

THE DAY DAVID FOUND YOU!

continued

It's a warm, sunny day, and as you look out the window this morning you think again how lucky you are to be spending the first week of your summer vacation visiting in Los Angeles. Not just Los Angeles, either, but the Hollywood Hills, one of the most star-studded patches of land in the world!

Of course, you don't *really* expect someone famous to just come walking along the road in front of the house where you're staying—but it *could* happen, right? (Although you've already asked about all the neighbors and found that not one of them was even distantly connected to show business!)

But you remember reading in *FLIP* that David Cassidy has recently moved into the Hills, and you can almost picture what his one-story wood and brick house must look like! Trying to find that house (and even more—trying to spot the wonderful guy who lives *in* it) would be kind of like looking for the needle in that haystack, but isn't it worth a try?

You know that it's now or never—today is the only day of your visit that your friends haven't made plans for. You're completely on your own. As you leave the house, you realize you're not in the best neighborhood for taking a stroll. All around you the hills curve steeply upward and downward, but you decide to try anyway and come back early if you get tired.

Before very long, you realize you *are* getting tired . . . so tired, in fact, that you can hardly remember to watch the houses you are passing. And on top of that you're afraid you might be lost, because the streets are narrow and winding, and you're not always sure what direction you're going in! Maybe, you think, I should give up this whole silly idea and try to find someone who can direct me home.

Looking around, you see a boy standing in a doorway watching you. In relief, you start walking toward him, hoping he'll be able to help you get home.

But as you get closer, you realize you're walking toward . . . David Cassidy!! In absolute stunned disbelief you freeze in your tracks. You don't know whether to run or scream, but you're too tired to do either, so

you just stand and stare!

But David is smiling at you. "Hey," he says, "you must have walked a long way! Would you like to come in and cool off?"

Numbly you nod and follow him into the house. David heads for the kitchen and keeps up his casual chatter to give you time to get your bearings (and boy, are you mad when you can't remember afterwards what he was saying!) but suddenly he stops talking and looks at you, and you realize he's just asked you your name. You manage to tell him that, and he goes to the refrigerator and takes out a huge bottle of apple juice.

Just then a familiar looking shaggy dog wags his way into the kitchen, and you recognize Sam, David's beloved pet. Sam isn't too interested in apple juice, but he goes in a big way for the dog biscuit and panful of cool water David sets out for him.

With Sam slurping happily at his bowl, David pours two glasses of juice, one for each of you, and you sit down together at the kitchen table.

Then something marvelous happens! David starts asking you questions about yourself, and you find yourself telling him all about school, your vacation in Los Angeles and even how you were hoping against hope to meet him this afternoon! Soon you're chatting away like old friends, and it isn't until you see how long the shadows are getting outside that you realize how late it's getting—your friends at home will be worried! David is able to give you directions home (he's explored his new neighborhood, too!) and you leave him regretfully.

As you walk away, you turn back for one last look, and there's David, giving you a loving good-bye wave before he goes back into the house.

What a tale you have to tell your friends that night! The next day you take them in the car to show them David's house, but try as you might, you can't find that certain windy little street again!

Was it all a dream? No, you know you were really in David's kitchen that afternoon, and the memory of that day will stay warm and rosy in your mind for the rest of your life!

It couldn't be—but it is! That's David Cassidy standing in his doorway, watching you!

