

# 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!



**My** room leaks. Big deal, I can hear you saying to yourself, his room leaks. There he is out in California where it only rains twice a year, and even *then* it comes down as ripe oranges, and he's complaining that his room leaks.

Hah, you're probably saying, he should live *here* where it's cold and there's going to be a natural gas and heating oil shortage. *Then* he could complain, you're probably saying.

Well, I don't, I live right here, and I'm *still* complaining. And if you don't like it you can turn the page. Odds are pretty good there's somebody smiling over there.

Water is water wherever it is. But water is never quite as *wet* as it is when it's on the bed you sleep in. My father has a motto, "tubs are for bathing, beds are for sleeping," and I've never agreed with him more wholeheartedly, although I must admit that that motto never made the slightest amount of sense to me until my roof started leaking.

It began two nights ago. I was lying on my bed listening to my beard grow. It was raining outside, as it does more and more frequently out here in the Land of Sun (something to do with continental drift or, David says, an oncoming Ice Age) and all of a sudden my peaceful reverie was interrupted by a SPLOP. Right in the middle of my chest.

Another SPLOP brought me to my feet, peering with keen intelligence at the ceiling. Unless the drop formed itself in mid-air somewhere between the ceiling and my chest, I reasoned with



**EVEN THOUGH I kid about David in my column, he's a great friend when the chips are down... or if the roof leaks! He did his best to help me out!**