

# *Do They Hurt Me?"*

Suddenly David wished his roommate was there—but Sam had taken off the day before to visit his family for a week. Usually David enjoyed being all alone in the house, with only his dog for company. Now he wished he could talk to someone about the strange feeling that had been growing inside him since the phone calls.

Absently, he poured the milk into a glass and wandered out into the living room. He hardly noticed the deep, plush carpeting that sank beneath his feet as he turned on a dim lamp and settled himself on the couch. The milk tasted good, and he took a long sip before putting the glass on the coffee table and propping his feet up.

"I might as well try to relax," he said to himself. But somehow he just couldn't! He felt tense, almost like he did when he was about to film a difficult scene on the show, or tape a song he still didn't think he had quite right.

David remembered then that he would be doing more work on the new Partridge album that night—after leaving the set. Usually he looked forward to it, because he loved singing as much as acting, and it didn't seem like work to him.

Now, yawning so widely that tears came to his eyes, he couldn't shake off his depression. Probably it was because he was so tired. He had always needed lots of sleep, and since his career began taking up more and more of his time, it seemed he got less rest.

## REWARDS WERE MANY

Still, he knew that he was doing exactly what he had always dreamed of. David glanced around the beautiful room, as if seeing it for the first time. He had never thought much about the rewards his career could bring him, or that fame and money would come so quickly.

He was trying to handle it well. Even though he loved all the attention his fans gave him, it never made him big-headed. He knew he was still the same David Cassidy he had always been, and he hoped that they liked him for himself. He read their letters almost wonderingly,

with a grateful, warm feeling. Many of his happiest moments were spent meeting the girls who watched him on his show every week and bought his records!

David's eyes rested on the telephone on the table by the couch, and he bit his lip thoughtfully. It was things like those calls that he couldn't understand. Surely whoever made them must know how upsetting they were.

He felt something nudging his leg and looked down to see Sam, his head cocked to the side, watching him closely. He looked so wise and understanding that David laughed, patting the couch so that Sam hopped up and cuddled close beside him.

## SOLVING THE PROBLEM

"Okay old man, there isn't any problem. I'll just get the number changed." Saying it out loud made him feel better, and David put his head back and closed his eyes.

The next thing he knew, light was streaming in through the corners of the drapes. David got up quickly and stretched, knowing that he was probably going to be late. He left Sam sleeping on the couch and dashed off to his bedroom to get dressed.

The rest of the week passed quickly for David, and after having his number changed, the telephone remained silent in the early hours of the morning. He was so busy that he completely forgot the strange, depressed mood that had possessed him. It seemed like it had never happened at all.

Friday finally came, and David prepared for bed with a tired, but happy feeling. His roommate Sam would be back in the morning, and for a change David was free for the weekend. Work on the album was going very well, and he was humming one of the songs softly to himself as he got into bed and turned out the lights. In a few minutes, he was deep in happy dreams.

The illuminated dial on the clock showed 3 a.m. David was sleeping peacefully, with Sam curled up by his feet. And then the telephone began to ring. . . .

