

"I DON'T WANT YOUR LOVE"

by David

"Well, I don't WANT your love!" David murmured out loud as he threw a crumpled piece of paper into the wastebasket.

"What did you say?" Sam asked. "You know," he laughed, "it sound-

or-less typical letter. But that's the kind of letter you love reading! Whatever made you say you didn't want her love?"

David reached into the wastebasket and retrieved the crumpled letter. He tossed it into Sam's lap

even getting married! I really like dreaming about that! Of course, if you were dating me steadily or we were engaged, you'd have to cut down on your schedule because we'd want to have some time together. Wouldn't that be fun? We'd get



ed like you said . . ."

"That's just what I said," David cut him off. "That was a letter from a fan."

"Why the strong reaction?" Sam looked surprised. "Did she say something against you?"

"No, not at all! She told me a little about herself, her family and friends, and she told me she loved me!"

Sam scratched his head and moved a little closer. He opened his mouth to talk, then closed it again and looked at David's scowling face.

22 "Okay. That sounds like a more-

and said, "Uncrumple and read."

By now Sam was really curious, and while straightening out the pages the first page ripped in half.

"That's okay," David said. "She was just introducing herself there. Read the second and third pages."

Sam tilted the wrinkled pages toward the light and started to read out loud. "Let's see . . . 'I think about you all the time and love to listen to your records alone in my room.' What's wrong with that?"

"That's not it . . . keep going."

"Okay. 'I dream about our meeting and dating, getting engaged and

married and live in a secluded cottage with no fans to bother you, no more hectic schedules—it'd just be you and me!' " Sam pursed his lips. "Oh, that's what you meant?"

RESTRICTIONS . . . RESTRICTIONS!

"Sure—doesn't that make you mad? How can someone say they love someone else and then place so many restrictions on them? She must be a fan, right? Well, then she must know how important my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56