

fixed a snack!

After the show, there was a party, and we went and had a good time for a while, but it was too big and noisy, so we split after a while. David was really feeling good from all the music, and he didn't want to go right home, so we drove around for a while, looking at L.A. by night.

We went down Hollywood Boulevard, and for fun, David picked up a kid who was hitch-hiking. It wasn't until the kid got out that he looked at David's face. In the middle of saying "thank you," his voice just trailed off, and his jaw dropped open. David closed the door, and we drove off.

"I wonder if he knows what show I'm on," David laughed. "Being famous is so weird!"

We wound up at an old ice-cream parlor on Hollywood Boulevard. We ordered hot-fudge sundaes, and while we waited for them, we talked about the concert... until we became more and more aware that there were two young girls in another booth who were

trying very hard not to stare at us. David grinned at them, and they both dissolved into giggles and waved.

### EATING SUNDAES

The sundaes came, and while we were eating them the girls paid their bill, talked to the waitress for a moment, and left. They waved as they went out the door, but they didn't say a word to us. We waved back, and finished our sundaes. David asked the waitress for the check, but she said there was no charge!

"What do you mean?" David said. "You guys don't give your ice cream away!"

"The girls paid for it," the waitress said. "They told me to say to you that you had made them both happy many times, and they wanted to pay you back, just a little."

David started to say something, but he couldn't find his voice. Then he swallowed, and nodded. He nodded again, and walked very quickly out the door. He seemed very emotional, and I

felt pretty emotional myself. I joined him on the sidewalk, and we walked to the car in silence.

We didn't talk much on the way home, and both of us were pretty well lost in our thoughts about the evening. Also, we were pretty tired. Three o'clock isn't our normal bedtime!

As we made our snacks, trailing glitter through the house like a pair of bargain-basement elves, it was very obvious that David was feeling really fine. He was sort of singing under his breath, the way he does when he's working on a lyric, and he never stopped smiling!

I knew what he was thinking about, and if he didn't want to talk about it, he didn't have to. The whole evening, the music, the guy we picked up in the car, the two girls... even that guard, had been just super! We ate without speaking, but both feeling very good.

### LOOKED BACK

As he dumped his paper plate in the wastebasket and headed for the door, he turned and looked back at me. He didn't say anything for a minute, and then he smiled.

"We sure lead a strange life," he said. "Isn't it great?" Then he turned and padded down the hallway, heading for bed.

And so I'm sitting here shivering because I forgot to turn on the heat in my little guest-house, and I'm also feeling very good, because there are times when David does work too hard, and when he pushes himself until he looks tired all the time.

And I know there are times when being famous can seem more like a problem than a privilege... and at those times, David looks at his life and it all seems rushed and electric to him, and not at all peaceful. Those are the times when he stops talking and reads hundreds of mysteries.

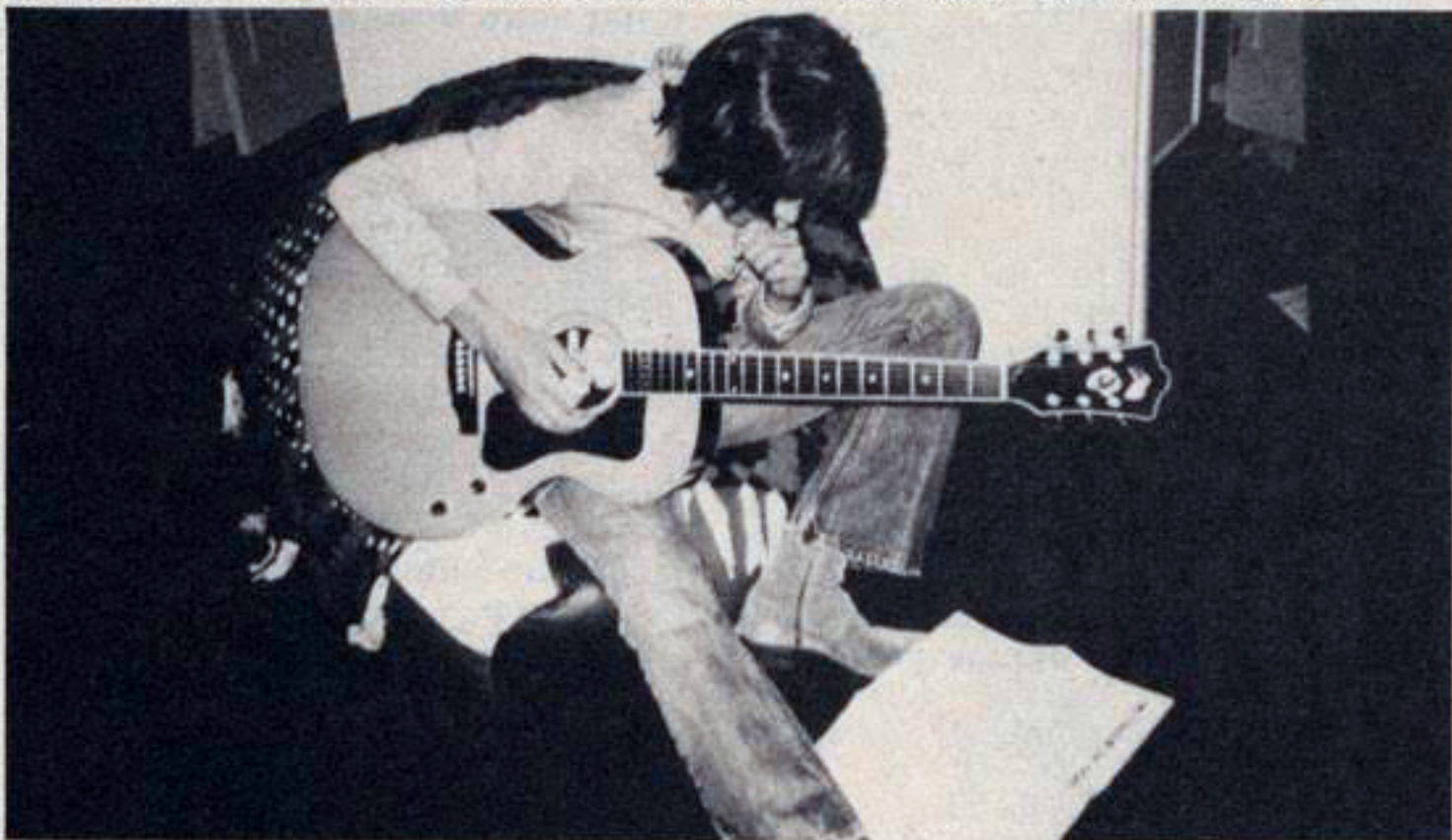
But those girls... and everything else that night... reminded him of the most important thing: who he does it all for! That sundae will give him energy to keep going for a month... and then something else will happen that's that beautiful, and he'll be off again.

Doing what he wants. Trying to touch you. Trying to make you happy and knowing, deep inside him, that the day will come when all that happiness will come back to him... looking, probably, like an ice-cream sundae.

Be happy until next time, okay?



**DAVID PLAYS HIS** guitar at the oddest hours of the day and night! I happened to be passing through his house to mine one night on my way home from a date and there he was at 1:00 a.m. still all dressed!



**AND HE'S LAZY TOO!** He's got two or three music stands in his music room, but sometimes he just prefers to use the floor! Here he's playing a piece called "This Could be the Night" and I guess it was—for practicing.

*Sam Hyman*