

The STORY OF MY LIFE



• by david cassidy

CHAPTER FIVE

IN WHICH I LOSE MY BEST FRIEND; AND GIRLS CATCH MY EYE!



I KNOW THESE PHOTOS don't exactly correspond with my story, at this point, but when I saw them in my mom's scrapbook, I couldn't resist sharing them with you! That's me with Shaun, above, who's 12 now.

Well, here we are together again, sort of winding up for the home stretch! You've followed me through small times and slightly bigger times, happy and sad, and a little bit at a time we've come toward the present (which is the grooviest time yet!) The real present, though, is still ahead of my story—but at least now when you look at the pictures that were taken of me at the time I'm going to tell you about this time, you can tell it is me!

Well, by the time I was in junior high school, I had moved with my mom to California. I actually moved when I was ten, but before you're ten or twelve it doesn't really matter where you live, you know? The whole world is sort of the eight or ten blocks right around your house, whether those blocks are in New Jersey or California, or Kalamazoo (I think that's in Michigan) and your friends are all kids, right? Kids don't really change that much from place to place—they're all dirty, and their noses run, and they like to mess around—wherever you live!

MY BEST FRIEND, LARRY

Anyway, by the time I entered junior high, I was living in West Los Angeles. I was playing drums by then, and I was interested in cars and I was beginning to be interested in surfing, too. I had made a few friends, and one of them is the guy I want to tell you about right now. His name was Larry, and I'll never forget him.

I guess I first met Larry in fifth grade, although my memories of that time in my life aren't too perfect (I was beginning to think about girls, and that sort of crowds everything out) and I have these like very hazy memories of a big dance that Larry and I went to.

THE BIG SCHOOL DANCE

I remember lots of colored lights and balloons almost making it possible to forget that the dance was, after all, in the smelly old school gymnasium, and all the girls stood against one wall and all the boys stood against the other while a few brave souls danced in the middle. Larry and I stood and made superior jokes about everybody, and eventually we even danced, although not with each other. What I remember most about the evening was this tremendous feeling of friendship, a feeling like I'd never had before in my life. I think that twelve and thirteen year-old kids are capable of the most intense friendships in the world! In fact, I wish *adults* could remember how it felt