

haunts me from time to time. I guess it's one that you can all relate to, as it's one that most of us think of from time to time. It's just that there are certain people in the world who I love, my family, for instance, and that horrible thought of them getting sick really does scare me. My family are so close to me, and for one of them not to be well makes me feel unwell. As it happens, my mother had a bug—some kinda cold—a while back, and although it was obviously nothing serious, it got me worried, and I was rushing round to see her about twice a day. Luckily, she got over it in a few days. I think I'm probably a bit too soft and sentimental, but that's the way I am, and there's nothing I can do about it. Really I'd rather be like that and have feeling for people, than be the opposite and be really hard. That's something you see quite a bit of in showbusiness. People change rapidly, and that's sad, don't you

think?

One instance I can recall of how upset I can get is when my dog died. I cried a lot after it passed away—and although some guys would be ashamed to admit that, I'm not. It was my true feelings for an animal that had given me so much love. Dogs are incredibly loving animals if you treat them with love and kindness. It's so fantastic to come home and be greeted by an excited dog who's happy to see you. Mine was marvellous—I'll never forget it!

Getting back to my private nightmares once more, I suppose there are two more I should tell you about before I close this letter. At one time I used to be really scared of growing old, but now I don't think I am scared of it anymore, so really it's not a nightmare. It's not a very nice thought when you look into the future, say fifty years, and imagine what you'll be like. That is so frightening. Now I've managed to come to terms with



that nightmare, because my feelings on the subject are that if you have a full and happy life, then it is possible to look back when you're old and recall all the good times.

Now on to my final nightmare. It's a fear of losing my voice. You can imagine how bad that would be for me, can't you? Singing is so

very important to me. It's a way of communicating.

To share a problem sometimes manages to halve it, and I think I've managed to do just that by knowing that you've read about them. I thank you and send each one of you a kiss

# Letters at it!

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## PAPER CHASE

I don't know if most people are aware of the fact that in the world today there is a great paper shortage. If nothing is done about this crisis many newspapers and magazines may have to cease publication. This is a terrible thought 'cos I'd hate to do without my copy of *Mirabelle* each week. However, there is something that all of us can do to ease the situation. Persuade your family not to throw old newspapers straight into the dustbin. Instead leave a big bag by the side of the dustbin, and get everyone to use it for discarded newspapers and magazines. Then when the

dustmen come to collect the refuse they'll put these newspapers and mags into a separate part of their van so it can be repulped. It's only a small thing for us to organise, but if we all pulled together it would make a great difference.  
Mandy Hawkins,  
Eastbourne, Sussex.

## SCAREDY CAT

Our cat, Marmaduke, often jumps into the empty bath to lick the drops of water around the taps. However, one day he made a big mistake. I'd run my bath, turned off the taps, and gone to find a clean towel in the airing cabinet.

Imagine my surprise when I went back into the bathroom and found Marmaduke about to leap into the bath, obviously eager to get a few drops of water. I gave out a warning yell—but I was too late. Marmaduke had taken the plunge! But as his paws touched the water he realised his mistake, and immediately jumped out again. That'll teach him, won't it?  
Tricia Grayson,  
Leicester.

## HOW SHORT SIGHTED!

When my mum goes out she refuses to wear her glasses. Well, last week she went to the super-

market and spent five minutes chatting to a woman she'd never seen before! Apparently Mum thought it was our next door neighbour. Still she and this stranger found they had a lot in common, and are now good friends. So all ended well.  
Cathy Waters,  
Glasgow.

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