

LIVE!

It was a little like waiting for Christmas, the way David and I silently counted off the days until his first big concert in Seattle. We didn't really talk about it at all, but both of us always knew exactly how far off it was, and I knew how really important it was to David, the first chance for him to really try to give himself to his fans, to repay them for the love they have shown him. He doesn't worry out loud much, but I could tell it was heavy in his mind.

And then, like magic, it was the night before we were supposed to leave! We were both really excited, but we tried not to talk about it, and we succeeded for the first part of the evening. Steve Ross, an old friend of mine from Emerson High School who now plays guitar in David's backup group, came over to watch a basketball game on TV, and we just sort of sat around and pretended to get excited about the game, just as if tomorrow was nothing at all! Actually, since we're all basketball freaks anyway, we actually *did* get interested.

But the moment the game was over, our real thoughts showed themselves. One of us had to take Steve home, but we were both so eager to get into packing that we finally called him a cab! By now we were both really excited, and I was really glad that we had eaten a light dinner — just asparagus and salad.

In fact, we were so excited that we didn't even pack! Even though that had been the reason for sending poor Steve home in a cab, the next thing I knew I was playing pool and David was rapping and rapping about how fantastic and *unreal* the whole thing was, and we were both through pretending that we had anything in the whole *world* on our minds except that concert!

I think it was about midnight before we finally got the suitcases down. The next morning, after about two hours' sleep for David and four for me, David's manager, Ruth Aarons, picked us up in a limousine and took us to the airport.

On the plane, we had breakfast. David had gotten over some of his nervousness now that we were actually underway, and he managed to put away orange juice, orange slices, a mushroom omelet, a roll, milk, and a chocolate éclair. David and his manager talked things over while I thought about our dogs and hoped that our friends would take good care of them.

When we arrived in Seattle, it immediately became clear that things weren't *all* going to go smoothly! The wind was blowing eighty miles an hour, and our landing felt like falling downstairs. It was grey, rainy and cold, and it didn't look like a good day for a concert!

We went straight to our hotel, where David immediately learned the interesting fact that there was no heat *at all* in



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