

Uncle Fitzinger's Accounts of

Gnomes I Have Known

Volume I



Dear Reader,

You hold in your hands a riveting collection of accounts detailing the most prominent and historically influential gnomish persons in all the Gnome world. As you know, gnomes are fantastic tricksters and quintessential mischief artists. This is due to a mixture of innate talent and inspired cleverness, and among the gnomes themselves there is no more enthusiastically explored field of study than that of mischieving. Along with a sampling of gnomish culture and trivia, we have noted some 'gnomings' (this is the standard term for such an occurrence) so that you may relate to your friends incredible tales of deception, illusion, and comeuppance.

Some find that a successful gnome encounter requires only a modicum of planning, a dash of improvisation, and a group of like-minded adventurers. For a lighthearted game, gnomes should be used to full effect, but for a more serious campaign they are needed only sparingly, and with a more folkloric feel. Hopefully the gnomes described herein will be useful to the dungeon master, and fun for the players.

You will find the gnomes ordered by ascending trickiness such that there will be at least one possible gnome encounter for a party at any given level of experience. Please avail yourself of the helpful lessons on gnomish behavior and custom, as these will help immensely in your recreations. It is my sincere hope that, through these annals of gnomish history, you are able to trick, humiliate, and enlighten your non-gnomish friends.

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The Theory of Gnoming

According to its practitioners, gnoming is a subtle and nuanced art form. While a few gnomes prefer to improvise their tricks, most plan them out elaborately beforehand. The orthodox structure of an ideal gnoming falls somewhere between a stage illusion and a con-job. A classic gnoming is executed as follows:

1. *The Exposition:* In which the gnome graciously introduces himself to strangers, and invites them to a gnoming. At this step, the party is free to pass along, though they often perceive a benefit to conversing with the gnome. The challenge for the gnome in this step is to be in the right place at the right time, and to engage the party socially in an inviting way.
2. *The Bait:* In which the gnome, quite innocently, explains a situation to the party. It is a suspicious offer, to be sure, and the gnome is likely telling a falsehood that is based on a grain of truth, or a truth that contains elements of deception. The greed of the audience is often played to in order to make the bait more appealing. This aspect of the gnoming is the part most fascinating to gnomes, who savor the practiced delivery of these ruses.
3. *The Pounce:* In which the participants arrive at a certain course of action. This is nearly always because they distrust the gnome, or wish to take advantage of the gnome. Were the gnome not a gnome, the exercise would likely end here, but it is the case that the decision made by the audience was anticipated by the gnome. This decision is what inevitably leads to the comeuppance of the gnome.
4. *The Flourish:* In which the truth is revealed, and the audience enlightened. The party is shown that the gnome was merely presenting them a mirror through which they were able to attain their deep-seated wish to hoodwink themselves. Classic gnomings have a flourish which occurs instantaneously, in a moment of hindsight.

Of course, not every performance follows this exact structure. Some avant-garde gnomes prefer to work off-the-cuff, or are merely experimenting with new forms of honesty. A few don't even know what a gnoming is, but have poor luck which causes strange circumstances to befall them - circumstances that result in coincidental gnomings. In some

variations, the gnome leaves his audience with a treasure beyond the lesson of humility that results from a successful flourish.

LONELY JINGO

Setup: A pack of wolves have chased Lonely Jingo the gnome up into a tree, where he hides and waits, invisible, for his chance to escape. The party sees only the hungry animals at the bottom of the tree, who attack them.

A slaving pack of wolves are barking up this mysterious tree, lapping at bloodstains on the bark. At your approach, they hungrily turn and bound towards you.

During the battle, the tree, in a shrill voice, shouts encouragement to the PCs, commending them on their bravery and warning them of impending attacks. After the combat, the tree thanks the party:

"My friends, thank Corellon you saved me from those beasts! What are your names?"

