

The Leprechaun

By Marilyn Reeves

It all started on the first day of March. My sister Rosie sent me an e-mail wishing me a Happy Birth Month. Some leprechaun must have been trolling the Internet and decided to have a bit of fun with me. Things went reasonably well until a week ago Sunday when he started making mischief.

First, the head of one of my paint brushes popped off as I was getting ready to wash it and ended up in the bottom of my garbage disposal. After fishing around with my tongs trying to grab it, I finally gave up and put my hand down inside that icky maw in order to retrieve it. Then later that same day I dumped out some week-old stir-fry and didn't notice the little pork bone hidden in the mix. So now my disposal is jammed tight and I have to keep reminding myself not to use it.

On Tuesday, during the warm before the storm, I stopped by King Soopers to stock up on supplies. For the first time ever, I decided not to buy any corn beef. It's just too expensive. Besides, I like it but it doesn't like me. My new, old digestive system just can't handle it anymore.

But apparently the leprechaun took umbrage, because when I got back to my garage and transferred my groceries into my little cart to cart them upstairs, he waved his magic shillelagh and the cart fell apart. One of the front wheels flew off this way, another part flew off that way, and there were little O-rings scattered all over the sidewalk. But I managed to haul the crippled cart up the steps anyway and decided to deal with putting it back together the following day.

That evening, while watching the local weather report, there was a loud ZAP! That ornery little elf had blacked out my TV! But after squeezing myself behind the cabinet and fiddling around with the various wires and plugs and the power bar, it finally came back on again. Whoopee! Score one for the old lady!

On Wednesday, while the storm was blustering outside, I decided to try to fix my little shopping cart. I got the wheel back on, but there was a long metal rod that didn't seem to fit anywhere. One end was attached to the bottom of the cart, but the other end just dangled. So I just wired it to the basket to keep it out of the way. Was that the sound of giggling I heard, or was it just the wind?

Then later that morning, the mischief maker decided to zap out the entire electrical power system. Half the city was left in the dark, not knowing when it would come back on again. But thanks to the efforts of the heroic Xcel workers, it was finally restored around 7:00 o'clock that evening. That naughty little leprechaun must have been jumping up and down in frustration!

I always thought leprechauns were cute little elves who wore green suits and shamrocks on their hats and lived in Ireland. So why has this one been picking on me? Now that St. Paddy's Day is behind us, maybe he'll go back home where he belongs and I can make it through the rest of the month without being pestered by any more of his mean little tricks.

One can only hope.