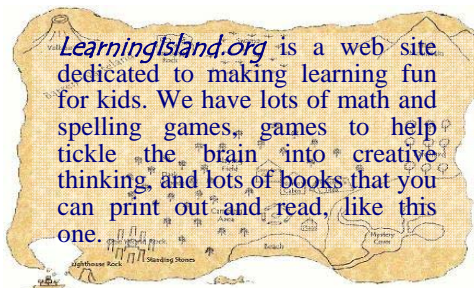


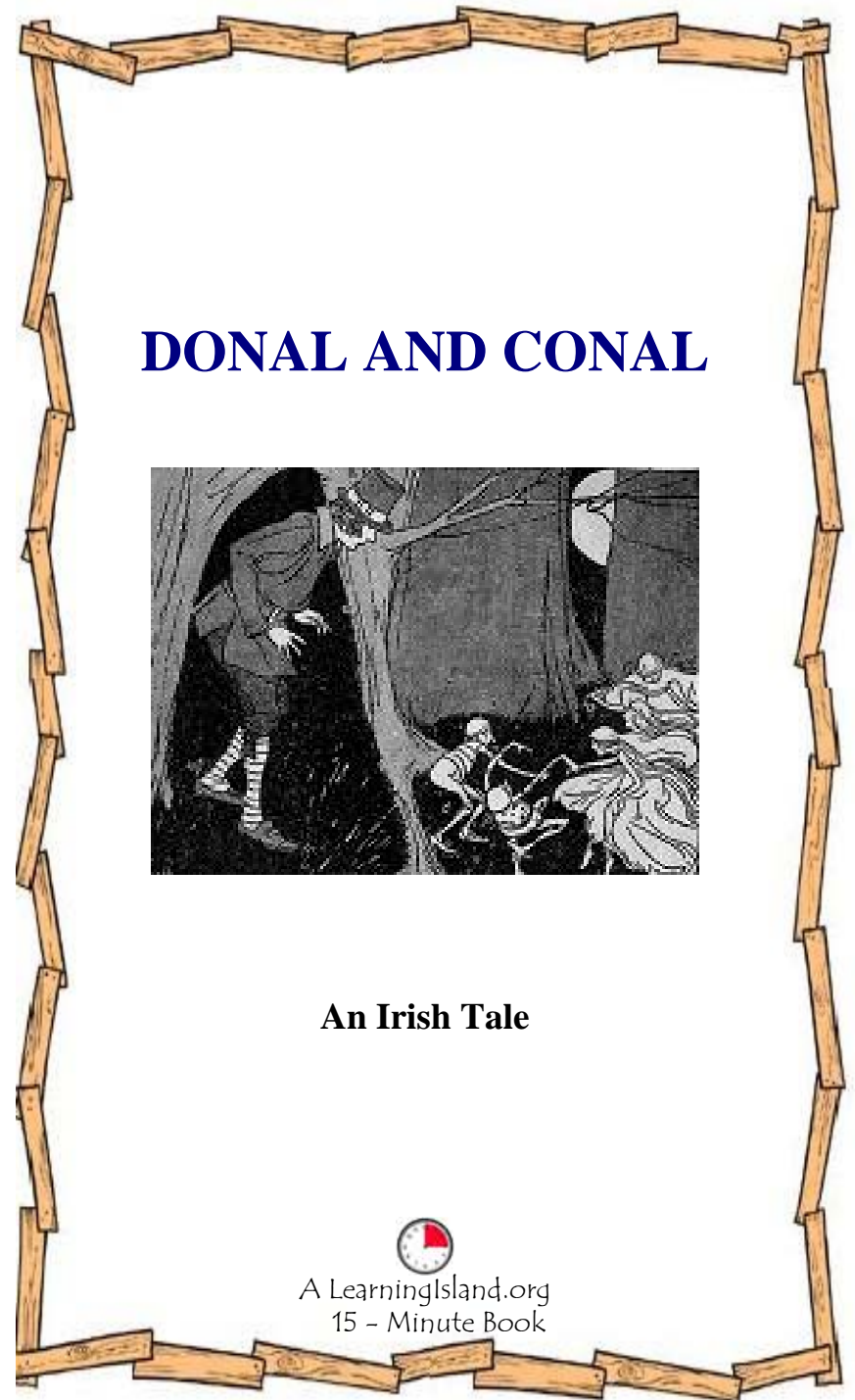
There was once in old Ireland a very fine lad by the name of Donal. He was not only a very fine lad, but a very gay lad. He would go for miles to a party or a wedding. He was always welcome, for Donal knew where to wear his smile. He wore it on his face instead of keeping it in his pocket.

The dearest wish of Donal's heart no one knew but himself.

Read what Donal's wish is and if he gets it in this book.



Fiction
RL: 3.3
Words: 915



DONAL AND CONAL



An Irish Tale



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