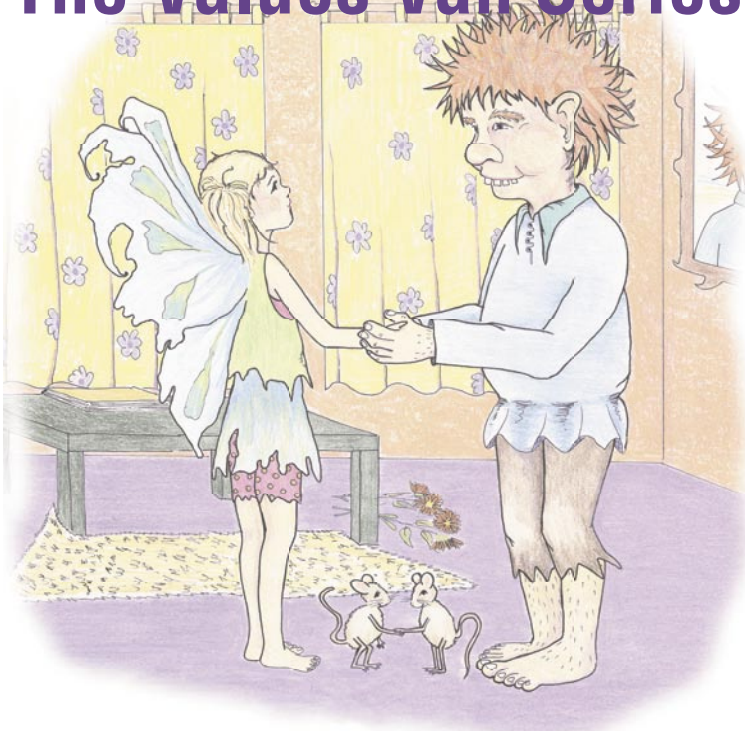


Clara and the Troll

Book 2

The Values Van Series



**Written and illustrated by
Jenny Diggins**



**Resource
Enterprises**

Development and Publication
of Specialised Resources

Clara and the Troll
Book 2: The Values Van Series

B+G Resource Enterprises
PO Box 200
Cottesloe WA 6911

Telephone: (08) 9286 4209
Fax: (08) 9286 4207
Website: www.resourceenterprises.com.au
Email: info@resourceenterprises.com.au

COPYRIGHT

© Jenny Diggins

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author.

NOTE: This work is licensed through the Copyright Agency Limited of Australia.

COVER DESIGN
Curtin Print and Design

ILLUSTRATED BY
Jenny Diggins

PRINTING
Curtin Print and Design

ISBN 1 920715 76 2

First edition 2004

A Note to Parents

These books have been designed for sharing, rather than as a reading exercise. The idea is for the parent to read the story with gusto, allowing the child to feel its rhythms, and to join in wherever they can.

After reading the story together in this way, have a chat about who was your favourite character and why; which part of the story you liked best; if you were worried at any point that things would not turn out well; if you liked how the story ended.

In *Clara and the Troll*, the value of self respect is explored. Talking about this with your child, both in relation to the story and how it applies in your lives, will be an enriching experience for you both.



Clara Clumclutz was the clumsiest fairy in the land. Everybody said so.

‘Oh, no! Here comes Clara,’ they would say.

‘She bumbles and bungles and fumbles, she crashes and smashes and stumbles.

Put away your dishes and mugs and hide your best china jug.’



But still, no matter what they did, Clara still managed to stumble over something and then crash! and smash! Oh what a mess!

‘What will we do with her? they asked.

‘I know!’ said Gary Gnome. ‘Send her to Travis.’



Travis Troll was practically perfect.

For a start, he knew he was practically the most handsome troll in the land.

He had the perfect troll body.

He had the perfect troll hair.

He had the perfect troll teeth.

And as for his adorable toes ... well, they were practically perfect.



spelling list for
Tuesday

brave ✓	difficult ✓
adventurous ✓	visitor ✓
perfection ✓	breathing ✓
behaviour ✓	homework ✓
mountain ✓	amazing ✓
heroic ✓	

As well as all that, Travis was good at almost everything he tried.

