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THE LAVA TROLLS

FLAME MEETS FROST



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To My Dad - Guðjón Þorgils Kristjánsson

Chapter 1:

A Spark Ignites Trouble

In the labyrinthine underworld of Iceland, a land where volcanic vents doubled as chimneys and geysers were considered quaint neighbourhood features, Sparky, a young and inquisitive Lava Troll with hands that could conjure flames, was on the brink of a startling discovery. His latest experiment, a daring attempt to meld fire magic with the art of lava sculpting, was about to bear fruit — or rather, fire.

The underground workshop, a cavernous space lit by glowing magma and adorned with Sparky's half-finished lava sculptures, echoed with the sounds of his excited mutterings. "If I just adjust the thermal flux here..." Sparky mused aloud, manipulating the molten rock with his fiery touch.

However, in his enthusiasm, Sparky miscalculated the intensity of his flames. The combination of fire magic and volatile lava proved too potent. With a whoosh that would have impressed the most seasoned of firework technicians,

a chain reaction began. The ground shook violently, and cracks appeared in the cavern ceiling. Molten rock spurted like a geyser, and with a force that could have launched a herd of Icelandic ponies into orbit, Sparky was catapulted from the underground, shooting up through a volcanic vent like a fiery comet.

He emerged on the surface, a world of snow and ice, so different from the warm, glowing tunnels he knew. Around him, the landscape was a stark contrast of white and dark, with jagged mountains piercing the sky. His arrival, however, did not go unnoticed. A group of humans, armed with drones and cameras, had been exploring the area, drawn by the unusual volcanic activity. They stared in astonishment as Sparky, covered in soot and still smouldering slightly, emerged from the ground.

"Oh, lava buckets," Sparky exclaimed, realising he was the centre of attention. "This is worse than the time I accidentally set my father's beard on fire!"

He darted behind a series of rocks, evading the buzzing drones. "I need to find somewhere to cool off and think," he pondered. His fiery eyes settled on the distant Vatnajökull

glacier. "That looks promisingly chilly," he thought, and with a mixture of trepidation and excitement, he set off towards the ice giant, leaving a trail of steam in his wake.

His journey across the Icelandic terrain was a spectacle of new sights and sounds. Sparky marvelled at the alien beauty of the surface world. Majestic waterfalls cascaded down cliffs, creating rainbows in the mist. Herds of wild reindeer roamed the land, their antlers silhouetted against the sky.

Despite the chilly air, Sparky's inner fire kept him warm. The sight of Vatnajökull in the distance filled him with awe.

"Now, that's a lot of ice," he gasped, his fiery eyes

reflecting the glacier's crystalline blue hues. His heart pounded with the thrill of adventure, a feeling both exhilarating and slightly terrifying. The underground had always been his home, but now, the surface world beckoned with its mysteries and wonders.

As Sparky approached the glacier, he couldn't help but feel a sense of smallness amidst the vastness of the landscape. "I suppose this is what a pebble feels like in a rockslide," he thought humorously. But he was determined to explore this icy realm and discover its secrets, even if it meant braving the cold and the unknown.

Chapter 2:

The Journey to Vatnajökull

Sparky's trek towards Vatnajökull was an odyssey of sorts, a fiery troll's introduction to the wonders and peculiarities of the surface world. He trudged through fields where the grass seemed to whisper secrets in the wind and over hills that offered views so breathtaking, Sparky wondered if they could cure a case of smoke inhalation.

As he journeyed, he encountered the quirks of Icelandic fauna. A flock of sheep, woolly and indifferent, glanced at him before returning to their grazing, unimpressed by the sight of a smouldering troll. "Must be regulars at the hot springs," Sparky chuckled to himself.

At one point, a curious Arctic fox, its fur a brilliant contrast against the snow, approached him. The fox sniffed around Sparky before yelping and darting away, its nose likely singed by his residual heat. "Sorry, little fella! Occupational hazard of being me," Sparky called after it, feeling a pang of loneliness for his kinder, cooler underground world.

