

An Introduction by the author

I am a very ordinary man. I live a very ordinary life. My hobby is playing rugby and it is a game of rugby that led me to discover that I had a very special talent. After playing a game of rugby on a bright sunny afternoon in early September I made my way home. That day was a perfectly normal Saturday (although I had stayed at the rugby club for quite a lot longer than I usually do). I arrived home several hours later than I was expected, only to find that I couldn't get into my house. I later found out that my wife was in the house but didn't

answer the door to me because she was cross with me for being so late.

Because of this I decided to go and sit on the grass in my garden. It was there that the most fascinating thing happened. I discovered that I could talk to Garden Gnomes! As you can imagine, this was a life changing event for me. I learnt all about Gnome history and Gnome culture. The book that you are about to read is the result of long happy chats that I had in my garden with "Lucky" the Gnome. "Lucky" is a wonderful character. I have become very fond of him indeed and I think that when

you have read his story you will grow fond
of him too!

GNOME ALONE

All I could hear was a big thumping and banging noise. I could hear wood breaking and young men shouting. I was just an ordinary gnome living in an ordinary garden. This noise was the sound being made by some young men who were coming into the little garden where I lived. They jumped over the fence and they walked all over the flowers. Then one of them picked me up. He was laughing and shouting and he was making me very frightened indeed. He threw me to his friend and his friend was



laughing as well. They may have thought that it was funny but I didn't. They ran off back to their car and took me with them. They blindfolded me and put me under the driver's seat. It was hard for me to understand what they were saying. They were saying strange words that I had not heard much before. I listened very carefully until I could understand them. One of them was called Colin. They were from a place called the Black Country. I was able to find out that they called themselves "Colin's yam-yam friends" and that the one who was the leader was called Colin Docherty.



I don't honestly think that they were bad humans. I think that they thought that what they were doing was funny. They thought that it was just a bit of a laugh. You see to them I was just a statue. They didn't know any better. To be honest, I think that they had been drinking spirituous liquors. I know that humans do that a lot and I don't know why they do it. Drinking spirituous liquors makes humans behave very badly indeed and they do things that they would not dream of doing without it.

I lay on that car floor feeling very scared indeed. I began to feel very

sad as well as I began to realise what had happened.

I had been gnomenapped.

It was the most frightening experience of my life and I don't mind telling you. I had been living a beautiful life up until that time and now I didn't know what Colin and his yam yam friends had planned for me. It was not knowing what was happening to me that was frightening. Yes, that was the most frightening thing about the whole experience.

I know that humans don't know very much about us and that's partly the reason why I am telling you my story.

The main reason that I am telling you my story though is because almost any gnome will tell you that it is a really fascinating tale.

I'm going to tell you all about gnomes and I'm going to tell you all about me and what happened to me after I got gnomenapped. I am called lucky now and I am going to tell you how I came to be known by that name.

There are just a few simple things that you need to know about gnomes in order to fully understand my story. You see gnomes love fishing. There's nothing that we love better than to sit by a

pond all day trying to catch as many gnomefish as we possibly can.

In the evening we meet up in a local garden and we fry our fish. We love to sit around a little campfire and tell our stories. We love telling stories probably as much as we love fishing if the truth be told.

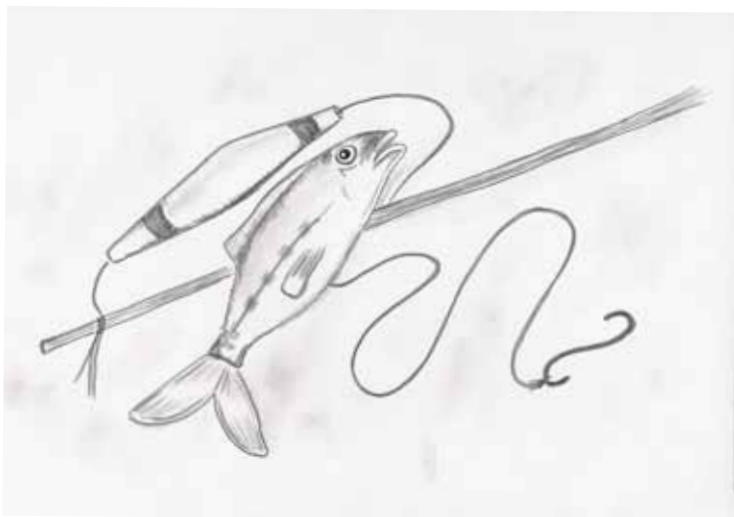
I really must tell you about the one thing that we love more than anything else in the world and that is Narcorom. Narcorom is our special herb. Narcoram is one of those funny words that isn't spelt exactly as it sounds. It's actually pronounced nar- cor- om. We cook our fish



in it, we drink it for tea and we use it as medicine. Gnomes are at their happiest when they have lots of Narcorom and at their saddest when they have not got any at all.

Ours is a simple life and my life had been very simple indeed until that awful day that I was gnomenapped. For a very long time I had lived in a little garden in a place called Harbourne in Birmingham. Birmingham is a city in the middle of England and I must say that I had always been very happy there indeed. I lived in a house called Tansoo

House. It was a very pleasant house with lots of music and laughter ringing out from its windows. It had a very nice human called Alistair who lived there with his friends. And, best of all, you could always catch beautiful plump gnomefish.



I do have a distant memory of life before Birmingham though. I vaguely remember a time when I spent a good while living indoors. Gnomes hate being indoors, we can't get out by ourselves you see. If we are taken indoors by a human, a human needs to take us out again. I just about remember that I was in a shop. There was a lot of wood in the shop. Wooden counters, wooden shelves and wooden floorboards. I remember that a bell rang every time somebody opened the door and that there was a shopkeeper who had long



grey whiskers and red cheeks and he wore a long brown coat. The part that I do remember quite clearly was that there was an Ancient who was on the shelf next to me. An Ancient is a very, very old gnome. This one said something to me that I will always remember. He told me that I was very special indeed because I had been blessed. "You're Lucky you are" he said. He promised me that we would meet up again in happy times and in a happy place "You mark my words". He said and he winked at me.

