

DAVID:

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while her letters stopped coming. David knew that he'd never see her again.

Then there was another girl. She was so beautiful that her sweetness surprised everyone who met her. Tall, slim, with thick black hair that hung below her waist, she was one of the most popular models in Hollywood. But she always insisted that she was no great beauty, and her modesty disarmed David as it had many before him.

There were many parties and publicity things to attend to now that David was a fast-rising young television star. The glare of attention that was forced so suddenly upon him made him feel self-conscious and almost awkward sometimes. But with this girl on his arm, he had the confidence to face anything. She charmed everyone around her, and being his date made him feel proud.

Then came the night of a big, splashy movie premiere with a fabulous party afterwards. David hadn't felt well all day, and by the time evening came, he could hardly talk. He called her and explained, telling her that since he had a recording session coming up the next day he thought he'd better go to bed early and rest.

A DIFFERENT GIRL!

The girl who answered wasn't the girl he knew and thought he was falling in love with! In a shrill voice she demanded that he take her anyway—there would be lots of photographers and people at the party who were important to **her** career!

Hardly able to believe what he was hearing, David tried to explain over and over again. Her answer was the sharp click of the phone as she hung up.

He found out later that she had gone to the premiere and party anyway—with another rising young actor. The realization that she had

only been using him to further her own ambitions hit him very hard. David has been careful to shy away from girls like her ever since.



Now an established actor and singer, David should have been on top of the world. Both famous and rich, he didn't have to seek out girls anymore, they looked for **him**! Many guys would have gladly traded places with him, but David felt very lonely sometimes.

Then he met another young girl.

He'd put on some old clothes and gone horseback riding early one morning. Coming up the crest of a hill, he found a girl sitting under his favorite tree, her horse standing quietly close by.

It seemed so natural to sit by her, and they talked away the hours of the morning. The more he looked at her tilted nose sprinkled with freckles and her long copper-colored ponytail, the more she attracted him.

She was the kind of girl David knew he could relax with. She didn't seem impressed that he was a TV star, and in her natural, quiet way she came very close to his heart.

He saw her as often as he could. Mostly they would be alone, riding, listening to music, or having dinner together. She preferred that there just be the two of them, and this pleased David.

But he did belong to another world too, and gradually his public life began to come between them. She hated it when his fans recognized him. She didn't want to go to any of the parties he was invited to, and she even shied away from his closest friends. David began to realize that she was unable to cope with the demands his career put on him, and he decided that they had to talk it out.

"Everything between us is so perfect except for this," he almost pleaded. "Please try and understand that I love what I'm doing."

"Then you don't love me," she had answered simply. "Because I don't want to share you."

He thought a lot about what she'd said. He knew it was best for both of them if he didn't see her. For two weeks he kept himself from calling her, but finally he just had to! Now that she had had time to think too, he was sure she'd changed her mind.

Her telephone had been disconnected. When he went by her tiny apartment he found she had moved, leaving no forwarding address. For many days after that, he would ride early in the morning to the hill where he had first found her, but she was never there. Finally, with an aching heart, he admitted to himself that she would not be back.

And he was alone again.

