

Scribble In

Jean would love to hear from you! A poem, joke, amusing story or question about your favourite star — just send it in! The address is Jean, It's Here and Now, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. And we pay a hundred pence for any letter we publish.

My mum started objecting to all my Donny and David posters I have up in my bedroom, but good ole' dad was on my side. He humorously reminded mum about the pics she used to have: James Mason, Stewart Granger and Dirk Bogarde, all went on their honeymoon with her. So need I say it? I still have my posters on the wall!

N.J. Beavers, Yorks.



My dad does not like pop music, and he has written a poem about Marc Bolan; Sorry Marc fans, but the poem is rather good!

Some million years ago, or more,
There roamed the dreaded dinosaur.
But he, though deadly, fell extinct,
Because he never learned to think.

Alas, once more we see T.Rex,
But plastic on his armoured decks.
And we need never to call on,
Help against the anachronous Bolan.
Poor Marc, our new Tyrannosaurus,
Will never kill, but only bore us (older ones)

Kevin McDade, Yorkshire.



G is for Gary that wonderful guy
A is for awards he piles them high
R is for rock n' roll parts one and two
Y is for yeah I wanna touch you

G is for glitter of course he must
L is for light when he shines so bright
I is for I'm the Leader of the Gang
T is for Taurus the wonderful sign
T is for Top of the Pops he's been on so many times
E is for everlasting his name will be
R is for real he always is to me.

A G.G. Fan, Middles.

Please print these letter as you are our last hope.
There's a fantastic boy in our class called Winfred Potter, but unfortunately he never seems to notice us.
We are in the second year of Dwr-y-Felyn Comprehensive in Neath, and we are writing this as a last hope that he will notice us.

Karen Baker and Lynne Davis, Glamorgan.

All you have to do now is sit back and wait, and hope he buys It's Here!



It's David Bowie, need I say more?
He's the only one that I'll ever adore.
From the pictures printed of him I seek,
I know that's the man I long to meet.
With sexy eyes and finely cut hair;
Enough to drive any woman spare.
Those features of his are so divine
Oh! how I wish that he were mine.
In pics' he stands there with sax in hand,
No wonder he's in such demand.
And now to end all I can say,
Please print more pics' of him today.

Irene Purtridge, B'ham.

I have a budgie which is two years old, and I call him Donny. A very good name for him as he loves Donny's voice. He sings along to his songs on the radio, but not as tunelessly! Once he starts he won't shut up and he only sits on his perch and sulks if we turn the radio off! What can you do with a bird like that?

V. Morgan, Co. Durham.

Give him singing lessons, and he may not sound so bad if you're lucky!!!

If I were given a wish to make,
That any super-star I could date,
The one I'd pick without a doubt.
His name all weeny-bopper shout.
It's David, with his Cassidy smile;
His slender body and handsome profile,
Whose every disc turns to gold.
When all it's copies are to us sold.
We all need dreams even if never to come true,
But to accomplish your wish is up to you.

Tracy Kent, Cheshire.



I have written a song for you; sing it to the tune of Jingle Bells!

Osmond songs; Osmond songs; Osmonds all the way,
Oh what fun it would be to ride a sleigh with Jay.
Alan's sweet; Merrill's cute, Wayne's built perfectly,
But Donny you're the only one, the only one for me.

Sharon Turtle, Wiltshire.

I'd like to tell you about a teacher at my old school. He taught French and was very nice. We all used to comment among each other on what a nice hair style he had. Little did we know it was a wig he was wearing. Until one day, we saw him walking across the playground while it was very windy and the wig flew off. The hair underneath I can't tell you much about, as there wasn't any!!!

Abigail Baker, Dorset.



The other day when I was out in the garden with my little brother, my mum came running out. "David Cassidy's fallen off!" she cried.

"Oh no," I said. "Is he hurt, when did you hear, was it on the tele??" Suddenly mum started laughing. "No silly, I was dusting your room and one of your pics came down, bringing all the others with it!"

Karen Wigg, Essex.