



me by people who are supposed to be my great and good friends. Now, Sam can write whatever he wants about me (although I kid him a lot about his writing style) but most of the "buddies" who are writing these articles are people I barely remember at all! They hardly knew me well enough to say hello to, and here they are pretending to know—and *tell* all my secrets!

**COULD NEVER BE TRUE**

They say things about me that could *never* be true! I mean, if you read *all* of them, you'll find I was going steady with three different girls at the same time, that my favorite color is blue... and red... and green, that I love... and resent... people who ask me for

autographs, and so on, practically without end. There would have to be *six* of me for all those things to be true!

Here's another. A New York magazine (listen, I never even *get* to New York, so how could I be telling these people my secrets) printed a description of my *dream girl* that practically made me jump out of a window! Not only was she nothing at all like any girl I've ever dated, but the story hinted that I'd already *found* her, and was just waiting for the right opportunity to tell my fans! Well, listen, that's a *total lie!*

**DREAM GIRL SKETCHY**

First, I don't really have a dream girl, except that she should be kind and sensitive. Second, at this time in my life, my *fans* are the most important people in my life, and there's *nobody* that I'm keeping secret from them! It really makes me mad thinking that some of you might *believe* that junk!

You see, that's what hurts most of all. *You're* being lied to! I could take them printing anything about me that they like, but they're telling you a

bunch of idiotic stuff that could *never* be true—and they're using *my* name and *my* face to sell it to you! How in the world are you supposed to know what to believe?

Unfortunately, there's no way I can just pick up a phone or something and tell each and every one of you what's true and what isn't. All I can hope is that you're beginning to know me well enough to learn to spot the more obvious lies and treat them with the contempt they deserve! If you read the things that *I* write personally, it shouldn't be too hard!

But there are a few things you might remember about me to help you figure out what's true and what isn't. First, I don't tell everything about myself to everybody who knows me for five minutes. Second, I don't keep secrets from you, and I would never knowingly tell you a lie. Third, I love *you* more than anybody else in the world!

With love and truth,

*David*

