

Luck O' The Irish

novan was leaning the "local." All was the sound of talking, gaiety so Irish, especially of ulleybogy, County his face he wore as if there was bing him, some- didn't quite under-

soul in sight and then I just hap- pened to look down, and there he was, not more than three feet away, trapped under a small rock. He had a tiny gold crown on his head and was dressed in royal robes.

"'Come here ye big oaf!' he squeaked. 'Can't you see that I'm trapped?'"

"I bent down and picked up the rock that was holding him. He jumped up and stood there with



ooole, the barkeeper ld friend, was pol- at the far end of talking to an old iced Patrick stand- and, after saying the farmer, walked

Patrick," he said ing his friend on how are ye this

ed up and smiled. own was still on ere was a faraway

he said thoughtfully, in fairies?"

er taken aback, at the man stand- him and wondered ks he had had.

t I'm pulling your he said. "I saw

ye see Patrick?" eeper who was also le by this time.

ing o' the fairies, lied Patrick.

dumbfounded look ce and said, "Well, at it."

alking through the ernoon, on my way and thinking what it was. I was en- ine when suddenly

It was such a small ght at first it must of those chirpy spar-

o heed and walked eard it again, and he second time. I but couldn't see a

his legs apart and his hands on his hips, his bright beady eyes flash- ing. The blades of grass towered above him and he clambered onto a rock so as to get a better view of me.

"He was a crotchety little fel- low all right, but I knew better than to argue with him. I had no fancy of being turned into a toad. He stood there for a min- ute, just eyeing me, until I began to feel uncomfortable. At last he said, 'I suppose that I'll have to grant ye a wish for saving my life. What do you want?'"

"I thought of all the things that I would like to have and tried to decide which of them I wanted most.

"'Hurry up,' he cried. 'I have a kingdom to run ye know, I don't have time to be standing here with the likes o' you.'

"I closed my eyes, crossed my fingers, and wished for a pocket- ful of gold. When the little lepra- chaun heard my wish, he looked disgusted and snorted, 'I thought as much; it's always the same. Everyone wants gold. Well, I suppose that I had better give it to ye.'

"He held up his arms, snapped his fingers, and in a flash was gone. I stared at the place where he had been and wondered if it had been a dream that I'd had. I laughed and shook my head as I walked on down the path. Of course it had been a dream; there aren't such things as fairies any- more. Then I heard a jingling in my pocket. I put my hand down in there, and there they were, bright, shiny gold pieces."

Patrick finished his story and looked at Michael who had a broad grin on his face.

"Well, Michael," he said, "and what do ye think of that?"

Michael shook his head slowly and patted his friend gently on the shoulder, smiling at him as one does when humoring a child.

"I think that ye had better go home and sleep it off," Patrick," he said. "You'll feel better in the morning."

Patrick looked at the barkeeper and smiled. "Maybe you're right, Michael," he said. "I think I'll go on now."

He picked up his hat and coat and got ready to leave. "How much do I owe ye, Michael?" he asked.

"Three shillings," said Michael, still smiling at his friend's wild tale.

Patrick put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a gold piece. He put it on the bar and walked out into the street.

JOAN GRIGG

HILLTOP—PAGE THREE

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