As Sparky neared Vatnajökull, the temperature dropped, and the landscape transformed. The snow lay thick and undisturbed, a blanket of white covering the land as far as the eye could see. The glacier loomed ahead, a colossal river of ice that sparkled under the sunlight. Its majestic presence was humbling, and Sparky felt a mix of reverence and excitement.

"I've seen ice before, in drinks," Sparky mused aloud. "But this is... well, it's a lot."

He cautiously approached the glacier, his fiery nature at odds with the frigid environment. The ice beneath his feet crackled and hissed, creating a symphony of sound that was both eerie and beautiful. He had never felt so out of his element and yet so alive with adventure.

It was then that Sparky heard a sound — not the rumbling he was accustomed to in the underground, but a softer, more melodic noise. Following the sound, he found himself at the entrance of a cave within the glacier. The walls shimmered with a blue hue, casting ghostly shadows. The air was crisp and held the promise of mysteries hidden within the icy depths.

Sparky, driven by curiosity and an inherent boldness that seemed to define Lava Trolls, stepped into the cave. The ice around him was a gallery of natural art, with formations that sparkled like diamonds. He reached out, his fiery touch melting a small piece of ice, which reformed into a droplet and fell to the ground with a tinkling sound.

"Beautiful and yet so cold," Sparky thought, a shiver running through him — an unusual sensation for a creature of fire.

As he ventured deeper into the cave, the light dimmed, and the temperature dropped further. Sparky's flames flickered

in response, a dance of fire and ice that was as dangerous as it was mesmerising. He was about to turn back, thinking perhaps this was a bit too adventurous, even for him, when he saw it — a faint glow in the distance, beckoning him forward.

With a deep breath that turned into a cloud of steam in the cold air, Sparky continued his journey into the heart of the glacier, towards the mysterious light and the unknown adventures it promised.

Chapter 3:

Chill Encounters

Deep within the icy heart of Vatnajökull, Sparky followed the alluring glow until he stumbled into a cavern, where the light emanated from a group of Ice Trolls engaged in what appeared to be a frosty version of bowling. The pins and balls glistened like sculpted ice, and the alley itself was a smooth, slippery lane.

The Ice Trolls, noticing the fiery intruder, paused their game. They were creatures of ethereal beauty, their skin shimmering like morning frost and eyes reflecting the depth of winter skies. The tallest among them, with a beard that seemed to be frozen mid-blizzard, stepped forward.

“Greetings, lava-born. I am Frosty, chieftain of the Ice Trolls of Vatnajökull. What brings a child of fire to our frozen halls?” His voice was like the whisper of snowflakes against the window.

“Uh, hello! I’m Sparky. I sort of... erupted here. I didn’t mean to intrude,” Sparky replied, his flames dimming in politeness.

Frosty’s lips curled into a smile, an expression as rare as a warm day in the Icelandic winter. “Intrusion? Nonsense! It’s not often we get to meet a Lava Troll. Care to join us in a game of Frost Bowling? Though, I must warn you, it’s quite... 'cool.'”

Sparky accepted the challenge, despite his lack of experience with anything colder than a lukewarm bath. The Ice Trolls were surprisingly hospitable, showing him how to roll the icy ball without melting it. Laughter echoed through the cavern as Sparky’s first attempt sent him sliding down the alley along with the ball.

After the game, Frosty shared tales of the glacier and the legends of the Ice Trolls. Sparky listened, fascinated by the stark differences between their cultures and lifestyles. He realised that despite their elemental differences, there was a shared sense of community and belonging.

As the gathering drew to a close, Frosty presented Sparky with a gift — a small, intricately carved ice crystal. “To remember your time with us, and as a token of the warmth found in unlikely friendships,” Frosty said, his eyes twinkling like starlight on snow.

