

# DAVID-

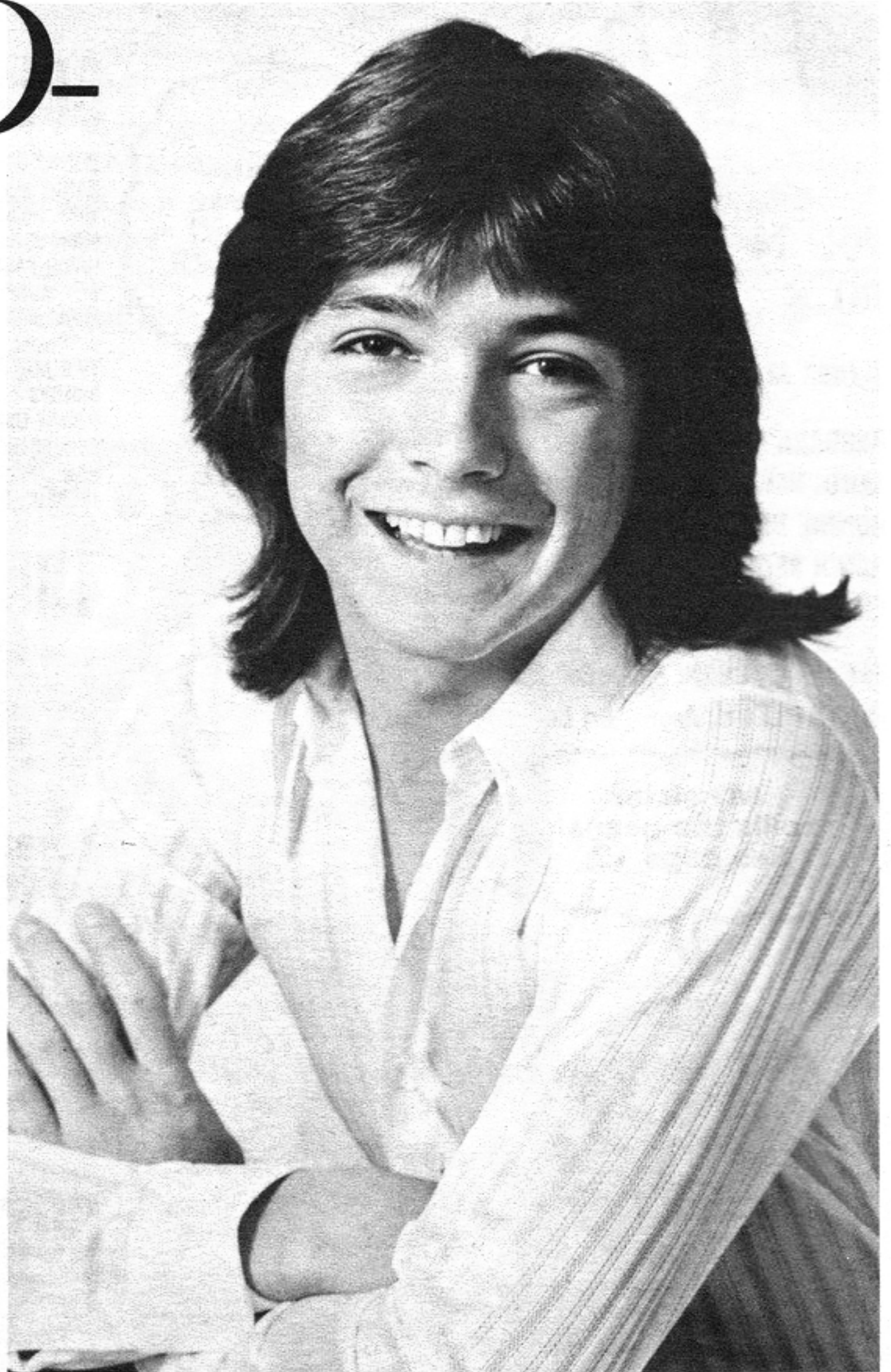
## *Alone*

## *in the*

## *Dark*

## *with*

## *Him!*



### Part Two

Last month in Part One you went to a David Cassidy concert all by yourself. While you were there, you met a girl who took you backstage near the end of David's monumental concert. Things got pretty confused and crowded and—before you knew it—you were being pushed—and shoved until you fell on your knees. You were surrounded by darkness. Then, through a little glimmer of light you saw a surprised face staring down at you.

David is looking at you in utter amazement, but he's smiling. "Are you all right?" he asks. "Where'd

you come from?" It seems incredible, but David's eyes are shining brightly and he's smiling. He looks as if this had never happened before.

You swallow hard—grateful that now you're no longer smothering—and say, "I...I...I...", but you're crying and you can't say anything. You are choking back the sobs that wouldn't come out when you were being pushed, shoved, smothered and feeling completely helpless.

David takes your hand and says, "Hi, c'mon up here. The floor isn't any place for *you* to be!" In a second you're sitting next to David Cassidy in his limousine! Before you can even get used to that idea, David is handing you a Kleenex and saying, "Gee,