

BJÖRGVIN GUÐJÓNSSON

THE LAVA TROLLS

AURORA'S LIGHT



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Written and illustrated by Björgvin Guðjónsson, 2025

To My Dad - Guðjón Þorgils Kristjánsson

Chapter 1:

A Festive Plan

Deep beneath the frostbitten surface of Iceland, in a world where fiery rivers meandered through cavernous halls and crystals glowed with an ethereal light, Sparky the Lava Troll was deep in thought. The underground realm, with its warm magma pools and geysers, was abuzz with the approaching New Year – a time of celebration not just for the humans above but for all beings, magical or otherwise.

Sparky, with his characteristic fiery hair and a smile that could light up the darkest of caves, was pondering over the humans' tradition of fireworks. "Beautiful, yes, but the smoke! The soot! It blankets the sky like a murky fog," he lamented to his friends, Smudge and Ember, who nodded in agreement.

It was during one of these discussions that Princess Aurora of the Elves, a visitor from the verdant Elven Kingdom, shared her concerns. "The fireworks may be a feast for the eyes, but they wound our sky," she said, her voice

melodious and soothing, like a gentle breeze through the leaves. "Why not celebrate with the magic that nature provides us?"

Her suggestion sparked a light in Sparky's eyes. "Yes! The Northern Lights! The auroras are a marvel by themselves," he exclaimed, his hands animatedly casting small sparks.

"But why stop at the lights?" Aurora added, her eyes shimmering with excitement. "We could blend the magic of the Elves with the artistry of the Lava Trolls. A spectacle of fire and light, all natural and all breathtaking."

The idea quickly caught fire among the Lava Trolls. They gathered around Sparky and Aurora, eager to be part of this grand plan. Elder Logi, the wisest and oldest of the Lava Trolls, called for attention. His voice, as deep as the underground rivers, echoed through the chamber.

"Lava Trolls have long been the guardians of the underground, keeping the balance of fire and earth," Elder Logi began, his eyes reflecting the deep knowledge of ages. "This celebration could be a way to show the surface dwellers the beauty of our world, and the harmony we maintain with nature."

The Trolls murmured in agreement. They had always taken pride in their role as protectors of the underground, but this was an opportunity to showcase the magic of their realm, to share the beauty of their world with those above.

Plans were quickly set into motion. The Lava Trolls, known for their mastery over magma and fire, would create the core spectacle – a display of controlled volcanic eruptions, showcasing their ability to dance with fire and earth. The Elves, with their deep connection to nature and mastery of light, would enhance the beauty of the Northern Lights, weaving spells to make the colors more vivid and the lights even more enchanting.

As the meeting came to a close, Sparky felt a surge of excitement. This was more than just a display; it was a chance to bridge the world above with the magical world below. It was a chance to show the humans the wonder of their realm, the beauty of a celebration that was in harmony with nature.

The chamber buzzed with activity as Trolls and Elves began their preparations. Diagrams were drawn, spells were discussed, and strategies were formed. Sparky, at the heart of it all, couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and anticipation. This New Year's Eve would be one to remember – a spectacle of fire and frost, light and shadow, a celebration of the magic that lay hidden beneath the

Chapter 2:

Ancient Guardianship Revealed

In the heart of the underground realm, where the air was always warm and the light came from the heart of the earth itself, the Lava Trolls gathered in the Great Cavern. It was the largest chamber in their world, where stalactites and stalagmites formed natural columns and arches, creating a grand hall fit for kings and queens of old.

Elder Logi stood at the center, his figure commanding yet gentle, like a mountain that had seen the passing of countless seasons. Around him, the Lava Trolls huddled, their fiery hues varying from bright orange to deep crimson, each one eager to hear more about the upcoming celebration.

“My dear Trolls and esteemed guests from the Elven Kingdom,” Elder Logi began, his voice resonating through the chamber, “we stand at the brink of a new year, a time of renewal and celebration. But this year, we have the chance

to share the beauty of our world with those who dwell above.”

Sparky, standing at the forefront with Princess Aurora, listened intently. He had always known Elder Logi as a source of wisdom and guidance, but today, there was a spark of excitement in the elder's eyes.

“For generations, we, the Lava Trolls, have been the silent guardians of this land. Our magic, a gift from the earth itself, has allowed us to keep the fiery heart of our island in balance,” Elder Logi continued. “We have prevented catastrophes, tamed eruptions, and nurtured life. But our role has remained hidden, a secret kept for the safety of all.”

Murmurs of agreement echoed through the crowd. Many of the younger Trolls had grown up hearing tales of their ancestors' heroic deeds, controlling the mighty forces of nature that lay beneath the ground.

