

# **Drippy the Peg Legged Rainbow** **A Story for Demented Children**

**John H. Carroll**

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*This story is dedicated to all the straight people who still love rainbows.*

*This story is not for normal children. If you have any intention of raising a well-adjusted child, this is not the right tale for you. This story is for kids who think everyone on the Disney Channel is an over-actor that should be stabbed repeatedly with sporks.*

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Rainbows have existed throughout the universe since shortly after its inception. Born from light and moisture, they have expanded along with galaxies and other cosmic goo. They only die from the destruction of worlds, absence of moisture, or the long loss of light. Many are ancient, being nearly as old as the universe itself. Others are young, only born moments ago. All are beautiful, although many beings in the universe think them to be evil bearers of bad tidings and illness.

This is the story of one rainbow, neither ancient nor young . . .

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“Hey, you, are you using this tree?” Drippy asked two cute little bunnies nuzzling by a stately tree. One was black with purple streaks while the other had chestnut brown fur. They weren’t hopping around energetically like all the other bunnies in a nearby clearing. The tree was a tall maple with vibrant green leaves stretching out toward the sky.

The bunnies looked up at Drippy in surprise. “I didn’t know rainbows could talk,” the black one remarked in a gloomy voice. “I hate rainbows.”

“Of course rainbows can talk, although I don’t know why I waste my time talking to bunnies. Here I am trying to be polite when I’m having a miserable day and you respond by saying you hate me,” Drippy grumbled. He hopped a little to the left to get just the

right angle of the sun through the light springtime drizzle falling on the rich green forest below.

“I’m always miserable,” the black bunny stated miserably. “I don’t like rainbows because you always seem so cheerful and bright. When you come around, it means the clouds are going to go away and the sun is going to shine. Plus, you don’t have my favorite color.”

“What’s your favorite color?” Drippy asked out of mild curiosity. He prided himself on having nearly every color in the spectrum even if most eyes couldn’t see all of them.

“Black,” the bunny answered cheerlessly.

“Don’t mind Emo,” the chestnut-colored bunny said in dulcet tones. “If it gets sunny, he might be expected to hippity-hop and he hates that sort of thing. I’m Haylo. What’s your name?” she asked pleasantly.

“I’m Drippy. I can sympathize with not wanting to hop. I’m getting tired of it myself,” he responded while hopping a little more to the left to adjust for the angle of the sun again.

“What happened to your right leg?” Haylo asked with concern, using a paw to point at the place where Drippy’s missing leg used to be.

“It was stolen by a leprechaun who took it from me to mark where he buried a pot of gold. I was distracted while the little green jerk snuck up,” Drippy growled angrily. “Then I couldn’t hop fast enough to catch up, so he got away, laughing gleefully the whole time.”

“Didn’t it hurt when the leprechaun took it?” Emo asked. “People try to steal my feet for luck. It seems like it would hurt.”

“Yeah, it hurt a lot,” Drippy admitted sadly. “I was bleeding red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.” The drizzle carelessly shifted back to the right and he hopped to stay with it. “If you don’t need that tree, I’m going to use it as a leg. I’ve seen humans with wooden legs, so I’m going to give it a try.”

Without waiting for an answer, he placed his right arc on the maple tree. Using rainbow magic, Drippy swirled his colors down through the branches and trunk all the way to the roots. The green leaves and brown trunk turned all the colors of the spectrum as Drippy lifted it up, tearing the roots out of the ground. From there, he moved toward a large hillside with a better patch of rain that the sun was admiring. He didn’t notice that massive amounts of wet dirt fell on the two surprised bunnies that he left behind.

The tree was a little taller than his other leg, causing him to lean as he stumped across the landscape. It was very annoying, so Drippy pounded the tree into the ground, hoping to squish it to a more appropriate size. The pounding helped a little, but not much and Drippy finally decided to ignore it.

He arrived at the prime location and basked in the glow of the low-lying sun over the western horizon. The droplets of water falling from the clouds danced in the rays and turned pretty colors as they slid to the ground. The tree leg complicated the journey for a lot of the raindrops, but Drippy didn’t care. He was grateful not to have to stand on one leg all the time.

