

The Voice Below

One warm day in the spring the farmer was digging in the field. He was getting ready to plant potatoes.	11
All at once his horse stepped into a hole. At the same time the farmer heard a cross little voice. It seemed to be coming from below the ground.	32
The voice said, "There you go again! Poking through my roof. Don't you know that I live below this hill?"	44
The farmer hardly knew what to think. Could this be the troll talking? Did the troll really think the hill belonged to him?	49
The farmer thought to himself, "That hill had belonged to my family for over two hundred years, and this spring I need to have the field to plant my potatoes. What in the world am I going to do about the troll?"	58
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