

DAVID'S PERSONAL LETTER TO YOU

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HI there!
You know something that strikes me as being a bit crazy? All through the month, as things happen to me or whenever I notice something that's kind of out-of-the-ordinary, I say to myself: "Hey, that's something good to tell all your friends in Britain about next time you write!"

In fact, I say that so many times in the course of a single month that, if I wrote about every one of those occasions to you, I'd need to take over the whole magazine—because my letter would be an awful lot more like a novel!

Crazy Part

But I've still not come to the really crazy part about it yet . . . You see, when I finally come around to sitting myself down with my notepad in front of me and my pen poised—my mind seems suddenly to go a complete blank! I guess I must have so many ideas crammed into my head fighting to get out, that they just kind of jam up the exit gates!

Right now, I've been sitting here like this for coming up on a half-hour or so, watching Sheesh investigating all the corners in our garden! Sheesh sure does approve of the move out here! She's never been in a place where there's been so much ground for her to explore without going out on a leash! Of course, Sam and I still take her out for good long walks as well . . . It's Sam who gets to take her most times, simply because I'm so tied up all day.

Actually Sheesh started off as Sam's dog anyway . . . but she really belongs to the both of us equally now. I guess she likes both of us now. The fridge may sometimes

get empty of things like steak, eggs and cheese—but there will always be some meat there for Sheesh, or maybe a can of dog-food! Oh, we've got our priorities right! It's at times like these, when I'm just sitting thinking or rapping with a friend—like I feel I can rap with you—that it really comes home to me how important the little things are in my life. You know how it is—when you know that somebody will always be there, no matter what. It's great to have good friends too, who you can rely on. I know the store of groceries will be topped up each week when Sam goes down to the supermarket . . . I know that, even if I get in at about 3 a.m. after a weekend concert or something, Sheesh will wake up and bound over to give me a welcoming lick while her tail'll be going back and forth like a piston!

Because they never fail me, I've come to count on Sam and Sheesh always being there. But that doesn't mean that I've come to value them any the less!

Friendship

I really believe that friendship is one of the most wonderful things in life. Sam and I have been close friends since way back in seventh grade, so we should know! It started off just like any other friendship between schoolkids . . . We played baseball together . . . spent days down on the beach just goofing around . . . we rode the surf together . . . went camping . . . rode our bikes for miles and miles . . . later on we helped each other do the mechanic stunt on our cars and went on double dates—whenever either of us needed moral support with a new girl we were dating!