“But now,” Elder Logi said, his gaze sweeping across the faces of his kin, “we have the opportunity to show the surface dwellers the magic of our realm, to demonstrate our

harmony with the forces of nature. This celebration will be a testament to our role as protectors and guardians.”

The Trolls nodded, a sense of pride filling the cavern. They were a people born of fire and earth, and their magic was a testament to the raw power and beauty of the natural world.

Aurora stepped forward, her presence as radiant as the morning sun breaking through a canopy of leaves. “And we, the Elves, will stand with you. Our magic, intertwined with yours, will enhance the beauty of the Northern Lights, creating a spectacle that honors the harmony of all elements.”

Sparky felt a surge of excitement. The plan was more than just a celebration; it was a declaration, a way to bridge the gap between their hidden world and the one above.

“As we prepare for this grand event, let us remember the importance of our task,” Elder Logi concluded, his voice

soft yet powerful. “We are not just performers in a spectacle; we are ambassadors of our world, guardians of the balance between fire and frost.”

The meeting ended with a renewed sense of purpose. The Trolls and Elves dispersed, each to their tasks, their hearts alight with the promise of the celebration to come. Sparky, his mind buzzing with ideas and plans, knew that this New Year's Eve would be unlike any other. It would be a night where the magic of the underground would dance with the lights of the sky, a night where fire and frost would meet in a display of nature's true wonder.

As the Trolls began their preparations, the cavern buzzed with activity. There was much to do, and little time, but Sparky was ready. He was a Lava Troll, a guardian of the fire and earth, and he would ensure that this celebration would be remembered for generations to come.

Chapter 3:

Mysterious Sabotage

In the days leading up to the New Year's celebration, the Lava Trolls' underground realm was abuzz with activity. The normally tranquil corridors echoed with the sounds of planning and preparation. There was an air of excitement, tinged with a hint of nervous energy – much like a cat on a hot tin roof, if the cat was a troll and the roof was made of molten lava.

Sparky, always one to throw himself wholeheartedly into his endeavors – sometimes literally, if the endeavor involved a new magma surfing technique – was busy overseeing the construction of the celebration stage. It was to be a grand platform, adorned with crystalline formations and illuminated by natural lava flows. Meanwhile, Princess Aurora and the Elven delegation were fine-tuning their magical light displays, ready to paint the night sky with colors so vivid they'd make a rainbow look positively drab in comparison.

But not everything was going as smoothly as a lava flow down a gentle slope. Strange mishaps began occurring throughout the underground realm. A vital tool for controlling the magma flow went missing, only to be found later in a pool of cooling lava, thoroughly un-useful. A batch of Elven luminescent dye, crucial for the light show, mysteriously turned the color of overcooked broccoli – much to everyone's dismay.

"It seems someone is playing a mischievous game," Sparky mused, scratching his head with a sooty hand, leaving a streak of black across his fiery locks. "And I have a sneaking suspicion it's not the kind of game you'd find in a Lava Troll's family game night."

Aurora, ever the voice of reason and less prone to dive headfirst into lava pools, suggested, "Perhaps it's time we kept an eye out. This feels more like sabotage than simple pranks."

Determined to catch the troublemaker, Sparky and Aurora decided to organize a stakeout. They gathered a small team of the most stealthy Trolls – which, in Lava Troll terms, meant those who could walk without causing mini seismic events.

That night, under the dim glow of the magma lamps, they waited in silence. The underground was quiet, save for the distant rumbling of the earth and the occasional snore from Smudge, who had never quite mastered the art of staying awake during stakeouts.

Suddenly, a shadowy figure crept into the cavern, moving with a stealth that was surprisingly graceful for a being in the underground. The figure approached the central platform, reaching out towards the magical apparatus set up by the Elves.

"Now!" Sparky whispered, and the Trolls sprang into action, leaping from their hiding spots with all the grace of a herd of startled yaks.

But the intruder was quick. With a swish of a cloak and a dexterity that was rather un-Troll-like, the figure dashed away, disappearing into the network of tunnels.

In the aftermath of the botched ambush, Sparky picked up a piece of fabric that had been torn from the intruder's cloak. It was a unique material, woven from the silk of the rare subterranean Glitter-Spiders, used only by the Lava Trolls.

"This belongs to one of us," Sparky said, holding up the shimmering fabric. "But who among the Trolls would want to sabotage our celebration?"

Aurora, inspecting the fabric with a frown, added, "This mystery requires unraveling. And quickly, before our celebration turns into a disaster."

