

As he stood there, leaning against the stove sipping his coffee, David's face almost managed a smile. He remembered what the girl had said of his outfits that he wore on his tours. He had worn the white, fringed outfit that particular night.

How could he possibly let the girl know that he wore such a dramatic outfit, not because he was conceited and believed he was so great, but because he knew that in the larger auditoriums his wild outfits would show up better. For the people who were sitting in the back rows, the outfits were easier to watch as he sang and moved to the music. It was for his fans he did what he did.



He glanced back at the table and the accusing letter that lay there. The look of frustration that had been on his face returned.

Walking back to the table, David wished desperately that the girl had signed her real name to the letter. If she had, he could have gone to the phone then and called her and explained what had actually taken place that night.

But, this way, she would never know. She had not signed her own name and now, as he sat there, he knew he had actually lost a fan because of something he hadn't been able to help.

If she had taken the time and made the effort to find out the facts, perhaps she would still be his fan. But, in her anger and hurt, she had written this letter of hate instead.

BACK TO REALITY

The clock's ticking brought David back to reality. He knew he had to get to bed and try to sleep because he had a full day of shooting ahead of him. He folded the letter and returned it to its envelope. He would keep it as a reminder of this experience, and maybe, someday, he might meet the person who had written it. And if that day ever came, David could tell her the whole story.

He rinsed his cup out and as he reached up to turn off the light, he tried to smile and be optimistic about that day. But even as he smiled, the hurt and sadness showed in his eyes as he asked her silently, "Why do you hate me?"



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