The party will probably be curious about the tree. Jingo is aware of what the party thinks, and intends to thank his rescuers by gnoming them. In this vein, he does not intend to let on that he isn't a magical tree, but he will attempt to dodge the question if possible. He answers questions mysteriously and before the party leaves he begs their help.

If asked who he is, Jingo answers:

"I have been called Jingo the tall; sometimes, Lonely Jingo. I suppose you could say I am magical. I'm certainly not an ordinary tree..."

If asked where he is from or how he got here, Jingo answers:

"I am from a land far from this one, the Feywild. Have you ever been there? Oh, I miss it."

Jingo loves to talk, and may have useful information. When the party is about to leave:

"Wait! You have been so kind to rescue me and talk to me. Would you not be so kind as to help me? I cannot return to my home unless I retrieve my lost amulet. I am quite sure I left it in a cave over yonder..."

There is almost certainly an amulet in a cave nearby somewhere, and no end of quests that the 'magic tree' will send the party on, given the chance.

Combat: 6 Gray Wolves (MM 264) (Encounter Level 3)

NUGGIN DOWN THE WAY

Setup: This encounter occurs in a clearing in the forest, preferably one the PCs know to be infested with vine horrors.

In this clearing sit several large piles of ashes, along with the barely recognizable remains of several vine horrors. A gnome with an intensely focused look in his eyes is holding a sword pointed towards the ground. "Greetings, my name is Nuggin down the Way. That is also my address. But come no closer!", he says, "I fear for what will happen if you do. Watch..." Nuggin swings his sword at the tree, and with silent speed, it falls over leaving a perfectly

clean cut trunk.

The sword is cursed, and prudent PCs will not approach. If they offer to help, Nuggin explains:

"I found it under a log this morning. I cannot put it down! These tree spirits came to aid me, and I could only watch as they were hacked to kindling."

A perception check will show that the sword has glowing runes that spell 'Hedgeslayer' in Sylvan. If someone speaks the word 'Hedgeslayer', Nuggin down the Way screams and instantly turns into a cloud of ash, the sword clattering to the ground. While he lives, he cooperates with the party to discern the nature of the curse.

"I wish I had a better grasp on the arcane history of weapons. I know that this sword is ancient gnomish-make, and it feels quite powerful. I worry it will work some evil. Can you please help?"

A History or Arcana check (DC 20) reveals the sword to be *Hedgeslayer*, an artifact created long ago by the gnome king Wickershoes the Mad to trim his royal rose garden.

Should the party somehow refrain from turning Nuggin into ash, he will do what he can to help them and will act as they ask, only rarely coming too close and causing the sword to attack one of the PCs.

The quest to destroy or get rid of *Hedgeslayer* could prove to be an interesting adventure; vine horrors and other wooded encounters along the way to visit a nearby hermit capable of removing the curse could provide an additional challenge.

Treasure: The real challenge will be dealing with the artifact, *Hedgeslayer*.

Hedgeslayer	Heroic Level
<i>This dulled, rune-inscribed longsword was created long ago by a mad gnomish king who had a love of topiary. Over the ages, as the noble blade was relegated to trimming hedges rather than slaying foes, its spirit went mad. To hold it now is to bear its curse.</i>	
<i>Hedgeslayer is a +2 longsword.</i>	
Enhancement: Attack rolls and damage rolls.	
Property: This weapon deals an extra 2d8 damage against creatures with the plant keyword.	
Special: Whenever you are able to, you must attack a creature within range of <i>Hedgeslayer</i> .	
Special: When you hear the word 'Hedgeslayer', the sword's curse attacks you (+x vs fortitude). On a hit, you are instantly killed and turned into a cloud of ash.	
Special: You cannot drop, sheathe, or let go of <i>Hedgeslayer</i> . While you are still alive, it remains attached to your dominant hand.	

SHIMSHAM

Setup: This encounter could take place anywhere, from a forest to a vast desert with one lone berry bush.

Ahead is a small form hunched over a bush full of ripe yellow berries. As you approach, a gnomish face looks you over timidly.

