

# Story Starter:

## LUCKY THE LEPRECHAUN

Lucky the Leprechaun was feeling anything but lucky as he strolled into the small Irish village of Dalkey, Ireland. Dodging the quick feet of the villagers, the wee little leprechaun charged ahead. You see, he wasn't very happy, and his mind was on one thing: Finding his pot of gold! Finnegan, another leprechaun that roamed the seaside cliffs and hid among the surrounding hills and trees, had found his treasure and claimed it for his own. Before Lucky could stop him, Finnegan snapped his fingers and both he and the gold were gone!

As you might imagine, this made Lucky the Leprechaun very unhappy. Trudging along, he stomped through the mud avoiding the mighty Vikings that inhabited the small village. Although invisible, he was still at risk of being squashed. He was, after all, just a tiny leprechaun and the Vikings were oh, so very big!

Tired of mucking through the mud, he jumped off the road into a patch of tall grass. Tilting his head, he sniffed the cool ocean breeze for the sign of another leprechaun. Nothing. However, Lucky's stomach began to grumble as the rich aroma of a fine stew wafted through the air and tickled his nose.

Hmm, perhaps a moment for such a tasty treat wouldn't be such a bad idea. His mood lightened at the thought of a hearty meal, and Lucky merrily skipped to a nearby hut whistling a fine melody. Tiptoeing the last few feet, forgetting that no one could actually see him, he carefully peeked inside the doorway. A sudden gasp escaped him, and he soon realized that perhaps his name had brought him a bit of luck—*Irish luck!*

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? YOU DECIDE!