

Escaping His Fate

by septentrion

Christmas from a garden gnome's point of view. This was written for adventdrabbles.

Drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

Christmas from a garden gnome's point of view. This was written for adventdrabbles.

Thanks to Dacian Goddess for beta-reading this.

No money is made with this.

*

He ran, ran as quickly as his small legs would allow. His height put him at a distinct disadvantage: his pursuer was at least ten times taller than him, but he gave it his best shot. So he ran, through the hedge and across the meadow. He was getting breathless, and a stitch stabbed through his left side, yet he carried on running.

"I'll catch you," called out the redheaded boy who was chasing him.

That renewed his vigour. There was no way that he, a garden gnome, would spend Christmas painted in gold with a tutu and blue wings.