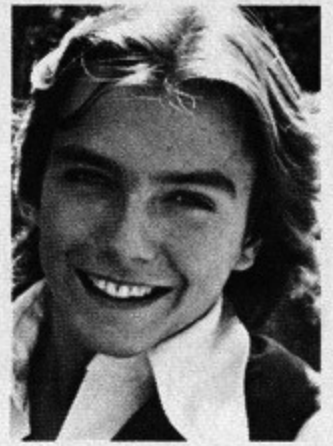


The STORY OF MY LIFE



• by david cassidy

CHAPTER FOUR

IN WHICH I REALIZE THAT SHOW BUSINESS IS FOR ME!



HOW DO YOU LIKE MY HAIRCUT? It was the "in" style then. I was just 12 years old.

When I think back to the first few years after my parents split up, it seems that I spent most of my time changing! It seems like I went through being three or four different little kids between the ages of five and eight!

Of course, I suppose all that's a normal part of growing up, and I probably would've gone through something like it even if Mom and Dad had decided to stay together, but I don't think it would've been exactly the same. There was a long period there where I was a really sad little kid who didn't have any idea why his whole world had changed from happy to sad, and I think that the time I spent alone with myself trying to figure out the answer to that awful question was a really important time in my life!

LOVED BASEBALL MOST

On one level, I was just a healthy, normal American kid who was crazy for sports and building plastic models of antique cars—all the things that any boy grows up with. I was a full-fledged baseball freak, who joined the little league and everything, and there was hardly a day that went by without me screaming myself hoarse in some game, coming home with my knees skinned (from sliding for bases) and my neck filthy. Mom used to ask me if I was growing potatoes on my neck! Once I told her that at least I'd never be hungry, and she had to pretend to be mad at me for talking back, but I could see that she really wanted to laugh!

And there were the cars. I must have put together a jillion plastic cars, sitting for hours in some dim corner, breaking my eyes to fit tiny parts together with that awful-smelling glue! It took forever and it gave me some of the most awesome headaches I've ever had, but in the end I had a room full of fantastic little cars, all bright and shining, carefully painted and dusted almost every day by my understanding mother, who must have grown to hate them, although she never let me know. Each time I proudly paraded my new work of automotive art she would act as thrilled and happy as if it were some new and particularly flashy trick I had just done for the first time!

MOM WAS IN MY THOUGHTS

During this period of my life, my mother was everywhere in my happy thoughts—but she was even more im-