THE LEPRECHAUNS AND THE SHOEMAKER

SHOEMAKER

WIFE

"WORK, WORK, WORK

"WHAT A MESS!!!!"

SHOES

"SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK"

MONEY

"CHI-CHING, CHI-CHING"

"WHERE'S MY GOLD?"

Once upon a time in a little town in Ireland lived a poor <u>SHOEMAKER</u> and his <u>WIFE</u>. The <u>SHOEMAKER</u> knew that because of his failing eyesight and slow hands, he was losing customers to his little shop. Soon they will have no <u>MONEY</u> to buy any leather. Without any leather he couldn't make anymore <u>SHOES</u>. And if he couldn't make anymore <u>SHOES</u> then his <u>WIFE</u> and him would lose their shop and home and have no <u>MONEY</u> for food.

He spent all day working on a pair of <u>SHOES</u>. He look around and spotted the last piece of leather on a nearby table. He stood up and cried in despair. He look outside a window and saw a rainbow. He whispered in a trembling voice to the rainbow, "Please, oh please, may someone help me tonight."

He left his workshop and went to his bed hungry. He and his <u>WIFE</u> had no more food, since the day before he had spent their last coins on a piece of leather.

In the morning, the <u>SHOEMAKER</u> cleaned his glasses and threaded his needle and looked around for that piece of leather. But something amazing had happened. A finished pair of <u>SHOES</u> stood in the centre of the table. The <u>SHOES</u> were perfect to the last shiny buckle. Someone had made those <u>SHOES</u> for him that night. He rapidly sold those <u>SHOES</u> at twice the usual price. And, with that <u>MONEY</u> got a bit of food and some pieces of leather. The next morning he had twenty <u>SHOES</u> which he sold in least than a hour. He then purchased a several pieces of fine leather.

As he laid all those pieces of leather on the table he was determine to see who was making all those <u>SHOES</u>. He and his <u>WIFE</u> stood in the next room and spied through a little hole in the wall. Around midnight they saw six naked <u>LEPRECHAUNS</u> sneak into the <u>SHOEMAKER'S</u> shop. It was winter and the <u>LEPRECHAUNS</u> shivered while they busily made two hundred <u>SHOES</u>.

"Poor fellows! They must be very cold," the Shoe Maker's <u>WIFE</u> whispered to her husband. "Tomorrow I will make them some beautiful clothes to thank them for helping us."

The <u>SHOEMAKER'S</u> <u>WIFE</u> searched for the best material to make their clothes. All she could find were green coloured silks, green tweeds and green wools. She spent almost all the <u>MONEY</u> they had left buying the most expensive fabrics. She worked all day making the clothes for the six little <u>LEPRECHAUNS</u>. She hoped that they would not be too disappointed that all their clothes were green in colour.

That night the leprechauns found a large pile of leather. They magically created thousands of pairs of beautiful <u>SHOES</u>. The <u>SHOEMAKER</u> and his <u>WIFE</u> wouldn't need to worry about <u>MONEY</u> anymore, since they had now more <u>SHOES</u> in the shop than they could sell in a hundred years. After finishing their job, one leprechaun spotted a large thank you note and a pile of very small clothes. He called his friends over and they found six elegant green jackets with gold buttons, green tweed pants, green woollen socks, a silk green vest, some green underwear and silken green top hats. When the leprechauns saw the clothes, they jumped with joy and danced a jig. They shouted as they got dressed, "What a beautiful colour for these fine clothes and we'll never be cold again."

They suddenly vanished and reappeared in front of the <u>SHOEMAKER</u> and his <u>WIFE</u>. The head leprechaun smiled at them and said, "We give thanks for such beautiful clothes. We heard your cries for help and came. But, we are rarely ever given any thanks for our efforts. Because of your gift, we promise not only to help you when you are in need but to help every <u>SHOEMAKER</u> in need in this land of Ireland."

Then a wondrous rainbow appeared and the leprechauns leaped on it and disappeared. And this is why leprechauns always wear green and the <u>SHOEMAKERS</u> in Ireland are the luckiest people in the world.

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