

Transcript of Story On Podcast: The Trolls Cabin - Irony

Chapter 1: Opening

Hello friends! And welcome to Story On. I'm Laura, your host and I am so glad you were able to join us here today!

Today we are talking about irony.

When something is the opposite of what you expect, that's irony.

For instance, if a fire station caught fire and burned down, that would be ironic because, of all places, you would expect a fire at a fire station to be put out quickly.

Irony is useful in a story because it can be funny and surprising, so it can make a story more interesting.

In my story today, listen for things that are the opposite of what you would expect. Pay special attention to the characters when you're listening for irony.

Now, it's time for the story!

[fading chime music]

Chapter 2: Story

This is The Trolls' Cabin

Ok, so imagine this scenario.

You and your little sister are out running around in the woods just a short walk from your house. It's one of your favorite places. You know it like the back of your hand. Every tree stump, patch of moss and good climbing tree.

So, you guys are running around playing your favorite game of forest hide and seek when you stumble upon a log cabin.

You've basically grown up playing in these woods, yet somehow, you've not seen it before.

It's a strangely small cabin. Definitely not big enough for adults. The wood is greying and weathered. There are vines growing out of the logs in some places. It looks old. Like it's been there forever.

What would you do? Would you run away quickly and think twice before returning to the woods again?

Or, would you approach the cabin? Would you peek in a window or maybe even knock on the door?

Well, this is exactly the situation that Anthony and his little sister Makela found themselves in one Tuesday afternoon.

They stood together, astounded as they looked at each other and back at the cabin.

“How is this even possible!? How could we have missed this place after all these years!? I would have thought...” Anthony’s voice drifted off as he scratched his forehead.

He felt confused and disoriented as he furrowed his brow and folded his arms over his chest.

The snap of a twig to his right shifted his attention. He turned quickly to see that Makela was slowly making her way towards the cabin. She was trying to be quiet but she was not a very sneaky person.

She looked at him and raised her index finger to her mouth. “Shhhh,” she whispered. “Let’s go check it out!” Her eyes were wide. Her face determined. She took another step forward, tripped on a stump and landed with a loud thump.

“Makela! Are you ok!?” Anthony asked, trying not to laugh.

She got up quickly, brushed herself off, and continued toward the cabin with a mischievous smile.

“Wait! Let’s talk about it first!” Anthony pleaded. Makela flicked her wrist dismissively at him.

“What’s there to talk about!? Just one peek in the window! Come on!” Makela continued making her way (rather noisily) towards the cabin.

After a few steps, she turned around and waved for Anthony to join her.

“Let’s go!” she whispered loudly.

Anthony reluctantly jogged to catch up. Whatever mysteries were within that cabin they’d find out together.

Makela stood looking inside the cabin. “Anthony, you gotta see this!” she said, “It’s incredible!”.

He reluctantly stepped forward, leaned toward the window and peeked inside.

“It’s full of tiny furniture!” he exclaimed.

Unlike the deteriorating exterior, the inside of the cabin was lovely.

There was a small living room with a tiny couch and a comfy looking reclining chair. A large rug made the room look extra cozy.

There was a little kitchen with a wooden table and four chairs. They looked as if they’d been fashioned directly from trees. Everything was about the size of little kid furniture.

The whole place looked like what would happen if you took a regular cabin with all the furniture and everything in it, and dried it for too long in the drier. It was all shrunken.

Anthony was mesmerized. He couldn’t look away! What was this place!? Who could it belong to!?

The sound of a twig snapping behind him interrupted his thoughts.

“Where did Makela run off to now?” he wondered.

But, when he turned to look, he was surprised to see Makela still standing next to him, peering in the window.

His heart began pounding. Could it be the cabin owner!? How would they feel about Anthony and Makela looking through the window!? Gulp.

Anthony and Makela turned slowly, not knowing what to expect. But when they scanned the woods in front of them, they didn’t see anything. Or anyone.

Anthony felt relieved, “Must have been a squirrel!” he explained, turning to Makela.

That’s when they heard a gruff and unfamiliar voice, “May we help you??”

