

lightly. "It's an original concerto for thunder and electric guitar. It's the first of its kind."

And really, I had to admit, it was pretty neat. The thunder would crackle and David would make some rumbling sounds on the guitar, and then climb up to the high notes, and the thunder would burst forth again—almost as if it was listening!

David was really digging it, standing by the window, flashing all white as the lightning jumped around outside—and then suddenly the lights went out, and his amplifier went ROWWROWRR and died.

"Rats," David said. "Just when I was getting into it."

"Try a tambourine," I suggested, "I think we've got one you don't have to plug in."

"You're really funny in a thunderstorm," David said snidely. "It's a shame you can't carry one around with you so you could always be so amusing."

IN THE DARK

"In the meantime," I pointed out, "we're standing here in the dark like a couple of overweight owls, and our dinner, which was roasting in our nice electric oven, has had its career cut short. Can you eat chicken when it's still pink?"

"Yecch," David replied. "Don't we have any tuna?"

"We'll never know unless we find something to make enough light so we can look," I said. "There are some candles around, I think. All we have to do is find them."

"But we can never find anything," David said, accurately. "Even if we could find the candles, we'd still have to find the tuna. It'd probably be easier to get the electricity working again."



HERE I AM, your friend the spy, relaxing in David's house! It's really beginning to look a lot better around here now that it's being redecorated! For exclusive pix of the changes being made, see page 76!

Why don't you put on some rubber boots for protection—I wouldn't want anything to happen to you—and go out and see what you can do. I'll wait for you under the bed."

"I have this strange fear of being killed by anything," I reminded him. "I think we ought to divide the house into two halves, and I'll look through my half and you look through yours."

"Great," David said. "I'll take the half that's more than five feet off the floor, and you take the lower half."

We finally resolved it and set out on our search. I heard him bumping around in the living room and then he yelled "got it!" I went in and found him sitting in front of a candle as if it was a tiny campfire. "You never know how many corners there are in a room until the lights go out," he announced, rubbing both his legs.

"That takes care of the light problem," I said. Now what about food? After all, we're both growing boys."

BUILD A FIRE!

David studied the flame on his candle. "It's too little to roast weinies over," he finally decided. Then his face lit up. "But we could build a fire in the fireplace and cook over that!"

It seemed like a brilliant idea, and so we both got soaked running outdoors for wood and carrying it in for a fire. We got a good one going, roaring away in the fireplace, and went in to the kitchen looking for something to cook. What we found was marshmallows. Have you ever eaten just marshmallows for dinner?

After about 10 apiece, David looked doubtfully at the bag. It looked as full as it had when we began. "Let's use the rest to stuff a pillow," he said. "Or, better still..." and he began to



DAVID'S REALLY GLAD that he's all finished filming on the "Partridge Family" until May! He was getting so tired he found himself falling asleep in-between filming! The camera caught him sleeping on the set!



CAMERAS HAVE BECOME a regular part of David's life the past few years!

make two equal piles of them, counting them out on the carpet. After they were all divided, he pushed one pile over to me. "These are yours," he said.

"Are you kidding?" I asked. "I wouldn't eat another marshmallow with somebody else's mouth!" David picked one up and looked at me with an odd gleam in his eye. "I didn't say anything about eating them," he said—and he threw one at me, hitting me slightly above the left eye.

We had a marshmallow fight for about half an hour, ambushing each other in the darkness in different rooms, until we couldn't take a step without stepping on one. Then David yawned. "It's been a very educational evening," he said, "but I've got to work tomorrow. Good night." And he took the only candle and went to bed.

I took a plastic bucket from the kitchen and went around, picking up marshmallows until the bucket was practically full. Then I stuck the bucket on top of David's door. He'll have a surprise in the morning.

And then I found another candle and came in my room to write to you. And I didn't get to tell you any of the things I was going to tell you, because I went on this stupid trip, instead.

Oh, well, what I was going to say probably wasn't interesting anyway. Take care till next time, okay? For both of us.

Sam Hyman