“Hey! That’s my spot!” an irate voice thundered from his left.

Drippy looked at the rainbow striding resolutely toward him on two perfectly good legs. “I don’t care. It’s my spot now,” Drippy growled defiantly. “Go find another

drizzle to stand in.” He used the roots of the tree to help stand his ground. The other rainbow angrily bumped into him, but Drippy didn’t budge.

“This is supposed to be my drizzle! It’s the best spot around and you stole it!” the newcomer accused. He studied Drippy for a moment and his tone went from hostile to curious. “Why do you have a tree for a leg? It looks very odd.”

“It’s called a peg leg. I’ve seen humans with them,” Drippy answered.

“Oh, right. I remember those were popular among pirates a couple hundred years ago. Hey, let’s make a double rainbow. The sun’s just right and this drizzle looks like it’s going to last awhile.” Without waiting for an answer, the rainbow thinned, reversed his colors and stretched over Drippy. “My name’s Bowring. What’s yours?”

“I’m Drippy.” He didn’t feel like talking and wanted to find a secluded drizzle where he could be alone, but there was no way he was going to mess up the grandeur of a double rainbow. Drippy made his colors brighter and richer, showing off his beauty to the world. There were no people around to appreciate it so deep in the wilderness, but rainbows existed for the universe, not people.

“Hi, Drippy. So are you really a pirate? You have a peg leg and you stole my spot from me, but you don’t have an eyepatch or a parrot.”

Drippy sighed, shaking loose a few extra droplets of rain. “I’m not a pirate. My leg was stolen and I didn’t want to keep hopping on one leg. This tree seemed like the best idea. It’s not perfect, but it’s growing on me.”

“I wouldn’t want a tree growing on me. That sounds uncomfortable. Who stole your leg?” Bowring asked as though they had been best buddies their entire lives. He was getting on Drippy’s nerves.

“A leprechaun stole it to mark his pot of gold. I couldn’t catch the little jerk in time.” The color red became a little brighter than the rest as he remembered how angry he was.

“Ahh. You were in Ireland then. Yeah, it’s dangerous for rainbows there,” Bowring sympathized. “At least people don’t hide their children in huts like in the Amazon or call us snakes like aborigines in Australia used to do.”

“I’d rather deal with that than lose a leg,” Drippy responded sadly. The conversation was really starting to depress him. “At least they just point and say we bring them disease.”

“Remember when Iris used to ride us around the sky all the time?” Bowring said with a laugh. “Good times.”

“I stopped going to Greece because of her,” Drippy responded grumpily. Having goddesses streak across the sky on his back really chafed him.

“You’re a real downer, Drippy. The sun’s setting and the clouds are parting. I’m going to chase the horizon and find a nice drizzle where I can be happy.” Bowring jumped toward the sun, switched his colors back to normal and set off to glimmer in new territories.

“Yeah, whatever. Don’t trip over a mountain. I’m just going to sit here and be miserable,” Drippy mumbled. Bowring didn’t reply because he was too far away by that point and probably wouldn’t have listened if he could have heard. Things became quiet except for the steady drizzle falling over the leaves of the forest. The wildlife had hidden themselves away to keep out of the rain. Plus, the sun would be setting soon and most would go to sleep for the night while the nocturnal animals came out to play.

Drizzle fell in that spot for the next half hour before the sun dipped below the horizon. It wasn't too often he stayed in one place for such a long period of time. After the sunset, Drippy rested in the moisture awhile. Most rainbows always moved west to chase the sun, but he liked the nighttime. Even though people couldn't see them unless the moon was just right, rainbows still existed and could travel from place to place. Drippy liked becoming a moonbow sometimes. People said he looked white, but their eyes just couldn't see the gentle colors that shone through nighttime drizzles.