They looked down at the forest floor directly in front of them. There stood not one, not two, not three, but four little person-like creatures.

They were short, but sturdy looking.

Each one had long, wild looking hair, like it’d never once been brushed or washed.

All four had noteworthy noses. They were very large and pointy and a couple had warts on them.

Their grey skin reminded the children of elephants. It was wrinkly and firm-looking.

Their tattered clothes looked homemade and like they could use a good washing.

They appeared to be a family. Two were a bit bigger and older looking and two seemed to be children. Even the adults were shorter than Makela.

“Anthony! They’re...trolls,” Makela whispered under her breath.

Anthony grabbed Makela’s hand and pulled her slowly away from the trolls.

(Anthony): “Ummm sorry, we were lost and...uh were looking around for someone to ask for directions but I just remembered that I um hear our dad calling... so, we’d better go!”

Anthony didn’t know much about trolls but he had heard they have very healthy appetites and he didn’t want to stick around to find out what could be on the menu!

“Lost!? Oh how awful! You poor little dearies! What a shame we weren’t home to help you!” said the mother.

The father nodded vigorously and, much to the children’s surprise, he let out a loud sob and a giant tear rolled down his bumpy cheek.

(Father Troll): “Oh I just HATE the thought of children in distress! You must be just famished! Please do come in and take a short rest!”

“Yeah, being lost is exhausting!!” added one of the children.

Anthony opened his mouth to politely decline but before he could say “We bid you adieu,” Makela had enthusiastically accepted the invitation and was walking toward the cabin, chattering excitedly with the troll children.

(Makela): “Wow! A family of trolls! And you live here, in these woods!? This is so spectacular! I can hardly believe it!” She and the troll children giggled and began skipping and hopping around excitedly.

The mother troll flung open the door with a little too much zest. It crashed against the wall with a loud bang. Unphased, she continued shoing everyone inside.

(Mother Troll): “Come right in now! You’ve got some relaxing to do!” she called.

Anthony reluctantly scurried inside. He wished Makela hadn't run right into the trolls' house but he had to admit they did not seem the least bit threatening. Plus finding out more about the trolls and how they lived would be pretty cool!

"This outta be interesting," he muttered to himself as he ducked through the doorway and stepped inside the cozy little cabin.

Makela was already sitting on the couch with the two little trolls. They looked very comfortable with each other. "So I'm Makela, and he's Anthony. What are your names?"

Makela getting along so well with the trolls was no surprise. She was an outgoing and energetic kid. Making new friends, especially in unlikely places, was pretty much her superpower.

"He's Zulkis and I'm Hyptu." explained the troll girl.

Anthony smiled as he watched Makela giggle and bounce on the couch with the trolls. She looked REALLY happy.

(Hyptu): "Hey, want to see our collection of forest gems?"

(Makela): "Forest gems!? I've never even heard of those! I'd really love to see them!"

Anthony joined his sister and the trolls on the couch and they looked together at the collection, chatting happily as they examined the beautiful and magical-looking pieces.

It was a very heartwarming and happy scene with all of them squeezed together on the tiny couch.

Suddenly, there was a loud banging on the door. The laughing and chattering evaporated from the room and was replaced by an uneasy silence.

It was clear that the trolls did not think these were friendly visitors.

Anthony and Makela looked at each other. Who or what could this possibly be...other people? Some other kind of mythical creature!?

The adult trolls signaled for all the children to hush and hide around the side of the couch, out of sight from the door.

Anthony and Makela huddled together with the troll children as the adults reluctantly made their way to the door.

Father troll slowly opened the door. "Time to pay up!" came a deep and growly voice.

"Ooohh, yeah! It's carrot time!" came another, less growly voice.

Mother troll shook her head. "So sorry, but we haven't been able to find any carrots this week. Is there something else we can offer you? Perhaps some pinecones? Mushrooms? Ferns???"

(Growly Visitor): "No carrots!? You've got some nerve, trolls. We allow you the privilege of staying here in OUR forest and all we ask for in exchange is a bottomless supply of carrots. Unlimited carrots. That's what you agreed to, remember!?"

