

Pierre Dumont and Lé P'tit Colin

One dark and stormy night, Pierre Dumont was walking back to his home in Torteval along the maze of narrow lanes and cliff paths in the area around *La Corbière*. It was past midnight and the storm was raging. Dumont had no lantern or burning torch to light his way so he sang to himself to keep his spirits up. Suddenly he heard a faint voice in the distance, calling, 'Help! Help!' Instinctively Dumont replied, 'I am here! I will help you!'

Out of the dark, a small figure clutched his hand.

The puzzled man assumed that a child had become lost in the night, but luckily could now be led to safety. Dumont battled on through the storm with the small figure hanging desperately onto his hand, until finally he reached his house. As he burst through the kitchen door he found his wife waiting, concerned for his safety. However, as he stepped into the candle-lit room, Dumont and his wife let out gasps of horror. Still holding his hand was an ugly, stunted being with a huge head. Without hesitation the creature introduced itself as *Lé P'tit Colin* – a Guernsey *Pouque*.

The fairy took immediate residence in the Dumont household. He was soon helping Dumont with his work on the farm, doing all the jobs around the house and even caring for Dumont's children like a nursemaid. The family soon began to wonder how they had ever managed without him. Everything that the fairy touched prospered, and the Dumont family thrived.

Many years later, one summer's day, Dumont was walking along the very same path on which he had discovered *Lé P'tit Colin*. Suddenly, he heard a voice call his name;

‘Pierre Dumont! Pierre Dumont!’

Pierre stopped and answered, ‘Who is there? What do you want?’

From out of thin air the reply came, ‘Tell *Lé P’tit Colin* that *Lé Grand Colin* is dead!’

Dumont was utterly perplexed and not a little frightened, so he hurried home.

When he reached his house the little *Pouque* was there to wait on him as usual. As the fairy began to take off Dumont’s boots Pierre passed on the message. He said simply, ‘*Lé Grand Colin* is dead!’

The little creature jumped for joy as the news meant he would inherit Grand Colin’s treasure. He ran out of the kitchen door and was never seen again.



Artwork by David Wyatt. © Guernsey Museums & Art Gallery

Story by Guernsey Museums, adapted from Marie de Garis' *Folklore of Guernsey*