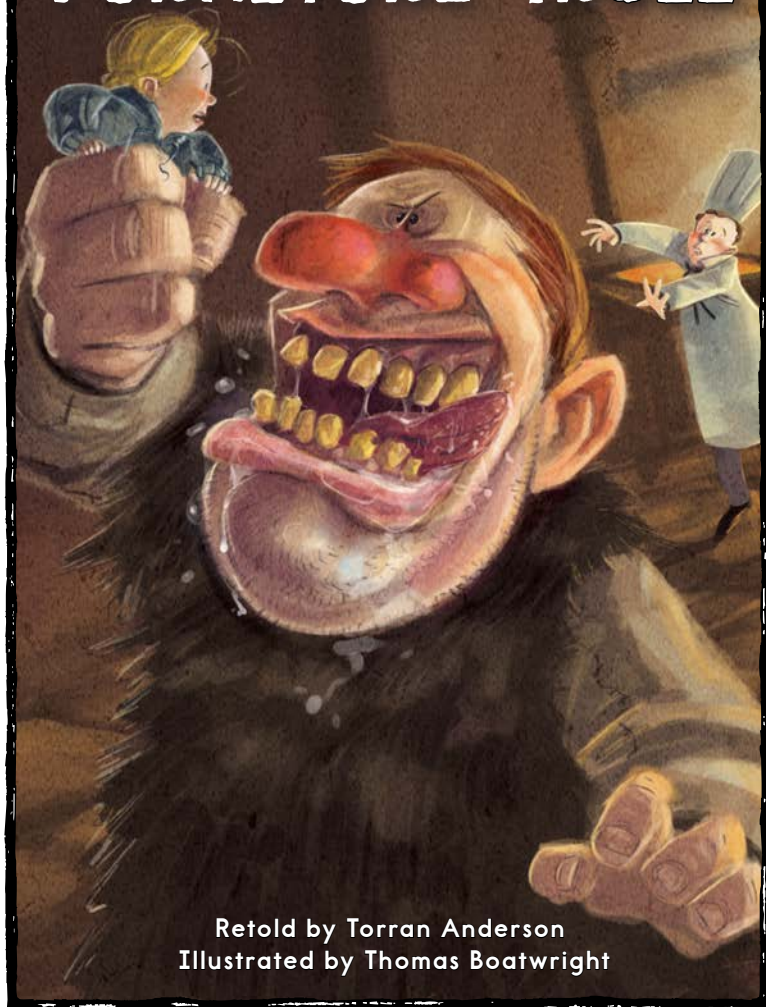


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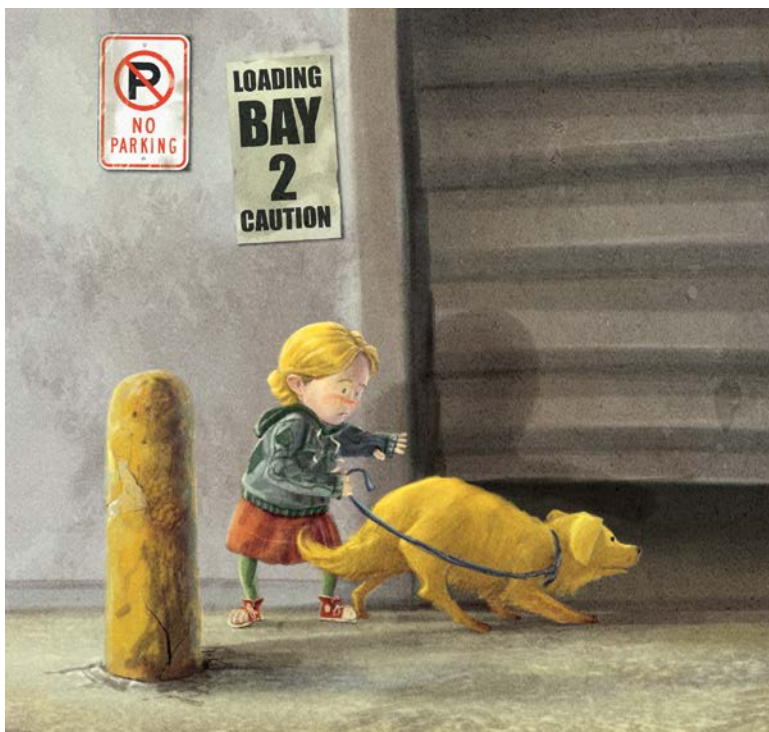
# ALIA AND THE FURNITURE TROLL



