

Girl Talk

Lyn and Eve were looking fantastic the day they dropped in at the HIT! offices to tell us about their Great American Adventure—tanned, looking really healthy and full of the joys of life.

"Actually, all I've done since I got back home is talk about America! You'd think it was on another planet the way people go on about it," Eve laughed. "It's a beautiful country . . . very big, very fast moving. In fact, everything seems to be twice the size it is here, Hamburgers included!"

"We met lots of American girls there who were just as keen to know about the British way of life—what the best brands of make-up are and the best places to shop.

"On the whole, I prefer English clothes to American . . . or perhaps it's because I always find what I'm looking for in the shops here at home. I don't like to dress too loudly or flashily and I think that's what put me off some of the American boutiques . . . although I did manage to buy a few things."

Lyn nodded in agreement. "American girls dress very well . . . most of them are great outdoor types and are very into the jeans thing. But they always looked feminine even if they were dressed just in denims and a t-shirt!"

"I loved America . . . the beautiful apartments there. I hope we'll go back there someday soon!"

"Me too!" laughed Eve. Lucky ladies!



DAVID ON MY MIND

It's in my imagination, this scene before my eyes. There is a girl walking at your side, a tall, dark girl, whose hair is streaming down her back in the wind. You are holding her hand and it is obvious to everyone who passes you that you are in love with her.

The girl is me . . . I am wearing a dress I've dreamed about for a long time, in brown voile . . . It is as light as a butterfly's wing as it trails behind me. Somehow, sometime, I don't know when, you noticed me and came to me and we have been together ever since.

I have been pretending that you meant nothing to me before, but in reality I have felt this way for months. It wasn't easy when most of the time you were only a pin-up in magazines. But in my mind you are real and alive and now the impossible has happened. How can it be real . . . that someone

like me can have someone like you? Everything about you is as I imagined it would be, so the dream continues . . . we walk away together, to some place we have made our home. No one knows you, no one even gives you a second glance. You're just David, a man in the street with the girl he loves. It's a misty street and as we walk towards the end, the mist hides us from the view of others . . .

You take me in your arms and all I know is that you are there . . . the world slips away. Your eyes are kind and gentle and when you look at me I feel that there are no secrets between us. And then you turn, your hand leaves mine, please, please don't go . . .

And the dream disappears, as it always does, and sometimes I smile at myself for being so stupid as to think it could ever happen. Because it's only my imagination . . .

