



**DAVID'S GOT** some groovy orange trees in his backyard that really give some great oranges come season!

in order to keep the chain going. And then came the kicker: if we **didn't**, an earthquake and a flood would be a blessing compared to the things that would probably happen to us.

At the very bottom was a list of names, about thirty of them. We were supposed to add our names to the list at the very top, so people would know who was responsible for sending this waste of good paper to them. The top name on our letter was—you guessed it—Debbie Zuckerman.

David groaned.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "This is **good** luck, not bad. Think of the things that might happen if we do what it says. Your cavity might go away, even, and then you could skip the dentist's on Wednesday."

#### **A POSITIVE POINT**

"Sam," he said in a voice of deepest gloom. "Who would you say are the least together people you know?"

"We are," I said without hesitation.

"Right," David said. "We're the only people in this neighborhood whose gas and electricity are turned off every single month because we forget to mail the bills in. I am the only singer in Hollywood who forgets to bring his guitar to three out of four recording sessions.

"Every time we park in a parking lot, we lose the car. Now do you really mean to tell me that we've got the organizational ability to re-copy and actually mail twenty of these things?" He ran his hands through his hair in a gesture of utter futility.

My mother always told me to take a positive point of view. "Sure," I said brightly. "We'll do it right now. I'll get paper and my magic typewriter and we'll just get right to it. I'll start typing and you make up a list of names and addresses, and we'll be done in no time."

And we were. Done in no time, I

mean. Five minutes after I started to type David held up a piece of paper and said: "If I make an extra fold right here, it'll bring the nose down a little bit, and it should fly straighter without looping back up and stalling out."

And he let fly a truly superior paper airplane with only one defect: it curved slightly to the right. I knew how to remedy that, I thought, so I went to work on another piece of paper.

Three hours later the living room looked like a ruined airport and David said, "Chain letters are just a superstition anyway. Nothing is going to happen."

Two days later I was riding my bike and I fell off. Nothing got in my way, no dog was chasing me, I didn't run over a bump: I just fell off. With a skinned knee and a bruised ego (a girl had been watching) I went home.

I walked in to the living room and found David with his thumb in a bottle of Seven-Up. He looked up at me with a perplexed expression. "I've got my thumb stuck in this bottle of Seven-Up" he said. It took three hours, some soap, some cold water, and a little motor oil to get it out.

The next day, I closed the front door on my head. That sounds hard, but it wasn't; I just behaved as if my arm and my head weren't attached to the same body. Going out the door, I pulled it closed at the same moment I leaned in to yell something to David. When the stars had cleared, I was sitting on the front doorstep and David was standing over me, laughing. The laughing stopped abruptly as he bit his tongue.

In the last four days: (1) someone scratched David's car; (2) I lost twenty

dollars on Hollywood Boulevard; (3) David got up at 6:00 a.m. and drove all the way to the studio on a day he didn't even have to work; (4) someone ran over our mailbox; (5) David went to the dentist and discovered two more cavities; (6) David was recognized in the market by a woman who weighed at least 200 pounds and she was so excited that she ran toward him, couldn't stop, and knocked him into a pile of cans of grapefruit juice.

There's more, but this is a family magazine. As I write this, David is



**DAVID'S DOG** Sheesh takes a few minutes of his time for attention!

making up a list of names and addresses and I've got thirteen of the twenty copies typed and ready to go. We know when we're beat. About ten minutes ago, David looked up at me and said, between his teeth, "The thing that makes me maddest is that I know Debbie Zuckerman is just wallowing in good luck."

That doesn't make any difference. Debbie Zuckerman, wherever you are, lock your door at night. We owe you one.

*Sam*



**HERE'S A LARGER** view of David's yard—in case you're interested! There's a couple of super trees where the trunks run all over the ground and they're great for climbing around on! David gets exercise that way!