Retold by Torran Anderson  
Illustrated by Thomas Boatwright

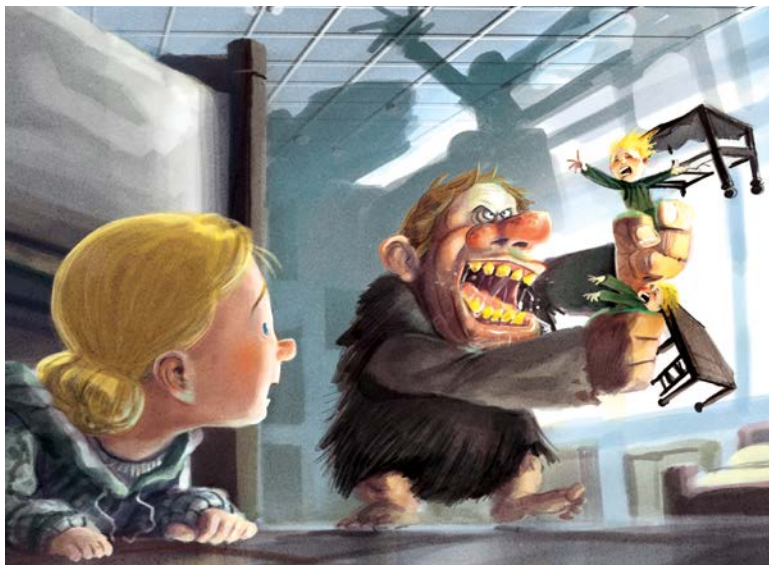
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# ALIA AND THE FURNITURE TROLL



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“Attention, **Furniture** World shoppers, there’s a **troll** in the bed **department**. Leave immediately!” the voice called over the loudspeaker.

“Oh, no!” Alia said. She ducked under a table in the bed department.

Trog the Troll grabbed Alia’s dad, mom, and twin brothers. He lifted them in front of his massive face, blinked his eyes, and **transformed** them into furniture. Alia’s dad and mom became king-sized beds. The twins turned into bunk beds.

Alia jumped out from under the table.  
“What did you do to my family?”

Trog roared at Alia.

“Exit the store in an orderly manner,”  
the voice on the loudspeaker boomed.  
A screaming group of shoppers ran by.  
A security guard picked up Alia and  
carried her away.

“Wait! My family has been turned into  
furniture,” Alia said.

“Everyone has to leave the store!” said the  
security guard.





The security guard dropped Alia in front of the exit. “Wait outside. I’m going back in for more people.”

Alia saw a raven **frantically** flapping its wings against the glass door.

She scooped up the bird. “I’ll take you outside.”

“Thank you,” said the raven as he flew away.

Alia slumped down in the parking lot and sobbed. “I’ll never see my family again.”





A white mouse climbed onto Alia's shoe.

"Excuse me. Do you have any food?"  
asked the mouse.

"I have this granola bar," Alia said.

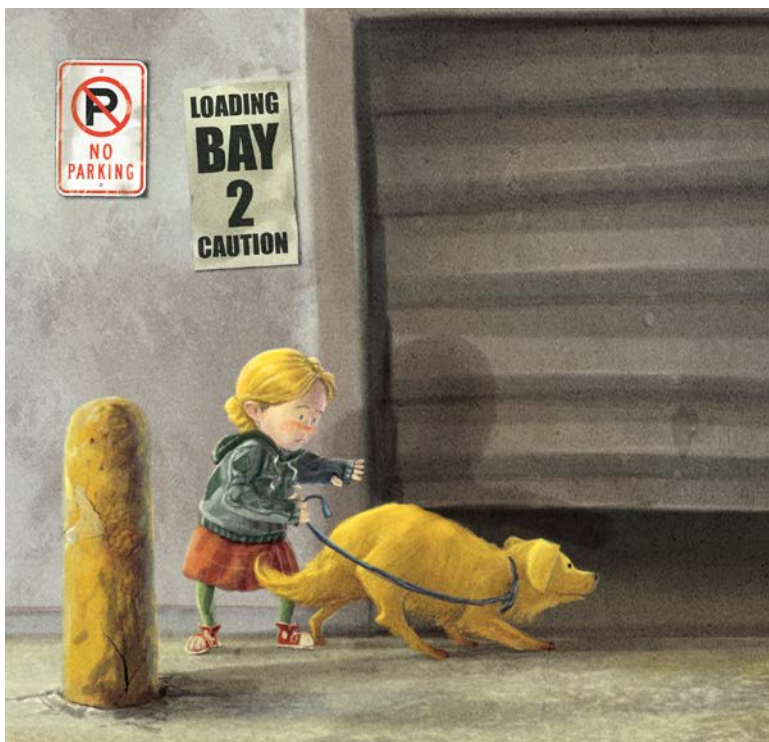
The mouse bowed and scurried away.

Alia checked the front door—locked.

“Do you happen to have some water?” asked a dog. The golden retriever was tied up to a bicycle rack. “My owner ran away and left me here.”

Alia untied the dog and filled her water bowl. “Do you know how to get inside?”