Shimsham is a skittish gnome, protective of her magic berries. She will not try to halt the party. If they stop and engage her, she will be quite defensive.

What are you doing here, gnome?

"Just picking my magic berries, that's all. You'll get no mischief from me, friends. Not tonight."

Magic berries? You don't say! What's magical about them?

"Now hold on there, these berries are a carefully guarded family secret. I can't just go telling anyone the Sham family berry secrets."

If threatened or attacked, Shimsham flees. If offered coin or barter for the berries (she asks 600gp, but will accept 400gp) she will gladly trade them to the party. There is a handful for each party member, but anywhere from one berry to all of them will yield the same effect, and tomorrow their magic will be gone.

"It's good to do business with a fair trader like you. The Sham family berries are known for preventing many common ailments, and are delicious to boot."

Shimsham considers this to be more than enough information, but if paid extra, will also give away the secret:

"The Shamberries grant the powers of flight, and they also allow you to see the invisible. Mind you, they're only good tonight, the night of the equinox. Do not let them waste, for they are the most fantastic berries in the world."

Shimsham flies off, leaving the party with a basket of berries. The berries really are magical, and bestow their eater the ability to fly 6 (hover) and ignore the *invisibility* keyword until the end of an extended rest. The party should be allowed the chance to fly around, hopefully gaining important insight in the process - noting the precise location of a future objective or enemy ambush, perhaps, or seeing some invisible clue or object relevant to their quest. But soon the more sinister effects of the Shamberries take hold, and cause the party to see visions... Specifically: a pair of strange, beautiful, tentacled creatures. The spectacular beings fly around exultantly, as if dancing. Soon, however, they swoop in ferociously to attack.

If any of the party do not eat the berries they will be unable to fly, or to see the terrible monsters the rest of the party is facing. Whether these monsters are illusions caused by the berries, or true invisible threats the party is now able to see is a question of semantics only.

Combat: One grell and one grell philosopher who have been made invisible. (MM 144)
(Encounter level 8-9, no treasure)

On Not Getting Caught

The only life suitable for a gnome is absolute freedom, and no trickster, arcanist, or mischieftain will allow herself to be apprehended for longer than absolutely necessary to execute her gnomish. This is an important part of being gnomish, as there are few possibilities for making trouble while one is fully restrained.

Gnomish stealth and the powers of *Fey Step* and *Fade Away* make it extremely difficult to find a gnome who doesn't want to be found. Normally, a gnome who has been attacked will quickly run and hide, and may fire off some carefully chosen words that suggest the party will be sorry. This is especially true if the gnome initially intended to assist the party in some way.

A favorite gnome tactic to dive into the bushes at the first sign of trouble. There is clear advantage to this. A gnome will often shout at predators, "You cannot see me!", which the gnome hopes will discourage them from searching around. Some will create illusory rustling sounds which mislead aggressors into beehives, patches of toxic plants, or bear caves. It is unlikely that a gnome has ever been driven out of a bush without her consent.

DINGLENIKA

Setup: This encounter takes place in a stone cavern - a group of gnomes in residence have decided to form a court of 'law', and the PCs are fortunate enough to be their first defendants.

This is a large, especially dark cavern - roughly a 40' circle, with a high ceiling and many rock formations on the walls that form strange shadows when your light shines on them. You faintly hear stifled speech, which echoes gently through the cavern.

When the entire party has entered the room:

Numerous small globes of light appear and grow brightly against the walls all around you, revealing dozens of gnomish faces. The small figures wear tall hats and grimaces, and mutter to each other disapprovingly, shaking their heads.

The door behind you slams shut, and you can see a large bar fall across it. At the far end of the room, on a high podium flanked by four shield guardians - tall, animated statues - sits a minuscule gnome with dark flowing robes and a hat far too large and silly for a human. In a strange way, she seems very dignified.

