

The Leperchaun

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This is a short story about a midget who is depressed because of his size, and that he always gets picked on and he ends up in a place where he fits the role of a leprachuan. This is part of a collection of stories written from the viewpoint of a young autistic girl.

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THE LEPRACHAUN

He was a stately chap, all of about 3' 9", and maybe 80 pounds soaked wet. Red haired Irishman, with a hot temper, but none the less he was the nicest man in town, he was. A Phd in psychology, too, to

Boot. Child psychology was his specialty. He could really get to their level, see a birds eye view of them.

Kids loved him. He was their size, and could get eye to eye.

But there were budget cuts and such, and parents just didn't take him seriously, due to his size, and all, heck, people in general didn't take him seriously. He was after all half their size, a midget, by popular label. So when he lost his job, he took his troubles to the local Irish pub.

He crawled up on a bar stool, and the barkeeper looked down at him, the seat engulfed his slight build, and spun a little too much for his taste, but he was there to get drunk, so he wasn't complainin' about the stupid chair. He was, however, pretty perturbed at the bar keeper who offered him a kiddie booster seat as a consolation prize.

"No, I don't want a booster seat" he said, sarcasm dripping from his lips. He just lost a job he trained 8 years for, to someone who was taller, and he didn't need another slap in the face. His eyes welled up with tears as he hopped off the stool to leave. "I've changed my mind about this place, I thought this to be an Irish tavern, not a house of insults" he turned to the door, stomping the best he could muster.

"Wait sir, I just wanted you to be more comfortable, don't go!" "I didn't mean to insult you."

"Sir? Now that's what I call respect" albeit a tad too late. "You'll want me to stay then?"

"Well yes, everyone's welcome here, and I'll buy your drinks today, on the house"

"Well then, I'll stay, and it'll be cheap for ya too, 2 drinks and I'm loaded!"

The barkeeper motioned to his son, and whispered something in his ear. A few moments later, the young lad returned with a broken chair that some drunk had unscrewed all the way to the top, almost falling off the base the night before. The boy overturned it, altered it a bit, sunk a few screws in it, and up righted it again. The chair was higher than the rest, was stable, and didn't swivel.

"Come in, anytime, this is your spot now" the barkeeper said with a smile.

The Leperchaun

The man climbed up onto the seat, "well that first jumps a doozy, but this is really comfy, a permanent chair for me, a jobless orphan, with no family, sheesh, I should've come here years ago." He mustered a smile.

"jobless?"

"just today, in fact. I'm a child psychologist, except no one takes me seriously, because I'm height impaired." a weak smile.

The innkeeper set him up with drink. A few patrons entered the bar, the first said, "Look! They've got a leprechaun here! An Irish pub with a real live leprechaun!"

The little man frowned. The barkeeper frowned, and bit his tongue rather than mouthing off to the patron, and looked apologetically at the tiny man. He hoped the man didn't throw his drink at them. Every one who streamed in said something about the leprechaun. He seemed disgruntled. Then the lovelies came in, and showered him with affection. They couldn't help but put their breasts right in his face as they hugged the leprechaun. A huge smile crept onto his face. "you know, I'm out of work right now, and it seems to me you would benefit from a leprechaun. Are you hiring?" he inquired.

"Well, I could use a bartender, now that you mention it," he said.

"I'll take the job, if you are offering it," he said. The barkeeper's wife constructed the little man a green suit, complete with a top hat, lapel pin, and boots. It didn't take long for word to spread that the Irish pub had its very own leprechaun. Overnight, the out of work child psychologist gained respect, love and fame. He had found a place where he could love being himself, and be loved as himself.

The patrons found it fun to get the leprechaun drunk, everyone bought him a drink when they saw him. He never once bought a drink for himself, or a meal, for that matter. He was hugged and cuddled by all the ladies, always had boobs in his face, had lovely "s" patting his head and smooching his cheek, and his humor shined brightly, behind the bar. Patrons fought over who was going to sit next to the leprechaun.

He was especially popular on Saint Patrick's day, where the pub crawl ended, he alone always packed the house. Getting the leprechaun drunk, and watching him weeble around was the highlight of everyone's day.

Once, an old psychologist co-worker of his came into the pub. He was chatty and remorseful, apologizing for the job loss of his friend, now bartender.

