

WHY...

Why do the leprechauns comply with request nevermore?

Cover designed by Alexandra Georgina

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This story is not a secret, but nobody else must tell it, only the leprechauns and me. Long sorrow will afflict you, if you break it, unless your tongue stiffen before starting.

I think you know that the leprechauns can appear anywhere they want. Well, but only there where they have already been to. They have vainly already heard of Hungary by chance, they unable to bob up here by magic. Their curious temper, however, long for the unknown places, it's realised in one way only: as fare-dodger. They hide in travellers' suitcase, pocket, hood or boot of vehicles. They can do it, don't worry about their return, that's indeed merely by magic.

Probably I could met one of them in this way. My friend was in Ireland. When he came home, he invited me to taste some good Irish whiskey brought by him. While his long travel report we looked honestly at the bottom of the bottle, so finally we rolled with laughter in the floor at British jokes. Sitting in the corner I giggled to sleep.

Lying on the carpet I woke up in the morning, and a leprechaun crouched there under my nose. "What a strong whiskey," thought to myself. I sat up and thoroughly rubbed my eyes. But he was still sitting about there. After vainly waiting for I believe he's not mirage he began to speak:

"I'm going to comply your three request."

This strange situation so cheered me up that suddenly became unimportant, whether all these are real and possible or not. His style was a bit sullen, so I pretended a mildly provocative character:

"Well, with what did I deserve it?"

"You caught me, afterwards set me free."

"Me???" my eyes rounded out.

"Maybe did not you force me into the corner? And after my long begging, poking and tickling you finally tumbled aside for my release, did not you do it either?"

I began to assemble the image of the last night:

"Oh, forgive me! I had not intention of catching you in the least! I did not notice you, you could have total accidentally got behind me, when I sat into the corner. Then I probably tumbled down asleep, so did not know about your release either.

The leprechaun hawed for a while, strongly pondered that matter.

"It's all the same! No matter what you wanted. The affair happened, the three request is due to you."

A short while ago as if he sulked that must comply three requests, but now he seems to grumble that maybe he does not have to do it.

"Well, well! Just let me think!" I kept calming him.

"You may do it," and he patiently scrutinised my distant look. I did not ruminate about it a lot, somehow the answer easily popped out from my depth.

"I have nothing at all, should I wish for more than it?"

From it the leprechaun stared open-mouthed. He kept rolling his head, scratching his ear, grimacing, but he was quick-witted chap, so just devised what to do with me.

"Your answer is apt, no doubt, but you can't get off lightly. There is no need for to put your wishes into words that a leprechaun get to know of it," he break into laugh short, then suddenly I was almost penetrated with his fixed and piercing look. I felt nothing but have not a grain of doubt about that he rummaged about in my guts and thought.

"I founded something now!" he blinked conspiratorially. "You don't like to work very much. Of course! Who like it? But you would like to know that you will have meat, drink, clothes and roof above your head tomorrow, too. Don't be ashamed for it, it's absolutely natural wish, and its fulfilment is not too big stunt."

"No! No! Don't do it!" I protested energetically while I was trying to arrange my thoughts, why I felt this idea is wrong. "With this you would take the satisfaction of finished work, solved problem and created product away from me... You would take the answer away from me, I wonder whether I'm fit to live in this world... You should

take the duty away from me, though the idleness is pleasant only in that case if I have to do something."

Some series haw then further glance into me.

"Ah! I see! I think, here it is! You sometimes keep writing."

"Yes... yes," I talk about it to a few people because I always get confused when it is mentioned as now. "The thoughts sometimes come up, then I feel like scribbling them," I tried to trivialise this theme, in vain.

"It was good if many people would read them, wasn't it? If they would understand them at that, and they would like them, it was good, wasn't it? If these would be translated into many languages, if these would be successful, what do you think of it?"

"Oh, don't do anything for it! I'll never get to know the success is mine or your magic power's. Of course I'd like all that you said but it must be reached by my writings themselves and not by hocus-pocus of lovely little imp. If my thoughts are worth nothing, we rather don't force them on the people. OK?"

"Right, right," further haw and rummage. "Oh! Well, well! A girl! You'd like nothing better than that girl loves you. Hm. It's my favourite magic!" And he at once began wide and theatrical move.

"No! No!" I had to shout at him to put him off his role, now he looked at me less obtusely, he waited my reason resignedly instead. "She must love me for myself, for my individuality. If I'm not able to achieve it and ask your magic power for it, then it will mean that we take her free will and freedom away from her with force. So we'll deprive her of the real life and push her into sad slough of bare being. I'm not able to ask it to anyone, let alone to her whom I love mostly in the world."

The leprechaun a bit glumly looked before him, then the real rogue surmount in him again. He looked at me with open arms and shrugged. He awkwardly bowed with impish smile, waved goodbye, and disappeared under cover of glittering cloud of dust. I realised that I still joyfully waved my hand to him after vanishing of gleaming mist.

He went straight to leprechaun-king for because they had to give an account of each unachievable request. (It couldn't be too much as yet or rather I don't know about the like of this.) He told him our conversation. The king was thinking the matter for the whole night, and the next day

proclaimed his new decree. The leprechauns mustn't comply with request henceforth, instead they have to tell this story to the people.

If you don't believe me then catch one of them and you'll see, he'll tell you it the same.