



# TROLLHEIM

## - *The Journey to Atlantis*

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Book seven in the TROLLHEIM – series  
First three chapters translated to English



## Prologue

“You have passed three thousand meters. All okay?”

The crackling voice came from a speaker in the ceiling, via a cable running all the way up to the ship on the surface.

“Yes, all in order,” answered Daniel, peering eagerly down into the dark depths through the glass dome of the small submarine. The seabed could appear at any moment.

The floodlights in the hull had revealed little so far, only black water and a swarm of sea creatures.

The ocean depths remained shrouded in mystery, practically impossible to map even with modern technology. The fish darting through the water outside could therefore be unknown species.

But Daniel was no marine biologist, so the fish held limited interest. He was something better: an archaeologist, in search of shipwrecks and new knowledge of the past.

This area of the Atlantic Ocean had seen unusually many shipwrecks throughout history, so many that modern vessels tended to keep well away. But why? Perhaps the wrecks could provide some answers.

There. At last! The seabed.

“Arrived,” he said into the microphone to the crew on the surface. “Starting the propeller.”

Daniel flipped a switch, and the submarine began moving slowly forward.

The seabed was, as expected, covered with sand, silt, and biological debris that had long since settled from the upper layers of the ocean over millions of years.

He spotted some red sea cucumbers in the gray-brown muck, and an anglerfish swam past with its little lamp dangling in front of its ugly head.

But no shipwrecks ...

Not that Daniel really expected to find any—it was like searching for crumbs on a beach at night with a flashlight—but it was exciting to try. Besides, the University of Bergen was paying.



Something large emerged from the dark water ahead.

"I see something," Daniel said into the microphone. "Could be a wreck."

And sure enough ... he passed the bow of an old, rusty ship. It had snapped in two at the middle, and the other half was gone. The metal was twisted and cracked in many places. It looked like a broken toy boat stomped apart by an angry boy.

Daniel shuddered and steered the submarine on. There was something more over there, maybe the rest of the ship?

The submarine drifted on and came to ...

A giant man?

The figure gleamed white in the submarine's lights. It was a massive statue of a muscular man with curly hair and a beard. A loincloth covered his waist, and in one hand he held a long trident.

Daniel stared in shock. This was a thousand times better than an old shipwreck! It had to be a statue of the sea god Poseidon, perhaps as large as the Statue of Liberty in New York. What a find!



But what was it doing here? On the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, far from ancient Greece where the god belonged ...



Daniel steered the submarine around the statue and caught sight of more. Temples and columns! An entire ancient city.

A layer of sand and silt covered the ruins like a murky blanket.

He maneuvered to the nearest building, a leaning tower with a gaping hole in the wall, and peered eagerly into the ruins. Was there anything inside he could take with him?

Daniel gripped the controls for the submarine's robotic arms and stretched them into the tower.

There was an overturned table. He shoved it aside, startling a small crab.

Then he spotted something metallic glinting on the floor.

He clamped onto the object with the claw and lifted it up. A key?

Better than nothing.

Then he saw something else, something impossible ... Wasn't that a brown book lying there? Paper would normally have disintegrated long ago, but this book looked intact. Dare he take it with him? What if it was ruined?



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No, he had to. What if he never got another chance?

He locked the book in place with the other robotic arm.

Something moved in the corner of his eye. Something big. A whale, maybe? Sperm whales were known to dive to incredible depths, perhaps even this deep.

Daniel squinted through the window toward the darkness where the shadow had passed.

Oh shit ...

"Hello!" he shouted into the microphone. "Get me up fast, now!"

"Daniel, you know we have to take it slow. Faster than ten meters per minute and the cable could snap."

"There's a giant squid down here! The biggest I've ever seen. If it thinks I'm dinner ..."

"Alright. Kill the lights. We'll bring you up."

Daniel maneuvered the submarine to the far side of the tower and switched off the floodlights. Everything went black. Not a single photon from the sun could reach these depths.

How big had that squid been? Thirty meters, maybe! A terrifying creature.

He must have been mistaken. The largest squids in the world grew no longer than twelve or thirteen meters. Still, that was bad enough if it attacked ...

