

He always knew he wanted to be an actor. And, like anyone else with a dream, he wanted to be good at it. And his dream had come true. He was rich, was known wherever he went, and he had the love of all of his wonderful fans.

And, yet, here was the famous, rich David Cassidy—alone on a week-end night. The time that young people all over the world were out enjoying their youth, laughing and having fun the way they were meant to. But not David.

## SMALL PLEASURES

The stereo clicked quietly as the next record fell and began playing. The change in sound reminded David of how quiet the house would be without the music. There was no one there to fill the gaps of silence.

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes again. Before, he would never have noticed those silences so deeply. Just as he'd never quite appreciated all the small pleasures that were now missing from his life.

He used to love to go grocery shopping. The sight of all the fresh fruits and vegetables, shining invitingly in their displays, had always made him feel good. Now, he missed those shopping days that others took for granted. For someone else did his shopping these days. David had tried once or twice to shop for groceries and had come home empty handed. His time at the store was spent not in shopping but in running away from the group of fans who always recognized him.

He never wanted to run away. But there had been disastrous results. People were hurt, displays ruined. So David's shopping sprees had ended. A pleasure lost.

Just as movies, or walks along the beach, or lovely dinners at his favorite restaurants were no longer frequent pleasures. The fame that had been part of the dream he'd raced to find had come hand in hand with something David hadn't expected—loneliness.



Opening his eyes, David quickly reached to turn on the lamp. The bright light made him blink his eyes quickly until they became accustomed to the light.

The darkness seemed to emphasize the isolation he felt. He wanted so much to be with people! To talk to someone else besides his mirrored image, or have a conversation like others had. A normal conversation—not one printed on a script.

He wanted to laugh while sitting around a fire with his friends, not smile at images on a television screen.

## PRISONER?

He wanted to reach out and touch someone! Someone who would understand why he felt so alone. Someone who could listen to him and realize that he wasn't being ungrateful for all the wonderful things he had in his life because his dream for success had come true.

He wasn't ungrateful! Every day was richer because of all the good things that had entered his life the moment his career had taken that upward turn. He thought of his fans he felt so unworthy of whenever he made them cry. The tears they shed because he had to think of people's safety in public places and couldn't stop and chat like he wanted.

He wanted someone who could turn to him and assure him that

those fans he loved understood why he sometimes made them cry. David's own eyes were staring, but unseeing, at the wall. Perhaps if he kept very still the tears wouldn't fall. And, perhaps, then he could pretend that he wasn't really sad at all tonight.

He drew a deep breath and sat up straight. He knew by morning this feeling of being a prisoner in his own home—a prisoner of loneliness—would be gone. Like the night, it would fade with the hours.

Turning the stereo off, he decided to go to bed. He would wait for the morning and maybe when he woke, he wouldn't have that doubt that nagged him now that perhaps in the race for a dream—he'd somehow paid too big a price to win.

Had he wanted too much by trying to be good in his career? Had he been wrong to make that dream come true? Perhaps if he waited long enough, the answer would come.

As he turned the lamp off, David realized this was what he had to do. He would have to wait. And, suddenly, he smiled.

The race wasn't ended! He was still reaching for part of the dream—and waiting was part of it.

Because he knew that when it was over, the loneliness would be gone. And, in its place, someone who would teach him an even deeper meaning of happiness.