He could climb tall mountains.

He could battle monsters.

He was even good at spelling.

And his house, well, it was the neatest, cleanest house in the land.



One day, he had just finished his cleaning; dusting and mopping and scrubbing, sweeping and wiping and rubbing.

Now he had to go to battle the monster on the mountain.

What a bother.

Travis heard a loud clattering, clanking, clumping sound.

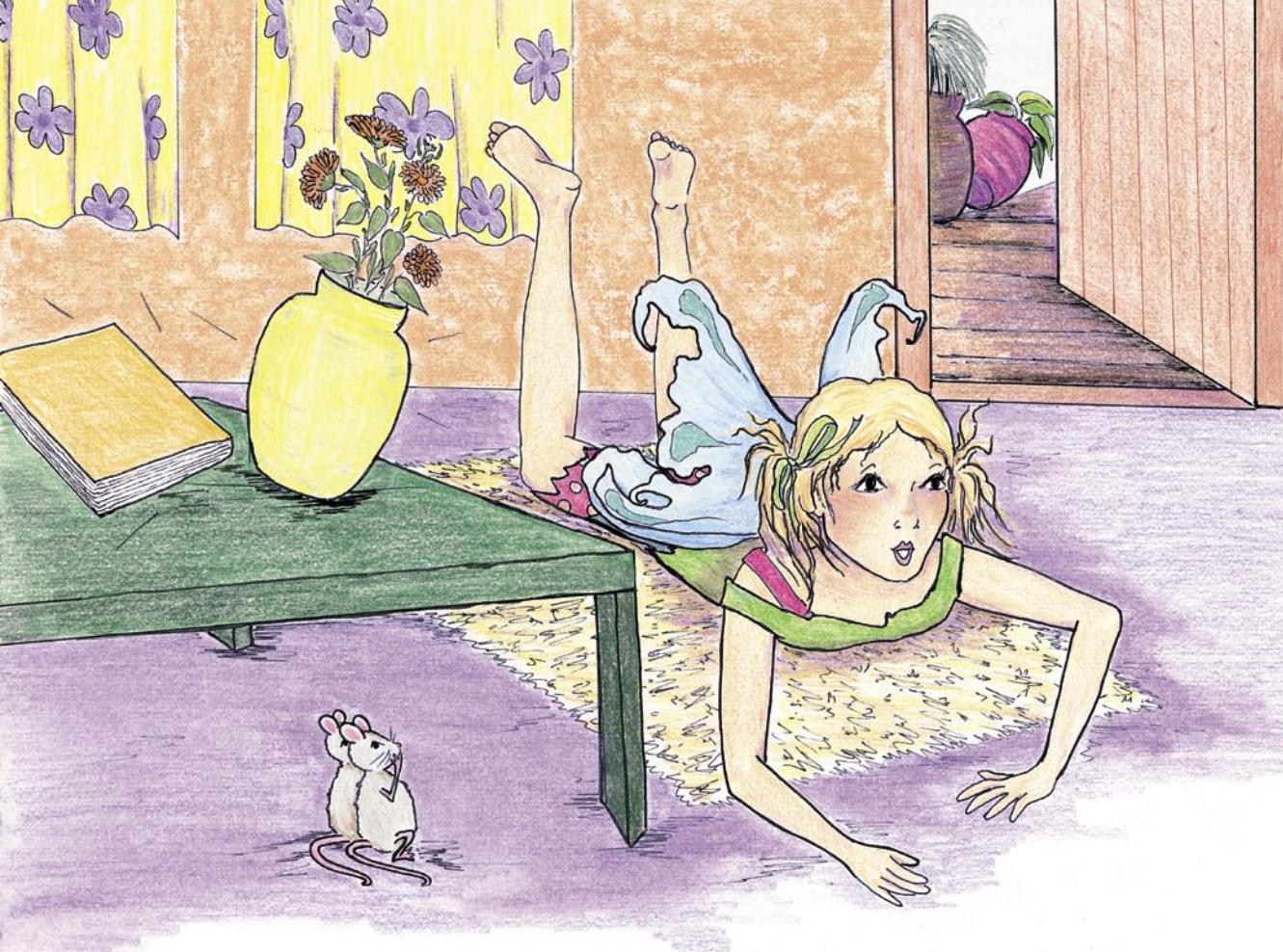
What could that be?