Sparky thanked him, feeling a warmth in his heart that contrasted with the cold of the glacier. As he prepared to leave the cavern, Frosty offered some advice. “Remember, Sparky, the world above is vast and full of wonders. Don’t let your flame be dimmed by the unknown.”

With a new sense of purpose and a crystal token in hand, Sparky continued his journey through the glacier, his path illuminated by the soft glow of the ice and the fire within him. He was beginning to understand that adventure was not just about the places one goes, but also about the connections made along the way.

Chapter 4:

Mosi's Unexpected Entrance

Continuing deeper into the glacier's labyrinthine ice caves and ever so closer to the exit, Sparky's thoughts were a whirl of frosty bowling pins and the wise words of Frosty. It was then he heard a familiar tune, a lullaby from the depths of his childhood in the underground. Intrigued, he followed the melody until he found its source.

There, in a small moss grown chamber adorned with icicles that twinkled like stars, was another Lava Troll. This one, however, was different. Covered in a thick layer of moss that made him look more like a walking piece of the Icelandic landscape than a troll, he was humming contentedly while sketching patterns on the ice with his moss-covered fingers.

"Hello?" Sparky ventured cautiously, unsure of how to approach this mossy figure.

The troll looked up, his eyes widening in surprise. "Well, I'll be a geyser's gurgle! A fellow Lava Troll? Name's Mosi, and I'm a bit of a wanderer," he said with a grin that stretched from ear to ear.

"I'm Sparky. I sort of... caused a volcanic eruption and ended up here," Sparky admitted sheepishly.

Mosi laughed, a sound that echoed warmly off the ice walls. "Ah, the adventures of fire! You know, I once accidentally set a whole field of moss ablaze. That's how I got this," he gestured to his moss-covered appearance. "A bit of a happy accident, really. It's been useful in the colder climes."

Sparky was fascinated by Mosi, who seemed to embody the spirit of adventure he longed for. Mosi shared tales of his travels on the surface, of the geysers and waterfalls, the northern lights, and the peculiar creatures he'd met.

"Come, let me show you more of this surface world," Mosi offered. "It's not all ice and cold; there's a whole world out there waiting for you."

Together, they set off from the ice cave, venturing back towards the open landscapes of Iceland. Mosi, with his

knowledge of the surface, became Sparky's guide, and Sparky, with his fiery enthusiasm, was eager to learn.

As they travelled, Mosi taught Sparky about the Icelandic flora and fauna. They encountered herds of wild horses with manes that flowed like the northern winds and saw fields of lupines that painted the landscape in vibrant hues.

"One of my favourite things about this place," Mosi mused as they walked, "is how it's always changing. The land, the sky, the weather – it's like living in a constant state of transformation."

Sparky nodded, feeling a connection to this land of fire and ice, so different from his underground home yet equally captivating. The more he saw, the more he realised how vast and varied the world really was.

Their journey took them through valleys where hot springs bubbled and steamed, and over mountains that offered panoramic views of the island. Sparky's eyes were wide with wonder at every new sight, his heart ablaze with the thrill of discovery.

It was during one of these explorations that they encountered an Icelandic bull, grazing peacefully until it caught sight of Sparky. The bull, not accustomed to seeing a creature of flame and smoke, charged with a ferocity that matched the eruptions of the land.

Mosi reacted quickly, using his mossy exterior to blend into the surroundings, while Sparky, thinking on his feet, created a wall of fire to deter the bull. The animal, startled by the sudden blaze, turned and retreated.

"That was close," Sparky panted, watching the bull disappear into the distance.

Mosi clapped him on the back. "You're getting the hang of this surface world adventure. Let's keep going. There's much more to see, and I have a feeling your journey's just beginning."

As they continued their exploration, Sparky felt a growing sense of connection to Mosi. The moss-covered Lava Troll was not only a guide but a kindred spirit, someone who understood the call of the unknown and the joy of discovering new horizons.

