

# The Leprechaun in Grandpa's Garden



by Linda Asato



Ethan loved Saturdays. That was the day he worked in the garden with Grandpa.

Grandpa's backyard didn't look like the neighbors' smooth green lawns. Instead, it held sturdy wooden raised beds filled with rich, dark composted soil.

“Nothing much grows in sand,” Grandpa always said. “That's why we build good soil.”



Tomatoes stretched toward the Florida sun. Green beans climbed their trellis.

Marigolds guarded the corners of each bed.

Ethan liked pressing his hands into the cool, crumbly soil. It felt alive.



But one Saturday morning, something was different.

The watering can was tipped over. The carrot seeds had been moved. And tiny green footprints dotted the compost.

Ethan blinked. “Grandpa... do leprechauns live in Florida?”

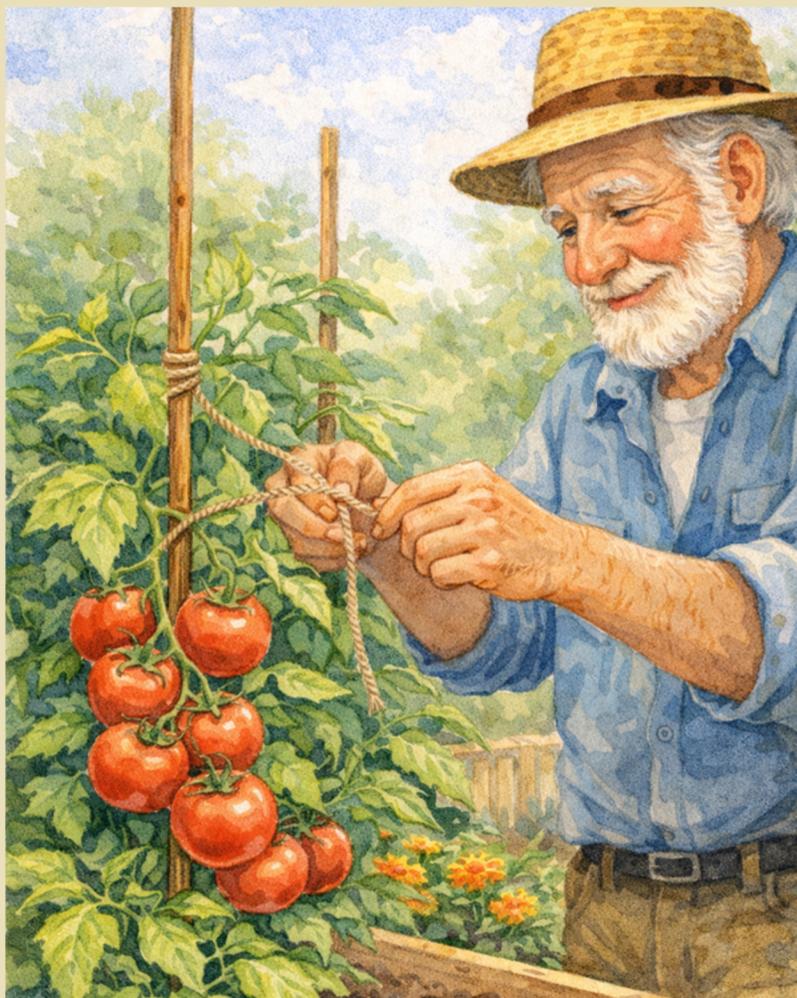
Grandpa adjusted his straw hat.

