living with David

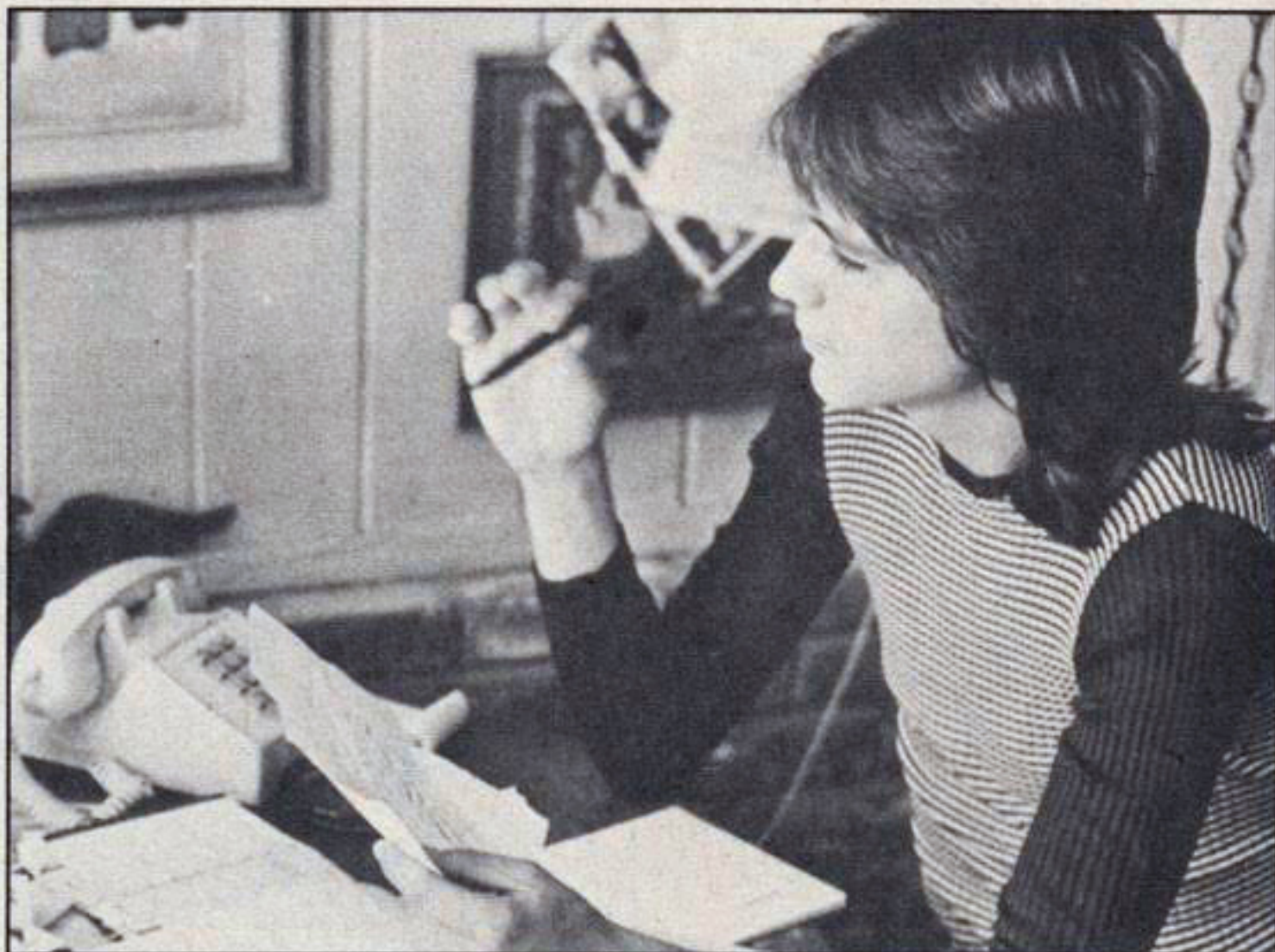## by his friend SAM HYMAN

WANT TO KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO DAVID —EVEN THE PERSONAL, INTIMATE THINGS? HIS FRIEND AND ROOMMATE SAM HYMAN KNOWS ALL & TELLS ALL EVERY MONTH!

I don't know about you, but I like to *read*. I'll read practically anything, from the contents on the back of a box of cereal at the breakfast table (BHT added to retard spoilage), to the dial of a telephone while I'm waiting for a connection (TUV8 WXY9 0), to "War and Peace" in my spare time, if I feel like it.

To read, you need only three things: a little time, some place where you

THE ONLY REAL reading David does is fan mail! And, now that "Partridge" is through filming, he has a lot more time to answer your mail, which he likes!

UH-OH, David looks like he's spotted me reading—now's his chance!

won't be disturbed, and . . . surprise . . . something to read. Sounds simple, doesn't it? Sounds like anybody, anytime, could become a reader, right?

Wrong.

I lack one of the three necessities for exploring the joys of literature (or cereal boxes . . . or typewriter keyboards— QWERTYUIOP) . . . namely, some place where I won't be disturbed.

And the problem, as ever and always for all time, is spelled D-A-V-I-D. Basically stated, the problem is thus: I am never as **interesting** to David as I am when I have a book in my hand.

I could hang around the doorway to his room for days on end, whistling aimlessly to myself and just waiting for a conversation to begin, and he'd never

speak a word. I could follow him around for a week with a sign on my chest reading "AT YOUR DISPOSAL" and he'd never give me a second thought. I could wrap myself in a box like a Christmas present and write his name on me, and he wouldn't get around to opening me for a year or so.

ANYTHING AT ALL

But the moment I pick up a book, I'm dynamite.

"What are you up to?" he asks, as though—sitting in the window with a book balanced on my chest, I could be doing anything but reading.

"I'm bottling leprechauns," I say. "What in the name of anything that thinks do you **suppose** I'm doing?"