

DAVID— *Alone in the Dark with HIM!*

You never thought it could happen to you. At least, not that way. Maybe, if things had been different, it would have been a natural out-growth of something you've been hoping for all your life. But right now you really couldn't believe it yourself.



IT ALL STARTED when you decided that you absolutely had to go to David Cassidy's in-person concert. Your parents had been against the idea from the beginning—they said it was too far away—*what if you got lost?*—and they had a variety of parental-type worries which you really didn't have any use for. You assured them that their doubts were unfounded, that you'd be perfectly all right, and that you'd call if there were any problems at all. Finally, they gave in and said you could go.

So there you were, on a beautiful sunny Saturday afternoon, riding the train to the town in which David's monumental concert was to take place. You went over your possessions once more, just to be sure you had everything with you. Round-trip train ticket—yes; camera and film—yes; flashcubes—yes; jacket in case it got chilly later on—yes; money for the cab rides and lunch—yes; and, most important, the concert ticket itself—yes. Thank goodness!

You'd heard David's new solo album and memorized every single word in his songs. You'd read about David's "new" image, and now—joy of joys—you were going to *see for yourself!* You played a little guessing game with yourself—which song of David's would you like best sung in person? You hoped it would be *Two Time Loser*, an incredibly beautiful song that David wrote himself and which had a very special meaning for you.

The train arrived at your station and you got off—floating on air! Finding a cab was just as easy as you'd told your parents it would be, and it wasn't long before you pulled up in front of the concert hall. You were early, but you didn't mind, coz it gave you a chance to explore. As you roamed around the concert hall, you found a stage entrance near the back and a driveway there big enough for a truck to drive right into the hall. After walking around for a while you realized that you were hungry, so you went back to the front of the arena in pursuit of some lunch.

While you were waiting at the hot dog stand for the lady to take your order, you met some groovy girls who asked you where you were sitting. It turned out that you weren't too far from each other, so you decided to pal around together till the concert started. The exciting minutes passed swiftly, and soon it was time to go and claim your seats. Of course, just sitting in the concert hall where David Cassidy was going to perform was a thrill in itself. But the biggest thrill in the whole wide world lay in store for you—almost any minute now.

Suddenly the houselights dimmed and the moment you'd been waiting for for so long came! There was David—his magnificent presence filling the stage and his melodious voice resounding throughout the hall. But *this David*, *this* dynamic and exciting young *man* who dominated the stage with all his being, was certainly a brand-new David to you!

You sat there fascinated by this new, alive and magnificent David. He was so sweet 'n gentle—yet so sure and calm—that you wanted to rush into his arms. You were lost in your own private ecstasy, which was suddenly interrupted by the girl sitting next to you nudging you and saying, "Psst! That girl in the aisle wants to talk to you."

You scrambled over her, and one of the girls you'd met at the hot dog stand said, "C'mon—this is when we get backstage."

Amazed, you blindly followed her. You were still in a David Cassidy daze. You had no idea where you were going—all you could sense were hundreds of bodies pushing against you as you struggled to keep up with the girl who had summoned you. Finally, you were standing in a crush of people, but you couldn't really see much.

It seemed as if you were in a garage—and there was a black Cadillac limousine parked in the driveway. Suddenly you felt yourself being pushed and jostled, forced and shoved. You panicked, because you had no control over yourself—you were being swept up by the crowd and you couldn't do a thing about it. You closed your eyes in terror—the crowd was screaming, "There he is!" and "Get him!" You felt sick to your stomach, but there wasn't anything you could do about it.

All of a sudden there was a *great* shove—the most painful you'd received. You felt yourself hurtled forward—and then you felt smothered. Everything was dark and you thought you were suffocating. You were on your knees and there was something over your head. You choked, but you couldn't move. Just when you thought you might absolutely suffocate, you felt something like a hand gently pressing what felt like the top of your head. All at once you saw a little glimmer of light. You peeped up and the face you saw staring down at you made your heart skip a thousand beats!

Who is there? Whose hands, eyes, face is this? What has happened? To find out, don't miss the November issue of 16—on sale September 26!!