A droplet of an idea had been forming in his mind while he stood there enjoying the peaceful, untouched vistas before him. As the sun finally disappeared, he turned and began stumping back the way he had come. A good-sized rock was loose on some hills nearby and he took an experimental kick with the tree. The rock launched into the air with a loud thunk and made a whistling sound as it flew nearly a mile away. A couple of branches cracked off the tree and Drippy knew it wouldn't last long if he kicked too many rocks, but kicking something was an option not normally available to rainbows. Their misty bodies passed right through things. It was hard to hold onto the tree, but Drippy was strong for a rainbow and would be able to last with it until he was able to implement the idea.

The peg leg made walking difficult and uncomfortable, but he made good progress throughout the night and into the morning, even across the Atlantic Ocean. Drippy was on a mission.

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"Mam . . . why's that rainbow drippin' syrup?" the young lad asked from the dining table. Rainbow colored maple syrup had just squished out of the rainbow's odd tree trunk leg, through the window and into his oatmeal. He was just about to pour honey into the bowl, but set the bottle down instead.

"Just eat your pancakes, love," his mother told him, too busy taking care of his baby sister to pay attention to the peg-legged rainbow walking through the yard.

The lad shrugged, stirred the syrup into his oatmeal and took a big bite. It tasted pretty good, so he smiled and ate happily.

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Drippy stumbled over the fence of a house. A little bit of maple squirted out of the tree into an open window and he hoped no one would notice. He saw that his rainbow magic turned the sap into sweet syrup and marveled at how wonderful it was to be a rainbow. It only took a few more steps to move away from the village and continue on to his destination.

Ireland had some of the best locations for rainbows to show their colors, making the country irresistible in spite of the leprechaun infestation. Often times the skies were deep cobalt blue while the sun lit rocky fields of grass. The contrast made colors stand out brilliantly, flowing power into the rainbow's existence. The best locations were all along the coast in the rainy springtime. Churning waters crashed against white stony cliffs that were covered by emerald grasses, adding stark beauty to the already vibrant sight of a rainbow.

The place where he had lost his leg was further inland toward the north and he was almost there. Finding the leg would be difficult because leprechauns were exceptional at hiding things. They had magic that would disguise it even from a rainbow.

“Why in the world are you walking around on a tree like that?” a melodious voice sounded from a nearby rain shower. Drippy looked in that direction and saw a pretty rainbow basking in a soft sprinkle. The morning sun reflected through the drops of water to give her rich colors that stretched over scattered farms. “I’ve never seen such a pretty tree . . . in fact, I’ve never seen a maple tree in Ireland, let alone one with all the colors of the rainbow,” she said, amused.

Drippy stopped and looked at her in embarrassment. “It’s from across the pond. Dragging it over the Atlantic was difficult . . . I probably could have left it and grabbed another tree here, but I’ve become rather attached to it.”

“I’ve never known a rainbow to use a tree for a leg. It’s very odd. Did a leprechaun steal yours?” she guessed intuitively while shifting a little to match the rays of the sun as it rose higher in the sky.

“Yes, and I’m going to get it back from the little bugger . . . as soon as I find him.” Drippy became thoughtful for a moment before deciding to share his plan with her. “I can kick things with this peg leg, so I’m going to find the leprechaun that stole my normal leg, kick him to England where he’ll be miserable, and then get my original leg back.”

The girl rainbow stared at him. “That’s just silly.”

“I don’t care. That’s what I’m going to do,” Drippy grumbled as he stumped off determinedly on his quest.

“It’s not really a peg leg!” she called after him. “It’s just a maple tree!”

He pretended not to hear the comment and moved faster over the soggy ground. A short while later he was above the forest where his leg had been taken. There was no clue where the leg might be or even if it was nearby. Leprechauns were sneaky and it was likely that this one had taken the leg somewhere else entirely. He began walking back and forth through the trees, methodically searching for any sign of his missing leg or the leprechaun.

For the next few days, Drippy combed the forest back and forth in his quest, ignoring all the tempting rain. It was difficult to resist his basic nature for standing in sunlit drizzle to create splendor for the universe to behold, but he was determined. Finally, on the morning of the third day, he came across a napping leprechaun. He wasn’t the one that had stolen Drippy’s leg, but perhaps he might have information.

