

brilliantly through the branches, especially in the morning as the rising sun chases the long shadows up the gently wooded slopes of the Hollywood Hills.

• A DRAB, GRAY DAY

Today, though, the sky was drab and smoky overhead, and even the green of the trees seemed washed out and dead. David looked down into the polluted air, and the dimness of the view, combined with the irritating physical symptoms of his cold, chased away his usual early-morning cheerfulness and made him feel discontented and "down." He finished his breakfast in moody silence, turned to the table behind him, and picked up a pack of cigarettes. He put one between his lips and lit it.

As David tells it now, it was a strange feeling. He took a drag off the cigarette, and the first thing he noticed was that his throat hadn't gotten any better overnight. He looked at the cigarette, then took in another lungful of the thick, heavy smoke and once again his eyes wandered vaguely down toward the smog-filled Los Angeles basin. Suddenly David sat straight upright. There he was, looking through his window, in a bad mood because of all the horrible air pollution, and at the same time he was filling his lungs with an even worse kind of pollution!

• BEGAN TO FEEL SICK

And then, he says, he began to feel sick. His stomach sort of turned over, and all at once he had a headache. He took a long look at the cigarette, burning slowly down in his hand, and suddenly he felt poisoned! Very slowly and deliberately he crushed the cigarette out on his plate, listening to it sizzle in the remains of his breakfast. The smell of the smoke suddenly made him dizzy, and he got up and opened the window. Then he went back to the table and picked up the pack. He carried them into the kitchen and threw the whole pack (which he had just opened the night before) into the waste basket! Then, speaking out loud although he was alone in the room, he said: "I quit!"

David had been smoking since he was thirteen years old, so it wasn't an easy decision! He started smoking in junior high school, like so many other kids, because he wanted to appear older and tougher than he really was! Of course, his parents didn't know what he was up to! For about four years, David always had a special place underneath the lining in his bottom drawer where he hid his cigarettes! He remembers coming home from dates, and suddenly remembering that he had smoked. He

would walk into the house stuffing gum into his mouth in case one of his parents should smell the smoke on his breath!

• SMOKED TO BE COOL

He smoked like a chimney all the way through junior high, and right into high school. Of course, by then he would cough some every morning, but he didn't really think about it too much—after all, (he remembers with a grin) it looked so *cool* to smoke, so *hip*, and besides, *everybody* did! Also, although he didn't think about it much, smoking was really a habit for him by then, and quitting would have been very hard indeed!

He did have a few thoughts about it, when everybody started talking about cancer and lung diseases, but



TODAY DAVID SMILES easily because he knows he's a healthier person!

it didn't bother him enough to stop smoking himself. Even when the father of a friend of David's failed to come through a lung operation and died, David only really thought about quitting for a day or two, and he lit a cigarette every time he began to think about it hard! In fact, it got to the point where he'd want a cigarette every time he got nervous about anything—including his smoking!

• WORRIED ABOUT HABIT

Finally, after graduating from high school, David began to get really *worried*! He thought seriously about never again touching a cigarette, but he always had an excuse—like his weight, or rehearsals. Like a lot of musicians, David smoked more dur-

ing rehearsals than any other time!

And then came that day about seven months ago, when he looked down from the window of his living-room into the smog and realized what he was doing to himself! As he dressed to go to the studio that morning, he felt fantastic! Even though his throat bothered him a little, he sang his head off all the way into the studio, completely convinced that he would never touch another cigarette again!

• QUITTING WAS HARD!

About eleven o'clock that morning, that fabulous feeling evaporated, and David realized that the hard work was just beginning! By noon, he wanted a cigarette more than anything in the *world*, but he didn't give in. A friend who had quit was sympathetic when David told him what he was going through, and he gave him some advice which helped David a lot. "Just remember," he said, "you only quit smoking *one cigarette at a time*. All you have to do is decide not to smoke the next cigarette you want—and then do it again. Its easy—pretty soon it's been a week since you had one, then two weeks, and then..."

That's exactly what David did! He had a rough time for about three weeks, and then, all of a sudden, he realized that it had been a couple of days since he had thought about it! That was the day, he says, that he knew he was through once and for all!

It's been a little more than seven months now, and David has never felt better in his life! He feels closer to nature, because he's not polluting the nature that is *himself*, and also because he feels freer. After all, he's not a slave to a habit anymore! (He says he'd probably have a rough time if he tried to give up *eating*, but somehow it's not the same!)

Most important of all, David feels that he's healthier, that he's taking better care of his body—which, after all, is the only one he'll ever have! He's so proud of himself, in fact, that he thinks quitting smoking is his greatest accomplishment! When you think about all the fantastic things David *has* accomplished—his television show, his recording career, his fabulous musical and dramatic talent—you begin to realize how important it is to him! David is "unhooked" and he's glad of it!



A super exclusive story by David's house-mate Sam. Secrets never before told! Feb. Tiger Beat on sale Jan. 12.