

# a fan's greatest memory:

# "DAVID CASSIDY"

I suppose many girls feel that their high school days are the most wonderful of their lives, but I can truthfully say mine were just the opposite. That was five years ago, and even now as I look back my memories are filled with pain and sadness... until I met a wonderful guy who changed everything for me. That wonderful guy was David Cassidy!

When I met David, we were both nearly 16, and both new transfers to Hamilton High School. But that was all we had in common. David was handsome and popular with everyone. Within a few weeks, he belonged to a social club and had lots of friends. It seemed he had everything going for him.

On the other hand, I had nothing at all going for me—or so I believed! I looked more like I was 12 than almost 16 because I was very short and skinny. Not just thin—I mean *skinny*! No matter how much food I forced down, my bones still seemed to stick out everywhere! Added on to this, I wore thick glasses and braces that gave me a lisp when I talked (which was very seldom)!

Even this combination of things wasn't an absolute disaster, I know. Lots of girls overcome them and are still attractive and popular. But there

was more than that wrong with me. When I was 10, I was in a car accident that killed my mother and left me with one leg slightly shorter than the other and a limp that would remain for the rest of my life.

## "SHY LIKE ME"

My mother's death left me alone with my father, and we became closer than ever before. He was quiet and shy like me, and we understood each other. He needed me, I told myself, and now I can see that I used this as an excuse.

My limp made me even more backward and awkward with people than before, and finally I didn't even try to make friends anymore. Daddy was a research scientist, and he involved me in all his projects. He was proud of how smart I was, and the hours we spent going over his books and journals, collecting data were happy ones for me.

Once in a while, Daddy would ask me if I wouldn't be happier doing something with my friends. But I was stubborn and told him the kids at school were "too immature" and involved in silly things. "The time will come when you will want to be with people your own age," he'd say gently. Then he'd let the subject drop.

## "I FELT ENVY"

There were times when I did feel I was missing out on things, it was true. When there were dances at school and all the girls talked about what they were wearing, I felt a twinge of envy. But I always managed to convince myself that things like that were unimportant to me.

Of course things couldn't stay the same forever, and they didn't. Daddy met Lisa when she was assigned to work on a project with him, and they hit it off immediately. I was only a little jealous at first, because it was hard not to respond to her charm. Besides, she was too blonde and pretty—not at all like my dark, quiet mother. I knew Daddy could never be interested in her because they were too different.

When Daddy told me they were going to be married I was too stunned to speak. I hardly heard his second, more awful news: both of them were being sent to Africa to do some special work for at least six months—and he thought it best that I stay with my aunt in Los Angeles and continue school.

When the first shock had passed, grief and bitterness overwhelmed me! I was sure that Lisa had ruined

