

The stone trolls

On the southern coast of Iceland, near the small village of Vik, there once lived a band of trolls. They were huge, ugly creatures who were feared by humans, so they hid away in the nearby caves of ice-covered volcanoes.

All trolls knew that if they were caught outside in the daylight, they would immediately be turned to stone. So, each night, under the cover of darkness, they would venture out to hunt and to fish.

One stormy night, two mischievous trolls called Skess and Landra perched together on the craggy cliff watching the water below. In the distance, they could hear the low rumble of the other trolls feasting on their hoards of fresh fish.

Suddenly Skess jumped up, pointed at the horizon and roared, "Landra look, a ship, I think it is in trouble. We should wade out and pull it into shore."

Landra frowned as it was already getting late and the sun would soon rise, the days were getting longer now that spring had arrived. Despite his worries, Landra jumped down from the cliff and followed Skess to the sea.

Slowly, they both waded out through the stormy seas until they reached the stricken ship. Together, using all their strength, they started to haul the ship towards the shore. For the rest of the night they heaved and heaved, but the ship was hefty, and the sea was rough. Time passed and the two trolls didn't notice the moon slipping away. Finally, they reached the golden sands of the shore and the sailors clambered to safety.

At that moment, the first glimpse of sunlight appeared in the distance. Shocked, Skess and Landra shielded their eyes and then looked at each other in horror. Their mouths widened, their legs stiffened, and their eyelids closed. Both trolls and the remains of the ship instantly turned to stone... forever.

To this day, the remains of the ship and two stone trolls can be seen off the coast of Iceland.