

THE FANS WHO FORCED DAVID TO MOVE! CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

two of the girls still sat by his door. The moment he opened it they jumped up, reaching for his hair, screaming and giggling, and finally he managed to pull away from them and slam the door closed.

"You're rude!" they shouted crossly through the door. "You don't deserve to have any fans! Don't you even care about us?" Stunned and surprised, David sat down on the stairs to his bedroom and put his head in his hands. Didn't he care? Of course he cared! He cared so much that he had put up with this night after night for the past few months!

HURTING HIM

He was just like any other person—he needed time alone, privacy, and understanding! Why couldn't these girls realize that they were hurting him deeply! He loved his fans and trusted them, wanted only to please them, and this was what he got for it!

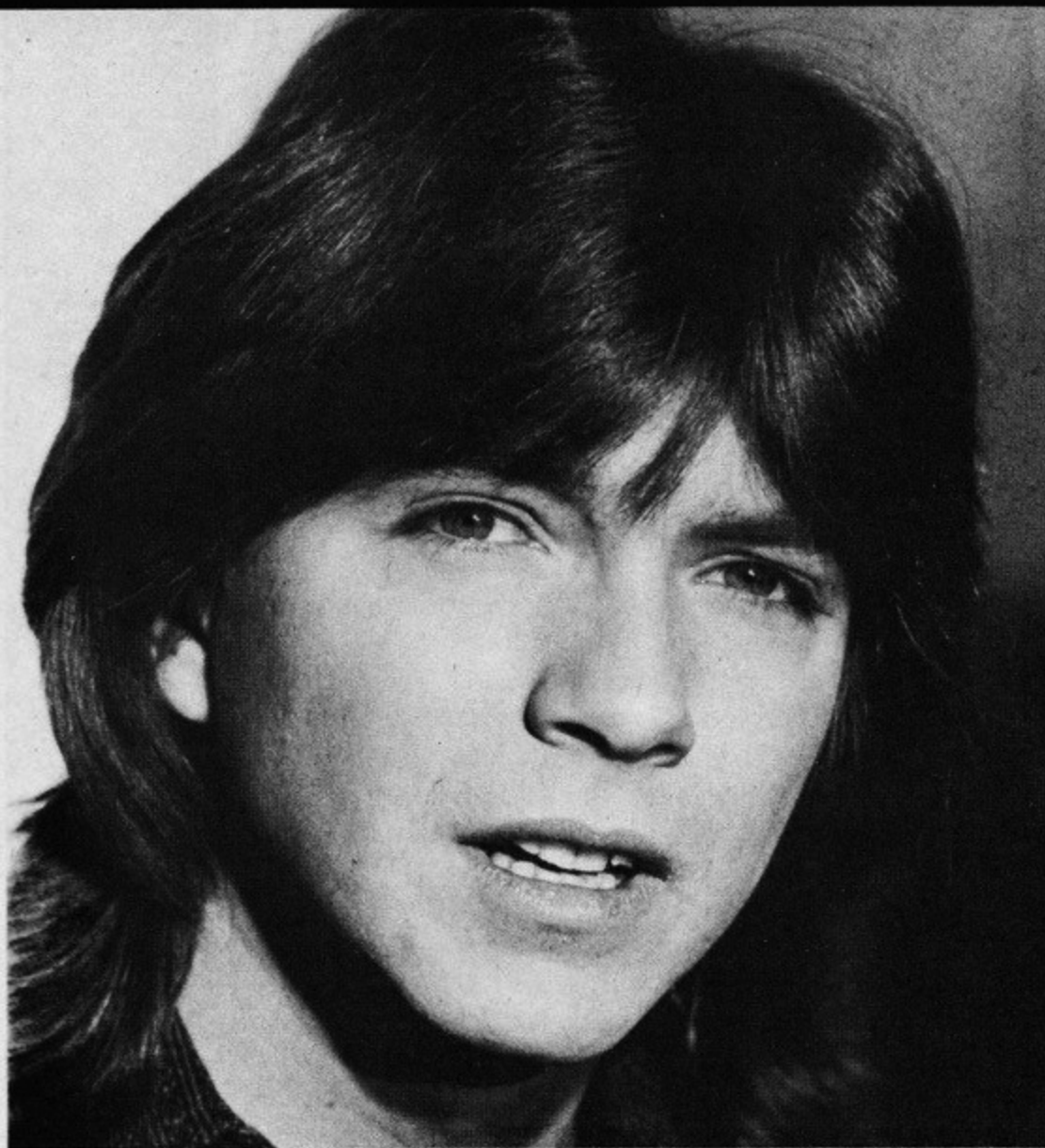
Late that night David's roommate Sam found him sitting on the stairs, asleep with his head against the wall. Sam was surprised that David was asleep because when he pulled into the driveway, some girls in a car parked out front had started blowing the horn—as if to signal to others that David might appear!

But Sam had quickly run to the house, locking the door behind him and almost stumbling upon his sleeping friend. Gently he shook David by the shoulders. "Hey, it's past midnight what are you doing sitting here?"

"Are they still out there?" David asked, glancing nervously over his shoulder to the door. "Yea," Sam murmured. Then it was that David decided he should go out and talk to them! Maybe they would listen and go away for a while!

TRIED TO EXPLAIN

Slowly he opened the front door and came outside on the front stoop. The moment he opened his door, the car doors had opened too and the girls



were there! Patiently David tried to explain that he was very tired. He worked hard on the set and afterwards in the recording studio so everyone would be pleased, and now he was exhausted.

But the girls wouldn't listen. Four of them backed him up into the doorway as another tried to cut some of his hair with a long pair of scissors! David kept trying to talk to them, but they wouldn't listen. They didn't care about David Cassidy the person at all! "We've got to get a souvenir so the kids at school will believe we were here," he heard a girl shout!

Then Sam was beside him, pulling him inside and closing the door. Talking didn't work. Heartbroken, David walked slowly to his bedroom, then paused at the door, turning to Sam. "We've got to move, you know," he said. "I know," replied Sam.

WAS IT YOU?

And so, the home high in the Canyon, overlooking the greenery and the hills of Hollywood had to be forsaken. David had loved this

place, the freedom—the atmosphere, and now he would have to leave it!

Still, he couldn't really blame anyone. Perhaps he shouldn't have ever told anyone where he lived. But then, he did have friends and people he enjoyed seeing. From now on he would just have to be very very careful about whom he did give it to. He'd get a different phone number too!

So David and Sam moved from their home in the hills to a different sort of place in Beverly Hills. David discovered that he really likes his new place, but it will never have the same meaning for him as the Laurel Canyon place.

That was the home he lived in when he got his dog Sam, where Sheesh had her puppies, where he had lived when he got the role on "The Partridge Family" and where he lived when he received his first gold record!

He had lived there, too, when he first discovered you—and he lived there until you drove him out! You know exactly who you are—but are you happy now?