

you're really frightened. You're O.K. now, but tell *me* what happened."

"Well, I met this girl and she said to follow her . . . sniff . . . at the end of your concert . . . sniff . . . and . . . er . . . hic . . . I did but . . . sob . . . then . . . sob . . . there was this crowd . . . sniff . . . and people were pushing me and I couldn't . . . sniff . . . see anything 'n I didn't know where I was or what was happening and I don't know, but I guess I just got pushed in here and it all happened so fast . . ."

"Well, don't worry, it's not *your* fault and you're O.K. now. Say, are you hungry? *I'm* starving!" You don't know how to answer this beautiful vision in front of you and all you can do is nod. "Great!" David continues, "I've got a favorite restaurant here that I always go to whenever I'm in town. And you look like you could do with some food and a chance to relax."

You hear yourself saying, "Thank you. Thank you very much."

Soon the limousine pulls up under a big canopy and David says, "Stay right by me. We move *fast* in public." In a flash you and David, the driver, David's road manager and another man are seated at a secluded table in a lovely restaurant. David breaks into a grin and, offering to shake hands with you, says, "How do you do? I'm David Cassidy. What's *your* name?" After you answer, David says, "What a pretty name. I'd like you to meet Bill, my fantastic chauffeur, my road manager, Steve and Dick, who sponsored today's concert."

Bill looks at you and says, "You've had a pretty frightening experience—I'm glad you're O.K."

"Thank you," you say, "I am, too. Oops! Almost forgot! I promised my parents I'd call them if there was any trouble at all and I guess I'd better tell them how well things worked out. Excuse me."

Soon you're back at the table. While you were making the phone call, the conversation had turned to the technical aspects of the concert and now you listen—fascinated. Apparently there had been some difficult sound problems, although you hadn't heard anything wrong—in fact, you thought his concert was marvelous and you lean toward David and quietly tell him so.

Smiling, David says, "Thank you." The waiter appears bearing large, embossed menus and before he can hand you one, David says, "I don't think we'll be needing those—that's if you don't mind if I order for you."

"I'd be delighted," you say. David orders clams to start, then big broiled lobster tails and an enormous salad.

David turns to you and says, "I hope you dig seafood and vegetables—I don't eat much meat anymore."

You say, "I *love* lobster. I'm not sure about the clams—but I'm gonna try 'em!" You test the clams and though you like them, they aren't instant fav-

orites, so you work your way cautiously through them. David, on the other hand, has finished his order before you've hardly begun and surprises you by asking the waiter for *another* order of clams. The lobster is sweet, juicy and succulent and the salad is garden-fresh.

During dinner you spy some luscious-looking desserts going to other tables and you point them out to David. "I don't want dessert," David says, "but just in case I lost some weight during the concert today, we'll *share* one." So there you are sitting with David in a lovely restaurant taking turns spooning up luscious fresh strawberries and creamy rich cream. You are—without a doubt—the happiest young lady in the whole wide world. And who wouldn't be with delightful David Cassidy as her dinner partner?! But dinner's almost over—what will happen next with David Cassidy? Don't miss the December issue of *16 Magazine* on sale October 24 to find out what David Cassidy has in store for *you!*

"Where'd you come from?"