Drippy grabbed the leprechaun with the roots of the tree, which were looking sad after being out of the ground for so long. He slapped the little green man a few times with a branch, not just to wake him up, but also because Drippy was frustrated by that point and wanted to establish who was boss.

“Wha? . . . Hey! . . . Ow, ow, wha’ the . . . ow!” the leprechaun hollered in confusion. “What’s yer damage ya big, dense rainbow?”

Drippy whapped him with a branch again. “My damage is that I’m missing a leg, which was stolen by one of your friends. I want it back and I’m going to slap you until you tell me where my leg is.” Drippy whapped him once more to prove his point.

“Ow! I dunna know where yer stupid leg is or who tuk it. Wha’ the world ya doin’ wi’ a tree leg? I ne’er saw a rainbow wi’ a tree leg!” The little man struggled and tried to get away, but the roots were too strong.

“It’s a peg leg. Now tell me where I can find the little creep that took my leg or I’ll squirt sap all over you. And talk normally. Trying to figure out what you’re saying makes my orange drip.” He squeezed the leprechaun for emphasis. Drippy’s orange color really was starting to drip on the ground. A frog was splattered by some and croaked.

“I dunna know who tuk it, but ya can find yer leg if you luk on de other side of yerself. Let me go!” He struggled some more.

“What do you mean: *look on the other side of myself?* That doesn’t make any sense.” The Irish brogue was really hard for Drippy to follow, but he concentrated hard.

“If ya wanna find de pot of gold at de end of de rainbow, ya have to luk on de other side of de rainbow. So luk on de other side of yerself!” He struggled again.

It was too hard to follow and didn’t make sense, so Drippy swung his leg and tossed the little green man far out of the forest, over a few hills and past a dale. Then he stood there awhile and thought about the words.

A drizzle was falling from scattered clouds and the sun shone just right for Drippy to glow brightly. The sound of the rain pitter-pattered against the trees and ground, creating a gentle symphony. A thought occurred to him that rainbows always looked toward the sun if it was out. Rainbows always looked forward.

Without moving, Drippy looked on the other side of himself. To his immense surprise, he could see his leg far in the distance to the south near the coast. It was a glistening sort of a glimmer that could be seen through everything in the way.

He began walking backward toward it as fast as he could possibly move. He ran into a few trees and a barn along the way, but kept going in desperation to recover the leg before anything else happened to it.

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By late afternoon, he arrived at a rich green cliff looking out over the stormy ocean. The rainbow leg was in the center of the field right above a tiny pot, which Drippy assumed had gold in it. The leprechaun just happened to be sleeping with his hat down over his eyes and his back against the pot. Leprechauns were always taking naps when they weren’t stealing rainbow legs.

Drippy turned around to be able to look forward again. The leg remained in sight now that he was close. “Hey! Leprechaun! I’m here for my leg!” He yelled in a booming voice, startling the little green man awake.

“Eh? Wha’? . . .” The lecherous leprechaun stood and stumbled a few steps forward while rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

Drippy decided not to waste time trying to listen to any more Irish brogue, so he swung the tree back with all his might and punted the leprechaun high into the air. The diminutive scoundrel shot like a rocket through the air headed deep into the heart of England, yelling curses at Drippy the whole time.

The pot of gold was still attached to the stolen leg, holding it down. Drippy swung the tree back and kicked the pot in the direction of a nearby village for the villagers to

find. If the leprechaun wasn't mad enough before, he would be when he came back and found the gold missing.

The leg shimmered dimly, waiting for Drippy to take it back. But there was still the matter of the beat-up tree acting as his peg leg. It had done a wonderful job of supporting Drippy and he had become fond of it, so he dug the roots deep into the emerald grass atop the cliff. Then he used powerful rainbow magic to restore the loyal tree's health. When he stepped away, the leafy branches reached to the sky to soak in the wonderful warmth of a ray of sun that was bursting through the clouds. The magic left the tree with all the brilliant, beautiful shades of the rainbow. It didn't seem to miss its natural coloring.

