

A Letter From DAVID

EXCLUSIVE IN FaVE!

David reads each and every letter you send to this column, and he promises to answer as many of your questions as he can! If you want some info, write him c/o FaVE Magazine, 1800 N. Highland Avenue, Suite 600, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.



STEPPARENTS

Loneliness is one of the most terrible experiences in the world. Oh, it's not like suffering with incredible pain or watching someone die when you can't help them. I agree that those two things are much worse from an overall point of view. But loneliness still ranks high on my list because it's a dull ache that never goes away until something replaces it. Believe me, I know all about loneliness.

I started thinking about this just the other day when I read a letter sent to me by a girl named Cathy. "Oh David, I don't know what to do," she wrote me, "I feel like I want to die."

"My father is getting remarried. He and Mom were divorced several years ago and I've never recovered from that experience. I've never felt like I truly belonged anywhere since. I live with my father and I feel like a big lump there because my presence just means that I'm in his way when he wants to do things. My mom is even worse to me because I look like my father and when I'm around, I remind her of him and so she really hates me."

"Anyway, now my father is getting remarried to this awful lady with a bratty girl about my age (I'm 15 and her girl is 13). I've met them both a couple of times and I hate them and I know Doris—that's the lady my father is marrying—is going to hate me when she moves in here. My father is making me clean out cupboards and throw things away so she can set her crummy old stuff all around her house. And I have to clean out one whole side of my room for her ugly daughter! Oh David, I want to run away somewhere and hide. I don't have any friends or any real family and I'm so lonesome I could die. Help!"

Well, Cathy, I really do know how you feel. My mother and father were divorced when I was very young and getting adjusted was really difficult for me.

I'll never forget that. I guess I was too young to notice with any real understanding that my parents weren't living together anymore. I used to ask my mom, "Where's Daddy, where's Daddy?" but I don't remember her answer. Then one day, I remember it still, the sun was hot and we were all out playing ball on the street and finally we broke up our game to get a drink from someone's hose—you know how kids do when they get more water on everything than in anyone. Any-

how, one of the kids down the street simply said, "Your parents are getting a divorce."

I couldn't believe my ears. I guess I must have known what divorce meant—I guess most kids do now since so many people get them. My stomach felt funny and my head went into a spin when I heard that word.

I think I prayed to God, the trees, the sky, anything that I thought could make everything all right. I remember promising God that I'd never be bad again if only my parents wouldn't get divorced. I'd never spill milk or fight about bedtime or do anything bad. When I ran in the door of our house to ask my mother if she and Dad were getting a divorce, she said, "Why don't you ask your father. He's coming here pretty soon."

COULDN'T HELP CRYING

Sure enough, Dad pulled up in at the curb in a little while. I ran out the door and was at the window before he'd even stopped the motor. All of a sudden, even though I'd promised myself I'd be a real little man about it, I started to sob and with tears running down my face, I leaned in the window and asked him, "Are you and Mommy getting a divorce?"

Of course, it was true and that's what my father told me, something about how if they stayed together they'd only be terribly unhappy and that would make it miserable for me. Of course, I didn't believe a word and prayed every night that things would change. They never did.

I didn't see my father much after that. He was appearing in plays and things so we didn't get together much. I was becoming terribly withdrawn and still didn't feel like playing with the kids who'd taunted me about my parents.

Then one day, my father showed up at our house to pick me up and take me for a ride. I got into the Cadillac and we were driving down the street when he said, "David, I'm getting married again."

I looked at the buildings we were passing very carefully. I think I noticed every brick, every board, every leaf on the trees we passed. Once again, I just didn't want it to be true. My father must have sensed how I felt about his decision because we drove for a long time in complete silence when finally my father said, "But David, she's very pretty."

That's all I needed to know. I felt choked up and I

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