

Magic Under the Pear Tree

It's summer vacation and Amy is visiting her grandparents. While there she happens to meet another Rubump named Jerald.

A Rubumps are a mix between Fairies and Gnomes, but they aren't allowed to be taught any of their parent's magic.

But there is nothing to stop Jerald from learning magic on his own.

Jerald is the scientist and inventor for his village.

When Jerald is injured he and Amy discover another village where the doctor there is also learn about magic.

Come along and see for yourself.

Magic Under The Pear Tree

By

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Chapter One

While sitting under my grandfather's oldest pear tree one day, eating the most fulfilling pear ever, I spied a small creature out of the corner of my eye. I slowly turned my head to see a little better.

While, it looked like a very tiny child, a little on the heavy side it did have a very pleasant and cheerful expression on its face. It stood about three inches tall and was dressed in a shirt and pants and a pair of cute little slippers that turned up on the ends. I smiled and very slowly put my hand out toward it. I didn't feel anything but friendship and there was no fear even though I had never seen such a creature or person before.

I had seen fairies and heard about gnomes but this seemed to be a person that was clearly different than either of them.

Then I flashed back to when I visited the fairies in their area and I had a chance to briefly meet one they called a Rubump. Just maybe this is a Rubump.

Then I heard a small faint voice. I could understand what it was saying and the words seemed to be in my language.

"Hello, my name is Jerald, who are you?" Came the voice from this very small person.

"Oh! My name is Amy" I said in the quietest voice I could. After all, I had seen TV programs where the giant talked to a regular size person and the voice was too loud to understand and the wind nearly made them fall.

"I've never seen you here before," Jerald said. "Do you now live close by?" he asked.

“Well, sort of, I am just visiting my grandpa and grandma. This is their tree and their house is right over there,” I explained. “What are you?” I asked. “I don’t mean to seem rube, but I don’t know what group you’re a part of. I’ve met the fairies, but you don’t look much like a fairy or the drawings of gnomes I have seen,” I continued.

“I’m known as a Rubump and our world is part of the fairy’s and gnome’s world. Our existence came to be long ago when a very young fairy and a very handsome gnome fell in love. The head fairy and governing gnomes agreed to let them marry and soon after there were a few other couples that fell in love. Well we, the (Rubumps), are their children,” Jerald explained. “As you can see, we don’t look much like a fairy or a gnome, although we do look a little more like a gnome because we are round and small but our leg and arms are shorter which make it a little more difficult to really do things alone. So we usually travel in pairs most of the time,” he continued.

Well, there he stood on a rock near me. A jolly sort, with a body sort of shaped like a bowling pin with shorter arms and legs than a normal fairy. I couldn’t compare him to a gnome because I had only seen drawings.



He reminded me of my younger cousin Lawnee, who was always giggling. Lawnee was a little round and because of that, it had always seemed to me that his arms and legs were a little shorter than mine.

"Do you use fairy dust and do magic like the fairies?" I asked.

"No that was the one rule that was put on the fairies and gnomes that fell in love, that their descendants would not be taught the powers of their mother or father. The Rubumps, which are a mixture of fairy and gnomes, would live as plainly as possible, and so here we are. But some of us have learned how to travel back and forth between your realm and ours," he said sounding almost boastful.

"So how and where do you live?" I asked, feeling I had met what seemed to be a new friend and wanted to know as much as possible.

"Oh!" he said with a laugh. "We have small villages all over and we don't all look alike. We have cousins that are very lean and a little taller than I am, but we all have one trait," he bragged.

"Oh, and what is that?" I asked being filled with intrigue.

"We come in different colors," he said proudly.

"Do the different colors have problems with each other because of their differences? Like, do the red fight with the yellows? Does one group think they are better than another?" I asked wanting to know more.

"Oh no, we are all one people, in fact one family may have several different colors in it. We don't see any difference in people because of the way they look outside. It is what's in their heart and mind that counts. If they are a good-hearted person then they are looked on as one that can be counted on. Oh, that is not to say we don't have a few now and then who goes through stages of playing careless jokes on others without any thought of the outcome," he explained with a chuckle. "But they don't go as far as really hurting or harming anyone or anything."

"So, you do have those who like to stir things up a bit as my grandfather says?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I think all groups of beings have those who like to keep everyone on their toes as is said," he said with a big smile.

"Are you one of those who like doing things a little stranger or odd from the rest of your people?" I asked.

"Well, yes I guess you could put me in that group. But I feel there is a need to explore the edge of the rules as long as it doesn't harm anyone or anything," he said with a shuffle of his feet while looking down.