There was a knock at the door.

When he opened it, there stood a fairy, the most untidy looking fairy he had ever seen.

‘Er, ..., come in,’ he said.

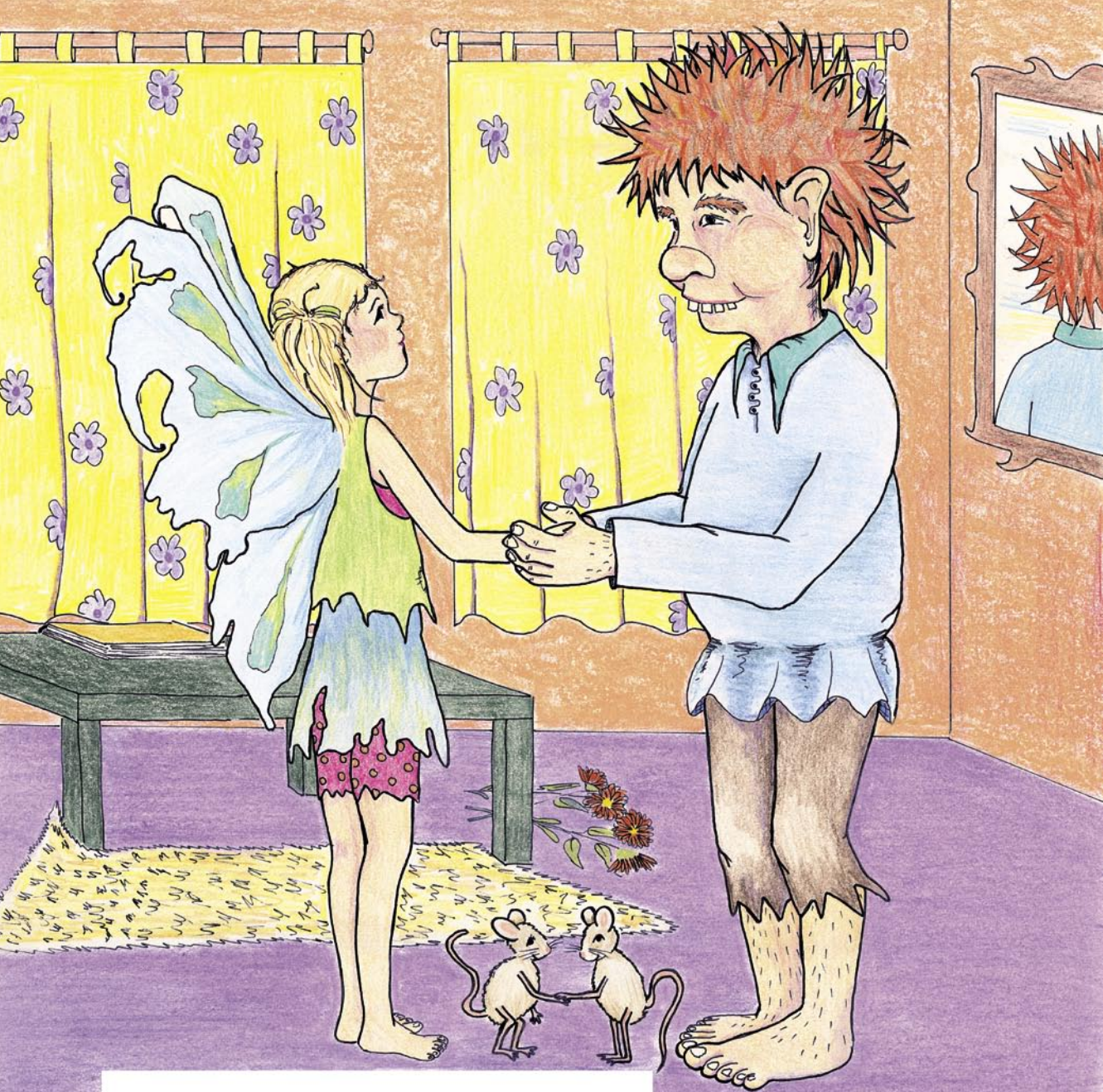


‘Hello, sorry, I seem to have knocked over a few pot plants,’ said the fairy.

