

The Green Elf

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Once upon a time there was a elf. He was a green elf, with green hair, green eyes, green teeth, green skin, green clothes, green shoes and a green hat with a sparkle on top. The sparkle was green too. Everything was green, even the twinkle in his eye. When he lay down in the grass—which was all the time because he was a little bit lazy—you couldn’t see him at all.

One day when the sun was shining he fell asleep on the grass. He began to snore.

“Snore-snore,” he snored, “snore-snore,” and even his snore was green.

Kenley heard him and wondered.

“Who’s that snoring?” wondered Kenley. “I hear snoring.”

Kenley crawled on his hands and knees around the lawn. He crawled closer and closer to the snoring.

“Snore-snore-snore,” snored the green elf, fast asleep in the sunshine.

Kenley found the green elf. He saw him lying in the grass. Kenley’s eyes opened, and so did his mouth. He gently, quietly, slowly put his hands over the green elf and the snoring faded away.

“Mom,” cried Kenley. “I found a green elf. I caught him! Come quick!”

Kenley’s mom came running quickly. She saw Kenley with his hands over something on the grass.

“Let me see,” she said.

Kenley softly closed his hands. Now the elf was inside. He could feel him twitching. He lifted his hands, his mom bent over, and Kenley opened his hands.

What did they see? What did Kenley and his mom see?

A grasshopper. A green grasshopper chirping in the bright sunshine. The grasshopper hopped from Kenley’s hand and disappeared into the grass.

“You fooled me,” said Kenley’s mom, laughing.

“But Mom,” said Kenley, “there really was.”

“Pfew,” said the green elf, wiping his brow. “Lucky I woke up in time, or else I would have been caught. Then what? Oh, my goodness, then what?”