Allow the party to be nervous but before they start forming any kind of defense, pound on the table as Dinglenika announces:

"Order is called for! Dinglenika the Condemning presides. We have, um, criminals, that is, heinous criminals, present. Please state your names, aliases, occupation, and list of crimes! ... Ah, yes, and how do you plead? ... Your crimes? Obviously, trespassing, and being too tall, and pile onto that failure to render a plea other than guilty!"

The PCs are well past redemption in the eyes of Dinglenika the Condemning, and this kangaroo court is a setup. You can run this however you like; the PCs should be able to roleplay telling great tales of their lawfulness and courage. However, the gnomes will continue to cite preposterous evidence against them until the situation is clearly beyond hope. If the PCs initiate combat, the gnomes flee (hurling threats and accusations of 'contempt of court!') while their illusions march threateningly toward the party. The shield guardians stand in combat until all of the gnomes are safely hidden elsewhere in the cavern.

Finally, regardless of crimes, pleas, or evidence, Dinglenika sentences the PCs to 'Death by way of Hydrafenistration'. If the PCs put up a particularly good defense or mention that they are great warriors, the court may mercifully allow them to undergo trial by combat. If they can defeat the court's champion in the next room, they will be absolved of all wrongdoing.

The Shield Guardians line up around the far tunnel to the next room, where lurks a Fen Hydra. This beast has been plaguing the gnomes for weeks, and the gnomes have now found heroes to rescue them. After fighting the Fen Hydra the PCs will find a stubby, severed hand holding a bloodstained parchment which reads: 'Please help, we are trapped in the great cave by a terrible many-headed beast! If this note finds you, please, save us! -

Dinglenika the Desperate'. The PCs can hear the gnomes cheering and yelling during the fight with the Hydra, but after the combat they beat the gnomes retreat and are nowhere to be found.

Combat: Fen Hydra (MM 165) (Encounter Level 12, two level 12 treasure parcels)

QUIET MIDO

Setup: Quiet Mido has a lucky pet stone which he normally brings everywhere, but he has to visit distant kin and is looking desperately for someone to care for his pet while he is gone. When Mido meets the PCs, he's confident they will be responsible enough to handle a stone.

"Hail, there! Could you help a body out? I need someone to look after my pet stone. I will pay you well, of course!"

Mido offers the party an 18th level magic item or 250pp (paid upfront) to take care of his stone for a week. If the party obliges, he hands over the payment and a melon-sized rock.

"This here is Misses Luck, my dear pet stone. You be good to her, you know, talk to her and such. No need to feed her. I'll catch up with you in a week or so, I have to go home to visit my clan."

Unfortunately, the rock is actually a magical cocoon for a purple worm which comes alive and attacks the party at a convenient time, preferably without warning, and in an enclosed space.

Misses Luck, the pet stone, definitely seems larger than she was when you first met her. She rocks gently back and forth on the cold ground, while a hairline crack forms and spreads across her surface. The ground under your feet quakes and out of the small rock bursts an enormous purple worm, coated in a viscous slime. The worm's huge mandibles click together as it lunges at you.

The gnome is rather distraught when he returns and discovers that Misses Luck has ceased to be. In fact, he doesn't really believe the rock turned into anything - he was sure it was a very normal, loyal, and affectionate rock. Quiet Mido wants his payment back, and may be angry enough to seek revenge. If he is presented with very convincing evidence, such as shards of the cocoon, however, he mourns:

"-Sniff- Well, I suppose it's true - it's always the quiet ones..."

Combat: Purple worm (MM p214) (Encounter Level 16)

WISMALAK

Setup: The party is looking for a large object in the woods. They may have heard a rumor that there was a magical fountain with a tall statue that gave the water healing properties.

They come across Wismalak the gnome, who is standing in front of a large (21 ft tall, claims the gnome) object covered by a sheet of canvas. The object under the canvas has many sharp edges, creating bulges in the canvas.

In a small clearing ahead you see a large object covered with a brown canvas. Beside it stands a gnome, noisily sharpening a short metal implement.