She stepped in, slipped on the rug, and crashed into the coffee table.

‘Sorry,’ she said, ‘sorry.’

‘Er,, hello,’ said Travis. ‘Who are you?’



‘Sorry, silly of me,’ the fairy said.

‘My name is Clara Clumclutz.

And you must be Travis?’

‘Er, ..., yes,’ said Travis. ‘What can I do for you?’

‘I am the clumsiest fairy in the land. Can you teach me how to be perfect?’



‘Sorry,’ Travis said. ‘I can’t help. I just finished my cleaning and now I am going to battle the monster on the mountain.’

‘But,’ said Clara, ‘Nobody wants me around. Nobody likes me. I don’t like me. You are my only hope. I don’t want to be useless. I want to be perfect like you!’

And she started to cry, big, messy, runny tears that spilt onto the coffee table and made a smudge.

‘Oh, dear, what a bother,’ said Travis.



‘Look, little fairy, I am sure it is not that bad.’
‘Oh, yes, it is,’ cried Clara. ‘Haven’t you heard?
I bumble and bungle and fumble,
I crash and smash and stumble.
I can’t do anything right.’
And she cried more, until her nose was dripping
big splodges onto the carpet.
‘I’m not leaving until you tell me your secret,’
she cried.





‘See!’ Clara cried, wiping her dripping nose.

‘I am useless. You **HAVE** to tell me your secret. How can I be perfect, like you?’

‘I am not perfect,’ said Travis. ‘I am practically perfect. The secret is to know the difference.’

‘What do you mean?’ Clara asked.

‘You are not useless. We just have to find the good things about you,’ Travis said.

‘Like what?’ Clara asked.

‘You are the one who knows,’ said Travis. ‘You tell me.’



Clara thought for a moment. 'Well,' she said, 'I do have nice wispy fairy hair, and ... I do have nice fairy eyelashes ... and ... I do have nice fairy toes.'

'Yes,' Travis agreed. 'For a fairy, they are practically perfect.'

'And I am good at saying sorry.'

'Yes, you have had lots of practice at saying sorry, so you are practically perfect at it.'

'And I am quite good at sums,' said Clara.

'Are you?' said Travis. 'That's good. You can help me. I am not much good at sums.'

'Really?' said Clara.



‘But,’ Clara said, and her lip trembled, ‘there is no getting around it. I am clumsy. That makes me useless.’

Travis thought for a moment.

‘No, it doesn’t,’ he said. ‘I have an idea. Do you want to help everyone in town?’

‘Oh, yes,’ Clara said. ‘But how?’

‘I think you have talents that no-one knows about,’ Travis said. ‘Come on.’



As they left the house, Clara stumbled on the mat and bumped into the pot plant.

There was a loud
clattering,
clanking,
clumping.

As they started up the mountain, Clara
stumbled on some rocks.

The rocks tumbled over the side, with a loud
crash
and a bang
and a thud.

The monster heard the
bumbling and bungling and
fumbling.

He heard the
crashing and smashing and
stumbling.

‘Oh, dear,’ he thought. ‘I
don’t like the sound of that!’
and he started to pack his
bags.



‘It seems like you are
going to be very useful,’
said Travis. ‘After we get
rid of all the monsters in
the land, could you help
me with my sums?’

‘I’d love to,’ said Clara,
‘but first I should clean up
the mess I’ve made.’

‘That would be useful,
too,’ said Travis with a
grin. ‘You know, I think we
could be good friends.’

And the fairy and the troll walked along,
admiring each other’s practically perfect toes.