Chapter 5:

Lessons in Icelandic Nature

With Mosi as his guide, Sparky embarked on a tour of Iceland's surface wonders. Their first stop was a coastal area where Mosi introduced Sparky to a colony of puffins. The birds, with their colourful beaks and comical waddles, were a source of endless amusement.

"That one there, he's Björn. Thinks he's the king of comedy," Mosi chuckled, pointing to a particularly flamboyant puffin strutting around the rocks.

Sparky was fascinated. "They're like little clowns of the sea!" he exclaimed, watching them dive into the water with surprising grace.

As they travelled, Mosi shared tales of each creature and plant they encountered. He explained how the hardy Icelandic moss survived in harsh conditions, much like the Lava Trolls in their volcanic world. Sparky listened intently,

absorbing every detail, his mind alive with the connections between their two worlds.

Their journey took them through verdant valleys where wild horses roamed. Mosi explained that these horses, smaller than most breeds, were as much a part of Iceland as the volcanoes and glaciers. Sparky was captivated by their strength and beauty, their manes flowing like the lava streams he so loved.

As they continued their exploration, they came upon a geothermal area, where hot springs bubbled and steamed, creating a misty and otherworldly landscape. The heat from the springs was a welcome sensation for Sparky, reminding him of home.

"This is more like it," Sparky said, basking in the warmth. "A bit of underground on the surface."

Mosi smiled. "I thought you might like this place. There's a bit of fire in everything here, just like in you."

Their journey through the Icelandic landscape was a blend of learning and laughter. Sparky, with his fiery enthusiasm, and Mosi, with his wealth of knowledge, formed a bond that

transcended their differences. For Sparky, each new sight and sound was a revelation, a piece of the world above that he stored away like a precious gem.

As the days passed, Sparky's understanding of the surface world grew. He learned of the delicate balance of nature, the interdependence of creatures and their environment, and the resilience required to thrive in such a land. Through Mosi's stories and guidance, Sparky saw not just the beauty of Iceland but also the strength and adaptability of its inhabitants.

One evening, as they sat by a small campfire, watching the northern lights dance across the sky, Mosi turned to Sparky. "You know, Sparky, the world is full of wonders, and

you're just beginning to scratch the surface. There's so much more to see, to learn, to experience."

Sparky nodded, his eyes reflecting the green and purple hues of the aurora. "I never knew how big the world was until now. And I can't wait to see what else is out there."

With each day, Sparky's journey on the surface became more than just an adventure; it was a journey of discovery, not just of the world but also of himself. And with Mosi by his side, he felt ready to face whatever the land of fire and ice had in store for them.

Chapter 6:

The Moss-Covered Revelation

As Sparky and Mosi travelled through the diverse landscapes of Iceland, from its verdant meadows to the rocky highlands, their bond strengthened. Mosi's stories of his adventures on the surface fascinated Sparky, who hung on every word with wide-eyed wonder.

One evening, as they camped under the stars near a tranquil hot spring, Mosi shared more about his past, revealing layers of his life that he had kept close to his heart.

“You know, Sparky, I wasn’t always this moss-covered wanderer,” Mosi began, his gaze reflecting the flickering campfire. “Many years ago, I was much like you, curious and a bit reckless. I lived in the underground with our kin.”

Sparky leaned in, intrigued by this glimpse into Mosi’s past. “What made you leave?”

Mosi sighed, a wistful smile playing on his lips. “I yearned for something different, something more. So, one day, I set out to explore the surface world. The plan was to return, but I... I found my calling here, among the moss and mountains.”

As the fire's glow cast dancing shadows around them, Mosi shared his surface world tales. When he paused, he retrieved a small, weathered lava rock from his pouch. “I found this on my first day above ground. Reminded me of home,” he said, handing it to Sparky.

Sparky turned the rock over, noting the familiar carving style. “This looks like...”

