



Living With DAVID



Miary of a mad roommate: August is the hottest month in Los Angeles. August is the month when I have the hardest time adjusting to any kind of change...or even motion. My idea of a nice August is to spend the days standing in front of the refrigerator and the nights lying on my bed, *thinking* about standing in front of the refrigerator.

So naturally David, whose usual energy level is on a par with that of a hyperactive mushroom, has been a dynamo.

Take last Monday.

It was the kind of day when you wake up, look around, and try to go back to sleep because the prospect of getting up is about as enjoyable as the Thanksgiving oven is to the turkey. And almost as hot.

Normally, on a day like that, I coax myself into consciousness, with thoughts like swimming in a vat of chocolate ice-cream, or riding bareback on a polar bear across the Arctic Circle. After three or four of these frigid fantasies, I suddenly find a burst of energy and get one—or sometimes even both—eyes open.

And, taking it slowly, I go on from there, until I'm actually standing up—

right with as little sway as possible, and I'm ready to face the challenges of the day.

But last Monday, it wasn't like that at all. I was **ripped** from sleep (like a kitten picked up by the scruff of the neck) by the sound of the power lawnmower at exactly 6:21 AM. I shot out of bed, clawing vainly at the ceiling, figuring that the rockets were landing and it was all over...until I realized from the familiar sound of metal striking stone, what was going on. David was mowing the rocks in the back yard.

(I should explain that we've been meaning to get those rocks out ever since we moved in, but... Anyway,

"What," I demanded, "are you doing?" David looked down at the mower, and then back at the path of short grass and strewn stones he had left behind him. "I thought I was mowing the lawn," he said.

TEST THE WIND

"Do you have any idea what time it is?" He squinted up at the sun, put his finger in his mouth and then held it upright to test the wind, turned and checked out the position of his shadow, made a rapid calculation in the air, and then looked at his watch. "It's six-twenty-six," he said, "and you've been awake four whole minutes already. Doesn't that make you feel good?"



DAVID, SHEESH and their hairy friend—me! I must admit it's a little hot during the summer; with that logic, I'll shave now that fall's coming!



CAN YOU picture David mowing the lawn at 6:30 in the morning??

it's impossible to mow the lawn without decapitating several thousand small boulders.)

I ran out the door, shouting at David to cease and desist, but the stony uproar was too great and he didn't even know I was there until I moved around in front of the mower and stood directly in his path.

He was doing the famous "mower dance" which is a little step he and I have developed to avoid having our cute little ankles broken to bits by large flying stones when we mow the lawn, and so it took him a minute to turn the thing off so I could begin getting a few words in edgewise.

"It's the health food," I said. "I knew all those health foods would ruin you. Nothing good has ever come from bran. WHY IN THE WORLD ARE YOU MOWING THE LAWN AT THIS HOUR?"

"Idle hands are the devil's playground," quoth David, "and besides it'll be too hot later. Look out for your feet, my man." And he turned the thing on again and aimed it directly for me, spewing rocks like broken teeth in all directions.

That was the beginning. In the intervening week, he has washed all the windows, weeded the entire patio (which left almost no grass at all),