



directly over her before she looked up. She gasped as she realized she wasn't alone, and then gasped again when she recognized him. Quickly she got up, as if to run away, but Dave stopped her.

"What's so terrible?" he asked. "Didn't you like the show?"

Her large blue eyes looked up into his, as if trying to see whether she could trust him. Then she relaxed and began to cry again as she sank back into her seat.

#### • A BROKEN DREAM •

"I loved the show," she sobbed. "But after . . . afterwards . . ."

Her voice trailed off like a stream going underground, and all that was left was a long, sad sigh. She looked down at the stage, as though everything that had happened there was a wonderful dream

# Why David Runs From

The concert was over. The huge theatre was empty, the floor covered with torn programs, pictures, wadded Kleenex. The silence hung as heavy as smoke, where only half an hour before there had been screaming, music, singing—all the thrilling sounds of a David Cassidy show.

Slowly the curtain opened. Onstage a group of men in overalls began to take the amplifiers used by the band offstage. Without the brilliant lights, everyone onstage looked small and drab. It was almost impossible to imagine the magic that had taken place on those very boards only a short time before.

Back in the farthest corner of the audience sat one single solitary girl, looking like something left

behind by accident. She was crying as though her heart would break in two! Her hands twisted at the soaked handkerchief which she uselessly dabbed her eyes with, and she was completely unaware that the curtains had parted and she wasn't really alone anymore.

But onstage, Dave Ellingson, who with his wife, Kim, sings behind David in the show, had seen the girl. Or rather he had heard her, when one stifled, muffled sob had floated ghostlike up to where Dave was telling the stage manager how the amplifiers had to be loaded. He turned and looked out, and as his eyes began to grow used to the darkness, he saw her, tiny and huddled in the last row. He jumped lightly down from the stage and came up the long aisle toward her.

She was crying too hard to hear him coming, and he was standing

that she had just awakened from, and would never be able to dream again.

Dave sat down beside her. "Tell me about it," he said. "Was it something David did?"

She nodded, her eyes filling with tears. "I just wanted to say hello," she whispered. "Just say hi and tell him how much I loved the show . . . but I was pushed away by a guard . . . and he *ran!*" Her voice lifted slightly and broke as the memory flashed again in front of her eyes. "He *ran* . . . like he was *afraid* of us, or *hated* us . . ." She closed her eyes and was silent.

Dave heaved a sigh. He was tired. They'd had a hard weekend, and there was a show to do the next day, a thousand miles away. He rubbed his neck and began to try to explain.

"He doesn't hate you," he said, "and he's not afraid of you, either. He loves you better than anybody