Daniel switched on the sonar. A small screen lit up on the control panel. He could no longer see anything in the darkness outside, but he could track the creature by the echoes of sound waves!

Daniel's heart sank as the sonar showed its size and distance.

He had been right. It was enormous, even bigger than he had first feared ...

And it was headed straight for him!

At last the cable began hauling the submarine toward the surface.

But Daniel couldn't help himself; he had to take one last look ...

He flicked on the smallest of the floodlights.



Gigantic tentacles wrapped around the tower, and with colossal force it was torn to pieces, like a Lego tower in the fists of a furious gorilla.

The debris fell to the seabed and stirred up a thick cloud of muck. He couldn't see a centimeter ahead.

Daniel switched off the light and whispered a silent prayer ...

## Chapter 1

### Class Trip to the Museum







Adam stifled a yawn behind his hand. God, this was boring!

Class 8A was at the Trollheim Museum.

They stood in a semicircle around a young woman who talked, pointed, and kept lecturing about old, rusty things.

Silje stretched and yawned so loudly the guide had to pause until she was finished.

She leaned against Adam, laid her head on his shoulder, and sighed.

"Weekend soon," he whispered.

"Thankfully," she replied. "Where did the summer vacation go? The first week of middle school has been dead boring, and a get-to-know-you trip at the museum has to be the lamest idea ever."

"Better than sitting at school."

"Yeah, now we're allowed to stand," said Silje irritably. "This trip is just so lame. They drag us here every year to look at dumb pictures, coins, and arrowheads. Just as dumb this year."

"It's the first time with middle school," said Adam. "Maybe we'll get to know the new kids in class better?"

"They look lame."

"Is that your new favorite word, or what? Can't you be a little positive?"

"Now you're lame."

Adam gave up and waved to Tara instead. She snuck over to them.

"Has she said anything interesting?" he whispered, nodding toward the guide. "I'm struggling to follow."

"They have a visiting archaeologist from Bergen," said Tara. "We're going to see something he fished up from the sea."

"Good," said Adam. "At least it'll be something new."

"Tobias would have loved that," said Tara.

"Yeah, too bad he and Zira ended up in Class B," said Adam. "How are you two doing, by the way?"



“Oh, fine,” said Tara, staring at the floor. “But it’s still a little strange. That Tobias and I, you know, became ... together.”

Adam grinned. “Yeah, it looked like you were in shock at the end of that cabin trip. Or maybe you were floating on pink clouds?”

“Shock is the word. You should have seen the letter he wrote me.”

“Yeah, can I see it?”

“No.”

“It was sweet when you two walked hand in hand on the way home,” said Silje, smiling.

“Shh. It’s embarrassing,” said Tara, blushing. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Have you kissed?” asked Silje.

Tara buried her face in her hands and mumbled something unclear behind her fingers. Probably still not wanting to talk about it.

“Time for the lecture!” said the guide, beckoning everyone into the museum’s main hall.

Chairs were set up on the floor, facing a stage with a small round table. On the table stood a laptop.

Beside it was a tanned man, maybe thirty, wearing brown shorts and a white T-shirt with an unbuttoned blue denim shirt over it. He had clear blue eyes and thick, wavy brown hair.

He raised a microphone to his mouth.

“Welcome!” he said. “Just have a seat.”

Adam sat down in one of the back rows, between Silje and Tara.

The screen behind the man showed pictures: one of him hanging from a cliff by his fingertips like an action hero in a movie, one of him in a canoe about to go over a waterfall, and one of him in full diving gear holding the fin of a huge shark.

Was this guy supposed to be an archaeologist? He looked more like a stuntman.

Above the pictures the text read: “Welcome to the greatest discovery of modern times!”





## Chapter 2

### The Greatest Discovery of Modern Times?

“My name is Daniel,” said the man on stage. His voice boomed loud and clear through the speaker system.



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“Ever since I was a boy, I’ve dreamed of becoming an archaeologist, just like my great hero Indiana Jones. Anyone heard of him?”

No hands were raised.

“Seriously?” said Daniel. “No one?”

