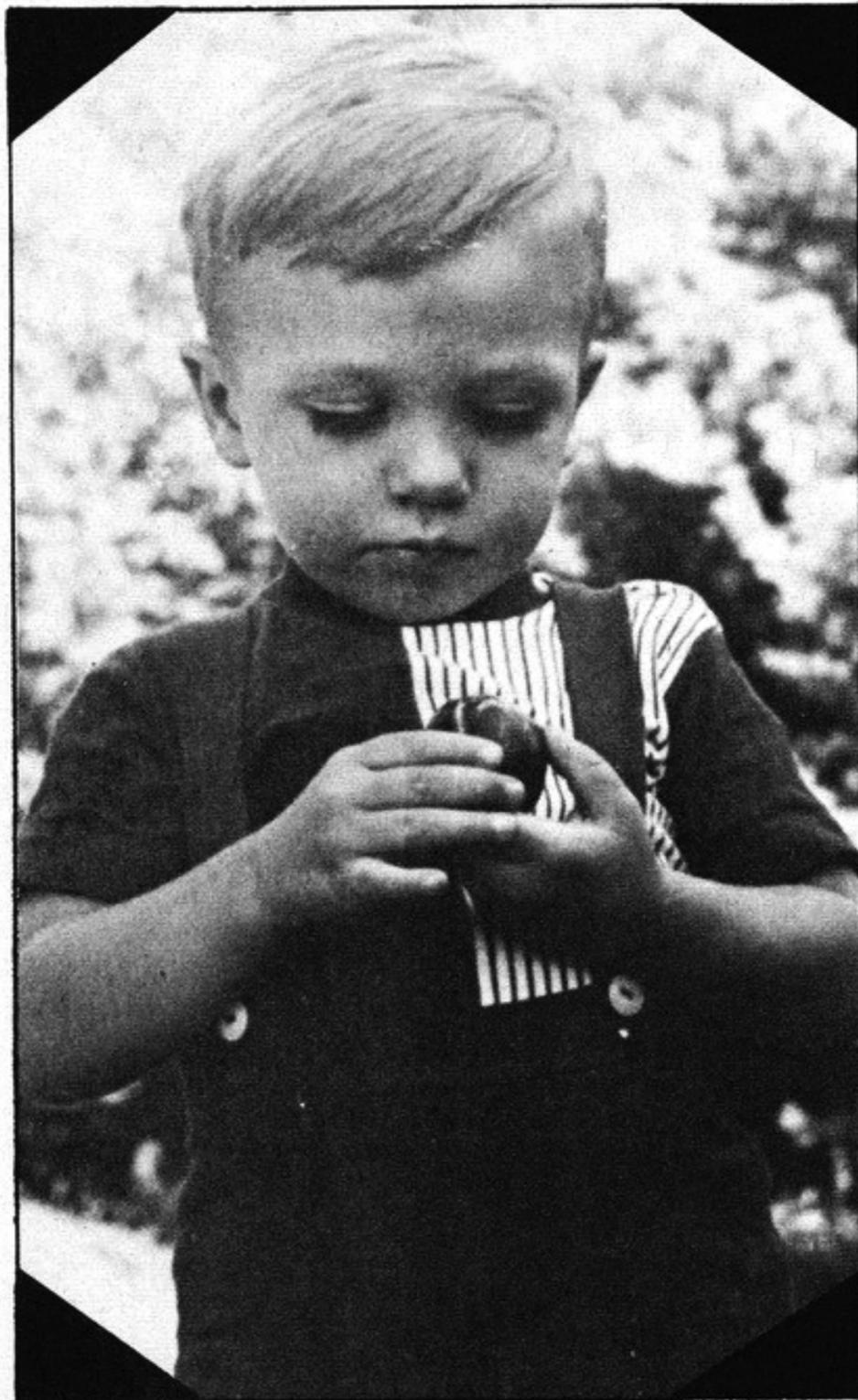


# The STORY of MY LIFE

## By DAVID CASSIDY

### CHAPTER ONE IN WHICH IT ALL GETS STARTED



MEET ME AT 2½ YEARS OLD! My mother had just handed me the first plum I had ever seen. I liked the taste then, and still do today!

Well, all this is pretty new to me! I've had my hands as full as they could be just LIVING my life (especially in the past few months) and now I'm asked to WRITE about it, too. I just want you to know that thinking about this project, and planning it out, has put my head in some pretty strange places! You have to look at yourself kind of oddly to write about yourself—almost as if you were someone else altogether!

I finally decided that the best way to do it would be to write directly to *you*—just as if I were writing a letter. After all, every letter I've ever written is a little piece of autobiography, and it makes it easier if I just keep thinking about *you*—because it takes my mind off of *me*! That may sound a little strange, but I told you that this project was changing the way I felt a little bit!

Okay, so for you—and *only* for you—here is my version of “The David Cassidy Story!” (Ta-ta-ta-dum go the trumpets.)

#### CAME INTO THE WORLD

To begin at the beginning—I came into the world on April 12, 1950, at ten in the morning—which is as early as I ever want to get up! That makes me an Aries (the Ram) and I'm supposed to be patient, a hard worker, and more than a little stubborn! I don't know about the patience, or the ability to keep working, but I know that the *stubborn* part is Gospel truth! My mother tells me that I was a real powerful little kid when I wanted my way, and even today, when I think I'm right, I can be an emotional bulldog! But I'm getting quite a bit ahead of my story, and that's exactly what I *wasn't* going to do!

Okay, back to the early hours. The first room I ever saw (according to my mother—I don't remember, of course) was the maternity ward of the Little Flower Hospital in New York City. I'm told that I was a loud-lunged little baby, and that the doctor, on hearing my deafening yells, predicted that I'd either be a professional cheerleader or a politician! I guess the lung power stayed with me, or I couldn't sing rock and roll! But there I go again, getting ahead of it! Some people are one-thing-at-a-timers, and others are giant-steppers, and I'm definitely in the latter category!