

How I Met David....

At the end of last April I spent almost a month's holiday in Monte Carlo in Monaco and on my last day I visited a souvenir shop opposite the famous casino to buy a few last minute presents.

As I was leaving the shop, I heard laughter and nearly dropped my purchases... there was David Cassidy talking to three friends! I could not believe my eyes—after all, he was the best person I expected to see casually walking in Monte Carlo, and he did look casual, in his faded denim cut-off trousers and a loose fitting cheesecloth shirt.

I've been a fan of his since 1971, and I couldn't miss this chance and so, summing up the necessary courage, I left the shop, walked over to the group, and coughed to attract attention. The four of them looked at me.

"Excuse me," I began, "are you David Cassidy?"

"Who me?" he asked jokingly. "Who is David Cassidy?" When he saw how I was blushing, he quickly added "I'm sorry. Yes, I am."

I smiled back and suddenly I didn't feel

I met David only for a few minutes, but it was one of the most exciting and memorable experiences of my life time.

It was a cold March morning, and I had a day off school, so my mum decided to take me to London for the day. At 11.20, we were by, when David came out, just walking. I nearly fainted! I ran up to him, pinching myself as I ran.

He spoke to me. At first I couldn't believe it—he really was a warm guy. I asked my name and I replied "S-ara-h" nervously biting my lip.

We walked round the back of his car. He really isn't the stuck up boyhood pop star the children rave over, which is what parents seem to say.

He's a warm, considerate guy who I really had fallen for, this personality—he was really

nervous any more. We talked about Monte Carlo, where he was spending a few days before continuing on his world tour.

He asked me about myself and London. It was incredible, we were chatting like old friends and he was genuinely interested in me, because he said he rarely got the chance to talk naturally to his friends.

I finally asked him for his autograph and thrust a post card at him—of Princess Grace!

He laughed and signed it and then handed it back to me saying that he enjoyed talking to me!

ALICE SCOTT, Northwood, Middx.

lovely.

He didn't moan or anything, he was gentle and warm, and he made me warm inside.

After awhile, I was calm. He signed my autograph book and kissed my cheek. I felt that whoever had him for themselves must be the luckiest person in the world. I just didn't want to leave his side. He was so charming, no one in the world could have been kinder.

I loved the way he made me feel like I had known him for years.

My mother now knows why I have had a crush on him for four years. Although this was two years ago, and I am now nearly 14, my friends never believed me. I will always love David and I'll never, never, never forget that most wonderful experience of a lifetime.

SARAH WATSON, Aldershot, Hants.

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