Still no hands.

“You should watch more movies ... Anyway, I have a PhD in archaeology and travel the world on exciting adventures. Right now I’m hunting treasures of the past on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.”

“Cool,” said one of the new boys in class. “Have you found pirate gold?”

“Eh ... no, knowledge is the treasure I’m after.”

“Lame,” muttered Silje next to Adam.

“Shh,” he whispered. “I actually want to listen.”

“On my last journey,” Daniel continued, “I explored the seabed west of Spain. As you probably know, the average depth of the Atlantic Ocean is a frightening 3,300 meters. That’s very deep and very cold. Without special equipment, the pressure would crush you. Your bones would snap like toothpicks, and your lungs would collapse like punctured balloons.”

He clapped his hands together sharply and shouted: “Bang! Ha-ha-ha ...”

No one else laughed.

Daniel cleared his throat and changed the slide on the screen.

“This is a map of the Atlantic Ocean, and where the arrow points, I dove this summer down to three thousand meters. I was searching for old shipwrecks, but to my great surprise I found traces of a lost civilization!”

Daniel paused and smiled broadly, as if expecting cheers or spontaneous applause.

He received neither.

“Well ...” He cleared his throat. “It’s hard to believe, I know. I didn’t get the chance to take photos because I was chased away by a giant squid ...” Daniel sighed. “... And now no one believes me. My boss thinks the story is just made up to get more funding.”

“Smart boss,” said Silje.



"I'm telling the truth!" said Daniel. "And I have proof." He snapped his fingers and the young woman from earlier rolled in a glass display case. Behind the glass lay an open book with strange writing.

"I found this book in a tower on the ocean floor, where it has waited for thousands of years."

"Liar," said Silje. "The pages would have been ruined."

"Yes, normally," said Daniel. "But the faintly green paper the book is made of resists both water and bacteria. It's an unknown material, and quite a mystery for us researchers."

"Maybe it explains it in the book?" suggested Roger. He sat wearing huge sunglasses and tipping back on a chair against the wall.

"Good suggestion," said Daniel. "But shockingly enough, it's written in a completely unknown alphabet. An ancient, extinct language we've never seen before!"

He switched to a slide zoomed in on a page of the book. The words were written in strange symbols.

Adam furrowed his brow. There was something familiar about that script ... Where had he seen it before?

## **Chapter 3**

### **The Key**

"Imagine!" shouted Daniel excitedly. "Traces of humans on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Do you realize what civilization we may have found?"

Mona waved her hand wildly.

"Yes?" asked Daniel.

"Mermaids?"

"No ..." Daniel looked very disappointed. "The civilization I'm thinking of starts with the letter A."

One of the new boys in class raised his hand.

"Yes?"



“Argentina?”

Daniel just stood there staring at the boy.

Some of the students snickered, while others yawned loudly, including Silje.

“Let’s just move on,” said Daniel with a sigh. “Bring in the box.”

The woman entered the stage with the box and handed it to the archaeologist.

Silje rested her head on Adam’s shoulder again, her heavy breathing suggesting she was about to fall asleep. Typical.

“And we found this!” the archaeologist shouted. He lifted a key out of the box. A key with a handle shaped like a skull.

“What!” Adam shouted and jumped to his feet so suddenly Silje toppled off her chair.

Everyone in the class turned and stared at him.

“Ah,” said the archaeologist, breaking into a big smile. “At last, some enthusiasm. The young man in the back must have realized what a fantastic discovery this truly is. What mysterious door could this key open? Why is the handle shaped like a skull, and why hasn’t it rusted after so long in salt water?”

Silje got back on her chair and shot Adam a sour look.

“What are you making a scene for?” she asked. “Now all the new kids in class think my boyfriend is an über-nerd!”

“But ...” Adam turned to Tara. “Did you see the same thing I did?”

Tara nodded gravely.

“That key is identical to Tobias’s key,” she whispered.

“Yes,” said Adam. “The magic key that can open the gate to Helheim!”

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**For a full-book translation, please contact [anitra@figenschouforlag.no](mailto:anitra@figenschouforlag.no)**