



# DAVID ARRESTED!

*The huge auditorium was filled to the brim with thousands of anxious teenagers. They were getting restless; they had come to see David Bruce Cassidy perform and they were tired of waiting for him to appear. Something in the air indicated that tonight was somehow different; the usual cries of "We want David" lacked the friendliness typical of a David Cassidy audience.*

*Backstage, a tired and trembling David waited for his cue. "Do you think it'll be alright?" he asked his road manager fearfully. "Somehow, it feels dangerous out there," he mused.*

*"Don't worry, David. I've checked everything out and it's fine. Nobody can get hurt." David's road manager gave him a comfortless pat on the shoulder and David shuddered involuntarily. Why was this audience so different from his normally friendly and adoring fans? The last few concerts had been rough for him—"fans" had rushed the stage, screaming, crying and tearing at him. Something was really wrong tonight—David felt it in the bottom of his stomach, even though he couldn't really verbalize it.*

*"O.K., David, you're on." David felt himself being propelled forward by his friendly road manager, but he couldn't really see anything.*

*He was in a cold sweat—the fear was gnawing at him and he didn't know what to do about it. Mechanically the words to I'm Here, You're Here came from his mouth, but, in fact, he was concentrating on the crowd. As he glided back and forth across the stage, his eyes swept over the audience—yup, they weren't an ordinary audience. They were tougher, and, they weren't really listening. David swung into Stop and thought—ironically—that's exactly what he wished he could do. The crowd was on its feet now—completely ignoring the instructions to stay seated. David wondered if he could just run off the stage and never come back—but he knew that wasn't possible. Hordes of fans were swelling towards him—they seemed to all belong to one massive body. His fingers turned to ice around the microphone and he was silently amazed that any sound came out of his mouth at all.*

*When it happened, nobody was prepared for it. The barriers separating David from the crowd gave way without a sound, and suddenly the stage was filled with bodies twisting and turning, pushing and shoving toward David, who had seemed only a few short moments ago to fill the entire stage with his mere presence. Now he was swallowed up by the crowd which was chanting, "Get him! Get*