

Tales From the Night Watch: When Lawn Gnomes Attack

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12:19 AM Pipe & Pint, 2000.

Right after court was held, and Heathcliff retired as captain of the Night watch to be replaced by the good Sir Eduardo, the Night Watch patrols where resumed as normal. The festivities at Revelwood where in full swing and music and laughter could be heard throughout the woods.

Patrolmen coming in from the woods gave the all clear at the gates. It looked like another uneventful night at Revelwood. The citizens where safe and it would soon be time for the night watch to retire. All of the watch met at the gate for one final report before they too joined the festivities.

Everyone's reports where about the same, all clear, except for that of Collin who was manning the gate while everyone else was at court, or patrolling the woods. It seems a police car had stopped by the gates and asked Collin if he had seen anything suspicious. It seems certain lawn ornaments where missing from the houses of the surrounding area. The police seemed to be looking for maybe a bunch of kids on a pick up truck, or something similar, who might have driven around

throughout the night stealing the lawn ornaments.

"Well, everything has been quiet around here. We have no need to concern ourselves with some drunk kids, running around stealing peoples lawn ornaments." announced Eduardo. "We are done for the night, lets join the festivities!" he finished. A communal "AYE!" came from the rest of the night watch. People began gathering their weapons and packing up their gear from the gate. "What was that?" exclaimed Hawke. "What?" Several people asked. "That noise. There was some noise in the woods." He explained. "Not again..." sighed Francisco. "There is NO noise in the woods! Remember. Nothing! You can make it to the privy can't you? Come on, we're heading that way anyhow." He told him. "No, really, I heard something. Over there!" He pointed.

Then they all heard it. A rustling in the bush. The snapping of twigs, and a high pitched evil giggle. Confusion coursed through the ranks of the night watch, as everyone looked at each other. Hoping it was some kind of prank. "Who goes there!", bellowed the brave Eduardo. More giggles from the dark woods where his only answer. Swords where drawn and everyone stood at the ready, facing the eerie woods.

"OUCH!" screamed Darin. He bent over and picked up something from the ground. More giggling could be heard from the woods. Darin held up a tiny little woolen hat. "It hit me in the eye!" he said. "What the

hell?” Eduardo asked. “Bastards!” Exclaimed the insulted Darrin as he dashed into the woods, swinging his rapier. “Die! Die! Die! Die! Die!” he screamed as he swung his sword about. Little tree branches flew about from his frenzied swings.

“ARRRGHHH!!” came the scream from the woods. The hacking had stopped. No more leaves flew about. Only his low groans could be heard, and that evil giggling that never seemed to stop. A dark figure stepped out from the bush. All swords pointed at it. He was barely recognizable, hands holding his crotch, and something white covering his head. As light hit him, the night watch could see Darrin, stumbling out of the woods. His underwear pulled up from behind, all the way up over his eyes. Blinding him. Holding his crotch, he collapsed with a low moan in front of the rest of the watchmen. “OoOwWOo” moaned the rest of the men in empathy. “That poor thing!” exclaimed Hamish. One of the largest, and according to him, vicious warriors on the night watch. Standing over 6 feet tall, weighing about 300 lbs, and with a head to match, he loomed over his fallen comrade. “ I will avenge youuuuuuu!!” he screamed as he charged the dark woods. And then they came.

Before Hamish could even step a foot into the woods, a dozen small figures about a foot in height, ran out from the brush. They darted between his legs, and charged everyone else. What followed was chaos. Tiny, giggling, little things darted about. “Jeeesus!!” someone screamed. Swords began swinging, hitting nothing but air. People began tripping over their own feet, trying to follow the darting little creatures. “What the hell is going on!?”, asked Hamish. “Gnomes! We’re being attacked by Gnomes!” replied Hawke. Suddenly it stopped.

Tiny little Gnomes lined up by the gate, making obscene gestures at the watchmen, giggling the whole time. Standing in the light it was easier to see them now. Small little people, with long beards, strange looking hats, sharp dirty nails, and some wicked looking grins.



“Form a line! None must get through!” ordered Eduardo. The watchmen quickly fell into formation, blocking the way into Revelwood. The giggling stopped momentarily as the Gnomes charged at the defenders. All hell broke loose, as the battle went into full swing. The quick little pests kept darting in between peoples legs, and swords kept failing to make any contact. “AAACKKKK!” came the first scream. This one from Lumiere, who now laid twitching in the ground, in a condition very similar to that of Darrin. It seemed one of the little bastards, after having ran in between his legs, jumped up behind him, grabbed a hand full of underwear, and tugged with all it’s might. By the sound of the scream, these were strong creatures indeed.

“It’s got a hold of me! It’s got a hold of me!! Get him off!! AAIiiiiiii!” was the last anyone heard of Hamish. The large man toppled over, crushing one of the little critters. All of the men seemed to be in a similar predicament. Rhiannon, the only sword wielding female in the watch, seemed to be having more luck than anyone else. The Gnomes seemed to ignore her completely, trying to step around her to get to the men. Skirt flowing as she turned, she brought her sword across one of the small intruders. Tiny little Gnome bits flew as she danced her deadly dance with them.

The men kept feeling the brunt of the battle. Their screams were horrible, as one by one, they fell to their knees, holding their crotch. "Daffaed! Fetch Heathcliff. Only he can save us now!" ordered captain Eduardo. Daffaed, otherwise known as Kiera's Pirate, had done an excellent job of keeping the Gnomes at bay with his great two-handed sword. He appeared to be the only one in any condition to run. "Hawke, Tallis, cover his retreat." ordered Eduardo. "But... The PAIN!!!" objected Hawk. "Oh, quit whining and take it like a man!" snapped Tallis as he stepped in front of Daffaed, covering him. His loud grunts could be heard by all, as the angry Gnomes that were being held back by Daffaed, took out their frustrations on his underwear. But still, he stood. "Is that all you've got!! UGH! Is that it? UUGHH!! Give it to me! UGGhh!!!" chanted the seemingly crazed warrior. "Now there's a man with brass balls." whispered Daffaed as he quickly ran up the road to fetch Heathcliff.