(Mother Troll): "Yes, and...we've tried but we just need more time..."

(Growly Visitor): "We'll give you till noon tomorrow" was the grumbly reply.

(Mother Troll): "Oh ummm ok. Thank you! Thank you!"

The curiosity was becoming too much for Anthony. Who were these ferocious-sounding beasts? He had to try to catch a glimpse.

He silently leaned forward and peaked around the couch. He was just in time to see the visitors before they turned and began hopping away.

Anthony's mouth dropped open. He blinked his eyes three times and looked again. No, his eyes weren't playing tricks on him.

Those scary growly voices belonged to...Two fluffy bunnies. One white, one brown.

Tiny little things and extra adorable. Anthony leaned back against the side of the couch.

"Adorable little bunnies?" he whispered to Makela who was waiting impatiently for his update.

Her face said it all. Adorable little bunnies threatening trolls. He'd have trouble believing it himself if he hadn't seen it with his own two eyes.

Mother troll looked relieved as she shut the door. "Ok, they're gone. You can come out now," she said.

The troll family hugged. They seemed to forget Anthony and Makela were there for a bit as they talked amongst themselves. They were clearly worried about those bunnies.

Anthony and Makela sat silently on the couch listening and thinking.

“We’ve got to help them,” Makela whispered to Anthony. He nodded. But first, he wanted to know more about those surprisingly scary bunnies.

“So ummm...What’s the deal with those bunnies?” he asked loudly. The trolls all turned to the kids on the couch.

(Mother Troll): “Oh, good gumball trees! Sorry dearies, we forgot you were here for a minute. The bunnies...they’re Hopper and Wiggles. They run this forest. Have for some time now. But in the last few years they’ve got increasingly mean and their demands have grown more and more extreme. They want us to give them carrots, but...we’re trolls! We can’t leave the safety of the forest. And have you ever tried to grow carrots in a thick forest?? Well, we have... and trust us, it cannot be done. What are we going to do when they come back tomorrow!?”

Mother Troll threw her hands up in the air and sat down on a kitchen chair with a defeated thump.

Makela put her hand on mother trolls’ shoulder.

(Makela): “Hey, I know! Anthony and I can leave the forest! We’ll get you guys the carrots! We can bring them back before the bunnies return!”

Relief began washing over the trolls’ faces.

Anthony shook his head, “Wait, But then what? The bunnies keep asking for more and more, right? So if you give them more, they’ll just want even more. Seems we need to teach those disturbingly cute bunnies a lesson.”

“A lesson!? What kind of lesson??” asked Father Troll. His hands were on his hips. There was a gleam in his eye. “I’d love to teach those little fur balls a lesson...”

Anthony scrunched his face. It helped him to think. “Hmmm if I were a bunny, what would I be scared of...”

Anthony peered out the window at the forest. He found himself looking way up, at the sky. That’s when it hit him. Birds of prey. They are rabbits’ natural predators!

Those cute little bunnies had to be scared of large birds like “THE GOLDEN EAGLE!” yelled Makela as she jumped up and down. She’d taken the words right out of Anthony’s mouth.

He nodded excitedly. "They eat bunnies! If we can make the bunnies think that a golden eagle lives in the forest, they'll be so scared that they'll leave and never return!!!!" Anthony and Makela hugged joyously.

"Ok, ok worth a shot but how could we make it look like a golden eagle lives here!?" asked Zulkis wearily.

Anthony smiled ear-to-ear. "Well, Zulkis, we just happen to have a LIFE SIZE STUFFED GOLDEN EAGLE at our house!"

"Yeah, our mom's reeeeeeally interested in birds," Makela added quietly.

"Ok, so just to recap... you're thinking we set this stuffed bird up, the bunnies see it and they just hop away into the sunset and we never see them again!?" asked Hyptu. She didn't sound too convinced.

"Well...yeah! We can put it high up in a tree and build a little nest for it to sit in. We could even use a speaker to play golden eagle noises!" Anthony explained. The more he thought about it, the greater it sounded.

