

The Little Gnome Who Had to Stay Home

A story by Susan Perrow © March 2020 written to read to or tell young children who are required to stay home during the current C-19 pandemic

Little gnome was confused.

Why did he have to stay home?

Didn't everyone know how little gnomes loved to roam.

He couldn't go to gnome school, he couldn't play with his friends in the forest, and his friends couldn't visit him.

Little gnome was stuck in his tree-root home.

At least he could look out his window through the rocks and the tree roots. He was surprised that there was so much to see. Little ants were scurrying by, brightly coloured beetles were climbing up and down the fallen leaves and floppy eared rabbits were hopping in and out their burrows.

But even with all these things to watch, little gnome was growing impatient. Why did he have to keep on staying home? It didn't make sense to him why he could not roam.

Then Mother Tree whispered to him:

'Things are not as they used to be - but trust me - soon you will be free - trust me, trust me.'

Little gnome knew in his heart that he could always trust Mother Tree.

Mother Tree carried the wisdom of the whole forest.

Mother Tree knew all about everything. The birds and the wind were her friends and messengers. They visited her every day sharing the news of the big wide world.

Little gnome could hear when the birds came by. He could hear them singing high up in the branches of Mother Tree.

Little gnome could also see when the wind was visiting. He could see the branches swaying this way and that. He sometimes had to close his window to keep out the leaves and dust stirred up by this busy friend!

Everyday Mother Tree continued to whisper to him:

'Things are not as they used to be - but trust me - soon you will be free - trust me, trust me.'

So little gnome had to trust, and little gnome had to wait. Soon he knew he would be free again to leave his home amongst the tree roots. Soon he knew he would be free again to roam once again in the big wide world.

And while he waited, he was surprised how many things he could find to do in his cosy little tree root home.

Little gnome could dance
Little gnome could sing
Little gnome could paint and draw
And do somersaults across the floor

Little gnome could dance
Little gnome could sing
Little gnome could clean and cook
And curl up with a picture book

Little gnome could dance
Little gnome could sing
Little gnome could
And

Little gnome could dance
Little gnome could sing
Little gnome could
And

Little gnome could dance
Little gnome could sing
Little gnome could
And