

him! Get him!"

David said hello to the rough-looking man standing angrily in front of him, but before he could hear a reply, everything went black. In the meantime, the band had stopped playing, the house lights were on, there were sirens screaming outside, policemen blowing whistles were crawling all over the stage, and the entire auditorium was in pandemonium.

When David woke up, he had a terrible headache. He couldn't see very well, either, but what he saw made him cringe. Six blue uniforms were standing around him. He tried to pick up his head, but he couldn't. "That's all right, son, just stay where you are," a not-too-kind voice said. David sank back on the cot and closed his eyes again. The room began to swim and he fought to control it.

In the distance, he could hear his road manager saying, "But officer, those charges are ridiculous—David didn't do anything to incite a riot—all he did was perform in his usual manner. You can't arrest him for doing his job."

"Sorry, young man, but that's not the way the law works. This never would have happened if it hadn't been for that young man there," The officer nodded in David's direction. "He's responsible—not the crowd."

"What about the fifteen people you took in with them? I suppose they were guiltless for climbing over the barrier, rushing the stage, and knocking David unconscious?"

"Don't worry, they'll spend the night in jail, too, along with your friend."

David blacked out again at the mention of jail. Jail? Jail! What was he, David Cassidy, doing in jail? It didn't make any sense.

When he came to again, he was in his hotel room, but he had no idea how long he had been asleep. "Relax, David, it's O.K., now. Just close your eyes and don't try to talk." David's road manager placed a cold towel on his forehead.

"Hey, but man, where am I? What time is it? What happened?"

"It's 2:00 A.M. You're back in your hotel room. The crowd rioted, and the police in this town tried to arrest you. But they couldn't, for lack of evidence. After all, you didn't 'incite a riot.' They rioted."

"Me, arrested?! It's ludicrous . . ." and David rubbed his eyes, thankful that it was all a bad dream.