The gnome's name is Wismalak; he is friendly and seems pleased to meet the PCs. Wismalak is not allowed to talk about what is under the canvas. He built the object and is very proud of himself, but he assures the party that the covering should not come off. Wismalak acts guilty, as if afraid of revealing something incriminating under the canvas.

"This? Oh, it's... nothing much at all! Pleasant day for a bit of tinkering, that's all. So, are we thinking it'll rain tonight? Been raining too much lately, in my humble opinion."

Wismalak refuses to pull away the tarp. He even refuses to discuss what is underneath it.

"Nothing interesting under here at all! Just a very large coat-hanger, with a big coat on top! I don't think you want to see what is underneath at all."

If threatened or attacked, the gnome darts into the woods. When a corner of the canvas is pulled up or lifted by a breeze, something terrible happens. Wismalak flees if still present, and:

A fast series of clicks fills the air, followed by loud clangs and mechanical noises. Under the canvas, which is thrown off from beneath by the powerful thrust of a giant, spiked metal arm, is an enormous Clockwork Horror. Its glowing eyes narrow into slits as it unfolds its wings and attacks.

Combat: Clockwork Horror. Apply the Savage Berserker template to the Greater Helmed horror for a Level 18 Solo that took Wismalak several years to construct.

Clockwork Horror	Level 18 Solo Soldier
Large Elemental Animate (construct)	XP 10,000
Initiative +16 Senses Perception +20; darkvision, truesight 10 HP 450; Bloodied 225 Regeneration 20 AC 35; Fortitude 38, Reflex 30, Will 31 Immune charm, disease, fear, poison, sleep Speed 6, fly 6 (clumsy) Saving Throws +4 Action Points 2	
(basic melee) Mechanoclaw (standard; at-will) ♦ Weapon; Fire +24 vs. AC; 1d10 + 8 damage plus 1d10 fire damage.	
(Melee) Furious Sweep (standard; encounter) ♦ Weapon; Fire. The clockwork horror makes a Mechanoclaw attack against two different targets within reach.	
(Close) Exhaust Belch (standard; recharge 5 6) ♦ Fire Close burst 5; +20 vs. Reflex; 2d6 + 6 fire damage	
Tactical Step (free, when the clockwork horror hits with an opportunity attack; at-will) The clockwork horror shifts 3 squares.	
Murderous Frenzy	

The clockwork horror gains 1 action point the first time it reduces a foe to 0 hit points in an encounter.

Savage Rebuke (immediate reaction, when hit by a melee attack; at-will)

The clockwork horror makes a basic melee attack.

Alignment Unaligned **Languages** Common, Primordial

Skills Insight +20

Str 26 (+17) **Dex** 21 (+14) **Wis** 22 (+15)

Con 22 (+15) **Int** 12 (+10) **Cha** 18 (+13)

The Agony of Being Skipped

It is a common superstition among Dragonborn that to acknowledge the presence of a gnome is to invite a terrible curse upon you. This is potentially true, but heroes who ignore gnomes tempt fate; a gnome who is convinced that he has escaped all notice is unlikely to be on good behavior. Every gnome's greatest fear is being ignored, and they tend to take it quite harshly.

It should be noted that gnomes do not enjoy being obstacles, nor villains. They are a force of nature, a fork in the path, a random deviation in one's fate. If a party of adventurers is slighting, avoiding, or attacking gnomes, it may be that they've had trouble with gnomes in the past, or that they do not enjoy being tricked. Gnomes can often detect this suspicion and will go out of their way to be kind and generous. Gnoming is not fun without at least a modicum of trust from the audience.

Once a gnome displays his incredible talents of procuring the right information or the exact tool needed to solve a problem, heroes will likely remark on the stunning generosity of gnomekind, and should not mind paying a premium price (in gold or sweat) for such a useful service.

KRIMTAELSIN III

Setup: The party is hot on the trail after a large questing beast, a dragon perhaps.

