

living with David



by his friend **SAM HYMAN**



WANT TO KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO DAVID—EVEN THE PERSONAL, INTIMATE THINGS? HIS FRIEND AND ROOMMATE SAM HYMAN KNOWS ALL & TELLS ALL EVERY MONTH!



Al right, the first thing I want to say is that I'm not responsible for any misspellings or typographical errors. This particular chapter may get a little wierd from time to time, but don't blame me. I'm typing with not one, but *two* sore—and thickly bandaged—fingers. And I don't want to get any letters about the mistakes this month.



AH, BLISS! Did you think David did "important" things on days off?

Albert bit me. In point of fact, Alber bit me *twice*, once on each index finger. And, although I've kept it a secret up till now, my index fingers are the *only* fingers I can type with. I know that you probably think of me as sitting here with all ten fingers flying nimbly across the keyboard, but that's not the way it is.

In truth, I hunt for each key I strike like a cheater in a class hunting for a right answer. And I *find* the right key about as often as that guy finds the right answer. I'm just glad no one is grading this column.

But, by now you're probably asking, "*who* bit him?" and wondering why I sort of left it hanging up there at the front of the last paragraph. Well, pain does strange things to a man's mind,



YOUR friend me doing hard labor.

and I'd forgotten that I'd already told you about Albert until I just stopped a second ago and read over what I'd written.

Albert. Albert is David's new pet.

A NEW PET

Not satisfied with dragging home every strag dog west of the Rocky Mountains, David has broadened the horizons of our little household with a

new pet. His new pet is not a dog... not a cat... in fact, it's not even a *mammal*.

Now I don't know about you, but of all the possible animals on the face of the earth, I like the mammals *best*; there's just something about fur and soulful eyes and the fact that they live on dry land that I *trust*. I mean, with a dog, or a cat, or a hamster, or even a white rat, I feel somehow like I have something in *common*, you know what I mean?

But what do I—or *you*, for that matter—have in common with an *alligator*?

I first noticed Albert late one night as I was about to step into the bathtub to take a shower. Let me tell you right now, that is the *wrong* time to notice an alligator for the first time. My reaction was swift and appropriate.

"AAAAARRRRRRGHHHHHHHH." I yelled. "There's an *alligator* in here!"

And, in fact, there was; only about ten inches long, but ten inches of alligator is *more* than enough alligator.



WITH ALL THAT water around, David chose our bathtub for his friend!!