

# DAVID ASKS:

## "Why Do They Say Those Awful Things?"

**David Cassidy used to hurry home to open and read his fan mail, but lately it's caused him nothing but heartache and pain! What is the reason for this inner torment that tugs at his heart? Is it you?**

The soft sound of tap water running was almost soothing David into a deep sleep. His friend Al was washing the dishes since it was his turn tonight while David and Sam sat in the living room with the dogs, trying to unwind after the long day's work.

The music from the stereo was playing soft and low, matching the mood of the two people listening there. Sam glanced at David and looked up to see that Al had been watching David too.

David sat on the long couch, stroking and smoothing the dog's long hair, occasionally whispering to him. His face was lacking the usual cheerful expression it had and his eyes showed that something was on his mind.

### NO WORDS

Al entered the living room, wiping his hands on a dish towel. He looked at Sam and nodded. The message between them was exchanged without any words. Tonight was one of those times when they both realized David needed to be by himself. They could sense that something was bothering him but because of the respect that they have for each other, they wanted to wait for David to speak about it first.

"Hey, David, you want to take a walk with Al and me?" Sam asked quietly.

David glanced up, brought out of his own thoughts, and smiled at his two roommates. He wanted them to know that he appreciated their gesture. "Thanks, guys, but I think I'll stick around here and get my head straight about something." Suddenly, the smile disappeared from his face.

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes and soon he heard the door closing quietly and he knew

he was alone. Alone with the thoughts that had become one of the biggest burdens he had ever faced.

The music ended abruptly and David stood up and walked to the stereo. He started to turn the albums over when the pile of letters lying on the cabinet caught his eye. They were the letters he had received today. Suddenly David didn't want to listen to music any longer, and the helpless sensation he was so familiar with began once more.

### A HEAVY HEART

David stood there quietly then at last picked up a few of the letters and returned to the couch. He was usually so overjoyed to read his fan mail! But he had read the contents of these particular envelopes and he reopened the first one slowly, with a heavy heart.

His eyes darted over the words as if the very lettering caused him such pain he could barely stand to read one slowly. He picked up the next and the next until he had read all of them again. A deep sigh seemed to escape from his very soul as he sat there, unable to understand the questions and false accusations written on the sheets of paper before him.

The mail was filled with the rumors and lies that were designed to hurt his career. But the real damage was being done to the person who is David Cassidy, not just David Cassidy the star.

He rubbed his closed fist over his eyes trying to understand the motives behind the vicious untruths that were being said about him. To make matters worse, some magazines and gossip columnists actually

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