

The LEPRECHAUN WARRIOR

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AT A CERTAIN TIME, THERE WAS AN ISLAND WHERE a race known as the Leprechauns built a Kingdom. This Kingdom was known as the Kingdom of the Emerald Isle. The Leprechauns are very short in stature, the average being only three and a half feet tall. However, they can eat and drink as much as three grown men. They were chased onto this island by a Tribe of Men called the Swavi. It had been twenty years since the poor Leprechauns were driven from their homes and fled to the Isle. They had to rebuild their Kingdom and had established the port of Dundalk as the capital of their King. King Padraig II was now a very old Leprechaun and he had seen the exodus and the rebuilding of his Kingdom. Unbeknownst to Padraig, his old foe once again coveted his lands. The Swavi Tribe was being defeated by another Tribe of Men called the Kasimirians. Now the Swavi saw the Isle as their last place of refuge. The Swavi Chief decided to conquer the Emerald Isle to escape, as Padraig had done two decades ago.

Padraig was sitting on his throne discussing the future with his son, Prince Dubhglas, when a message arrived. The aging King looked up as the messenger opened the doors. The old Leprechaun could barely lift his head and was weighed down by the large green robe he wore.

“What is it?” the King demanded.

The courier had been running and was out of breath. After catching it he said with a rasp, “Our towers at the harbor have spotted many Swavi ships approaching. Attack is imminent.”

The King let his head sink to his chest. “I am too old for these things,” he complained. He looked to his son and said, “My son, you are the last hope for our people. Go forth and defend Dundalk and the Leprechaun folk.”

Dubhglas rose to the impressive height of four feet and replied, “As you wish father.” He bowed and turned to the messenger. “Where is the enemy going to land?” he asked.

The messenger replied, “Our scouts think that they will land to the north, but it is unclear how far away from Dundalk.”

The Prince nodded thoughtfully and said, “Send a message to all our troops. Tell them to prepare for an attack on our northern gate.”

“As you will my lord,” the messenger said with a bow.

When his forces arrived the Prince came forth in emerald armor and riding on a white pony. He carried a shield and a lance with a sword on his hip. His shield had the royal Leprechaun seal, a golden knot that symbolized the binding of the soul to the world. He rode to the front of the troops where his commanders were. There were three commanders waiting for him.

“Has our enemy landed yet?” the Prince asked.

“Not yet,” said one of the commanders, “Our scouts think they will land in the next hour and it will take another hour for them to organize and march on us.”

The Prince looked to the north and surveyed the landscape. It was flat and it would not take the enemy long to march on his position. He believed that the enemy would not bring horses because it would be difficult for them to transport them by sea. This could be an advantage for his army.

He turned back to his commanders. “My plan,” he said, “is to have the archers march out on the southern and western flank of the enemy. Then I will light a signal fire and they will fire upon the enemy. Then our Pony Knights can charge into a confused enemy and route them. As the Knights pass the archers the men will cease their fire. Our infantry can mop up the remaining Swavi dogs.”

His commanders looked at each other. One replied, “That is a simple plan my lord. However, it is risky.”

The Prince nodded and said, “Yes, but I believe that the enemy will think that they can lay siege to our city

and wait for reinforcements. For we have never been aggressive in combat before. If we catch them off guard we may be able to prevent this outcome.” The commanders did not like the plan but knew that there was no other option left. They nodded and gave out the orders.

The Leprechaun archers were dressed in leather armor dyed emerald. It was light and breathable. It would allow them to crawl and diminish the chances of being seen. Not that it was easy to spot a Leprechaun before he was in bow range. The archers numbered five hundred. A group of two hundred archers were able to set up just north of Dundalk for the southern flank.

A second group of three hundred warriors made the core of Dubhglas’ army. This force was made up of Pony Knights and infantry. The infantry was made up of spearmen and swordsmen. Each had emerald armor from boot to helm. Their helms covered the back of the head but did not cover the face. The spearmen had shields and six-foot long spears. The Swordsmen had shields and two-foot long swords.

The Pony Knights had the same emerald armor however, their helms had a white plum sticking out the top. They were armed with a sword, shield, and lance. They were mounted on the swiftest ponies that had been bred by the Leprechauns for centuries. The Pony Knights may not sound like great warriors but the Leprechauns are a fierce race when defending their homes.

The Prince had the main army line up fifty feet behind the southern archers. This would give the Swavi a target, for it was unlikely that the

archers would be spotted until the trap was already sprung. The signal fire was built beside the Pony Knight ranks so that the Prince could give the order.

