



Living With DAVID



The moon shone its ghostly light down on the bleak, black moors, and then some ragged clouds, chased by the dismal winter's wind, skidded across the sky in front of it, and the world disappeared into impenetrable darkness. And, somewhere far across the moors, Jack felt the hairs on the back of his neck prickle as a mournful cry floated through the air. . . .

Not bad, huh? Actually, you may have spotted one error. David did.

"Somewhere far across the moors he felt the hairs on the back of his neck prickle," he asked, reading over my shoulder. "Do you mean that his neck was somewhere far across the moors? No wonder he feels strange."

"The mournful cry is somewhere far across the moors," I said with some indignation. "His neck is right in between his shoulders and his head, where it belongs."

"Ah," David grunted, flopping onto the couch. "Then what happens?"

"You don't really want to know," I said, salvaging my shreds of dignity. "It's all above you anyway. The last thing you read was the contents printed on the back of a box of Life cereal."

"I can recite the Gettysburg Address," David offered, strumming through the strings of an imaginary guitar with his right hand, "can you?"

"Why should I?" I asked. "I don't want to make President Lincoln out to be a liar. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here," he said. "It's clowns like you, who remember what he said there, that are giving the whole thing a bad name."

"Okay," David said. "I'll admit that you're wide awake and that some people might even find you appealing in a pathetic kind of way, but would you please tell me why this installment of a column which is supposed to be about living with me begins on a weird night on some weird, salty old moors someplace?"



THIS LOOKS PRETTY exciting, right? But in reality it's just David on the "Partridge" set by the stables. Seems when David gets home, action ceases!

"It's very simple," I said. "It's because you've been so completely, totally dull lately. What am I supposed to write? Yesterday David did the wash? He always sorts the dark colors from the light ones first? Isn't that fascinating? I'd rather let the trees alone than cut them down to print something that stupid on them."

"Oh, well I'm very sorry," David said, sitting up. "If I'd only known that my resting for a few days destroyed your column, I'd have kept working."

"It didn't destroy my column. I've got a perfectly good story going here. All I have to do is give him his neck back and keep writing, and I'll have my most interesting column in months. I mean, really, who wants to hear about you anyway?"

He got up and went to the door. At the door, he turned to face me.

"Just keep working, Hemingway," he said. "I'm going out to do something

really fascinating, and I'm not going to tell you about it." He turned, and he was gone.

"Take another nap," I suggested after him. "Or eat something. I always love to write about you eating something. It's such a challenge." No reply. The front door closed and a few moments later I looked out the window. He was pulling weeds. There. I've told you what he's doing lately, isn't that exciting?

DOING THREE THINGS

In high school David was always doing three things at once. Now he has to warm himself up to do one. I suggested to him a few days ago that it was just because he was getting old.

"That's all right," he said, "I can get old gracefully, knowing that I'm being immortalized in words and pictures, moment by moment. Just think, when I'm all shrivelled and dried up, I can read your columns and look at the snapshots. It'll be just as good as a