

# He picked up the letter that lay on the mat. It began

David walked into his living room and switched on the lamp beside the couch. The room lit up and its soft colours seemed to be comforting. David remembered the great fun he had in decorating the house, choosing wall colours and picking out furniture. But now he felt himself hating it all.

He sat on the couch and heard the gentle snoring of the dog in the kitchen. Tears pricked at his eyes — he felt so alone and so helpless. There was no-one he could turn to for comfort or help. Sam had gone away for a holiday and his father was in New York. No, he had to sort things out for himself.

It had all started four weeks ago on a normal day . . .

He'd got up early to drive down to the studio. Already a few people had started to straggle into offices and factories. And for a moment David envied them. He knew they'd be leaving again by about five. By that time tonight David would be well into the recording of the Partridge Family.

David was one of the first to arrive at the studio. But George Melby, an old friend was already there. He turned at the sound of David's footsteps.

"Hiya," he called out. David smiled and waved. "Oh Dave," Larry called after him. "My wife and I would love you to come over to our house for dinner tonight. Our niece from Washington's staying with us and we kinda feel you two would get along fine. Come on over and have a good time." And David found himself accepting Larry's invitation.

## LOVELY NAME

It was another long day and David threw himself into the role of Keith Partridge. By seven that evening when the show was 'canned' David felt whacked. Then he remembered his dinner date. David checked on Larry's address. "I'll just go home and have a quick shower and I'll be right over," he said over his shoulder walking out to the parking lot.

An hour later David was knocking at the door of a big old house in a suburb on the other side of town. Geraldine, George's wife let him in. "Oh, David I'm so glad you could make it," she said, smiling and kissing him on the cheek. "Come right on in and make yourself at home." He was ushered into a comfortable living room. George was pouring out drinks. Sitting with her back towards him was the girl.

David stared at her, willing her to turn round. And then she did blushing slightly. "Uh, I'm David Cassidy," he said awkwardly. "I know," she replied softly. "I watch your show pretty regularly. I'm Sara." Sara it was a lovely name. David couldn't take his eyes off her. She was so striking with long blonde hair set stunningly against a black dress. He wished they were alone together so he could tell her how beautiful she was.

David hardly knew what he ate for dinner that night and the tiredness of the day just slipped away. He wanted

*The words stuck in David's mind. He wondered what it would be like to be married to Sara and he thought of the beautiful children they might have.*

