



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!

Aaaahh, you may remember Albert, our amphibian friend from last time. The finger-eating alligator David installed in our bath-tub in a sudden fit of affection for things that bite. And, if you remember Albert, you'll remember that I promised, or at least suggested, that I'd have more to tell you about him *this* time.

Well, I do and I don't. I mean, I've got some stuff, but... well, I'm afraid Albert has met with a—dismal fate. More of that later.

For a week or two he sat on the bottom of the tub with just his nostrils above the water, looking vaguely in the direction of the mirror on the medicine cabinet and holding a rapidly-deteriorating piece of meat in his mouth as if the only thing on his mind was whether to swallow it or wait for another shot at a finger.

It must have been quite an agonizing decision, what with us practicing our alligator-avoiding dance step whenever we took a shower. I mean, it must have been very frustrating for him in a prehistoric sort of way.

Finally, days later, he made a decision. He dropped the piece of meat to the bottom of the tub.

LIVE ON HATE

"He's going to starve to death," David said gloomily, perched on the edge of the tub. "It's almost enough to make me offer him my finger."

"Are you kidding?" I snorted. "That animal could live on hate, he doesn't need to eat. Look at those beady little eyes, that scaly face. Look at all those teeth."

"I've got a lot of teeth," David said, "and I've got a sweet disposition. Any-

way, I think his eyes are kind of nice. I mean, you can't hold it against him because he was born an alligator. I suppose if you'd been born an alligator, you'd have worked your way up to President of the United States by now."

"You've got a sweet disposition?" I asked.

He looked up at me with an expression in his eyes just a little sweeter than a Shell No-Pest Strip. "We're talking about this alligator," he said through his teeth. "Now, are you going to help me get him eating or not?"

Well, I was going to help, of course. And help I did. For three days that stupid alligator had more delicacies offered him than any animal in history.

Filet Mignon, lobster, Rock Cornish Game Hen, my own special Swedish meatballs (they actually made him back up a step or two, the first time he'd moved in a week), a piece of birthday cake from a girl down the street, a live fly (no cards and letters, please), a piece of Egg McMuffin from McDonald's.

It was the Egg McMuffin that broke David's heart. "Wow," he said. "If he won't eat Egg McMuffin, he won't eat anything."

Now, personally, I don't think Egg McMuffin is all that great, but David was right. Albert wasn't going to—and didn't—eat anything at all.

David was walking around mumbling



DAVID'S LOVE for Albert was such that he wouldn't even listen to my tale of woe about showering with a scaly creature snapping at my toes!