

HE'S



DIFFERENT

NOW!

quick wave, she was gone.

He checked his watch. Only 25 more minutes before he had to be back on the set. With a feeling of urgency, he again began to strum the chords on the guitar.

"Special delivery!" It was Danny, carrying David's soda. "I told the kids I'd bring it to you."

"Thanks, Danny, just put it on the table." David continued his playing until he realized that Danny was still standing in front of him. With a sigh, he put his guitar aside. "What's up, Dan? You look like a man with a problem."

LOOKED EMBARRASSED

Danny, for once, looked slightly embarrassed. "It's this girl that lives down the street from me. She's always following me around, and it bugged me so I told her to stop. Now she doesn't talk to me anymore, and gee David, I think there's something wrong with me. I miss her chasing me all over the place! Am I crazy or something?"

"No Danny, don't worry. You're just growing up, that's all." David sighed. "You know, it seems I've done a lot of listening to people's problems this morning!"

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Danny answered seriously. "But I always know you'll have the right answer. Y'know, it's sort of the way you are on the show, David. Keith Partridge is always helping the kids out, and I guess we think of you that way in real life too."

"Gosh, I never thought of it that way..." said David slowly.

"Well it's true! And when I get home, I'm going to tell that nutty girl she can hang around all she wants to!" With a wave, Danny was gone.

David ran through the song again, but this time his thoughts were not on the music. "That's really kind of neat—having other people want my opinions, and need my help..." he said aloud softly. He realized that all the constant interruptions were really a compliment, because it meant that others valued his opinions. Thinking of it gave him a warm, glowing feeling.

NO EFFORT AT ALL!

And suddenly, as if a door had been opened, his fingers on the strings continued through the middle of the song, and right through to the end. It came as easily as the morning he had written the first part, seemingly without any effort at all on his part.

David played it through again, just to be sure. It

didn't seem possible—when his mind had been on other problems, just when he had realized how important what he thought meant to others—the music had found its way out.

It was a great day to be alive. David smiled as he put the guitar back into its case. And as he walked out the door into the bright sunshine, his smile turned into a big, happy grin. He felt different somehow—more mature and in tune with everything. And he knew he wouldn't want it any other way!

