



he said. Then, on impulse, he put the silver dog in the back pocket of his jeans and headed for a telephone. He'd call Sharon Lee at TiGER BEAT and try to get Bobby's number. He didn't know why, but somehow he felt that it should be returned . . .

A VISIT FROM BOBBY

The gleaming blue Rolls Royce stopped by the studio gate, and the guard on duty did a double take as he recognized its driver.

"Hiya, Bobby! Nice to see you again!"

"It's great to see you, too, Jack!" grinned Bobby. They chatted for a few minutes, and then Bobby drove with familiar ease past the different sets he used to see every day. Not too many people around, he noticed. As he glided the car into a parking space by his old dressing room, he checked his watch. They should be

almost ready to break for lunch by now.

David saw the car as soon as he came off the set. As he ran up, Bobby got out, smiling, and extended his hand. "I want to thank you for calling, David," he said.

"Well, I just kind of felt that this meant something special to you," answered David, fishing in the pocket of his jeans. "I've been carrying it around with me since yesterday, afraid that I'd lose it!"

A SPECIAL GIFT

He handed the little dog to Bobby, who held it in the palm of his hand, looking at it. "A fan sent this to me right after Dopey died," Bobby said finally. "This was hers—she had a basset hound too that she loved very much. He had gotten killed by a car just like Dopey, and she wanted me to have it. I wore it on my key ring until I lost it . . ."

"I had a feeling it was kind of special to you," David said. "Hey, let's go inside—if you can stand the mess, that is!"

Bobby nodded, and they walked in, closing the door against the hot sun. For a long minute, Bobby said nothing, just looking around taking in every detail. Finally he turned to David, his bright blue eyes dancing with laughter. "You keep a box of mail by the couch too!"

"Yes I do," David admitted. "It's the only way I can sort of keep up, you know what I mean?"

THEY UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER

"Oh yes, I know what you mean." Their eyes met with an understanding that didn't need words.

David went over to the large box, scooping up a handful of letters and letting them fall back inside. "It's great—the way they believe in you—even when sometimes you find it hard to believe in yourself!"

"It's fantastic," agreed Bobby. "I used to come in here and spend my lunch break right there on that couch, reading and reading . . ."

"You did!" David exclaimed. Then he went on, softly, "I never thought about it one way or the other. But yesterday, when I found that little basset hound, I kind of thought so. I guess that's what made me call you instead of just sending it to you or forgetting about it . . ."

BOTH REALLY CARE!

"We're pretty much alike, you know that?" smiled Bobby. "I'm glad you care, as much as I do, I mean." He laughed suddenly. "In fact, I can't think of anybody I'd rather see using that couch!"

David nodded. "I know, and I'm really flattered. Say, if you're free, how about lunch?"

"Great!" answered Bobby. "But first, let me find a safe place for this!" And carefully, he buttoned the little dog inside the pocket of his shirt.

"I'm almost glad you lost it," David said slowly. "I think somehow finding that piece of silver has made us understand each other a lot better . . ."

Bobby put his hand against his pocket. "I know just what you mean!" And the two of them went outside, closing the door carefully behind them.

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