“Your father’s work,” Mosi completed, a knowing smile on his lips. “Yes, Sparky. It's because your father, my brother, taught me to carve just like this.”

Sparky’s eyes widened in realisation. “So, you mean you’re... my uncle?”

Mosi nodded gently. “Indeed, I am. Lost to the surface, but always connected to our family. I always wondered about my family back in the underground, but I never found the

right time to return and when I first saw you, I knew right away who you were.”

The revelation left Sparky speechless. The idea that his guide and newfound friend was actually his uncle added a new layer of depth to their journey. It also filled him with a sense of family he hadn’t realised he was missing.

The next morning, fueled by the revelation, Sparky and Mosi continued their journey with renewed vigour. Mosi showed Sparky more of Iceland's wonders, from the serene beauty of the fjords to the rugged charm of the volcanic landscapes.

As they travelled, Mosi shared more stories of his life on the surface and gave Sparky lessons in survival and adaptation. Sparky, in turn, shared tales of the underground, of his family, and the antics of the Lava Trolls.

Their journey was not just an exploration of the land but also an exploration of their familial bond. Mosi, with his wisdom and experience, and Sparky, with his enthusiasm and eagerness to learn, found common ground despite their different paths.

As they sat by a cliffside, watching the sun set into the ocean, Sparky felt a sense of completeness. The journey had started as an accidental adventure, but it had become a journey of self-discovery and family reunion.

Mosi put a mossy arm around Sparky’s shoulder. “You know, Sparky, life is an unpredictable journey. But it’s the surprises along the way that make it worth living.”

Sparky nodded, his heart full of gratitude for the adventure and for finding a family he never knew he had.

Chapter 7:

The Return to the Underground

After weeks of traversing the Icelandic landscape, learning its secrets and marveling at its beauty, Sparky and Mosi prepared for their return to the underground realm. Their journey had been one of discovery, not only of the surface world but also of family and self.

As they approached the entrance to the underground, a hidden volcanic vent near a field of basalt columns, Sparky felt a mix of emotions. Excitement to see his family and share his adventures, but also a tinge of sadness at leaving the vast, open world he had come to appreciate.

“Ready to head back?” Mosi asked, sensing Sparky’s contemplation.

Sparky nodded, his fiery hair flickering with anticipation. “I am. But I’ll miss this,” he gestured to the sky, the land, the entire world he had explored.

Mosi smiled. “The surface isn’t going anywhere. You can always come back. But now, your family awaits. And I think they’ll be quite surprised to see me.”

Together, they descended into the warmth and familiarity of the underground. The familiar glow of magma and the rhythmic sounds of the subterranean world were a stark contrast to the cool, open air of the surface.

As they navigated through the labyrinthine tunnels, Sparky shared more about his family, his friends, and the life he had left behind. Mosi listened intently, his eyes reflecting a deep longing and curiosity about the home he had left so many years ago.

Finally, they reached Sparky’s home, a spacious cavern adorned with intricate lava sculptures and glowing crystals. Sparky’s family, sensing his return, gathered to welcome him.

The reunion was joyous and loud, filled with laughter and exclamations of surprise. Sparky’s parents, Logi and Elda, embraced him, their eyes shining with relief and pride.

“And who is this with you?” Elda asked, looking curiously at Mosi.

Sparky beamed. “This is Mosi, my guide on the surface. And he’s also...”

Mosi stepped forward, a mix of nervousness and excitement in his eyes. “I am Mosi, your long-lost brother,” he said to Logi.

The revelation sent a wave of astonishment through the family. Logi, wide-eyed, stepped forward and embraced Mosi. “My brother... I thought I had lost you forever,” he said, his voice choked with emotion.

The cavern was filled with chatter and laughter as Mosi was reintroduced to the family. Sparky shared tales of their adventures on the surface, of the ice trolls, the puffins, and the wonders of the land above.