"But I would never do anything that would hurt anyone," he explained quickly looking back up at me. "I am a scientist, inventor, and explorer by heart and my group refer to me as their mad scientist," he added with a large smile as if it was a badge of honor.

"Oh I didn't think you would harm me, after all you are standing real close to me, and if you wanted to do me harm you already would have," I said with a smile. "Do you live around here?" I asked.

"Well, sort of. Like the fairies and gnomes, we live in a different area than yours. I mean, I've been told we vibrate at a little different rate than your human world and so most of the time you can't see us. And what is only a pear tree to you can be a whole forest in our world. And the insides of your houses can be and is usually a whole different area for us," he said as a matter of fact.

"Oh, so you live in what I know as the fairy world. It's like a whole different realm from ours, I mean mine, the human realm? I asked. Making sure he was the same as the Rubump I had briefly met when I was a near fairy.

"Yes. Have you or I mean, do you know much about fairies?" he asked looking wide-eyed.

"Well maybe not as much as some people but I have met a few and visited their village once," I said sort of boasting.

"Wow, then you know what I am talking about then," he said.

"If you live in the same realm as the fairies then yes I know, but if I was to tell anyone about your area that didn't know about fairies, gnomes, elves, and the rest, I would be called crazy. Most of the time I wait till I

know the person before I say anything about your realm," I said.

"That sounds like a good idea. I run away and come into your realm to see what is happening here from time to time. This time I was hungry for what you call a pear," he said with a very large grin.

"I have the knife my grandfather gave me to cut the pears. Would you like a slice?" I asked. While he moved onto a tree branch laying on the ground next to me.

"Oh yes. Please," he replied quickly.

So I cut a small piece from the one I had been eating when I first spotted him in the tall grass near the tree.

He ate the piece very quickly and asked "Would you mind letting me have another piece please?"

"No, of course not, after all, the tree has plenty more," I said as I cut him another piece.

"Oh thank you," he said as he held out both of his hands.

He ate that one just as fast. "Do you have pears like this in your realm?" I ask, wondering how long it had been since he had eaten.

"Oh yes, we have pear trees there, but by the time we can get to the pears they are almost too ripe to eat," he explained. "I mean we have to wait till they fall from the tree," he continued. "And we don't call them pears they also look a little different."

"So tell me about them, what do they look like and what do you call them?" I asked.

"Well let me see what would be the best way to describe them," he said stroking his chin and looking upward. "Uh."

"Well, they are a little more round on the lower half and a little more pointed at the top and when they are ready to eat they are bright yellow with red spots. We call them sweet bops," he explained. "They are very good when you are lucky enough to get them at the right time. They get sweeter as they get older and some of the elder Rubumps make jam and what you call candy out of them," he added. "The Fairies and the Gnomes can reach

the Sweet Bops when they are just ready to eat. But unless we are standing there waiting for one of them to pick some, we have to wait till they fall on their own because they grow too high for us to reach."

"Oh, well I guess that could be a problem. I think that you and I are a lot alike when it comes to pears. I like them when they are still firm like an apple and just a little tart," I said with a chuckle.

"Yes, you are right, those are the best," he agreed laughing aloud.

"So tell me, if both our realms were together where would your village or house be?" I asked.

"Well let me think. I am pretty sure that our village would be somewhere in that direction between here and your grandma and grandpa's house," he said pointing to the left while looking at their house.

"You may be able to see it, if you close your eyes and slow your breathing," he instructed.

I did as he asked. "Now what?"

"Open your eyes slowly and look in the area I pointed at," he said.

"I see something, almost as if it's in a deep fog. Do you live in the village?" I asked looking toward my grandparent's house.



"No, I am sort of the mad scientist for our village and so I am required to live out away from the village,"

he said with a chuckle. "My house would be pretty much in and under this pear tree," he said almost boasting.

"In and under this tree? Wow, how cool is that? Do you like it?" I asked sort of visualizing what I thought it would look like.

"I like it a lot. I have plenty of room and it is cool in the summer and warm in the winter. I think I could compare it to a cave of sorts," he said with a chuckle.



"Can you see any part of this pear tree in your realm?" I ask, thinking that if he could that might make it a pretty nice place. But again, I have always liked things that were a little out of the ordinary, and slightly on the strange side.

"If I want to, I can have this tree as part of my house and then I can make it completely without any part of the tree," he said almost prideful.

"So, what would make the difference?" I asked

"Well, I am sort of an inventor and mad scientist of sorts. And once in a while some of the village people will come to visit and see what I am up to. If I know ahead of time, I will place my secret inventions and experiments into the pear tree parts where they can't find them or see them at all.