Makela clapped. "Sounds like a plan!" she cheered. "Are you guys in?"

The trolls looked at one another and then nodded. "Worth a shot!" Father Troll replied.

After everyone had agreed and they talked through the plan in more detail, Makela and Anthony left to gather supplies while the trolls got to work making the nest.

The next day, Anthony and Makela arrived mid-morning, with their arms full of materials. The group worked together to get the golden eagle perched in its nest high up in a nearby tree with the small speaker.

This took longer than you'd think because for some reason they decided to form like a human and troll pyramid to get the nest up in the tree instead of using a ladder or having someone climb the tree....but anyway, they did it. Mission accomplished.

And it was all set and ready (and looking mighty realistic) before the bunnies came hopping.

Soon, Makela, Anthony and the troll kids were settled inside the cabin, their ears pressed against the wall.

Anthony's watch beeped. "It's noon," he whispered.

Right on cue, there came a growly voice.

(Hopper): "Hope you trolls are ready for carrot thirty!"

(Wiggles): "No! No, you fur-brain! We agreed it's carrot o'clock! Remember!?! Because it's 12:00. Noon! Not 12:30."

(Hopper): "Oh, huh. Yeah, guess you're right Wiggles."

(Wiggles): "Just let me do the talkin' here, k?...So trolls...you got the carrots or what??"

"Or what!!" said mother troll. She folded her arms confidently.

There was a stunned silence. The bunnies seemed very surprised.

"Now! Make the golden eagle sound!" whispered Makela.

Anthony quickly pressed the button. Nothing. No noise. Makela's eyes widened. "Oh no! We forgot to turn on the speaker!!!"

"Noooo!! The plan won't work without the eagle noise!" said Zulkis.

"Someone's gotta go up there and turn it on!" Anthony insisted. "I'm too big for that tree. The branches will break. Makela, do you think you can climb up there? We gotta move quickly!"

She nodded. "On my way!"

Makela ran out the back door and began quietly creeping through the thick woods and up the tree. Luckily it was behind the bunnies so they didn't see her as she climbed.

Mother and father troll were trying desperately to stall as they watched. Finally Makela made it to the nest and pushed the power button. But that's not all she pushed. The stuffed golden eagle tumbled out of the nest and began falling down, down, down.

Makela gasped. "Oh no!" She watched with horror as the bird fell.

Then, the bird's wings opened and it began soaring through the air, right over the bunnies. The golden eagle's cry filled the air.

(Hopper): "What the!?" The bunnies looked up and saw the golden eagle swooping overhead.

(Wiggles): "A golden eagle!?! In these woods!?! Let's get outta here, before it's lunch-time!!!"

The bunnies took off at lightning speed. They hopped so fast that they didn't notice the vine that was tangled around the bird's feet. The vine that had caught the bird and made it look like it was flying.

Those mean bunnies kept going until they disappeared into the sunset. Ok, it wasn't the sunset because it was the middle of the day. But they did keep going right out of the forest, and they never returned ever again.

The trolls and all the other forest creatures lived happily ever after. And as for Makela and Anthony? Well, they lived happily ever after too.

[calming music]

The End

Chapter 3: Discussion

Phew! What a relief that the trolls and the kids were able to work together to teach those nasty bunnies a lesson!

Were you able to listen for irony in the story?

Remember, I suggested you pay special attention to the characters?

Well, the irony in this story is that the trolls, who we may think of as scary, turned out to be the good guys.

And the cute little fluffy bunnies were the bad guys.

This is the opposite of what we would have expected, so it makes the story more interesting and also is funny to imagine big ugly trolls being scared of cute little bunnies.

Do you have an idea for a story about a cabin in the woods? Maybe the cabin could be big, instead of little? Who could be living in the cabin? And what kind of problem could they face? Can you include irony in your story?

Remember, irony is something that is the opposite of what we would expect.

Write your own story and make sure to share it with your friends, family or me!
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[cheerful closing theme song starts]

That's our show for today!

We would like to say a big thank you to Jonas, for being the voice of Anthony. Thanks Jonas!!

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Thanks for listening! Until next time!

[music fades]