



“My Secret  
Wishes”

DONNY  
DAVID  
WAYNE  
MERRILL  
DANNY  
MIC

### DONNY OSMOND:

A girl named Laurel is the one my secret wish is for. If she reads this, and I hope she will, she can make my wish come true.

It was a big city in the middle of America. We had been on tour for two weeks, and we were all a little bit tired, and I'm afraid that I wasn't completely happy about doing another show that night. There are times, when I'm exhausted, that I can't feel like the audience gets as good a show as it deserves, and on those nights, I sometimes feel like I should go home!

It was one of those nights. The car picked us up at the hotel and took us to the hall where we were going to play. At the stage door, as the car pulled up, we could see a lot of young people, waiting for us.

The car stopped and the kids surrounded us. We went into the hall, signing autographs and talking as we went, and even as tired as I was, I couldn't help noticing one girl, who hung back from the rest, her face a sullen mask

of dislike and sadness. I smiled at her, but she looked at me as if I weren't there.



Inside, the show went on, and as usual, it was better than I thought it would be, because no matter how tired we are, we always get a burst of energy from the wave of love and greeting that swells up toward us when we go on-stage. When the show was over, we did our encores and ran to the dressing room, only to learn that the car had been in an accident and it would be an hour before they could get another one to us. We decided to wait.

About 45 minutes later, I decided to go out for some air. I opened the stage door, and the alley was empty—except for one person—the girl with the unhappy face.

Now that I saw her more clearly, I realized that she wore a back brace, a heavy metal thing that must have been painful and tiring. Maybe that's why she looks so unpleasant, I thought — that thing probably hurts.

“Hello,” I said.

She nodded, but didn't say anything.

“Are you waiting for us?” I asked.

She nodded again.

“Well,” I said, “here I am.”

And then, to my amazement, she burst into tears!



She had waited, she sobbed, because her brace made it impossible for her to get close enough to us in the crowd to