Drippy hopped over to his leg and reattached it with ease. It felt wonderful to be whole again. He hopped up and down then walked around the maple tree a few times. Everything was as it should be and his colors glowed brightly in happiness.

He knew his colors shone bright in Ireland, but didn't want to risk his leg again. Plus, the thief might come back and seek vengeance, so Drippy went off in search of nice drizzles in lands where there were no leprechauns. Everywhere he traveled, Drippy was admired by all those who were fortunate enough to gaze upon him. For the most part, he faced the sun, but every once in a while, he would look on the other side of himself to keep things in perspective.

The End

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### [About the Author](#)

John H. Carroll was the youngest of seven children and was born in Atlanta, Georgia in 1970 where he was kept in a dresser drawer with the clean socks. Luckily, he wasn't kept with the dirty socks or else he might have grown up to become slightly warped.

As a child, John spent most of his time wandering through the Mojave Desert in an attempt to avoid people. He would stare at the sky, imagining what it would be like to explore different worlds. One of his favorite memories is watching his dad build the fuselage of Evel Kneivel's skycycle in their garage. One of his least favorite moments was watching that skycycle fall into the Snake River. (Not his dad's fault and he has documentation to prove it, so nyah)

As a teenager, John spent most of his time driving wherever he could in an attempt to avoid people. He would stare at the road, imagining what it would be like to explore different worlds. He was the captain of the chess team, lettered in golf and band while in high school, and wasn't beaten up anywhere near as much as one might imagine.

As an adult, John spends most of his time staring at a computer screen in an attempt to avoid people. He stares at the monitor for hours, imagining what it would be like to explore different worlds. He has been married to his wonderful wife for sixteen years and they have three obnoxious . . . wonderful children who always behave . . . when they're asleep.

Emo bunny minions surround John at most times. He is their imaginary friend and they look to him for guidance. At one point, they took over the world. No one noticed

because they left everything exactly as it was. They gave the world back after a week because it was depressing.

The Willden Trilogy is his first endeavor into the field of writing. Other series and standalone works will be forthcoming. In addition, John has written a number of short stories that can be found at most eBook sites. He writes in the evenings and weekends whenever possible. Regrettably, the family mentioned in a previous paragraph desires food and shelter, requiring the author to possess a full time job until his writing makes him rich.

You can follow his blog where he discusses writing, emo bunnies, family and various other topics of insanity.

<http://www.ryallon.blogspot.com/>

Follow him on twitter if you like insane ramblings and random comments.

<http://twitter.com/kookoo88>

Find him on Facebook where he discusses current projects and writing in general: <http://www.facebook.com/John.H.Carroll.Author>

His Goodreads Page:

[http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4479427.John\\_H\\_Carroll](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4479427.John_H_Carroll)

## **Stories for Demented Children:**

**New! The Emo Bunny that Should - Illustrated Edition:** With beautiful illustrations by Arlene Rose. You can get it at the store where you found this one.

*Emo the Bunny was a sad bunny. He preferred gloomy days, walks over a cliff and misery of any sort. One day he saw something very unusual. Normally he'd take a nap and try to forget about it, but for some reason he took an interest. Then things happened. Emo the Bunny hated it when things happened. Caution: This story is not for normal children.*

**“A Collection of Stories for Demented Children”** You can get it at the store where you found this one.

*Five short stories combined into one, written for demented children and adults too. Text versions of these stories can be found for free individually. I am charging for the compilation in the hopes of earning a living from my writing in order to support my own demented children. Some content may be disturbing for younger, or sane, children.*

## **Novels of Ryallon:**

My full-length novels are set in the world of Ryallon. They are high fantasy with rogues, knights, dragons and flower children. You can get them at the store where you found this one.



**Willden Trilogy** (Written first)

*Ryallon*

*Anilyia*

*Kethril*

**Dralin Trilogy** (Set in time before the Willden trilogy)

*Dralin*

*Ebudae*

*Pelya*

**Stand-alone Novella**

*Rain Glade*

Coming soon:

**The Crazyd Trilogy** (Set in time after the Willden Trilogy)

**The Morhain Trilogy** (Set in time after the Willden Trilogy)