

# DAVID ASKS: “WHERE DID LOVE GO?”

People often set dreams or goals for themselves, but sometimes, the dream was better than the goal they finally reached. Is David's happiness the kind he'd hoped to find with his goal?

He looked at the sky, tinted shades of lavender and blue, with the sun slowly setting for its night's rest. David stuck his hands deeper into the pockets of his denim jacket.

Sighing, he tossed his head slightly as his hair brushed against his eyes. He quickened his steps as if he was late for an appointment but he wasn't fooling anyone—least of all himself.

## NOWHERE TO GO

He wasn't late for any appointment. He had nowhere to go! The hours ahead of him seemed to stretch forever in his mind. Lonely hours with no one beside him—to talk with, to listen to, to be with.

He loved every second of the days spent taping the episodes for *The Partridge Family*. But today, as quitting time drew nearer, David could feel the fatigue settling into his bones. He wanted to be home where he could rest and relax, someplace where he could always be the person he really was.

The drive home had David concentrating on the steady flow of traffic on the freeway. The radio blared loudly, filling the car with its music. He glanced into the rear view mirror and caught the reflection of his own eyes staring.

## SO DIFFERENT

He wished there were some way the songs could fill his own mind, wiping away the thoughts that were there. Thoughts of how different it all was from the way he'd always dreamed it would be!

His dream of being an actor had always been a part of him. Performing—pleasing people with the talent they saw in him. Being famous. He had pictured himself stepping into restaurants and being recognized.

And now he was. But it was different. In his mind, the people were friendly and smiling, a little shy. But in reality, he'd come to know others who had torn at his clothing, clipped savagely at his hair with hidden scissors, rushed at him blindly with pens and pencils! There had even been those who had shoved his food aside and pushed paper and pen into his hands, demanding personal notes.

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