you eat my dog Max?"

Wobby replied, "Wobby ate too many pets to count. Wobby sorry if I ate Max."

Kaleb began to cry, but soon the walls of Wobby's house began to shake.

"WOBBY!" I heard in a deep voice. "GIVE ROBBIE ROTTEN HIS PRISONERS OR ROBBIE ROTTEN USES YOU AS SACRIFICE TOO!"

Wobby had a look of fear plastered on his face as he turned towards us and whispered loudly, "Wobby hides you, hide now."

I dove under the chair, but all my friends had the same idea. Wham! Our heads slammed together and we all landed in a heap in plain sight. The door then opened to reveal a big, fat, old, hairy troll with black hair. This must be Robbie Rotten. He was dressed in an underground style tux. He really looked like a scary Santa Claus, but he was purple in color and was a troll.

"Run for it!" Kaleb yelled.

As we got to the door, the troll blocked us with his big fat belly. "GRAB THEM!" Robbie Rotten said in a deep scratchy voice.

"WOBBY!" Ezra yelled as Wobby just stared at us, afraid to make a move. This Robbie Rotten troll was meaner than Wobby had explained.

Saylor grabbed a sharp piece of bone off of Wobby's chair and slid it into her coat pocket. I had no idea why, for we did not have a chance against this creature. Two big trolls with big hairy faces appeared in the small room and grabbed us. They threw us over their

shoulders like a sack of potatoes and carried us through more tunnels far away from Wobby's house.

The old troll suddenly stopped and said, "We're here."

Wow! This place they stopped at looked like an underground New York City. Unfortunately, it stunk and the houses were made only of dirt. In the middle of their so called town, there was a large glowing bonfire. They threw us on the ground and grabbed a roll of green stringy rope. They tied us up in an uncomfortable position. Back to back we were propped up against a giant dirt statue of Robbie Rotten.

"SACRIFICE, SACRIFICE!" The trolls started to chant as they lifted us up toward the open bonfire.

"STOP!" we heard in the distance. "Wobby says STOP, and....and....and he calls Robbie Rotten a GLORPNORPMICFLUFFELSTUFFINS!" he yelled in his best adult voice.

All the trolls gasped as Wobby said that.

"You can't call Robbie Rotten that!" Robbie Rotten yelled in anger.

As all the trolls started arguing, the sound of rope ripping could be heard as we landed back on the ground.

"You can thank me later," Saylor said as she held up the piece of bone she had pulled off of Wobby's chair earlier. "Wobby c'mon, now's our chance to escape."

We grabbed Wobby and started running towards the way we came. We passed Wobby's house and that's where we messed up. Wobby just stopped for a break. "What are you doing?" I yelled over the clatter of footsteps stomping on the ground towards us.

"Not Wobby's time to escape. I know way out. Down that tunnel you go home," he pointed to a tunnel off from his home. I looked around and saw dim light ahead and wondered could this really be our way out. I started to run as fast as I could and told my friends to follow quickly.

We had finally reached the area of the tunnels the light was coming in. I thought for sure there would be a ladder up out of this dark place. Never in my life had I been so relieved to see light! It was a small opening in the earth above us and I didn't question why it was there.

Saylor grabbed me, "Shawn, quick question, why do you have a pink bandage on your hand?"

"I'll explain later," I replied as I leaped onto a nearby rock. "It's just like rock climbing, but with dirt!" I signaled my friends to follow me. Wobby stood staring at us.

I turned around and smiled at Wobby, he smiled back, knowing that he couldn't follow us to the surface. We were just a couple of feet from the top. I jumped up and rolled over onto the level ground. I stood up and looked around and thought to myself, what does all this mean? The trolls have been living beneath the city for centuries, unknown to us humans.

As I helped my friends up and out of the hole, a giant troll hand slammed onto the face of the earth. Our only option was to run, for we did not want to end up being troll food. We took off running towards home, for we knew our parents probably had already sent out an Amber Alert for us. What where we going to tell them? I knew we had to come up with a story on why we disappeared, but were our parents ready for the truth?

To this day we still sit around and talk about Wobby and what became of the friendly troll willing to help us escape. Did he get in trouble or did Robbie Rotten sacrifice him? As for the missing pets in town, we knew why they were disappearing, but were the people of Woodsville ready to know the truth that lies below their own city?