



# His Fans!!!

in the world. After all, you've given him everything he has. He knows that, and he loves you for it, and for the love you give him. It's just..." He tried to think of how to put it.

## • BUT HE RAN AWAY! •

"It's just that he ran," she said quietly. "It's just that he loves us so much that he doesn't want to be anywhere near us."

"What's your name?" Dave asked suddenly. He could see that her sorrow and hurt were turning to anger.

"Sherry," she said.

"I'm Dave," he started to say, but she interrupted him.

"I know who you are," she said. "You sing with him."

"That's right," Dave said, "and I travel with him, and I goof around with him, and I talk to him—and I know him pretty well. And I can tell you that you ought to know a lot better than to think he runs from you because he's afraid or because he doesn't like you. Do you think he'd run from

you if you were alone? Or if there were only three or four of you—or even eight or ten?"

"I don't know," she said—but Dave could tell that she was listening now, listening differently than she had before.

"Now listen," Dave said. "I'll tell you why he ran tonight, and why he has to run after every concert. There are three reasons. The first reason is that he's worried about you. There have been times during our tours when things really got out of hand—when girls fainted and got stepped on, and all sorts of things. No one meant to hurt anybody—but a few people

got hurt a little. Well, it terrifies David to think that any of his fans might get hurt, and especially if he'd be the reason. So that's one reason why he runs—OK?"

## • TRIES TO EXPLAIN •

She nodded. Sherry was listening hard, maybe harder than she ever had in her life. Dave took a deep breath and went on.

"The second reason he runs doesn't really have anything to do with him—but it has something to do with you. There are a lot of theatre and auditorium owners who don't want to have shows for young people anymore, because bad things have happened once or twice. David knows how much you love these shows—not just his shows—and he doesn't want to be the reason that any auditorium stopped putting on shows that his favorite people could go to and dig. All right?"

"All right," Sherry said. "What's the third reason?"

"Suppose something did happen to David?" Dave asked. "Then what? Do you know what's happening tomorrow at noon?"

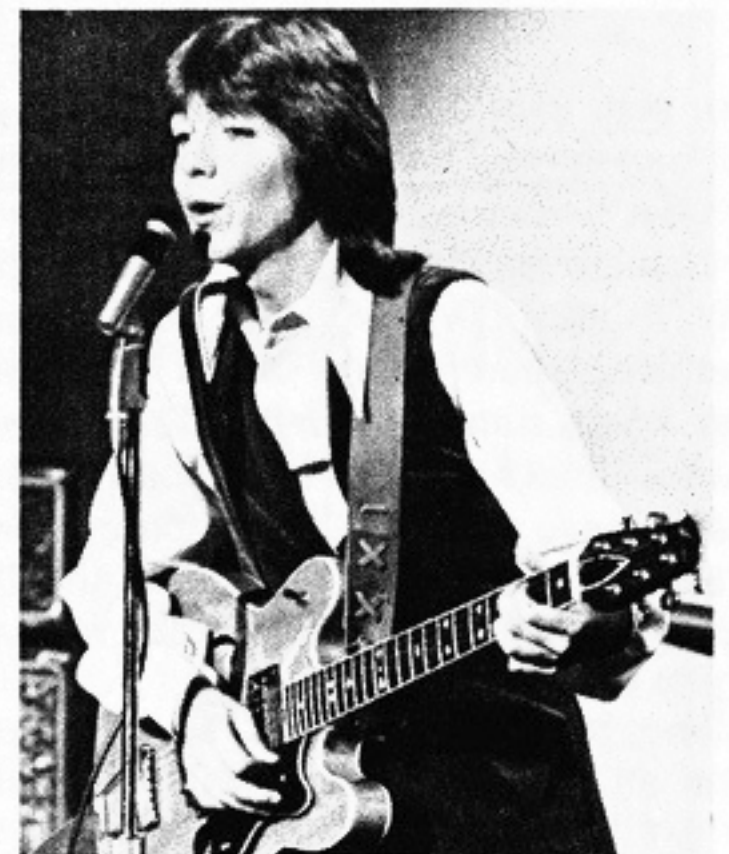
Sherry shook her head.

"We're playing a concert almost a thousand miles from here. Now, if David fell (and he's already fallen a couple of times) in the crush of fans after this show, and if anything happened to him, he'd have to cancel a show that seven thousand kids already have tickets for. Now suppose you lived in that town, and David had been hurt tonight. How would you feel when you went down to the auditorium and found out there wasn't going to be any show?"

"Terrible," Sherry said. "I'd feel just awful. I think I see what you mean about why David ran away tonight. I feel awful about feeling the way I did."

"Well," Dave said, "David feels awful every time he has to run away. Listen, give me your name and address. You'll get a surprise in the mail."

She did, and Dave walked her to the door. She went into the night a much happier girl.



That evening on the plane, Dave told David about it, and David wrote her a note. This is what it said:

"Sad Sherry,

*I'm sorry that I had to run away tonight. I hope it makes you feel better to know that you caught my heart, even if you didn't catch my speedy feet. I love you. Please take good care of yourself until we can meet somewhere that I don't have to run away.*

*Have a happy tomorrow.*

*David 'Sprinter' Cassidy*

*P.S. It may not be in here when you open the envelope, but this letter was sealed with a kiss."*

