

The Troll's Flower Shop



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In a cozy village by a rushing river, everyone believed trolls were grumpy and mean. Parents warned their children to stay away from the old stone bridge. 'Trolls hate visitors,' they whispered. But under that very bridge lived Trevor, a large troll with soft mossy-green skin and warm amber eyes. He wore a faded blue apron with a flower pocket and a straw hat. Trevor loved growing flowers more than anything in the world.



Every morning, Trevor tended his secret garden behind the bridge. He grew bright daisies, tall sunflowers, and sweet-smelling roses. His shaggy dark brown hair flopped over his eyes as he watered each plant. 'Good morning, little petals,' he would say. The flowers seemed to nod back. Trevor wished he could share their beauty with the village, but he was too shy to try.



One day, Trevor had a brave idea. He would open a small flower shop right under his bridge. He painted a wooden sign that said 'Trevor's Flowers' and set out buckets of fresh blooms. He waited all morning, but no one came. People peeked from the village path, then hurried away. 'A troll selling flowers? Probably a trick!' they murmured. Trevor sighed and arranged his roses again.



Trevor didn't give up. He placed a single daisy on the bridge railing with a tiny note: 'For you.' A little boy named Pip found it on his way to school. Pip had messy black hair, a gap-toothed grin, and a red neck scarf that flapped in the wind. He looked around, curious. 'Who left this?' he wondered. He tucked the daisy into his pocket and grinned.



The next day, Pip crept down to the shop. He hid behind a bush and watched Trevor gently wrap a bouquet in brown paper. The troll hummed softly and smiled at a ladybug on a leaf. Pip stepped out. 'Hello,' he said. Trevor jumped, then smiled. 'Hello, little friend. Would you like a flower?' Pip nodded, and Trevor gave him a tiny sunflower. 'Thank you!' Pip said, and ran off to tell everyone.



But the villagers were still afraid. Mayor Hodge, a tall man in a dark green coat with brass buttons, warned everyone at the town meeting. 'Trolls are grumpy creatures,' he said, frowning. 'We should keep our distance.' Pip raised his hand. 'But Trevor is kind! He gave me a flower!' The mayor shook his head. 'One flower doesn't prove anything,' he said. Pip frowned, determined to show them.



Meanwhile, Trevor worked quietly in his shop. He missed having customers, but he kept growing flowers. One afternoon, an elderly woman named Marigold stopped on the bridge. She had silver hair in a bun, round spectacles, and a lavender shawl. She carried a wicker basket. 'What a lovely scent!' she said. She peered down at the shop. 'Are you open, young troll?' Trevor's amber eyes widened. 'Yes, ma'am!' he said.



Marigold climbed down the steps and stepped inside. The shop was cozy, filled with buckets of colorful blooms. 'I need flowers for my windowsill,' she said. Trevor chose a pot of pink geraniums. 'These are my favorites,' he said softly. Marigold paid him and smiled. 'You have a gentle touch,' she said. 'I'll tell my friends.' Trevor's freckled cheeks turned pink with joy. Someone had finally visited!



Word spread slowly. Marigold told her neighbor, who told the baker. A few brave villagers tiptoed down to the shop. Trevor greeted each one with a warm smile and a flower. He showed them how to care for roses and which blooms liked shade. People began to see that this troll was not grumpy at all. He was shy and kind, and he loved his flowers.



Spring arrived, and the village prepared for its big spring celebration. The mayor announced a contest for the most beautiful bouquet. Everyone was excited, but no one knew that Trevor was secretly making a special arrangement. He worked all night, choosing the brightest tulips, the softest daisies, and the sweetest roses. He wrapped them in a big paper cone tied with a blue ribbon.



On the morning of the celebration, Trevor carried his bouquet to the village square. People gasped when they saw the giant troll coming. But Marigold stepped forward. 'It's all right!' she called. 'This is Trevor, the flower man!' Trevor set the bouquet on the contest table. It was stunning—a rainbow of colors that made everyone smile. Mayor Hodge stared at it, his stern blue eyes wide.



The mayor looked at Trevor, then at the crowd. 'This bouquet is the finest I've ever seen,' he said slowly. 'And it was made by a troll.' He cleared his throat. 'I was wrong about trolls. Trevor has shown us kindness and skill. On behalf of the village, I thank you.' Trevor's warm amber eyes filled with happy tears. The villagers clapped and cheered, and Pip danced around with his red scarf flying.



After that day, Trevor's flower shop became the happiest place in town. People came from all over to buy bouquets and chat with the gentle troll. Marigold brought him fresh bread every week, and Pip helped him water the plants. Mayor Hodge even asked Trevor to design flowers for the town hall. The bridge was no longer a scary place—it was a place of friendship.



Trevor still wore his faded blue apron and straw hat, but now he smiled all day long. His shop was filled with laughter and the sweet scent of flowers. 'I'm glad I was brave,' said Pip one afternoon. 'You were the first to see me,' Trevor said, handing him a daisy. 'Kindness opens more doors than fear.' The little boy nodded, tucking the flower behind his ear.



The village learned a big lesson that spring: you should never judge someone before you know them. Trevor the troll had a heart full of kindness, and his flowers made everyone happy. From then on, the old stone bridge was a favorite spot for picnics and play. And if you ever visit, you'll see a sign that says 'Trevor's Flowers'—and a big, friendly troll waving hello.



And so, under the bridge by the rushing river, the flower shop bloomed brighter than ever. Trevor had found friends who loved him just as he was. The villagers had found a gentle friend who made their world more colorful. And everyone agreed that kindness can change even the most stubborn ideas about others—especially when it comes with a bouquet of fresh flowers.