As the team dispersed to investigate, Sparky couldn't help but feel a growing sense of intrigue. The underground, usually a place of warmth and familiarity, now held an air of mystery. But he was determined to get to the bottom of it – after all, solving mysteries was the second most exciting thing for a Lava Troll, right after surfing on molten magma.

Chapter 4:

Shadowy Figure

The next night, the Great Cavern was as silent as a library where the books were all about how to be quiet. Sparky and Aurora, along with a select team of Lava Trolls and Elves, lay in wait. They were hidden behind an assortment of rocks and crystals, trying their best to blend in. For some of the bulkier Trolls, this was akin to an elephant trying to hide behind a lamp post.

"Remember, the element of surprise is on our side," whispered Aurora, her eyes scanning the cavern.

"Surprise and a small army of Trolls," murmured Sparky, trying to find a comfortable position behind a particularly jagged rock.

Hours passed, with the only movement being the occasional shifting of a Troll trying to alleviate a cramp or two. Just as Sparky began to wonder if their quarry had

sensed their presence and decided to call it a night, a shadowy figure slinked into the cavern.

"There!" hissed Aurora, pointing towards the figure that moved with an almost ghostly grace. It was heading straight for the main magical control panel, an intricate device that looked like it had been designed by a mad inventor during a particularly inspired dream.

On Sparky's signal, the group leaped from their hiding spots, ready to catch the saboteur. But the figure was alarmingly nimble, darting away with a speed that seemed impossible for a regular Lava Troll.

In the ensuing chaos, Smudge accidentally tripped over a stray rock, setting off a chain reaction that would've been comical if it wasn't so frustrating. Trolls tumbled, Elves dodged, and amidst the cacophony, the intruder made a swift escape. However, in the scuffle, a piece of fabric tore from the cloak of the mysterious figure.

Sparky, holding up the torn fabric, noted its unique texture. "This is woven from the silk of the Fire Moths. It's rare, used

only in the ceremonial cloaks of our elder Trolls," he said, puzzled.

Aurora examined the fabric closely. "This is no ordinary Troll we're dealing with," she concluded.

"Whoever it is, they know our realm well," Sparky added, his mind racing with possibilities. "And they're trying to stop our celebration for reasons unknown."

Determined to uncover the identity of the mysterious saboteur, Sparky and Aurora decided to delve deeper into the history of the Fire Moths' silk and those who wore it. It was a mystery that delved into the very fabric of Lava Troll history, and they were set on unraveling it.

As the group dispersed, Sparky couldn't help but feel a mix of excitement and apprehension. The underground realm, usually a place of warmth and solidarity, was now shrouded in a cloak of mystery, and it was up to them to uncover the truth hidden in its shadows.

Chapter 5:

The Villain Unveiled

After the chaotic events of the previous night, Sparky and Aurora set out on a detective mission that would make even the most seasoned investigator scratch their head in bewilderment. Their first stop was the ancient archives, a place where history was written on stone tablets so old that even the fossils had fossils.

"Look for anything related to the Fire Moths' silk," Sparky instructed, his eyes scanning the rows of stone tablets.

Aurora, meanwhile, used her Elven magic to sift through the records with a grace and speed that made Sparky's efforts look like he was wading through molasses. "Here," she called out, her finger resting on a tablet that was so old it might as well have been a piece of the original earth crust.

The tablet spoke of an ancient group of Lava Trolls, known as the Keepers of the Flame, who wore cloaks woven from Fire Moths' silk. They were guardians of ancient secrets and powerful magic. One name stood out among the rest: Pyroclast.

"Pyroclast," Sparky read aloud, the name rolling off his tongue like a hot rock. "He was a Keeper of the Flame, but he was banished for trying to use the sacred fire for destruction."

"It seems he has returned, and with a vendetta," Aurora concluded, her expression turning grave.

Armed with this new knowledge, they confronted Elder Logi, seeking insights into Pyroclast's past. The elder's face, usually as serene as a still lake, turned stormy at the mention of that name.

"Pyroclast was once a brilliant pupil, passionate about our ancient magic. But his heart turned dark, and he sought to use our power to dominate, rather than protect. I had hoped he would find peace in his exile," Elder Logi said, his voice heavy with a thousand years of sorrow.

"He's back, and he's trying to ruin the New Year's celebration," Sparky informed him, his fists clenched in determination.

"We must find him, and quickly," Aurora added. "Before his plans come to fruition."

That night, as the underground realm lay in a restless slumber, Sparky and Aurora, along with a group of the bravest Lava Trolls, set out to find Pyroclast. They scoured the underground, from the deepest magma chambers to the highest crystal caverns.