The dog nodded. She snuck Alia through the loading dock behind the store. They crept inside to the store’s restaurant.





Inside the kitchen, a cook chained to the stove was cooking French fries.

“What are you doing here?” asked the cook.

“My family was turned into beds by the troll,” Alia said.

“I’m sorry,” the cook said. “He’s the furniture troll who lives in the basement. He turns people into furniture, and then we have to sell it. He just wants to make money. It’s awful, and he can’t be stopped. He removed his heart and hid it.”





Just then the floor rumbled. “More fries!” bellowed Trog.

“Quick—hide under the sink,” the cook said.

Trog stomped into the kitchen and lay down. The cook poured twenty pounds of French fries into his mouth.

“Trog, I’ve been wondering, where have you hidden your heart?” the cook asked.

“Why? You’ll never get it. It’s in the break room, in the back of the freezer, wrapped in tinfoil,” Trog said.

The troll laughed, and the room shook.  
Suddenly, he became quiet.

“Where’s that disgusting little-girl smell coming from?” Trog asked. He leaped to his feet and snatched Alia from under the sink.

The troll licked his **slobbery** lips.

“I want my family back,” said Alia.

Trog laughed again. “I’m going to turn you into a sandwich. Let me get my bread.”





He tied Alia up and stomped off to find his giant loaf of bread.

“I can’t reach you,” said the cook. “You need to get out of here.”

“Help!” Alia screamed.

Just as the words left her mouth, the mouse squeaked at her feet. It chewed through the ropes and freed her.

“Thank you,” Alia said.

"Steal Trog's heart," said the cook.

"Where is the break room?" asked Alia.

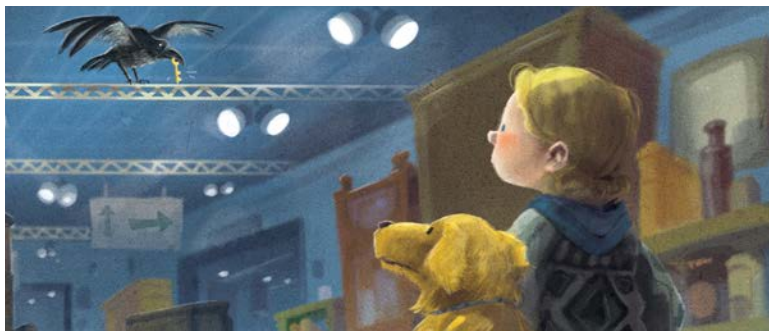
"This store is like a maze."

"Follow me," said the dog.

The golden retriever led Alia through the store to the break room.

"Thank you, but the door is locked," Alia said.





The raven cawed overhead. High in the **rafters**, Trog had hung the key.

The bird grabbed the key with his beak and dropped it.

“You’re the best,” Alia called as she unlocked the door and raced to the freezer. She tossed frozen leftovers onto the floor. There, in the back of the freezer, was a mound of tinfoil about the size of a football. It was Trog’s heart.

Alia unwrapped it and squeezed the black heart. It was cold and hard, and had an awful smell.

“Argh!” yelled Trog from inside the store.  
“Someone found my heart.”



The troll burst through the break room wall. "Give me my heart."

"Turn my family back into people," Alia said.

Trog smashed his fists into the floor. "Never!"



He roared at Alia, and she threw the heart into his open mouth. As Trog **swallowed** his own heart, he felt a flood of **emotion**. He hadn't felt anything since he'd removed his heart, and he burst into tears.

Trog's tears flooded the store. When the troll's tears touched the furniture, it all turned back into people.



Alia's mom, dad, and brothers ran up to Alia and hugged her.

Trog sobbed, "I'm so sorry."

"What happened?" her mother asked.

"Why is that troll crying?"

"It's a long story," said Alia. "Just promise me we won't go furniture shopping for a long time."

## Glossary

- department** (*n.*) an area of a store that contains a certain type of product (p. 3)
- emotion** (*n.*) a strong feeling, such as love, happiness, anger, or sadness (p. 14)
- frantically** (*adv.*) acting wild with emotion (p. 5)
- furniture** (*n.*) moveable items placed in a room to make the room more usable, such as tables, chairs, desks, and beds (p. 3)
- rafters** (*n.*) wooden or metal beams that support a roof (p. 13)
- slobbery** (*adj.*) full of or covered with drool or saliva (p. 10)
- swallowed** (*v.*) allowed something, such as food or liquid, to pass through the mouth, down the throat, and into the stomach (p. 14)
- transformed** (*v.*) changed in form or appearance (p. 3)
- troll** (*n.*) a mythical creature that looks like a very ugly giant or dwarf (p. 3)

This story is a retelling of the Norwegian fairy tale “The Giant Who Had No Heart in His Body” collected by Asbjørnsen and Moe.

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Level P Leveled Book  
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