

## **The Terrible Troll-Tunnel: Janne Seletto**

I am in a tunnel, in a mountain, in Norway. The tunnel is 3 km long, quite narrow and dimly lit. I am riding my bike.

I can see the headlights of a car coming towards me. Roaring towards me. The roar gets louder and louder and completely surrounds me. Then I hear a giant Mack truck, or a B double, racing up behind. Actually it's not a B double – it's a freight train, and it's closing fast.

The car passes me – it turns out to be quite small and driving slowly. The Mack truck, B double and freight train disappear.

The thing is, I KNOW it's just an effect of the noise. It bounces off the rock walls creating louder and louder echoes, and somehow it gets behind you and attacks from all sides. You try keeping calm in a noise maelstrom like that!

Now there's another set of headlights. As it approaches I hear the truck and then the freight train coming up behind. But that's ridiculous, of course it's not a train; this time it's a jumbo jet that for some reason is taking off in my tunnel. I just pedal my bike and try to breathe slowly. Eventually the car passes and the jumbo disappears.

But there IS something menacing here in this cold, damp, dark place. Maybe it's this:

Trog the big blue Troll King lives on the inside  
Of the longest darkest tunnel, that's where he likes to hide  
He's always getting stressed when people enter his domain  
He starts to roar and stamp and yell, and call them nasty names.

Yoga and meditation would help old Trog to chill  
And tips for anger management would be even better still  
But you know, it's not my problem, and really I don't care  
Once I get free of this tunnel, I'm getting out of there.

(to the tune of Puff the Magic Dragon)