



The ticking of the clock brought David out of his trance. He glanced at the clock. Nine o'clock. Nine o'clock on a Saturday night and he was sitting at home—alone.

Sighing, he walked to the stereo and turned the records over. Although he always loved to listen to music, tonight it somehow failed to lift his mood of loneliness.

The soft strains of the music drowned out the haunting ticking of the wall clock as David slowly walked back to the couch. He closed his eyes and hummed along with the music, his feet tapping the deep carpet in muffled time.

A DREAM

He felt an ironic smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. It was so strange. Three years ago on a Saturday night he would never have been found at home. He would be with friends at a party, or taking a walk on the beach. Anywhere, but never alone.

Now, it was different. And all because of a dream. The dream to be what he was now.

David's race for a dream

He should be on top of the world! He has fame, fortune, and people who love him. But

for David, the top of the world is sometimes a lonely place to be...