

# Christmas With David

**Merry Christmas!**

The Cassidy house is filled with the smell of turkey and dressing, special fruits and candies cooking on the huge stove under the watchful eye of David's stepmom Shirley, whose blonde head is turning this way and that, checking the progress of everything. "Oh, I just know I'm going to burn something!" she's saying to her husband Jack Cassidy, who's sitting at the kitchen table calmly drinking a cup of coffee in the midst of the hubbub, "I always do!"

"Don't worry about it, honey, it will be great!" Jack replies with a smile, blowing her a friendly kiss. "Hey, I hear them now!"

## • HUGS AND KISSES

That's you they hear—you and David—driving into the long circular path in David's blue Mustang. You're still tying the last ribbon on a bright package for David (he's always late with his Christmas shopping) and before you can get your finger out of the bow, your car door is pulled open by Jack and suddenly it seems 100 people are hugging you and kissing you and saying, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, we thought you'd never get here!"

"But it's only 8 a.m. . . ." you start to say but then you blurt out, "You're right! It's late and it's Christmas and I'm so happy to see you!" You scoop up Pat in your arms and Ryan and Shaun pull you into the house while Jack and Shirley tug on David's shoulders and help carry in the mountain of packages stacked in the back seat of David's car.

"Look, look, look at our tree!" Pat and Ryan are chanting to you. But before you can turn around, Jack is smacking you a quick kiss on the cheek and pointing to the mistletoe above your heads. "Merry Christmas, kiddo," he says, "Have you seen our tree?"

"Oh, it's beautiful!" you say, "I love it!"

"Did you see the decorations that Pat and Ryan made—even Shaun helped string popcorn and cranberries?" Shirley asks proudly, hugging

