



*Dear David Cassidy,*

It's very important that you read this letter because it is going to change your life in a BIG way. If this is being read by a minion or secretary or bouncer, I literally beg you to pass this on to David – he will thank you for it one day in the future. Big time. That of which, I can assure you.

David, if I may call you that, it feels so right to me, so natural, but I fear I may overstep my place to be so intimate so early on, but I am forced to be candidly open about my sheer knowledge in and about you, now and always. Let me put it like this – you don't know me yet but one day in our future when we stand high on a desert rock with the sun on our faces instead of frowns, looking at a golden sunset after an oh-so-perfect loving day, you will wonder how you ever *didn't* know me and how you

ever survived and grew without me, both spiritually *AND* on the outside. Because, David, we are meant to be together, and to deny our hearts' true path to joy would just be foolish, never mind devastating. I have never, ever in my whole life known something to be so truly real. You probably get loads of post from silly teenage girls who immaturely try to adore you just because they fancy you. That isn't me. Let me make this clear, I *don't* fancy you, I *know* you. My soul knows your soul even though there is a crater of nothingness between us. Sometimes when I see you on telly, I don't even look, so that I won't be taken in by your sheer and true handsomeness. Oh yes, I know it's there, I know how fanciable you are, that is oh-so-obvious right from the start to me and whores of others but that's not what I'm here for. I am not just some here-today-gone-tomorrow sort of person who blows hot and cold like a feather in the wind blown about by air. Oh no. Believe me, my love for you is, was and always will be true and oh-so-real. Hunt high and low over hill and dale forever and a day and you will never find a heart as big as mine for you is.

David, I am worried about you at the moment. Every time I see you on telly, you seem to be surrounded by whores of yes-men and yes-women. Not when you are doing interviews obviously, they are probably secreted nearby then. But David, is that what you really want? So many people around you simply doing everything you do/do not want? It is exactly these kind of people who will prevent you from meeting me. (When I came to see you at Wembley I waited outside, in the midst of a baying mob, for over two hours until someone finally had the manners to tell us you had left the area right at the end of the show before we could

even get there.) You see? If things carry on like this, we will never meet and then how would you feel?

I have put my address on the top of this letter so that you can write back to me and we can arrange to meet up away from all those endless looking eyes and listening ears. I can personally guarantee that you will find peace here in my house. I will make sure my parents are both out – they do sometimes go to archery together, so that would be a good time to come, on Thursday evenings. (Except at half-term when my brother comes home from boarding school and we are going on our boat on the Trent canal. Again. YAWN. I would much rather see you.) However we arrange it, I can assure you of peace and quiet and my 100% full attention, with snack refreshments and whatever drink you choose. Obviously I will have to buy those ahead of time so you will need to send me a list of your favourites, with *most* favourite as No. 1 and so on. (Bear in mind that we cannot always get American drinks here, e.g. soda pops or Popsicles or ice-cream sundaes etc., but we can get English drinks like Coke, Vimto or Kia-Ora squash. Plus my parents have got some sherry and a bottle of Asti Spumante if you so need or want.) When it comes to your transport here, I expect you will arrange that and I can get directions for you from the big roundabout near school or I can even call a taxi to pick you up from the station if necessary. But David, all that nickety-pickety arrangements stuff is for later, let's not ruin it now with all that.

There is something else I just want to mention now because I've been thinking about it. Other than the mega luv we will have for each other which I take for granted already, we will have to learn about each other's cultures and this might take some time,

so we must be patient and tolerable about it. As of this moment, there is so much I don't know about your fair land, the United States of America, but believe me, I am an oh-so-hungry learner and am oh-so-keen to digest it all! Before long, I will be jivin' on the Sunset Strip, eating crabfish on the byoo and getting down all over the place! And perhaps, in time, you will come to love our crazy fish 'n' chips in newspaper and our coins with the head of the Queen on one side as a mark of respect. What a fascinating time we have ahead as a future. So, unlike most other couples who simply come from the same place and already know all this stuff, we will have so much more exciting exploration to do. I can't wait!

So, anyway, this is enough for you to take in all in one go so I will wait for your reply before I arrange anything. Please can you make sure it's you who writes or calls me rather than a servant/secretary? That would be better. Until we finally meet and instantly know how in luv we are and always will be forever and a day to the moon and back, I leave you with one last thought to abide. 'Could it be forever?' Oh yes, my love, it could, is my answer. My heart in yours, have courage,

*Lotsaluv,*

*Moo French age 14*

(This is a family nickname which comes from when we lived in Cyprus and has nothing to do with me looking like a cow! – as you will see from enclosed photo, which you are free to keep. I have another copy.)