

# *The Orange Gnome from Spain*

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**A**n orange gnome came from Spain where it hardly ever rains. He came from Spain where oranges grow. He came from Spain and went back again—but not until he'd seen the world.

First he went to Florida. They had alligators, and oranges too. Then he went to California. They had earthquakes, and oranges too. Then he went to Australia. They had kangaroos, and oranges too. Last of all he went back to Spain where it hardly ever rains.

He found a tree with green oranges and lived in the roots. The poor tree only had green oranges, not orange oranges. When harvest came the farmer came and with him came an axe. He was going to cut the tree down because oranges are not supposed to be green; they are supposed to turn orange after they're green. He lifted his axe and began to swing.

"Stop in time!" cried the orange gnome, and the farmer stopped his axe just in time.

"Why?" asked the farmer, scratching his nose.

"Because I've been on holiday," said the orange gnome. "That's why. I went to Florida and California and Australia. Come back again tomorrow."

The farmer came back the next day and all the oranges were orange.

The farmer smiled and picked an orange. It was sweet and juicy. The farmer pranced, the gnome danced, and the rains came to Spain – hurray! – pitter patter in the puddles! – and never again did the gnome leave Spain—even when it rained.