

## Leprechaunised

*Mikel is a Spanish speaker, but he's written this one in English!*

Friday, 20th August. I was landing to Dublin International Airport in a charter flight of MikelJet Airlines. The aircraft was an Airbus 320 recently built. However, its high technology didn't avoid us having a really shaken approach to the Airport. Despite of the date, the weather was cold, extremely windy and rainy. People who came to Ireland warned me about Irish weather, but I didn't believe it until that moment.

It was the first time I went to Ireland, that little island who's history is full of magic and paganism. I don't really know why... but I've always been interested on Ireland and its culture. This travel was a dream coming true, in fact.

After doing all the airport procedures, including picking up my luggage, I went out of the building to get a bus and go to the city centre. There were fast buses that per 6€ take you in a non-stop travel directly to the Spire, that big prickle whose meaning it's not known even by the person who designed it. However, my sister (who lived in Dublin) recommended me to get a normal Dublin Bus. By paying a really lower rate, two bus lines do the same route to the centre, but stopping at any corner, of course.

I left the yellow-blue double deck bus just next to the Spire. I finally was at Dublin Centre!!! Now I'd just had to walk for five minutes to reach the tramway (called Luas). The vehicle was a Citadis, just the same that runs at Madrid's Light Metro. It didn't take too much time to get to my sister's house, located in a nice urbanization.

It was hard to me pulling all my packages. They were a lot and I was very tired due to the travel and its preparation. However, I could fastly arrive to the apartment. As she was out of home -working- I had to ask for the keys to a neighbour. She was a really nice Irish woman, but her boyfriend was next to her. As soon as she closed her door, I opened my sister's one. The flat was really big and nice, although a little bit untidy.

She left me a welcome paper with instructions about how the shower worked, just in case I wanted to use it. I thought it was a nice idea, so I opened one of my

cases to get some clean clothes. As always, I started to think about which shorts may I use. I was on the middle of my stupid and non-philosophical reflections when a song started to sound just under the bed. "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh" sounded. I prefer to play it to you as I'm not a good singer. [SONG].

It wasn't the first time I heard that song as I'm used to listen an Irish music radio station through the Internet. It was called "Molly Malone" and was dedicated to a legend-girl named that way. She belonged to a fisherman family and used to go through Dublin's streets selling cockles and mussels. However, some people think she was really a prostitute who rented another kind of mussel. Despite of that, she's famous, she has a song and a statue at Grafton street.

But the song didn't last too much... and it was strange. How can a song just sound for a few seconds from under a bed? I thought something strange was happening. Armed with courage I went down on my knees and see if something was there. I found it wasn't nothing but somebody. A tiny elf dressed on a green suit playing and stopping a cassette player while dancing: he was a leprechaun. I knew the legend says that they wear a pot with gold and if you trap one, he has to give all the gold to you. That's why I got him with my right hand as he was distracted trying to sing without remembering the lyrics.

When he realized he was into a human's fist he started to cry shouting 'leave me free, please, I'm an inocent leprechaun. I'll give you all my gold but please, leave me free. My wife and dog are waiting me at home, they want to have dinner with me. Oh, please, good human!'. I opened my hand just to allow him breath and to watch that strange being, but I didn't let him scape.

I was looking to its tiny shape when he shouted 'take care! The lamp's falling!' so I turned to see the lamp, which was at its place. But the leprechaun left. He was very smart for being too small! Very smart but not smart enough to get really free. He chose the wrong way through the kitchen, tripped over a spoon and fell into a pint full of water. He tried to swim but when I got to the kitchen his strengths were gone and he already was in the bottom of the glass.

I tried to rescue him but it was difficult as he was very small and I didn't want to injure his little bones. When I took him out of the pint I put him over a piece of kitchen paper. It seemed it was too late. Despite I made a best-as-I-could CPR he did not reacted. I soon started to cry shouting 'sorry! I'm sorry! It's all my fault!' at the same time. But a breath of relief invaded my lungs when I heard 'Don't have to be

sorry. I've got to be thanked. You've saved my life' with a kind of Columbo voice. He was alive! The leprechaun was alive!

In less than five minutes he was strong enough again to walk and sing. He said he didn't know what to give me for saving his life. I asked him to please don't care about that, but he kept insisting. 'Yeah, I know how I'm going to pay you' he told 'I'm going to take you to the place where any human have always wanted to be: The big gold pot.'

Before I couldn't reject the proposal he took a little piece of gold from his pocket and threw it to me. Suddenly I could just see bright stars around me, it was like a really psychedelic dream. I closed my eyes and when I could open them back I wasn't in a strange world. I was in the same kitchen but the pint had turned to a big transparent chimney and the paper roll was now a big field of snow. I soon realized I was now a leprechaun, like him. He told me happily laughing 'I have leprechaunised you! Hehe!'

He took my hand and pulled me running through the corridors, holes and bends. We finally went to the street and he told me 'now I'll make the sun appear and create a teleport rainbow.' As soon as he shut up he did it, and we started to climb up the rainbow. I really couldn't believe what was happening. Was it real? I didn't know. Was I at my Madrid's bed having a drug addict dream? No. I truthly was there. That was real life.

When we were on the top of the rainbow the city was replaced by a flashing yellow light, like an enormous sun. Then, the light disappeared and we fall to a green field. 'Conlaodh! Conlaodh! Welcome back home! I've missed you a lot! ' a little fairy said. 'Deirbhile! I've missed you too!' replied him. 'By the way, my name is Conlaodh. She's Deirbhile, my wife.

I did not know that leprechauns have wives. What's more, I believed they were antisocial beings. However, he explained me that was not completely true. Although they work hard manufacturing dozens of shoes per day that nobody won't use, they've a little social life. Every year a big party is done in the pot in where those leprechauns that have just finished being teenagers look for a fairy to be his wife. The ones that do not find one have to wait until the following year or participate on a big "fairyseek dancing". But leprechauns then live on the real world, specially in the grass or behind trees, while their wives wait them at their world.

They starting hugging and kissing in front of me, as if I was not there. How noisy they were! Their kisses sounded like a unopened door! While then, I looked at the place. It all was very green. I could only see a clover field with a lot of trees, some leprechauns and some fairies. Suddenly, the ground started quake. Then, all leprechauns disappeared except for Conlaodh. 'They're moving the land. Perhaps any human or some threat is trying to come here. We have to protect all the gold from the human's avarice.' told him to me.

'Oh, yeah, it's true. Human avarice is really annoying and dangerous. If someone comes here and find the pot, he or she would take all the gold in it!' I replied. 'That's why no human has ever been here but you who saved my life. But never tell anybody you're a leprechaunised human' he whispered. 'OK. Don't worry, I won't do it. By the way, where's the pot? I've been looking around but have not seen it. It was supposed to be in the other side of the rainbow'.

After telling those words I saw again the flashing yellow light melted with psychedelic stars. That was a really bad moment that took more than 15 minutes. After that I reappeared with my human shape and too much nausea at my sister's house. Conlaodh was over my shoulder and he whispered me 'You idiot were in the pot. But with that question you showed your natural human avarice; I can't trust you anymore. I hope you feel happy and unique for knowing what nobody knows' he whispered and then disappeared.

THE END.

Conlaodh (read Kun-lee) is an Irish name that means prudent fire.

Deirbhile (Djir-vil-a) is an Irish name that means daughter of a poet.

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