The bloodstains follow the trail and lead to a clearing, where upon a tall rock stands a small humanoid with a long white beard and flowing yellow robes. He speaks softly, in a strange language, to an audience of tiny beasts and birds. As you approach, the animals quickly scatter over rock and under tree. Smiling, the gnome looks to you. "Hello, friends! Have you come for storytime?"

The gnome is named Krimtaelsin III and is as friendly as gnomes come. However, if the party answers that they haven't come for a story, he grows angry.

"Ungracious cabbages! Do you even know who I am? Krimtaelsin the Third is the greatest storyteller who has ever lived, and only a troglodyte would turn down an opportunity to hear one of his epics. It is said that his tales offer invaluable insights into any situation."

The party might ask if he has seen their quarry pass through, or may even volunteer to stay for a story. The latter is better, because it's the only way Krimtaelsin will volunteer any relevant information.

"A dragon, you say? I know a story about a dragon. Why yes, it was a green dragon and it

was here not too long ago. Shall I tell it? It is a scary story, and it has an ending that may be too much for young ones like yourselves. I don't want to cause any bedwettings tonight..."

If the party acts as though it is desperate for the story, Krimtaelsin will attempt to sell it to them. It's only fair, he says, storytellers have to make a living of course. He will ask for 200pp (it is a very good story), but will gladly tell the story for less, even for free if it comes to that.

The gnome spins a story which starts around the beginning of the last session. He tries to include an exciting part about each hero in the party, and does not pass up any opportunity to poke fun at, say, the dwarf who nearly drowned. Krimtaelsin's story continues as long as the players enjoy it and you feel like going on, but eventually he gets to the end:

"...and so the heroes came to Krimtaelsin the Third, the greatest storyteller ever known! And they asked him to tell them a story, and he did! Oh, what a story it was. Full of action and terror and suspense... there was quite a bit of suspense! Everyone there knew that this was the most suspense they'd ever heard in a gnome story. But what they didn't know was that, while they listened to the story, they had been sneaked upon by the ELDER GREEN DRAGON!"

If he feels he must, Krimtaelsin attempts to grant surprise to the monster by aiding its Sneak attempt. The gnome darts into the woods after this surprise ending, perhaps shouting that he never told such a terrifying story.

Combat: An Elder Green Dragon (MM 180) (Encounter Level 19, two level 19 treasure parcels in its nearby cave) would make a good flourish, but any appropriate monster will work, especially the one the PCs were trailing.

SCOFFPOSSUM

Setup: Scoffpossum, the gnomish auctioneer, has bad luck. Every time he gets close to selling something, a group of monsters storms in - just after he collects payment but before the goods are transferred to the buyer.

"Howdy there! Name's Scoffpossum. I've come by some hard luck lately, friends - haven't finished a sale in weeks. Would you be so kind as to help me out? I have many lovely items at discount rates here in my bag. You just name it, it's in here!"

Scoffpossum is bound to have what the party wants or needs, at half price! But once the deal is struck, things deviate from a normal exchange.

"Now hold on there, is that a fey opal? Looks magical to me. Mind if I take a look? I don't want to cheat you if you're accidentally handing me rare gems..."

Savvy PCs may stop a gnome from getting too close to the coins without handing over the item. Scoffpossum is difficult to offend - he will complete the deal, then perhaps ask to see an item someone is holding or wearing, as though he may know something about it.

While he counts the coins or inspects an object, a volley of arrows pierce the air, or a giant monster descends and steals him away, along with his bag and the coins he was counting. The party may not be fortunate enough to see Scoffpossum again. If they are, however, the gnome has lost their money - along with any recollection of meeting the party before. In such case, he will attempt to sell the party the same item again.

Combat: (One possibility) 2 rakshasa dread knights, 2 fell wyverns, 1 war devil. (Encounter Level 24) - A third fell wyvern grabs Scoffpossum and flies away at the onset of combat.

HONEST BIX

Setup: Honest Bix, a gnome merchant, has a very powerful magical item for sale.