Captain Eduardo, stayed towards the back of the fray, intercepting any of the little bastards that managed to get across the front line. With quick swings and thrusts of his masterful swordplay he managed to push back the Gnomes that got past. The last line of defense between the Gnomes and Revelwood, he kept throwing the enemy back at his men. Who were none too happy to have more Gnomes at their backs with easy access to their already stretched out underwear.

In between the screams of pain, the evil giggles from the Gnomes, and the swooshing of blades, Francisco crawled to the back of the line to report to the captain. One hand on his crotch, and the other feebly holding on to his rapier, Francisco spoke. "It's horrible sir! Only three of the little bastards are dead. The men are in bad shape. UghhGh. Most can't even stand, and a few have lost consciousness. OoOoO. It hurts... It hurts! OoOoO..." he said, catching his breath. Eduardo gave a nod of acknowledgment. "Heathcliff should be here momentarily. We MUST hold them off until then! Be brave, and get back to the front. Remember, Revelwood needs you.", and with that, he ushered Francisco back to the battlefield.

They fought a losing battle and they knew it. Rhiannon was the only one that managed to take out any of the small intruders. But she was only one woman with one sword against a tiny horde. All hope was lost when the men heard Eduardo scream, his manhood now added to the list of casualties. They had broken through. Nothing stood in the way now. The citizens of Revelwood would be caught totally by surprise. The wounded men watched in horror as the mass of tiny creatures began running up road towards the music. A sigh of defeat escaped some of the men's lips as they lost sight of the Gnomes.

"Back you foul things!" Daffaed could be heard yelling, followed by the loud swoosh of his great sword. He had charged down the road and repelled their attack. There was a feeble attempt at cheering by his fallen comrades, as the group of yelping Gnomes retreated back towards the gate. The Gnomes had been surprised, but now began to regroup. Daffaed stood there, brandishing his giant sword, blocking the way for the Gnomes. "CHARGE!!", came the high pitch voice of one of the intruders, as the small band of Gnomes ran full speed at Daffaed. It looked hopeless for him.

As the charging band neared the defender, and he readied himself for a mighty swing, a loud voice was heard over pitter-patter of tiny feet. "Now!"

Daffaed spun out of the way and dove into the trees by the side of the road. The Gnomes ran right past the spot where he stood and were confronted by Heathcliff. He stood in the middle of the road, weaponless, with a defiant look on his face and his arms held up on either side, hands on his waist. He made quite a sight with his kilt flapping in the wind.

One after the other, the Gnomes ran in between his legs for their excruciating attack. A small cry of surprise escaped each one after they encountered the unexpected under his kilt. No white cloth to pull

over his head, but something else they dared not pull on. After running under his kilt, one by one the Gnomes ran away at full speed moving away from Revelwood and it's defenders. Cheering came out in between moans, from the men's lips, as they painfully picked themselves off the ground. "What the hell just happened?" asked Lumiere as he limped over towards the rest of the group, which was now gathering and groaning almost in unison. "Is everyone ok?", asked Heathcliff. Most of the men had come to their senses by now.

All except for Hamish, who after closer inspection was pronounced dead by Francisco. "Uh... Captain Eduardo sir. We lost Hamish." he reported.

"What do you mean LOST?" inquired Eduardo.

"Well... I don't know how to put this.... It seems he was wearing a thong sir..."

"OwwWww", the men groaned in empathy.

"Does anyone care to explain what just happened here?", asked Hawke.

Heathcliff, one of the few people, whose mind wasn't on his groin, quickly took charge. "You and you! Build a small fire", he pointed. "Rhiannon, please fetch these poor men some ice packs and some cold beer. Daffaed, you'd best help her out. We're going to need much beer to help numb these men.", he finished.

"How come it's always nasty scary things we run into? Dark shadowy things, or evil nut cracking Gnomes." Asked Collin. "Why can't we ever run into some cute, naked, little fairy chicks or something. Dryads, why not dryads? I like them. I mean, seriously. For once, I would love to go walk into the woods and run into a happy little Gnome that said 'Here Collin! Have a pot of gold', instead of a very rude one that without even saying 'Hello' jumps up behind me and tries to make me spit out my own testes.", he ranted.

"That's Leprechauns you moron! Leprechauns have the pots of gold.", corrected Francisco. "Whatever! The point is it's never anything nice. I mean, last year I go for a little walk around the woods in the morning, and what do I get for my troubles? A troll turd stuck to the bottom of my shoe! Have any of you ever smelled that? Why not fairy dust?" finished Collin. Francisco started giggling and turned to Heathcliff and Hawke. "I told him we had trolls in the woods last year.", he whispered. Which got him a slap in the back of the head from Heathcliff.

"Calm down Collin. We're the Night Watch. Not the NICE Watch. It's our job too keep all those things away from the citizens. If that means we have to put our.. errr.. jewels in the line, then so be it.", explained Eduardo. Which got him a few nods of agreement from some of the men.

Once the fire got going Heathcliff gave a few last orders. "Throw their dead into the fire. They might be gone for now, but only the smell of their burning dead will keep them away forever.", he said. Once this was done, and the men a little less irate, Heathcliff called everyone over. "Everyone sit around the fire now. I will tell you a story. One that will explain what happened here this night. It is called...

The story of THE LAWN GNOMES".

[PART TWO - NEXT ISSUE]