

at first about David being an only child. They had heard that only children were usually lonely and bored, and that they found it difficult to mix with other children when the time came for going to school.

But they soon realised that there were no grounds for their worries on this score. David never seemed to be lonely. His out-going nature helped him to make friends easily, which meant that he always had plenty of play-mates in the neighbourhood. And the last thing David ever could be said to be in boyhood was bored! He just didn't know the meaning of the word!

As far as she could see he seemed to be the leader in thinking up new games (his imagination had always been vivid). And Evelyn has sometimes thought that the very fact of his not having any brothers or sisters to rely on might have done a lot towards making David's personality more outgoing. She also reckons that it might go some way to explaining the very independent streak in his character. She thinks he was very fortunate in having the combination of the two when he was a child because it meant that he was just as happy whether he was doing something with a group of friends or going off on an expedition on his own.

One such expedition Evelyn will never forget. You could describe it as the time when 'David left home for the first time'! But it can hardly be termed 'running away' because David never really meant to go at all!

Occupied

He had just wandered out from the garden and along the road one day, and had been busily occupied looking at all the familiar things close to his own home – plus making friends with one or two stray dogs along the way.

Then, perhaps he started to feel a tiny bit hungry . . . or maybe he remembered something he had to do indoors . . . or it may have been simply that he realised that he was further away from his mom than he usually went on his own. However, it was little David who decided it was about time to turn round and head

for home. Which he promptly did, and walked a few blocks back. He thought he was retracing his steps and going back exactly the way he had come.

But landmarks can play tricks on you when you are four years old. And, somewhere, he must have gone wrong.

After a while, it hit him that he wasn't getting any nearer to that friendly front porch, and his heart started to beat faster with fear bordering on panic. But he went on doggedly, always hoping that the next corner would bring him back into the street where he lived.

Policeman

A tear or two were just beginning to trickle down his cheeks when a policeman noticed this very worried small boy looking extremely lost. He went up to David, took his hand and they made their way to the police-station – David was glad to see a friendly face, even if it didn't belong to anyone he knew!

Evidently, his mother had trained him very well for an emergency like this. Because David could tell the police officers his full name, his address and even his telephone number!

They were surprised and amused at the way in which he gave them all these details in a thoroughly matter-of-fact manner – as though getting lost was something that happened to him every day of his life!

After all, most of the lost four-year-olds they had come across before had spent their time at the station crying their eyes out and refusing to say a word. Whereas David had a smile for everyone.

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