



# Living With DAVID



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apercuts.  
Biting your tongue.  
Stubbing your toe.  
Closing *anything* (but especially a car door) on your fingers.

The little poem of pain above is actually a recitation (that's a long word for "list") of the kind of minor injuries that should tip you off that you're going through a "sore season."

A sore season, in case you weren't listening about a year ago when I mentioned one in passing, is one of those mysterious periods of time in which you hurt yourself everytime you try to do anything. Try to tie your shoes . . . you break a fingernail. Try to open a window . . . you crack your head on the pane. Sore seasons happen to all of us, and they happen to us all—whether we're kings or paupers—just about the same.

Except for David.

When a sore season comes upon David, it arrives with bells on. For example:

Five days ago, David scrunched into the kitchen one morning, with only one thought in his semiconscious mind: a bowl of cereal. He passed me in the hall like a piece of walking wood, and went straight across the linoleum to the cabinet where the cereal is kept.

I had just spent the better part of a minute trying to get the cabinet door open without any success whatsoever, and so as David reached up for the handle (the door is above the counter, at precisely eye level) I told him the situation in my usual eloquent manner.

"It's stuck," I said.

## INTO HIS EYE

Until David has his cereal, followed by a single cup of tea, he is no faster than your average melting candle. His response to my warning was a single syllable: "Uhhhhh," he said, giving the door a quick jerk with his strumming hand, and pulling its lower right-hand



**SEE? YOU JUST CAN'T** win during a sore season. Even the pictures I took of David didn't turn out well! But David always looks likes this in the A.M.!

corner directly into his left eye.

He danced on his right foot for a moment, and then he danced on his left, accompanying each step with a little non-word intended to express his extreme displeasure at what he had just done to himself. When he had finished, he stood with his hand over the as-

saulted eye and glared like a cyclops at the open cabinet door.

"It's unstuck now," he grumbled.

"I'll bet that woke you up," I volunteered, to test his mood. I needn't have bothered. The glare I got in reply was as predictable as thunder after lightning.