

# DAVID: "The

**T**HE CAR pulls into its special place next to the house and stops. He gets out, stretches his legs and look around. A look of contentment spreads over his face. It is beautiful there . . . so green and clean-smelling. Slowly he walks to the house, opens the door and goes in.

The dogs are there instantly, jumping and yipping and welcoming David home. Grinning, he bends down to pet



them. And before he knows it he's sitting on the floor, rough-housing with his animals.

"David, is that you?" the voice calls from another room. It's a soft voice, a girl's voice.

"It's me," he calls back.

"Hi."

The voice is closer. David looks up and the girl is standing in the doorway, just a few feet away from him. She's wearing jeans and sandals and a skinny sweater with a short V-neck. Her hair is long enough to tumble in curls around her shoulders, but today it's pulled back loosely at the neck with a flower-patterned ribbon.

He gets up quickly and walks the few steps to her, then kisses her lightly on the tip of the nose.

"Hi," he says.

They smile at each other, then, with their arms around each other's waists,

walk into the kitchen. The dinner's almost ready. They'll eat, then probably listen to records for an hour or so, then maybe go for a walk in the coolish night air. It doesn't really matter what they do. The fact that they're together is the important thing. That's what makes David completely happy . . .

Sound like a dream scene? In a way it is. It's part of David's dream for the future. And it's a dream that belongs to two people—David and the girl he wants to marry.

Who is she? There are clues.

Although David's tried very hard to keep his name out of the who's-dating-who-and-for-how-long columns, he hasn't been successful all the time. The first girl he was linked with, in fact, was Susan Dey. They're the first to admit they dated once or twice after they'd

