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you and how much he's enjoying the evening. It's rare for David to be able to spend a relaxed evening with a girl, and he tells you so, making you feel even better...

All too soon, the meal's over and once again you're outside in the cool evening air, climbing into the car. You roar off down the street until you stop outside a brightly lit discotheque. You can hear the music from the car and the flashing lights light up your face. David squeezes your hand as you climb out.

Then you're inside one of the most fantastic clubs you've ever been to. A 'heavy' group is shaking the whole building, the strobe lights are flashing and David drags you on to the dance floor. The music is fast and furious, then suddenly changes to a soft, slow beat.

David holds you closely and you just can't believe it's really happening. The music is beautiful and you can't think of a time when you've felt like this.

He whispers that he's happy and pulls you even closer to him. You know it's not the moment for talking so you just lay your head on his shoulder and close your eyes...

Time seems to flash by but you don't want to leave. The atmosphere is hot and smoky, but it's electrifying and you just want to dance all night, but soon David decides it's time to go...

You drive down to the coast, where he points out to the sea, moonlight reflecting on the waves. David is a nature lover and you feel glad that he wants to share the beauty of the evening with you. He takes your hand and holds it tightly in his own. Everything is just too good to be true.

Walking down on to the sand, David leads the way and you talk quietly together. Then he sees you're starting to shiver and hurries you back to the car — on to his place and coffee.

He has a beautiful flat, dimly lit with coloured lights. He asks you to pick a record and put it on the stereo. You choose Neil Young's 'Harvest' because it's your own personal favourite and you feel David will like it too.

You help him make coffee and sit drinking it in the luxurious lounge. The walls are decorated with prints, the carpets deep and soft.

David is talking to you, but you're so happy, you're

hardly taking it in. It's been a perfect evening... you're no longer in awe of him. Before, he used to be the superstar belonging to another world... completely unreachable. Now, he's at your side, real, human and genuine... a person, just like everyone else... but, to you, a very special person.

You look at him... the soft dark eyes, glossy brown hair. But it's not really his looks which hold your attention—it's David himself, his character, his gentleness. You begin to wonder how he manages to hold out in the competitive world of pop without growing hard.

But you haven't forgotten the real talent which lies behind that boyish face... the strength and feeling of his voice. His arms slip round your shoulders as you settle back to enjoy the music...

It's as if you've both been in a daze because the next thing you're aware of is David nudging you back to reality... it's late and it's time for you to leave. He helps you on with your coat and once more you're climbing into his car, shivering a little in the night air.

He drives carefully back, telling you he hopes it won't be too long before he can be with you again. All too soon, he's drawing up outside your home... the house is in darkness but you know your parents will be lying awake, wondering if you're okay.

David parks the car and turns to face you. He's smiling and you know he's enjoyed the evening as much as you have.

The strain of waiting is over, the evening is over and you can't believe it's really happened to you after months of wishing and hoping that David would finally notice you... and want to be with you.

He winds a curl of your hair round his finger and leans towards you. He's kissing you goodnight...

Suddenly, you wake... sun is streaming through your window, birds are singing outside, but you feel heavy with sleep... then it's hitting you—it was only a dream... the whole fantastic evening never happened.

You sit bolt upright with shock, wanting to cry. It was so vivid... so clear—how could it all be for nothing!

Then you smile silently to yourself, for you know only too well that dreams often have a habit of coming true...

