



*David Cassidy
c/o Tiger Beat
1800 North Highland Ave.
Hollywood, Calif. 90028*

Dear David,

I'm one of the many girls who have stood at the gates of Columbia Ranch, hoping to catch a glimpse of you. But I'm luckier than most girls, because today, I saw you and spoke to you! Thank you, David, for helping me feel so special for the few minutes we were together. It's been a long time since I've felt special or lucky!

After you drove away for your recording session, I thought of the thousands of things I had dreamed of talking with you about. But I'm

an open letter to David

the type who can't always say out loud what her heart longs to express! I've always been able to describe my feelings better on paper. So when I got home, I started this letter to you!

David, ever since my family moved to California from Virginia, I've felt half complete! It's as if I left half of myself back there! Sometimes I got so lonely, I thought I had gone completely hollow inside. Next to love, loneliness is probably the strongest emotion that humans feel . . . the big difference is that one brings a wealth of happiness; and the other a mountain of sadness!

Today when I was nearing the Columbia gates, I saw a group of girls already waiting for you. As I came closer, I could hear their friendly chatter. Immediately, I thought of the group of girls in my hometown with whom I could have shared the fun of waiting!

The girls didn't mean to leave me out, or offend me in any way—I know that—but just the same, I felt so all alone! I wanted so much to be included in their companionship, but I was too shy! Just like all the kids at school, they were probably unaware of my loneliness! If my family had not moved, I would be attending a high school that all of my friends and I had been looking forward to since third grade! Instead, I walked the enormous halls of an unfamiliar high school that was filled with students I didn't know!

I found myself slipping back to past memories more and more. Sometimes I was shocked to

discover how many hours I'd spent thinking about how things were, or how things might have been if I were still living in Virginia. The beautifully landscaped yards had not replaced the wooded areas where I used to take picnic lunches. I missed the emerald-green meadow that I discovered when I was so young—that was my dreaming and thinking place!

On my last day in Virginia, I ran to my dreaming place just so I could spend a few extra minutes staring at every single detail of that meadow! I wanted to be able to recapture the serene and secure feelings I had ever experienced there, so that if my loneliness got really bad, I could close my eyes and pretend I was sitting in my meadow!

But after we moved, I found it difficult to make friends because of my shyness. Just when I thought I couldn't bear it any longer, I found another dreaming place. It wasn't a meadow,