

The Leprechaun and the Loner

By DeReKrOx

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A leprechaun who has a strange fetish enters a strange world.

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1 - The Leprechaun and the Loner

There once was a leprechaun named Joe Himper-lamptippertoe

People called him Lampitoe.

Lampitoe had a strange fetish for lamps.

He collected lamps and nailed them to the wall in his house.

Lampitoe had a strange house.

It was about 5 feet off of the ground.

It was made of unicorn fur and had a trim of purple around it in a language only leprechauns could understand.

The roof was made of leftover soup that the leprechaun couldn't eat because he prefers a special brand only his grandpappy knows how to make.

He also had a sign that read "Keep out because I may be doing naughty things to some naughty parts of my naughty body and you don't want to see that".

There was a mat in front of his doorstep that read "Knock first or I'll give my pepper shaker to the tramp next door who has an odour similar to that of a squirrels underbelly."

So this is where he lived.

There was also a giant lamp at the top of Lampitoe's roof.

One day, Lampitoe was going to take a stroll 'round town to greet the folks from here to there.

He doesn't get out much, so he thought he'd make his share of outside-ness for the day.

While taking the normal route he takes when he does his walks, he noticed a narrow passageway.

This passageway was so narrow that even an anorexic strand of hair couldn't fit through.

But Lampitoe had a feeling he could get through for some reason.

And somehow he did.

It was dark... And slimey.

He used the lamp on his head to see what was around him.

There was a gray-coloured slime all over the walls...

He decided to taste it for some reason, without thinking.

"Mmm! Tastes like the spinach tree has diabetes, I should start training my leg how to stomp on a rock filled with grass-flavoured popsicle blended smoothy shoes."

And so he started running towards the end of the very narrow tunnel.

It seemed to be getting less thin...

And he saw a bright light at the end.

Once he got to the end...

He saw...

The most lamps he has ever seen in his entire over-spanned life period.

Everything in the entire area was luminous.

The grass was glowing.

The sky was flowing with electrons.

Everything was glowing.

The sun had a pull-string hanging from it...

Lampitoe pulled it, and the sun went off.

It was still as bright as ever, though.

"Wow! This is better than that one time I got a poodle covered in gravy made by the best gravy makers

in gravymakersland!"

He was frolicking around in the sea of lamps, picking up glowing blades of grass and throwing them in the air.

He was as happy as he'd ever be.

He started eating and eating all of the lamps.

His stomach was glowing.

He looked around for a large sack to pack all of the lamps in.

As he was climbing mount luminous, he tripped over a glow-rock and broke his foot.

He shrieked in terror.

But he was still crying in glee, while he was shrieking.

It was becoming infected, so he just bit it off and tossed it down to the bottom of mount luminous.

He picked up a lamp and placed it into the hole at the bottom of his leg.

It was better than nothing... At least it supported him from falling, and balanced out his walking ability.

So he decided to proceed, to the top of mount luminous!

The flowers were glowing and singing;

"Oh, you only wish you could glow like this! I know I did, then I found the troll of glow! Glowing makes me happy, let's all glow! Glow with me, one, two, three, GLOW!"

The tune was stuck in Lampitoes head.

He was skipping and humming...

And when he reached the top of the mountain...

There was a cave.

Not dark and dreary...

But bright and cheerful.

He decided to advance into the cave...

After about five or so minutes, he started running.

He stopped after he saw what he saw...

He saw...

The lamp troll..

It was hideous.

It had hair that looked like it was brushed by a greasy pole covered in wax, teeth that would scare any britain, a tongue that seemed to have it's own sharp fangs, eyes that glowed an evil red, breathe that could gag a maggot, and a body the size of an oversized boulder.

There was gashes in his neck; which seemed to have smoke dispelling out of it, toenails that haven't been clipped since the invention of the brown paper bag, nostrils that could engulf the planet Jupiter, and tattoo that was in the form of a heart and said "MOM" in the middle.

"W-w-w-w-what are you?" cried Lampitoe.

"Oh, me? I'm just the lamp troll... I have been living in this cave ever since I got lost within the narrow crack of the route I usually take on my daily walks... I used to be a leprechaun, like you, obsessed with lamps... But then I got lost here..."

"I know the way out! I could make take you?"

"I can't fit in there! Look how obese I am. I'm suprised I even fit in this planet."

"Aw, don't say that. I'm sure there's a grasshopper willing to spend a day or so whistling to the polar bears to make them sing in a soothing tone for you."

"It's nice of you to say that... But I've never been able to spin a glass napkin on my ear for over an hour, so my parents forgot to pack some peanut butter in my lettuce."

"I know how that can be. I once had a pet plankton that never obeyed me when I asked him to drink potato sauce within the time it takes me to get to the ninth pair of glasses in my teacup."

"Oh, did you now? I remember having a relationship like that with an animal... I once had a pet fish that would never collect utensils for me to gather and spread across the floor to decide which ones I would like to share with my snacks."

"So... Do you by any chance own a bag that I could maybe have to take some lamps home with me?"

"*Sigh* I suppose.... I am a huge loner, though... It is hard to meet people while you are stuck inside a cave that is stuck inside a small crevice only the thinnest of thin (or magical of magical) can get into and out of..."

So the lamp troll handed Lampitoe the largest bag ever made.

"Gee-whiz, thanks! This is even better than that time I was tapdancing with the seals at the pace of happiness in Joy-Land!"

"I bet it is... *Sigh*" said the lamp troll.

"Yup. Bye."

Lampitoe took off without a word.

He gathered all of the lamps he ever could ask for.

And he decorated his house with it.

Twelve years later...

Lampitoe woke up to a lamp-filled bright day.

He walked into the kitchen and his midgit leprechaun children were dead...

And his wife was sold on ebay.

He looked around, in terror.

He saw the lamp troll...

"You shouldn't've left me, Lampitoe..."

"Why did you do this?"

"Why? WHY? Because you are a selfish lazy greedy frackface tard. That's why."

"I know that. But why did you kill my family?"

"Because I am a loner."

And for the rest of his days, Lampitoe lived a happy life sharing lamps with the lamp troll.

The end.

Moral: Don't be a greedy jackass.