



"PLEASE DON'T LET ME HURT YOU!"

He stood at the hotel window, hands jammed into the pockets of his jeans, looking down at the girls standing below. There were about 10 of them, waiting patiently, hoping by some miracle to see him—talk to him. "What am I going to do about you?" David said softly, almost to himself.

In a quick movement he turned away and stretched out on the bed with his arms folded behind his head. He knew that he should try to get some sleep. The excitement before a concert always kept him awake the night before, and in only a few short hours he would be flying off to his next show. But although his body ached with weariness, David's eyes remained open, fixed on the ceiling above him.

Once again he saw the crowd rushing the stage in Seattle—only because they wanted to be near him. But it was only luck that someone wasn't seriously hurt. Then there were the girls that had fainted. And for the hundredth time he could see the fan who had been left in tears behind his limousine.

David knew that security precautions were necessary, both for himself and the audience. It had been explained to him over and over again. But he was certain that his fans didn't understand this. He sighed, wishing with all his heart that he could talk to each and every girl

who had been so wonderful to him. He knew that they loved him and he wanted to return their love. It was this nagging fact that was keeping him awake now, when he desperately needed rest.

Slowly he got off the bed and went back to the window. The girls were still there, only now there were more of them. David took his jacket off the back of a chair and put it on. His decision to go down there and talk to them brought a slight smile to his face. Sleep could wait—he had something much more important to do right now. . . . 