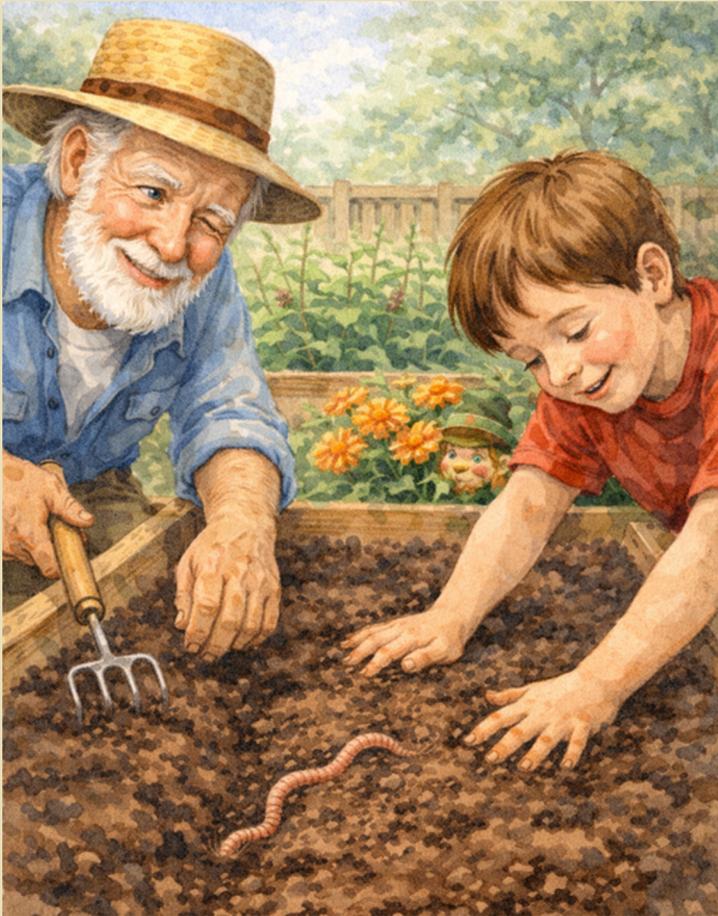
“Leprechauns are known to watch over places where things grow — protecting the soil, whispering patience to seeds, and keeping an eye on anything that wiggles underground.

“If one were looking for treasure,” he said, “he’d choose a garden like this.”

With that said, they went back to work.

“Tomatoes need support,” Grandpa said, tightening the twine. “When fruit gets heavy, vines can break.”





He loosened the soil  
between the rows.

“Roots need air.  
Compost feeds the  
soil. And healthy soil  
feeds the plants.”

A worm wriggled  
past Ethan’s fingers.

“What about  
worms?”

Grandpa smiled.

“Worms are our helpers. They make tunnels so  
water can reach the roots.

And what they leave behind...” He winked. “...is  
better than gold.”

Behind the marigolds, something small and green  
seemed to nod.



Late that afternoon, Ethan heard a tiny voice.

“Help...”

He froze.

“Over here...”

Ethan hurried to the compost bin. A fallen tomato vine had slipped from its stake. Beneath the leaves, tangled in twine, was a leprechaun – no taller than Grandpa’s trowel.

