

That day, she set off with a skip and a laugh,
down through the garden and onto the path.
It was here she discovered that so close to home,
half-hidden by plants, was a small, bearded gnome.



The little girl bent right down on her knees,
to inspect his red hat and his green dungarees.



“It’s lovely to meet you, but why are you here?”

The gnome shuffled forwards, wiggling one ear.

“I’m Neville, do you know of my great gnomely powers?”

I’m here to fight greenfly and protect the flowers.”



“Wow,” gasped the girl. “That sounds VERY clever.

How brave you must be to guard them . . . However, would you like to come with me to Muggleswick Wood?”

Neville thought for a moment, then said that he would.



So off the pair went; they walked side by side,
the gnome taking two steps to one of her strides.

They hadn't gone far –
a few hares had hopped by –
when a sudden blue flash
caught the little girl's eye.



She and the gnome stopped
and gazed at the sky.
They'd spotted a beautiful blue dragonfly.

It buzzed and it hummed and it spun round her head.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you,” the little girl said.

Neville the Gnome asked, “How come you’re so busy?”

All this twirling around is making me dizzy.”



The dragonfly hummed, “I am eating the fleas,
some flies and mosquitoes and lots of midges.”

“Crikey,” cried Neville. “That’s terribly helpful!
Those small biting beasties are totally dreadful.