The Lava Trolls listened with rapt attention, their eyes reflecting the flames of the fire pit. They marvelled at Sparky’s bravery and Mosi’s adventurous spirit. The story of

their journey became a testament to the courage and curiosity that lived within each Lava Troll.

As the celebration continued, Sparky realised that his adventure had changed him. He had left as a young, curious Lava Troll and returned wiser, more confident, and with a broader understanding of the world.

Mosi, now reunited with his family, found a sense of closure and belonging. He realised that while the surface world had become his home, his roots and heart lay in the warm, fiery depths of the underground.

Together, Sparky and Mosi had bridged two worlds, bringing new stories and perspectives to the Lava Trolls. Their journey had not only been a physical adventure but also an emotional and spiritual odyssey.

As the night wore on, the cavern glowed with warmth and camaraderie. Sparky looked around at his family, at Mosi, and felt a deep sense of gratitude. His journey to the surface had been an unexpected detour, but it had led him to discoveries far greater than he could have imagined.

Chapter 8:

Homecoming and New Beginnings

The days following Sparky and Mosi's return to the underground were filled with a renewed sense of wonder and excitement. The Lava Trolls, inspired by Sparky's tales of the surface, began to view their fiery world with a fresh perspective. Mosi, with his stories of the surface, became a celebrity of sorts, a bridge between the known and the unknown.

Logi, the elder, organised a grand feast in honour of Sparky and Mosi's return. The cavern was ablaze with glowing lava flows and sparkling crystals, creating an atmosphere that was both celebratory and magical. Trolls from all corners of the underground realm gathered to hear the tales of the surface world.

As the feast began, Sparky stood before the community, his heart swelling with pride and gratitude. "I went on an unexpected journey," he began, his voice echoing in the cavern. "I saw a world so different from ours, yet so

beautiful in its way. I met creatures we thought were just legends, and I found a family member I didn't know I had."

The trolls listened, captivated by Sparky's descriptions of the icy realms, the playful puffins, and the majestic landscapes. Laughter and gasps of wonder filled the cavern as Sparky recounted his and Mosi's encounters, from the standoff with the Icelandic bull to the serene moments under the northern lights.

Mosi, standing beside Sparky, added, "The surface world is vast and full of wonders, but it also taught me the value of home. I found a new family among the moss and mountains, but my heart always yearned for the warmth of our world."

Logi, moved by their experiences, addressed the community. "Sparky and Mosi have shown us that there is much to learn and explore beyond our realm. We, as Lava Trolls, have the fire of curiosity within us. Let's use it to explore, learn, and grow."

The feast continued late into the night, with music, dancing, and a display of fire magic that lit up the cavern in a dazzling array of colours. The Lava Trolls celebrated not just

the return of their kin but also the broadening of their horizons.

In the days that followed, Sparky found himself a changed troll. He took on new projects, infusing his lava sculptures with inspirations from the surface world. He became a storyteller, sharing his adventures with the younger trolls, igniting in them a spark of curiosity and wanderlust.

Mosi, too, found a new purpose. He began to teach the Lava Trolls about the surface, about the importance of respecting and understanding the different aspects of their world. He bridged the gap between the fiery depths and the icy heights, between the known and the unknown.

As for Sparky, the adventure had awakened in him a desire to explore, to learn, and to experience all that the world had to offer. He knew that his journey was far from over. There were more mysteries to uncover, more landscapes to explore, and more stories to create.

One evening, as Sparky sat by a lava stream, watching the fiery currents flow, he realised that the greatest adventure was not always about the distance travelled but about the journey within. He had set out to explore the surface and had found a deeper understanding of his world, his family, and himself.

The story of Sparky's icy escapade became a legend among the Lava Trolls, a tale of adventure, discovery, and the unbreakable bonds of family. It was a reminder that even in a world of fire and stone, there was always room for growth, learning, and the warmth of kinship.

And so, as Sparky gazed into the fiery depths, he smiled, knowing that the future was bright, full of possibilities, and waiting to be explored.