"eh, ask me to come back to work for you, will ya?"

"I don't have the authority to do that, you know."

"Ask me any way, come on, ask me."

"OK! Come back to being a psychologist. There"

"Hell no!. No, No, and Hell no! Ask me why?" He was grinning, ear to ear.

"why?"

The Leperchaun

“the day I lost me job there, I came in here to get very drunk. It just so happens the ladies LOVE a nice leprechaun. They love touching the leprechaun, hugging the leprechaun, showin’ there lovelies to the leprechaun, rubbing the leprechaun, I am in heaven here, dear man!” he chuckled. “I’ve never paid for a drink In this bar, they love buyin drinks for the leprechaun. Lets get the leprechaun drunk, they say, and cheer, they do, When I drink what’s in front of me. Kisses from lovelies, all the time. I’m famous, you know, the pubs famous leprechaun! I have a very nice hand tailored suit, to boot. The ladies love takin it off me, well the coat anyway,”

“Well, I’ll be.” HE chuckled. More patrons came in, and the ladies flock to the leprechaun. “You get the better end of the stick after all. And here I was worrying about you, wondering how you were getting along and all”

The leprechaun tended bar and prospered, until one Saint Patrick’s day an unusual thing happened. He was a little tipsy, and stumbling a slight, when one of his regulars brought a little one to see the leprechaun. The little one was all of about 5 years old, short hair and jeans and a tee shirt and walked up with daddy to see the amazing leprechaun.

“Hello, young man, and how are you this fine day?” The young one pouted at him. “Well, how are ya, son?” The little one said nothing, not even a glance, just looked down at the ground.

“Hey, I know some things about you, where’s your daddy?” The little one pointed at the taller man by the door.

“Daddy!” the young one said, “The green man’s over here!” Surprised, the leprechaun said, “You can talk! You ARE a rare one, are you still in diapers?”

“Well, no, she’s not still in diapers, she’s five!” her father exclaimed.

“She?”

“her mother dresses her like a boy, and cuts her hair like that, but she IS a girl.”

“But she’s a little girl, AND an autistic, you ARE a rare little one, you should be in pretty’s and barrettes, young one, I can tell an autistic when I see one. I’ll tell you all about it later, its more rare if you are a girl.”

“Daddy, you said the leprechaun was short, he’s not short, he’s tall.” She said, hmmpting.

“tall? Hey, I like you much more now, young lady. I think you are my new favorite person, in fact, no one has ever called me tall. I heard them all, but NEVER tall!”

The barkeepers son and the little girls daddy were busy sitting on the rail, conversing, while the leprechaun fished into a bucket for a gold wrapped chocolate coin, and held it out to the little girl. She would not take it. He unwrapped it for her, and she didn’t take the chocolate, instead, she bent over and picked up the shiny gold wrapper. Holding it close to her face, she turned it, and twirled it, looking at it, every angle, every crinkle, every ripple. She scratched her head, and continued studying it.

“Well fine then,” the Leprechaun turned, and pretended to pout, and took a few steps toward the road. He was trying to see how engrossed she was, and if she was sympathetic enough to see what was wrong, not noticing others emotions was a symptom of autism. Without moving she whispered, “Don’t go into the road, green guy.”

The Leperchaun

A squeal of tires as a car made a sharp turn into the alleyway, drove up onto the curb, and crashed right into the leprechaun. HE flew several feet, landing, twitching and died instantly. The drunk people in the car screamedâ Open season on leprechauns!â they stopped to check the damage and realized he was a real man, and not a doll or air balloon as they had thought. HE was a real man. Quickly, they hopped into there blood covered car and sped away. Patrons surrounded the dead man, and emergency services were called. He was already gone. The little girl smiled, as she saw the angel in white come down and just at the moment of impact, grab the leprechauns hand. She saw the angle lift the leperchaun up, and he was smiling at the little girl. In her mind she heard him say, â tell all of â em I love em, every darned one.â he was wearing the most radiant smile she had ever seen. â didnâ t hurt a bit, either.â and her drifted upward, into the hands of the angle, and disappeared. The barkeeperâ s son witnessed the murder, and although he was in shock, watched over the little â boyâ and kept her head facing away from the dead man until he was moved.

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