

On Leprechaun Watch
by Lesley L. Smith

"F'in hell!" Sean fell out of his chair.
"What's wrong, Sean?" I asked from my own comfy chair.
He pointed a shaking finger at the webcam feed. "Lookit, Sean!"
I stared at the screen. I could almost see something there in the darkness, something small and green. "Jaysus! Is it a leprechaun, finally?"
Sean, or perhaps I should say the other Sean, or young-Sean, since I'm named Sean, too, was scrambling up off the floor. "I can't believe it. I thought the leprechaun Irish fairy watch was a joke." He shook his head.
"Well, they'd hardly be paying us for a joke, now would they?" I said.
"And, the man with boots does not have to worry about where to put his feet."
"I know, but real leprechauns...." He leaned over the screen, peering intently into it. "Jaysus."
I got up and stood next to him. There was definitely something there in front of the fairy tree, an old oak on Coogan's farm. "Wait! Is there another one?" Now it was my turn to point my shaking finger.
"Jaysus!" He nodded. "Yeah. There's two of them!"
The clouds parted a little bit for a moment, I saw a distinct gleam of green. "Jaysus."
Sean looked at me. "Should we call it in?"
"Dunno," I said, rubbing my gray-whiskered chin. Could it be we finally had definitive proof of the Fair Folk? But then I realized, many a red apple is rotten to the core. Finally, I said, "Listen to the sound of the river and you will get a trout."
"All right. Let's wait a bit." He glanced at me. "Or as you would say, the weather is a good storyteller."
I grinned. "And here I thought it was difficult to put a wise head on young shoulders."
"Sheesh." Sean shook his head. "Give the old sayings a rest, Sean." He sat back down, pulling his chair in front of the screen.
I followed his lead. The two tiny men, leprechauns (?), seemed to be reconnoitering.
"What are they doing?" Sean asked.
"The only cure for love is marriage," I said, and taking in young Sean's scowl quickly added, "I mean it's obvious. They're looking around."
Sean raised his eyebrows and said, "And obviously, old-timer, when a twig grows it is hard to bend it."
I laughed. "Ha. But," I held up my forefinger, "you know what they say, the older the fiddle, the sweeter the tune."
"In your dreams, old man." Grinning, Sean turned his eyes back to the screen.
We watched the leprechauns look around some more and then they disappeared out of view.
"Oh, no! Are they gone then?" Sean said.
"A narrow neck keeps the bottle from being emptied in one swig." I took a sip of my now cold tea.
"All right, already," Sean said. "I'll wait and see."
The clouds parted and moonlight shown down on the fairy circle.
I held my breath.
And two little green men sauntered in front of the camera.
"F'in hell!" Sean yelled. "It's just aliens again!"