"Here now! I have for you the most powerful artifact of all gnomish history, just sitting here waiting for some notable personage to snatch it up." The handsome gnome pulls a small trinket shaped like a duck out of a sleeve, and pets it gently.

Bix is an honest dealer and has dealt with people who the PCs know, and who recommend him highly. In addition to being very useful for some task at hand, the duck artifact has the following, more gnomish, powers:

1. It quacks, much like a duck.
2. It can only be transferred through an ancient gnomish ritual.

Bix will gladly demonstrate both the item's quacking and the more relevant power. The duck figurine radiates power and significance. Bix isn't greedy, he starts the bidding at the low price of 10ad and expects the price to increase somewhat. He deals with the confidence of wealth, and if the bidding remains low for what he claims is an item of overwhelming power, Bix suggests the bidders are cheating no one but themselves.

"SOLD! To the lady in plate mail. Now, here comes time for our little ritual. Please take a moment to purify your spirits and cleanse your mind. Solemn, now. That's better. Now, let me explain how this goes, as everyone present must participate for the duck to change hands."

It is a complicated ritual indeed. One possible such ritual goes as follows:

- Bix asks Hero 1, 'Would you like to buy a duck?'
- Hero 1 asks Bix - 'A what?'
- Bix answers - 'A duck.'
- Hero 1 asks Bix - 'Does it quack?'
- Bix answers - 'Of course it quacks!'
- Hero 1 asks Hero 2 - 'Would you like to buy a duck?'
- Hero 2 asks Hero 1 - 'A what?'
- Hero 1 asks Bix- 'A what?'
- Bix answers - 'A duck.'
- Hero 1 answers - 'A duck.'
- Hero 2 asks Hero 1 - 'Does it quack?'
- Hero 1 asks Bix - 'Does it quack?'
- Bix answers - 'Of course it quacks!'
- Hero 1 answers - 'Of course it quacks!'

Hero 2 must now ask another hero, 'Would you like to buy a duck?' The script is similar - but each time Hero 2 is asked a question he must ask Hero 1, who in turn must ask Bix. Hero 1 responds with the answer Bix gives, and Hero 2 then passes the message along. The deal passes around the table and each player must get his responses from the player who originally sold him the duck. The last player to be asked should be the one to receive the

duck, and when she is told it quacks, the figurine will quack and materialize in her open hands.

Failing your desire to play this game, Bix will propose any laborious and complicated game, such as telephone. Despite it, Bix's only trick is that he is totally on the level, which is by no means normal for a gnome.

So they went, and Tom held the Lepracaun fast in his hand, and never took his eyes from off him, though they had to cross hedges and ditches, and a crooked bit of bog, till at last they came to a great field all full of boliauns, and the Lepracaun pointed to a big boliaun, and says he, "Dig under that boliaun, and you'll get the great crock all full of guineas."

Tom in his hurry had never thought of bringing a spade with him, so he made up his mind to run home and fetch one; and that he might know the place again he took off one of his red garters, and tied it round the boliaun. Then he said to the Lepracaun, "Swear ye'll not take that garter away from that boliaun." And the Lepracaun swore right away not to touch it.

"I suppose," said the Lepracaun, very civilly, "you have no further occasion for me?"

"No," says Tom; "you may go away now, if you please, and God speed you, and may good luck attend you wherever you go."

"Well, good-bye to you, Tom Fitzpatrick," said the Lepracaun; "and much good may it do you when you get it."

So Tom ran for dear life, till he came home and got a spade, and then away with him, as hard as he could go, back to the field of boliauns; but when he got there, lo and behold! not a boliaun in the field but had a red garter, the very model of his own, tied about it; and as to digging up the whole field, that was all nonsense, for there were more than forty good Irish acres in it. So Tom came home again with his spade on his shoulder, a little cooler than he went, and many's the hearty curse he gave the Lepracaun every time he thought of the neat turn he had served him.

-Irish Fairy Tale

Special thanks to Moot, a land of - among other things - Gnomes.



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