Finally, in the heart of the Fire Moths' habitat, they found him. Pyroclast, cloaked in shadows, was conjuring a spell that Sparky knew was meant to unleash chaos.

"You won't succeed, Pyroclast," Sparky declared, stepping into the light.

Pyroclast turned, his eyes burning with a fire that was not just physical but born of deep anger and resentment. "You don't understand, Sparky. Our power was meant for more than just guarding and hiding. We were meant to rule!"

"But not at the cost of destruction," Aurora countered, her hand glowing with Elven magic.

A standoff ensued, with Pyroclast's fiery spells clashing against Sparky and Aurora's combined magic. The battle

was fierce, lighting up the cavern with flashes of fire and light.

In the end, it was Pyroclast's own fury that led to his downfall. Overextending his power, he created a backlash that enveloped him in a cocoon of his own fiery magic.

As the dust settled, and Pyroclast lay subdued, Sparky looked around at the cavern, scarred by the battle but still standing strong.

"Let's finish what we started," Sparky said to Aurora. "Let's show the world the true magic of the Lava Trolls and Elves, a magic born of harmony and protection."

With Pyroclast no longer a threat, the preparations for the New Year's celebration resumed, this time with an even greater determination. The Lava Trolls and Elves worked together, their spirits undeterred, ready to usher in the New Year with a display of unity and magical splendor.

Chapter 6:

A Dangerous Eruption

With Pyroclast's menacing plans thwarted, the final preparations for the New Year's celebration were back on track. The Great Cavern was a flurry of activity, with Lava Trolls and Elves working side by side. Sparky, overseeing the preparations, felt a sense of pride swelling in his chest. "This is going to be a night to remember," he said to Aurora, who nodded in agreement, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

As the underground clock, a curious contraption powered by steam and magma, struck the appointed hour, the festivities began. The central stage, a masterpiece of natural architecture, was alive with the glow of magma and the shimmer of Elven light. The Lava Trolls commenced their performance, a dance of fire and earth, controlling the lava flows with a precision that was both awe-inspiring and slightly terrifying.

The Elves, not to be outdone, wove their magic into the Northern Lights, causing the colors to dance and swirl in the sky like a painter gone wild with a celestial palette. The combined spectacle was mesmerizing, a symphony of fire, frost, and light.

But just as the celebration was reaching its crescendo, a sudden, unexpected rumble shook the ground. A volcanic vent, not part of the planned spectacle, burst open, spewing lava and ash into the air. The crowd gasped, and panic began to spread.

"It's Pyroclast's final trap," Sparky realized, his heart sinking. "He must have set this up before we caught him."

"We need to contain it, now!" Aurora shouted over the din, her hands already weaving a complex Elven spell.

Sparky, calling upon all his training and strength, rushed towards the vent. Summoning his magic, he began to manipulate the lava flow, trying to redirect it away from the crowd. Aurora's spell wove around his efforts, creating a barrier that held back the ash and smoke.

The Ice Trolls, seeing the danger, joined in. They used their frost magic to cool the lava, turning it into harmless rock before it could reach the onlookers. The combined efforts of fire, frost, and light worked in tandem, a testament to the unity of their powers.

After tense moments that felt like lifetimes, the eruption was contained. The vent was sealed, and the danger was averted. The crowd erupted into cheers, not just for the spectacle, but for the display of courage and unity they had witnessed.

Sparky, exhausted but triumphant, joined Aurora and the others back on the stage. "That was too close," he said, wiping a smear of ash from his forehead.

"But we did it," Aurora replied, her smile as bright as the auroras above. "Together."

The celebration resumed, this time with a renewed sense of joy and relief. The Lava Trolls, Elves, and Ice Trolls had not only put on a show of magic and beauty but had also demonstrated their strength and unity in the face of danger.

As the night wore on, the spectacle of fire and frost continued, a reminder of the balance between the elements and the harmony that can be achieved when all beings work together.

Chapter 7:

Turning the Tide

The celebration in the Great Cavern, now back in full swing, shimmered with a newfound fervor. The Lava Trolls, Elves, and Ice Trolls, having faced and overcome unexpected peril, infused their performances with even greater passion and joy. The air was electric with the energy of triumph over adversity, and the audience, a mix of underground dwellers and a few awestruck humans invited for the occasion, watched in wonder.

Sparky, his heart still racing from the near-disaster, took to the stage. With a flourish of his hands, he summoned small flames that danced around him like fiery sprites. The crowd cheered, their earlier fear replaced by admiration and celebration.

