

# DAVID!

**H**e sat alone in his dressing room, cradling the guitar in his lap. Stroking the smooth, polished wood gently, he wondered why the song he was writing was giving him so much trouble.

A week ago, he had sat up in bed, the music in his ears. Quickly, he had jumped up, grabbed his guitar and strummed the notes before they got away. "Great!" he had said aloud, playing the song over and over so he wouldn't forget it.

But then—nothing. Day after day he'd spent as much time as he could, trying to find the end to the melody which had come so easily at first. But each time the sound he wanted wouldn't come.

Resting his cheek against the instrument, he again went through the beginning. He hummed along with the music, unaware that he was smiling. And then the sound of loud voices outside his trailer broke him away from his thoughts.

"David! David! I'm going to tell him..."

"Oh you're just a crybaby!"

David jumped up quickly and went to the doorway. Sitting on the ground in a tangle of bicycles were Brian and Suzanne, both looking very unhappy with each other!

## WHAT'S HAPPENING?

"Hey, what's going on?" David asked, as he lifted Suzanne carefully to her feet. "Are you hurt?"

"No, but I could have been!" answered Suzanne tearfully. "I came around the corner on my bike and Brian crashed right into me!"

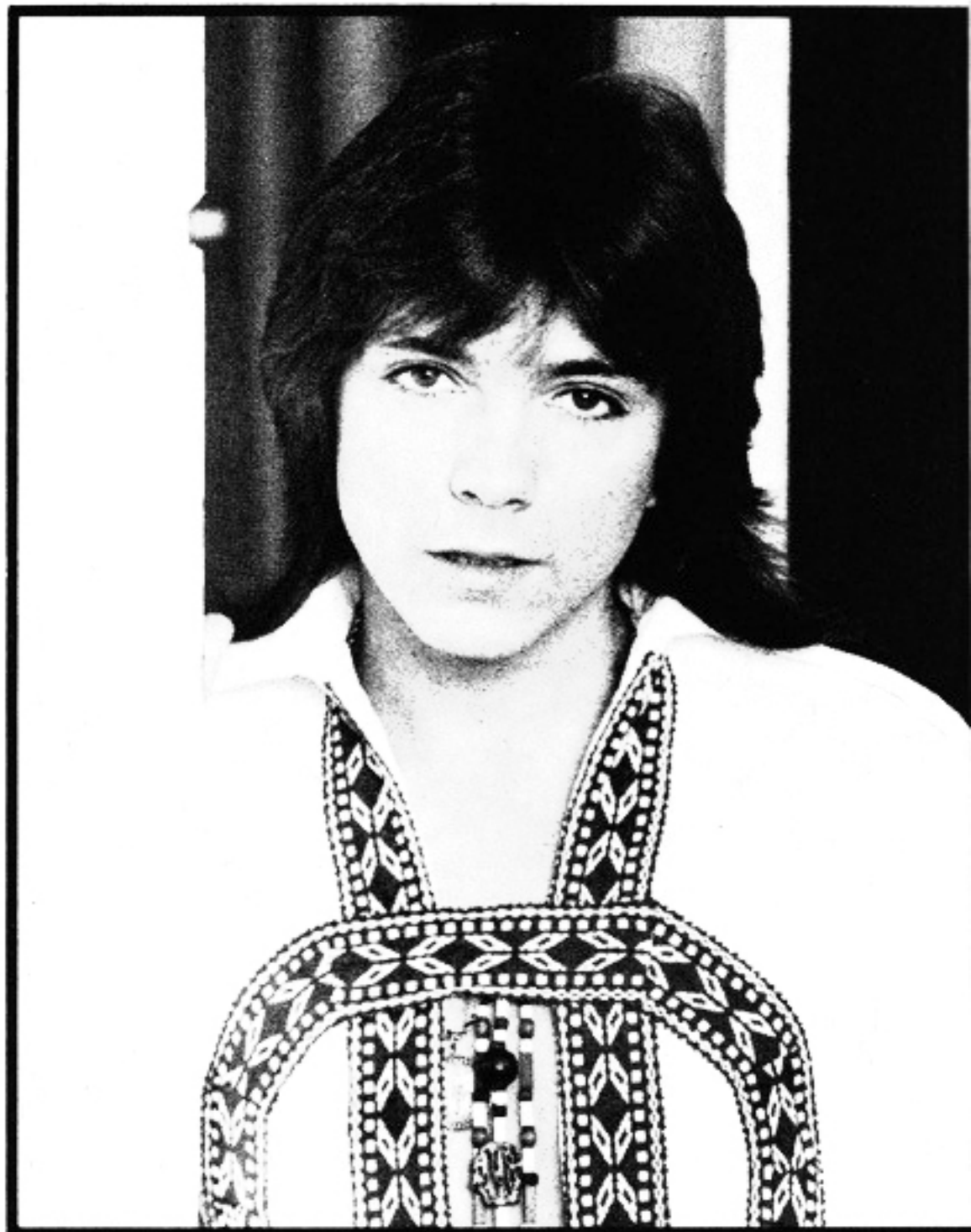
"But I didn't mean to!" cried Brian, standing up and dusting his jeans off. "I couldn't see you coming, could I?"

"Hmmm..." David looked at both of them thoughtfully. "Maybe both of you were riding a little too fast. Could that be, Brian?"

Brian dug his toe into the dirt, looking down. "Well, I guess I was racing. But it looked like nobody was coming!"

David reached for his handkerchief and wiped away Suzanne's tears. "How about both of you being more careful around the corners?" He smiled at Suzanne. "Now why don't you both make up and go to the truck and get me a soda? I'll even treat you guys to one."

"Okay! I'm not mad at you anymore, Brian!" Suzanne took the money David handed her and stuffed it into her pocket.



"And I'll try to go slower!" grinned Brian. "C'mon, I'll race you to the truck!"

## SUSAN POPPED IN

David watched them go, and then went back inside. But he'd no sooner picked up his guitar again than Susan stuck her head inside the door. "Hi, am I interrupting you? I've got a question to ask."

"Hi Susan—what do you want?"

"I want a man's opinion. I've got a date for a movie tonight, and I'd like to know if you think my new pantsuit is okay." Susan twirled around to show him the back of the white, bell-bottomed outfit.

David clutched his hands to his chest. "You'll set the lucky guy's heart on fire! He'll flip! He'll..." Susan stuck her tongue out and waited. "Actually Sue, I really do like it. You look groovy, as usual!"

"Now you've made up my mind for me. I will wear it!" Susan said happily. "Thanks, David!" And with a