The Swavi plan was just like the Prince predicted. The Swavi tribe was being defeated by another human tribe and needed to take the Isle for themselves. This first wave was to cut off Dundalk and make it safe for heavy equipment to be brought to the Isle. The Swavi did not wear as much armor as the Leprechauns did. Before their latest struggles, they were able to overwhelm their enemies with large numbers of swordsmen. They wore animal furs and leather armor. The only metal armor was their helmets and that only covered the top of their heads.

The Swavi brought two thousand men in the first wave. The commander of this force left five hundred to guard the ships. He had the rest of the force march straight unto Dundalk. As all Men the Swavi did not think the Leprechauns could hold out against them. This army of undisciplined warriors did not begin to imagine that they were walking into a line of archers. They focused the main force of the Leprechauns.

“Hmm,” the commander said, “They want to fight, do they? We will simply charge them and teach them not to resist the power of Man.”

As the Swavi were about sixty feet in front of the hidden archers they began to organize an attack. Before they were prepared the Prince gave the signal. The signal fire was lit and it was large enough for all the archers to see. Within seconds the entire Leprechaun archer force rose and began to pelt the Swavi lines. The Swavi began to panic for they did not know where the enemy was, because arrows were hitting them

from all sides. Some of the Swavi hid under their inadequate shields. Others tried to hide under their fallen comrades.

After four rounds of arrows the Prince ordered his Knights to charge. There was a small gap between the two archer groups in the southwestern part of the lines. Two more rounds of the barrage fell before the Knights passed and the archer commanders ordered a cease to the barrage.

The surviving Swavi got up and lowered the shields that they had. They had been completely unprepared for the archers. As they rose they were hit on their southern and western flanks by a couple hundred pony riding Knights. The Swavi were unable to stop the Leprechaun Knights as they rode through the ranks of their army. The invading force began to disintegrate and fly from the field of battle.

The brave Knights and their fearless ponies were able to route the enemy. The Swavi men fled before the Pony Knights. About one hundred Swavi attempted to form a defense, while the remaining forces and the commander fled to the ships. This formation was at the eastern end of the original Swavi line. By this time the Leprechaun swordsmen and spearmen had advanced. The southern flank of the Swavi was battling against the Leprechaun footmen. Then they were smashed by the Pony Knights. The men melted under the pressure of both forces. The men were unable to keep up a defense against the powerful and low swings of the Leprechaun swordsmen and the ponies were swifter than they could believe. The proud and strong Swavi warriors, who raided and hunted as a way of life, were routed by a foe that stood under four feet tall and

rode ponies into battle. Almost the entire Swavi force perished that day and the Leprechauns suffered no more than one dozen deaths, and no Knight fell.

The remaining Swavi forces were loading their ships as the Pony Knights caught up to them. The survivors of the battle only numbered about one hundred men. As the Leprechaun Knights, approached the Swavi frantically boarded their ships and left much of their food on the beach. For the ship guarding force had unloaded most of the supplies by the time the survivors returned.

The Leprechaun army stopped about fifty yards away from the ships. Prince Dubhglas advanced alone toward the ships. The Swavi commander walked to meet him. The Swavi were humiliated and knew that they had been lost their honor to the Prince. The Prince removed his helm and let his red locks flow in the breeze and the man fell to his knees.

He told the Swavi, "Leave the Emerald Kingdom and never return. The Swavi will never threaten our homes again. haven't you any homes of your own. Begone!"

The Swavi commander took out his sword and placed it on the ground before Prince Dubhglas. Then he scampered back onto his ship. The Swavi would never again threaten the Emerald Isle.

Prince Dubhglas rode triumphantly through the streets of Dundalk. As he rode, he lifted the Swavi sword so that all could see his victory. The streets were flooded with green as the Leprechauns praised their heroic Prince. Finally, the Prince entered his father's throne room.

"It is finished, father," the Prince said and laid the sword at the King's feet.

"Well done my son," the old Leprechaun said, "You have saved your people. When I am gone you will lead our people into a golden age."

When he became King he was crowned, King Dubhglas II the Defender. He advanced the construction of a greater Kingdom of the Emerald Isle. He indeed led the Leprechaun folk into a golden age of peace and progress. He is still remembered for his heroism by the Leprechauns and the relics of his life are held in the Great Temple of the Leprechauns. He is honored as the greatest Leprechaun Warrior to ever live.