Aurora, joining Sparky, added her magic to the mix. Her spells caused the Northern Lights to cascade down into the cavern, weaving among the Trolls and Elves like ethereal

ribbons of light. The sight was so breathtaking that even the most stoic of Trolls found themselves gaping in awe.

"Look at them," Sparky said to Aurora as they watched the crowd. "They're not just seeing our magic; they're feeling it."

Aurora nodded. "Tonight, we've shown them the true power of our worlds – not just to entertain, but to unite and protect."

The Ice Trolls, led by their chieftain Frosty, took center stage. With a series of intricate gestures, they summoned an array of ice sculptures that rose from the ground – frosty representations of the creatures of both their world and the surface. The sculptures sparkled under the combined light of fire and auroras, a frozen menagerie that glimmered like stars.

As the celebration continued, Elder Logi stepped forward. His voice, always commanding and wise, now carried a note of joy. "Tonight, we have shown the strength that lies in unity. In the face of danger, we stood together, and together, we turned the tide. Let this night be a reminder of

what we can achieve when we combine our powers for the greater good."

The crowd responded with a thunderous applause, the sound echoing through the caverns like rolling thunder. The atmosphere was one of unbridled joy and unity, a coming together of different worlds and powers in a display of harmony and cooperation.

As the celebration drew to a close, Sparky and Aurora stood side by side, watching the happy faces around them. The sense of accomplishment was palpable, and the memory of the night's earlier danger seemed like a distant shadow.

"We did it," Sparky said, his eyes shining with the reflection of the flames and lights.

"We did," Aurora agreed, her hand finding Sparky's in a gesture of friendship and solidarity. "Together."

The night ended with a final, spectacular display of fire and light, a dazzling dance that lit up the underground sky. It was a fitting end to a celebration that had seen the coming together of fire, frost, and light in a display of unity and strength.

As the last of the lights dimmed and the crowd began to disperse, Sparky, Aurora, and their friends knew that they had not just put on a successful celebration. They had shown the power of unity, the strength that comes from working together, and the beauty that can be created when all elements combine in harmony.

Chapter 8:

Triumph and Unity

As the final echoes of the celebration faded into the deep corridors of the underground, a profound sense of peace settled over the Great Cavern. The Lava Trolls, Elves, and Ice Trolls, along with their few human guests, lingered, basking in the afterglow of a night that had transcended mere spectacle to become a symbol of unity and strength.

Elder Logi, his face aglow with the warmth of the magma pools, addressed the gathering one last time. “Tonight, we have not only shared the magic of our world, but we have also forged a bond that transcends the boundaries of fire, frost, and light. Let this bond be a beacon of hope, a reminder that together, we are stronger than we are apart.”

Sparky, standing beside Aurora and the Ice Troll chieftain Frosty, felt a surge of pride. They had turned a potential disaster into a triumph, a testament to the power of cooperation and friendship.

The humans, wide-eyed and forever changed by what they had witnessed, promised to carry the story of this magical night back to the surface. They spoke of a new respect for the forces of nature and the unseen guardians who worked to maintain the balance.

As the celebration drew to a close, Sparky and Aurora took a moment to look out over the cavern. “We did more than just put on a show tonight,” Sparky said, his voice tinged with awe. “We brought our worlds together.”

Aurora nodded, her eyes reflecting the myriad colors of the Northern Lights they had conjured together. “And in doing so, we've shown that the true magic lies in harmony and understanding. Perhaps this is just the beginning of a greater journey.”

The Ice Trolls, with their frosty exterior and warm hearts, vowed to continue this new alliance, offering their strength and support to their fiery cousins. “The cold of the frost and the warmth of the flame,” Frosty said, “together, they create a balance that can withstand any storm.”

In the days that followed, the story of the celebration spread throughout the underground and the surface world. It became a legend, a tale of fire, frost, and light coming together to create something extraordinary.

Sparky, who had once yearned for adventure and excitement, found that the greatest adventure lay in bringing worlds together, in turning fear and misunderstanding into friendship and unity.

As the Lava Trolls, Elves, and Ice Trolls began to disperse, returning to their respective realms, they carried with them a sense of hope and a promise of collaboration. The

underground realm, once a place of isolation, was now a crossroads, a meeting place for all beings who shared a love for the magic and mystery of the world.

And for Sparky, the Lava Troll who had ignited this journey, the adventure was just beginning. There were more stories to be written, more friendships to be forged, and more magic to be discovered. But for now, he was content to stand in the Great Cavern, his heart as warm as the magma rivers, knowing that he had helped light a flame of unity that would burn for generations to come.