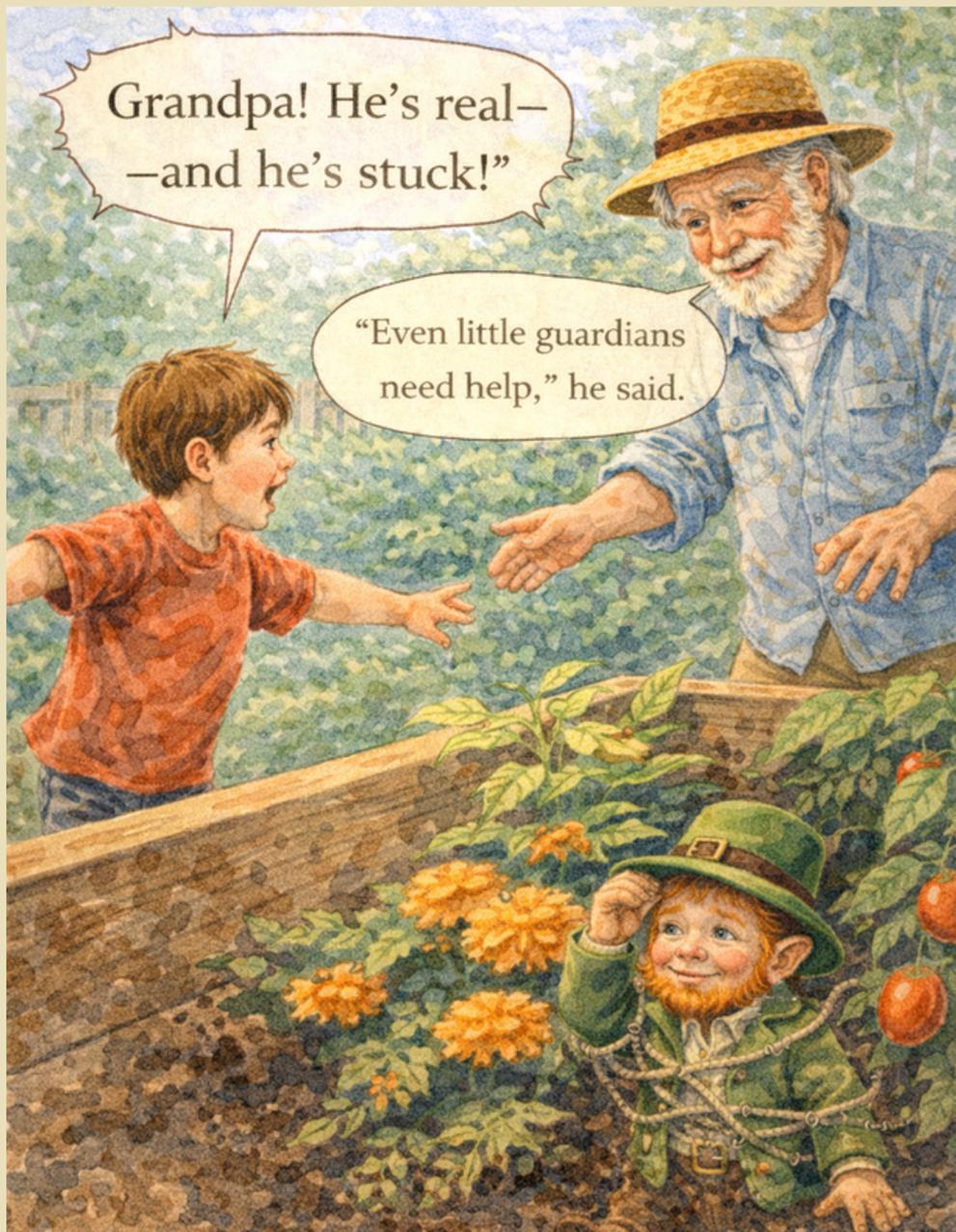
His hat was crooked. His jacket was dusty.

Ethan didn't shout. He ran.

“Grandpa! He's real – and he's stuck!”

Grandpa came quickly but calmly.

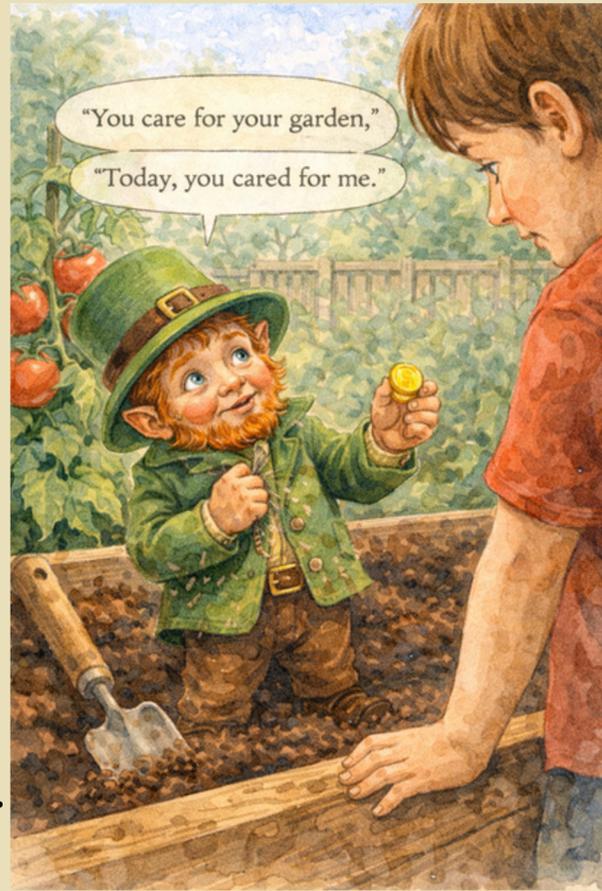
“Even little guardians need help,” he said.



Together they lifted the vine. They loosened the twine. They retied the tomato plant to its stake.

“Strong support keeps things from breaking,” Grandpa said.

