

- READER 1: Somewhere near the Burren in the County Clare region of Ireland, there lived a young husband and wife. The happy couple owned a small cozy inn that nestled into the surrounding limestone landscape.
- READER 2: The inn was well known for its comfortable rooms and delicious food, for the young wife was an excellent housekeeper and accomplished cook.
- READER 3: The inn was located in an isolated location and it took many hours for guests to arrive there. Once they did, however, guests slept contentedly on the soft downy pillows, ate large satisfying servings of the tasty home-cooked meals, and went away to tell their friends everything!
- READER 4: We suppose that is how the fairy folk first heard about the place, but none of us humans will ever know for sure.
- READER 5: Now, according to the story, one day a beautiful colleen with eyes the size of saucers walked into the inn and registered as a guest. She wore a long green coat.
- READER 6: As she signed the guest book, the young woman questioned the wife about the food. She was especially interested in the serving sizes.
- WIFE: Oh, please don't worry about food,"
- READER 6: laughed the wife.
- WIFE: "Our inn is famous for its generous servings. You'll be after eating well here. That's a promise!"
- READER 7: Upon hearing this, the young woman's saucer-like eyes seemed to twirl in their sockets. She smiled, and shouted,
- READER 8:/
COLLEEN: "Éirinn go Brách! Then this is certainly the inn of our dreams!"

READER 9: The colleen turned upon the spot where she stood, and immediately disappeared.

WIFE: "*Our* dreams?"

READER 10: The young wife looked high and low, but she saw no one else, and the strange young woman in the coat as green as a summer leaf, had vanished. Then the sound of a thousand tiny footsteps filled the inn. There was

ALL: RUNNING, RUSHING, RUSHING, RUNNING - EVERYWHERE!

READER 1: The young wife knew exactly what had happened, for her own mother, a retired innkeeper herself, had spoken of just such an occurrence.

WIFE: "Husband, come quickly! We said it could never happen here, but a band of leprechauns have invaded our inn. And I registered them! Oh, what have I done? What have I done?"

READER 2: The young husband, who had been out after clearing stone in the side yard, ran to his wife's side just in time to hear a loud thump-thump-thumpity sound above his head. Then he heard

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HUSBAND: "Sure and begorrah, those are leprechauns alright!"

READER 3: shouted the unhappy husband.

WIFE: "They are dancing on our soft clean rugs because their fairy rings are soaked in rain and covered with mud. They've probably come here to explore our limestone caves and find new hiding places for their pots of gold. That could take weeks! Why they'll eat us out of house and home. We're in for nothing but trouble!"

- HUSBAND: "Yeah but sure, what can we do?"
- READER 3: The young wife regained her composure.
- WIFE: "Wait a minute. I swear upon St. Patrick's grave my mother once told me two important things to remember about leprechauns. Now what were they? Let me think, oh yes! Leprechauns love to eat, but they never *ever eat breakfast!* The second was, a leprechaun's favorite food is *boxty cakes!*"
- HUSBAND: "Boxty cakes? Ah, well now we know *exactly* what to do!"
- ALL: And they did.
- READER 4: The young couple were after getting very little sleep that night. It was just too noisy! The inn was filled with thump-thump-thumpity sounds and
- ALL: RUNNING, RUSHING, RUSHING, RUNNING - EVERYWHERE!
- READER 5: The next morning all their exhausted guests checked out, (all but the leprechauns, that is) and the husband hung a sign on the inn door that read...
- ALL: CLOSED FOR REPAIRS!
- READER 6: The young couple sat down to a large breakfast of bacon rashers, white pudding, soda bread toast and coffee. There were no sounds from the unwanted guests, probably because leprechauns...
- ALL: never eat breakfast.
- HUSBAND: "Ah! I'm stuffed. Sure and I've had enough breakfast to keep me going all day."
- READER 7: And it did. The couple set about their daily tasks, cleaning and planning, fixing and organizing. They worked right through the lunch hour and never noticed it.

READER 8: When suppertime rolled around, the husband, who had been outside after repairing a window, came back in. He stomped the mud from his boots and called out...

HUSBAND: "What's for supper?"

WIFE: "Your favorite, dear. Colcannon with lots of melted butter! I've made enough to serve all of Ireland.

READER 9: The inn was suddenly filled with thump-thump-thumpity sounds and

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READER 10: The husband sat down at the table and, there in front of him, was the smallest serving of colcannon ever prepared in a kitchen.

READER 1: It was served on the lid of a jelly jar!

HUSBAND: "I thought you were joking, but you so have enough here to feed the entire town. My dear, you must cut down on your cooking. We have very few guests left in the inn. Who will eat all this food? Well, pass me the knife, please. I'll do my best to help out.

READER 2: The husband cut the tiny portion in half and shared it with his wife until every last bite was gone. Then they went to bed.

READER 3: All through the night there were thump-thump-thumpity sounds and

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READER 4: The leprechauns were hungry, confused, and angry. They invaded the kitchen. They emptied flour sacks all over the floor.

READER 5: They licked clean the cooking pots.

- READER 6: They put salt in the sugar containers and sprinkled baking powder in the preserves.
- READER 7: They bit holes in the soda bread, and spread honey on the chairs.
- READER 8: But when morning came, the husband and wife ignored the mess. They wiped the chairs clean and sat down to a breakfast of pork sausages, grilled tomatoes, black pudding, Irish brown bread with sweet butter and preserves, many cups of Irish breakfast tea and lots of milk.
- HUSBAND: "Ah! I'm stuffed. Sure and I've had enough breakfast to keep me going all day."
- READER 9: The couple cleaned the kitchen, set about their daily tasks, and worked right through lunch. At suppertime the husband came in from repairing the fence. He shook the mist from his jacket and called out,
- HUSBAND: "What's for supper?"
- WIFE: "Tonight it's Dublin coddle! But this time I've made only enough to feed our entire province."
- READER 10: The inn was immediately filled with thump-thump-thumpity sounds and
- ALL: RUNNING, RUSHING, RUSHING, RUNNING - EVERYWHERE!
- READER 1: The husband sat down at the table and was served the smallest bowl of Dublin coddle ever to be seen. It was served in half an egg shell.
- HUSBAND: "My dear, what are you thinking? This is too much food. You *have* cooked enough to feed the entire province. Please serve smaller portions. Whatever will we do with the leftovers?"