

DAVID CRIES OUT: **THEY WON'T LET ME NEAR YOU!**



As my plane bounced and jumped in the strong winds over Seattle, I felt my stomach knot up in anticipation and excitement. My first concert! It seemed to me that years of my life had gone by only to get me ready for this one single night in Seattle, when I would get up onstage and sing my heart out to an audience that had come to see me! I had sung before, of course, and I'd been in groups, but this was the first time that the audience for which I was performing would be made up of people who knew me, people who cared about me—my fans!

I'd only had a couple of hours sleep the night before, but I was too nervous to be tired, and as the eighty-mile-an-hour winds battered at the plane I found myself wondering impatiently if we'd *ever* get down! I knew that the arrival had been kept a secret, but I hoped that just a *few* fans would be at the airport, just so I could feel that the whole thing was *real!*

But the pilot told us there were terrible winds and even a hard, driving rain, so I resigned myself to waiting until

the show that night, because I knew that *nobody* would come out in weather that fierce, even if they *had* found a way to learn when I was landing. By the time I felt the wheels touch the wet, gleaming runway, all I could think about was how happy I was to be on the ground again!

FIERCE WEATHER

The door opened, and the wind invaded the passenger compartment, cold and wet. I waited until almost everybody was off, and then I turned up my coat-collar and stepped out onto the stairway to the pavement—and I could hardly believe my ears! There was a shrill cry, and then some girls' voices cried out my name, over and over. I squinted through the driving rain and finally located them, a tiny tight knot of about thirty very wet girls, jumping up and down at the edge of the landing field! I was so happy and thrilled, I bounded down the ladder and started toward

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