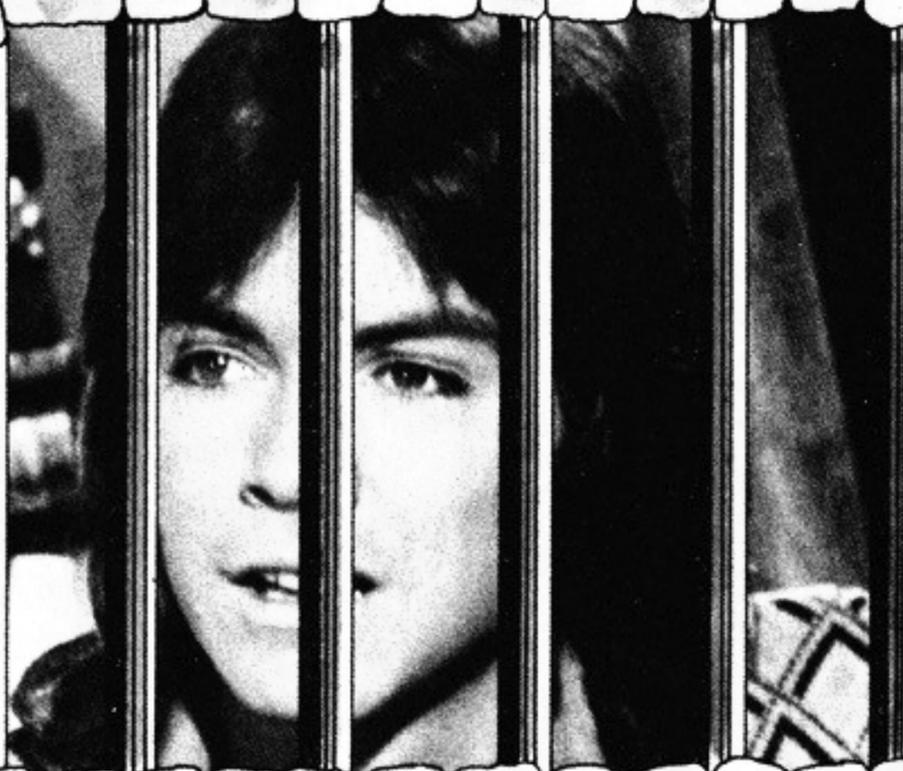


David Cassidy: "I'm Trapped By Your Love!"



Sometimes a lesson of unselfish love can be taught by very young people. This story is about that kind of love and that kind of lesson.

It was nice to be alone for a change. Really nice, David thought as he unlocked his front door and stepped inside the dark house. When he switched on a light he noticed the pink envelope on the floor and bent to pick it up.

"TO DAVID" read the large black letters. He wasn't surprised. It wasn't the first time a fan had managed to get up to his home and leave a note under the door. Absently, he carried it into the kitchen and stuck it up on the windowsill. He wasn't thinking of fan mail right now—but about what a hard week it had been!

They had been shooting on locations around the city all week long, and it really had been rough. Scenes that would have been simple to do at the studio had been complicated because of setting them up, the lighting, and the constant crowds of people looking on.

The change had been fun at first, David reflected, as he opened a cola and returned to the living room to flop down on the couch. But after a while, the constant interruptions had gotten to him. He had missed the quiet solitude of his dressing room, and the new piece of music he'd started had remained unfinished as he found himself giving every spare minute to meeting this person and that one, giving interviews, posing for pictures, etc.

TRAPPED FEELING!

He loved seeing his fans, and having the opportunity to know them better. But there were times, especially during the past few days, when he had almost felt—well—*trapped!* He tried so hard to be fair to all of them—to give out as many autographs and smile for as many pictures as he could! There never seemed to be enough time and en-

ergy for all of them, though!

Well now he was alone, and he was just going to relax and unwind. David realized suddenly that he was very, very hungry. He had only had a chance to nibble on some fruit at lunchtime. He knew exactly what he was going to fix himself for dinner, too. Spaghetti!

Whistling under his breath and smiling now, he banged around the pots and pans in the kitchen as he concocted his own special sauce. Pretty soon he had it simmering on the stove, and as he sniffed the fragrant smell he wondered briefly if he should invite a friend over for dinner. No! He'd just enjoy some solitude for a change!

HAD TO GO OUT

As he went to put on some of his favorite music, a sudden thought brought him back to the kitchen, digging through the cabinets. Darn! No spaghetti! Well, he'd run out right away and pick some up at the market down the street!

The small store was uncrowded, and David was thinking how fortunate that was as he paid for his purchase and turned to leave.

"It's David Cassidy!" Suddenly there were three girls standing in front of him, their eyes wide with excitement. "It's *you!*"

"Hi girls, nice to see you!" David waved and began to move off.

"Oh please... won't you give us your autograph?" begged one. Their faces looked so crestfallen at the thought he'd refuse that he couldn't say no. He managed a smile, and shifting his bag under his arm he waited patiently while they dug through their purses looking for a pen and paper.

It had happened again, and David felt so ashamed of the trapped feeling he had that he made an extra effort to be nice to the girls. They chatted for a while, and then walked out to his car with him, looking after him as he sped away.

This time when David opened the door, he was greeted by the smell of something burning. His worst

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