The leprechaun brushed off his coat. “You care for your garden,” he said softly. “Today, you cared for me.”



From his pocket, he pulled a small golden coin. It didn't shine brightly. It glowed like sunset.

“This is not for spending,” he said. “It is for planting.”

Grandpa studied it. “Gold doesn't grow.”

The leprechaun smiled. “Treasure does.”

They planted the coin in the richest raised bed.

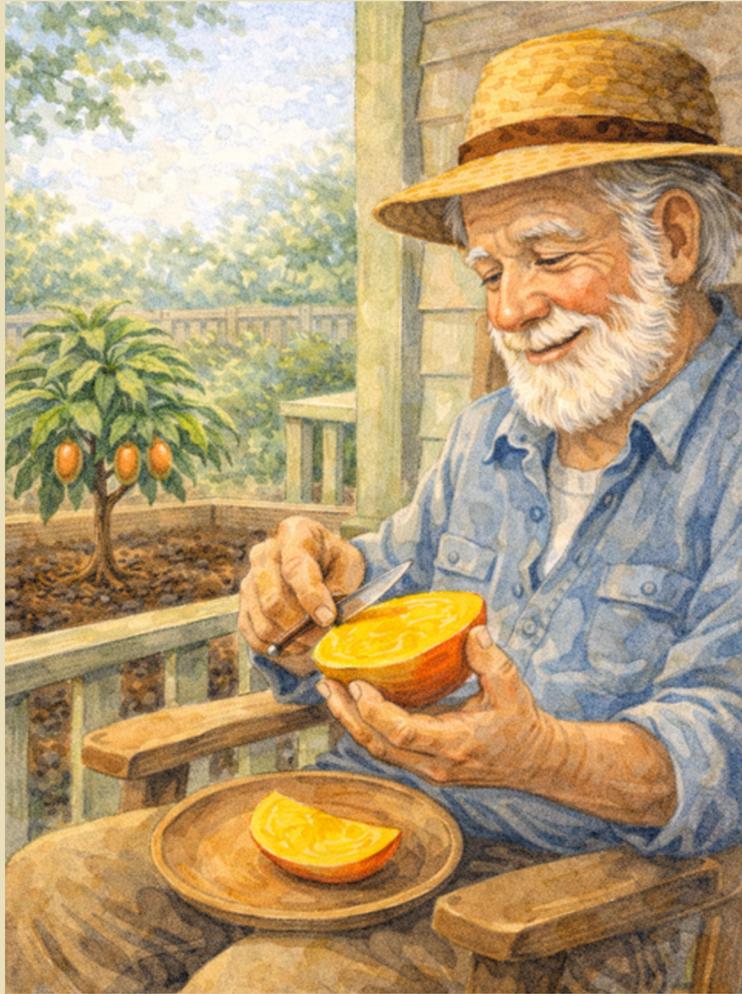
“Good soil makes strong roots,” Grandpa said. They watered it gently. “Water wakes things up.”

That night, under the quiet Florida moon, the soil shimmered faintly – a soft golden warmth resting on the earth.

By morning, something had changed.  
In the center of the bed stood a young tree.  
Its leaves were deep green and glossy.

And hanging beneath the branches were three small mangoes – golden with a blush of orange.





They did not glow. They simply looked healthy.  
Grandpa touched the soil.

“Well now,” he said quietly, “whatever grows here  
has strong roots.”

Grandpa picked one of the ripe mangoes and  
sliced it open on the porch. It was the sweetest  
fruit Ethan had ever tasted.

“Treasure isn’t always shiny,” Grandpa said.  
Ethan nodded.



Sometimes treasure grows quietly. Sometimes it needs rich soil and steady hands. And sometimes... it needs a little help.

That evening, Ethan stepped back into the garden alone. The mango tree swayed gently.

Near the marigolds, a small figure stepped out.

The leprechaun stood tall, hat straight once more. He looked at Ethan. And slowly tipped his hat. No words.

Just a knowing smile.

“Grandpa!” Ethan turned to call.

But Grandpa had already gone inside.



When Ethan looked back, the leprechaun was fading into the flowers — no more than sunlight between the petals.

Ethan smiled

Some treasures are meant to be shared.

And some are simply meant to be remembered.