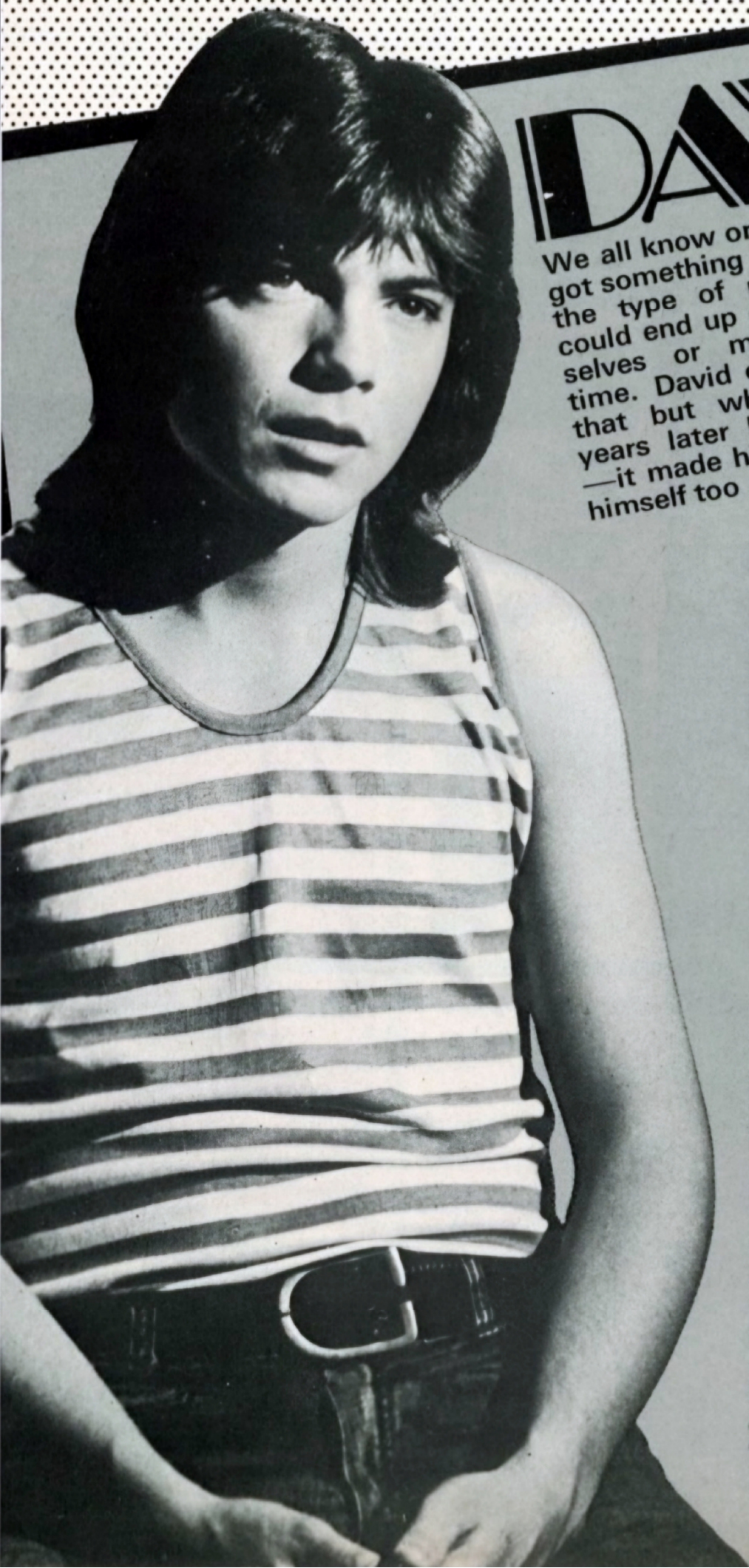




# DAVID

We all know or have met people who've got something "different" about them—the type of person we reckon who could end up doing very well for themselves or might even hit the big time. David once knew someone like that but when he met him again years later he had a terrible shock—it made him start to wonder about himself too . . .

David was in his dressing room. He had only a few minutes to get ready for another "take" of the Partridge Family. He hurriedly combed his hair and re-applied a little bit more make-up. When he'd done this he looked down at his script to make sure he knew all his lines. But somehow David wasn't in the right mood—the words melted together in a blur. He tossed the script onto the table and sighed, a big frown creased his handsome forehead. It wasn't like David to frown like that. Something must be seriously wrong!

It had all happened at lunch. He had walked into the restaurant eagerly, knowing he had a full afternoon's work to look forward to afterwards. But as David walked towards his table, a hand reached out and gently touched him on the arm.

## OLD FRIEND

David turned and his face broke out in a brilliant dazzling smile. There sitting right in front of him was an old friend from New York! It must have been ages since they'd met. The last time they'd seen each other was when David was a struggling young actor, just a name, a nobody trudging round all the theatres looking for work.

All through lunch they sat and talked of the old times and the old friends. David tried not to stare at his old friend but he couldn't help it. This was the guy who'd been destined for stardom! David and all the people in their tiny struggling group had agreed that their friend had that special star quality that would take him straight to the top. He'd never have to queue outside agents' offices or know the depression of being turned down for part after part. He always had a part in a play. He was always working.