

Magic Under The Pear Tree

By

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Magic

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Chapter One

While sitting under my Grandfather's oldest pear tree one day, eating the most fulfilling pear ever, I spied a small creature out of the corner of my eye. I slowly turned my head to see a little better.

Why it looked like a very tiny child, a little on the heavy side, but with a very pleasant and cheerful expression on its face. It stood about three inches tall and was dressed in a shirt and pants and sort of funny little slipper that turned up on the ends. I smiled and very slowly put my hand out toward it. I didn't feel anything but friendship and there was no fear even though I had never seen such a creature or person before.

I had seen fairies and heard about gnomes but this seemed to be a person that was clearly different than either of them.

Then I flashed back to when I visited the fairies in their area and I had a chance to briefly meet one they called a Rubump. Just maybe this is a Rubump.

Then I heard a small faint voice. I could understand what it was saying and the words seemed to be in my language.

“Hello, my name is Jerald, who are you?” Came the voice from this very small person.

“Oh! My name is Amy” I said in the quietest voice I could. After all, I had seen TV programs where the giant talked to a regular size person and the voice was too loud to understand and the wind nearly made them fall.

“I’ve never seen you here before,” Jerald said. “Do you now live close by?” he asked.

“Well, sort of, I am just visiting my grandpa and grandma. This is their tree and their house is right over there,” I explained. “What are you?” I asked. “I don’t mean to seem rube, but I don’t know what group you’re a part of. I’ve met the fairies, but you don’t look much like a fairy or the drawings of gnomes I have seen,” I continued.

“I’m known as a Rubump and our world is part of the fairy’s and gnome’s world. Our existence came to be long ago when a very young fair and a very handsome gnome fell in love. The head fairy and governing gnomes agreed to let them marry and soon after there were a few other couples that fell in love. Well we, the (Rubumps), are their children,” Jerald explained. “As you can see we don’t look much like a fairy or a gnome, although we do look a little more like a gnome because we are round and small but our leg and arms are shorter which make it a little more difficult to really do things alone. So we usually travel in pairs most of the time,” he continued.

Well, there he stood on a rock near me. A jolly sort, with a body sort of shaped like a bowling pin with shorter arms and legs than a normal fairy. I couldn’t compare him to a gnome because I had only seen drawings.



He reminded me of my younger cousin Lawnee, who was always giggling. Lawnee was a little round and because of that, it had always seemed to me that his arms and legs were a little shorter than mine.

“Do you use fairy dust and do magic like the fairies?” I asked.

“No that was the one rule what was put on the fairies and gnomes that fell in love, that their descendants would not be taught the powers of their mother or father. The Rubumps, which are a mixture of fairy and gnomes, would live as plainly as possible, and so here we are. But some of us have learned how

to travel back and forth between your realm and ours," he said sounding almost boastful. "

"So how and where do you live?" I asked, feeling I had met what seemed to be a new friend and wanted to know as much as possible.

"Oh!" he said with a laugh. "We have small villages all over and we don't all look alike. We have cousins that are very lean and a little taller than I am but we all have one trait," he bragged.

"Oh, and what is that?" I asked being filled with intrigue.

"We come in different colors," he said proudly.

"Do the different colors have problems with each other because of their differences? Like, do the red fight with the yellows? Does one group think they are better than another?" I asked wanting to know more.

"Oh no, we are all one people, in fact one family may have several different colors in it. We don't see any difference in people because of the way they look outside. It is what's in their heart and mind that counts. If they are a good-hearted person then they are looked on as one that can be counted on. Oh, that is not to say we don't have a few now and then who goes through stages of playing careless jokes on others