by David Cassidy and Shirley Jones

DAVID:

When I was growing up, being honest wasn't as important to me as it is now. I was as quick to come up with a big story about something as I was the truth, mainly because my imagination made it much more interesting to fib a little!

My mom was understanding with me and my tales about the dragon that slept under my bed, etc., but if she knew I was lying to try to get out of something, I was given a good talking to. She never allowed me to place the blame for a mistake I had made on anyone else, and though I resented it at the time, I learned from this.

MAKE ME HAPPIER

She always taught me that being honest with myself and with other people would make me a happier and better person. I didn't always see it her way. There were times in school when it would have been so easy to cheat on an exam in a subject I wasn't doing well in. I sat and watched other kids do it, and most of the time they got away with it.

But somehow I could never quite bring myself to go along. Maybe part of it was the fear that *I* would be the one to get caught, but I'd like to think that I was learning to be fair, too. There was a math test I was sure I'd fail, and a guy in my class got hold of the test answers somehow and gave them out to anyone who asked. I was really tempted, but instead I went home and studied as hard as I could.

The amazing result was that I got a B+, but

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