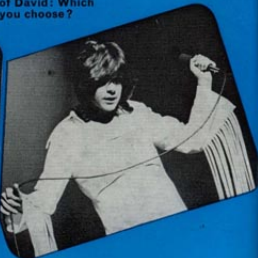


IMAGINE!



Four faces of David; Which one would you choose?



YOU GO BACKSTAGE WITH DAVID

JUST IMAGINE... A TOUR BEHIND THE SCENES WITH DAVID
AS YOUR GUIDE—WHO COULD ASK FOR MORE?

The Wembley invasion... That's sure to be the talk of all the press during the three night run of David's concerts there.

Of course you'll be there if you were lucky enough to get a ticket! But maybe you sent off for some tickets and — after what seemed like an eternity of waiting — that letter gave a dull thud on the doormat and you opened it to learn that you had been unlucky... Your application had been opened too late!

SO CLOSE

Maybe a day, maybe only an hour, had meant the difference between seeing David live at the Empire Pool and the fate of waiting outside, barred from the one person who means everything in your life at the moment.

But, if you are a really devoted fan of David, you will still hope... hope that perhaps somehow, someone might have a ticket to sell. (You don't care what it costs!). Or, failing that, you might be there, close to David when he arrives before

the concert... You might even be close enough to say a word to him, see his smile — even touch him, perhaps!

And there are always your dreams...

Just supposing that, as David brushed against you, he looked into your eyes then just for a moment he would see you — you as a person — and maybe he would want to see a little more of you. You had made something flicker inside him that he had forgotten even existed.

It is so easy for him to give you that passport to happiness... All he has to say is:

"Can you maybe spare a half hour or so to come in and chat with me?"

All you can do is nod your reply, hardly daring to believe that he actually said those words to YOU. You have this terrible stifling feeling rising inside you, seeming to strangle you as it reaches your throat. That feeling is fear... The fear that you may be dreaming; that, in a moment, you will wake up and discover that it is time to start another boring old day at school or work...

But no! David is actually guiding you alongside him towards the stage-door. You know it is all *really* happening by the frenzied screams and shouts which you are leaving behind. Those are the girls who are still on the wrong side of that impassable barrier, the girls who would tear you apart for a chance to take your place there beside David.

TIME STOPS

He gets you past the cordon of burly security guards by introducing you as his friend and you glow with pride and happiness. If only these brief, wonderful moments could stretch out for ever... You could spend eternity just walking along those long, stark corridors with David by your side, his hand gently pressing against the small of your back sending tingling sensations right up your spine.

But, eventually you are no longer walking along those corridors... You have reached David's dressing-room!

Again more security men who hold out autograph books for David to sign and