

Pappa Olai Krekling

At first sight, Olai can come across as a surly old gnome – which is hardly surprising, since Brattkleiva stood empty a long time, and that made Olai suspicious of new people. But once you get to know him, he's the most loyal, generous gnome you could imagine. In fact, word has it that he once trimmed off some of his beard in order to make a featherbed for a family of house mice during the big Blue Frost winter. Though Olai is fond of animals in general, he can contain his enthusiasm for Mjauritz, the farm cat. Olai says it's because he's allergic, but the truth is that he's a little scared. Olai has always been good at mixing pixie dust, and the radishes at Brattkleiva are justly prized among humans and farm gnomes alike as the cream of the crop.



Mamma Tiril Krekling

Brattkleiva is run with a firm but gentle gnome's hand by mamma Tiril Krekling. She has her work cut out for her when dealing with Olai's mood swings. But when Olai gets all worked up, she just gives him a smack on the chops, and then he's as gentle as a lamb. Tiril loves to sing. She fancies herself as having a distinctive, even fantastic, voice. She hums and sings to herself all day long. The fact that nearly everybody else thinks it sounds like a cat being squeezed through a coffee grinder doesn't seem to bother her in the least. Tiril hails from up north, which probably accounts for her predilection for pitch black juniper coffee with an essence of cloudberries.



Li'l Oskander Krekling

Oksander is a level-headed little gnome. He's considerate and kind, but oh so misunderstood. All his well-intended attempts to perform good gnome deeds each day often end up in a lot of howling and shouting. For example, there's the time he painted the newly hatched chickens red, white and blue. He was supposed to decorate things for the 17th of May holiday, but Mother Chicken got her feathers all ruffled, even though though Oskander had only used water colors. And how can anyone forget the time he decided to ride Mjauritz the farm cat into town? This short-lived excursion ended with a resounding thud at the bottom of Brattkleiva. To this day, Mjauritz continues to scowl at Oskander, even though he said "excuse me" – several times.



Miss Petrine Krekling

Don't be fooled by Miss Petrina's innocent appearance. Behind that saccharin smile of hers lurks a little terror. From time to time she'll sneak into the farmhouse and help spruce up the decor. She'll sew curtains together and pour potato flour into the ears of the humans while they're asleep. She'll put the forks, knives and spoons away in the wrong drawer and draw a beard and eyeglasses on the potatoes. She's also terribly fond of borrowing shows. She is, however, considerate enough to borrow only one shoe at a time, so that the humans won't have to go completely barefoot. What mamma gnome lacks in the way of a singing voice, Petrine more than makes up for, so hers is the task of singing soothingly to the cows, to make the milk sweet. But Tiril knows nothing of this; it's pappa Olai's and Petrine's little secret.



Norsk *Juletradisjon*

Gardsnisser 

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June Karlsen has met the farm gnomes and has been granted special permission to model them (provided she makes sure they turn out real well).



Designer:
June Karlsen

Distributor:
Brødrene Flaarønning as, 7234 Ler, NORWAY
www.flaaronning.no



Gardsnisser

Greet the Farm Gnomes

When you visit the folks who've just moved into a small farm by the name of Brattkleiva, consider yourself lucky if you can hear tiny voices coming from the storehouse, because this means you are among the favored few who've gotten wind of the Krekling family. The Kreklings, you see, are Brattkleiva's farm gnomes.



Most small farms have a family of farm gnomes living on them. In fact, the very thought of running a farm without them is virtually unthinkable. Who else is there to sing evening songs for the cows, to make the milk extra sweet? And who else is there to spread pixie dust on the vegetable garden to make the radishes extra crunchy? For that matter, who will tease the cat? And who's going to comfort the courtyard tree when she loses her leaves in the autumn? The gnomes will, of course, and at Brattkleiva some new folks have just moved in. And whose responsibility are they? Why, the Krekling family's, of course.

Farm gnomes (*gnomus domesticus*) are a subspecies of polar gnomes (*gnomus polaris*). They are widespread throughout most of Scandinavia. They live in large families of up to four generations and thrive best in the warm shelter of the storehouse. They are between 15 and 20 cm tall and can live to be 180 years old. (The oldest known gnome was great-grandfather Jensenius Tyrifot, who lived to the ripe old age of 228.) Farm gnomes are timid creatures, famous for their readiness to help. But their pronounced sense of justice can also breed a devil-may-care attitude when they feel they've been treated unfairly. Their favorite dish is Christmas porridge with syrup, cinnamon and a lump of butter – and, of course, fresh, crunchy radishes.



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