

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!

The End. Should olde acquaintance be forgot, the party's over, till we meet again, and, in general, good-bye.

This is the last installment of the longest serial since *Flash Gordon*. I'm hanging up my typewriter and going straight. From now on, the only writing I'll be doing is the Secretary of the Treasury's signature on occasional counterfeit fives and tens, and my name (or David's if I'm lucky enough to have his driving license on me) on the bottom of speeding tickets.

But why? I can hear you asking, *how can you do this to us?* Or maybe you're yawning. Anyway, what it all comes down to is that I've gradually come to the conclusion



BIRTHDAY MEMORIES! There's nothing I can "tattle" to you about David & his fans. He loves you all in no uncertain terms, for sure!



HERE'S A cute hand puppet from among his birthday presents! It's hard to believe that David's all of 24 years old, I've know him so long. See that puppet? Know what he makes it say? I'll save that story for another time!

that I'm not *really* a writer. I mean, I can type okay, and I know where to put commas and how to write a sentence, but I'm no Hemingway.

I told David about my decision, and his reaction was simple and profound. He was laying on his bed—I have a theory that his bedspread has attached itself to him and he can't get up without me knowing it—and I came in and told him the momentous news, and he put his hands behind his head, looked up at the ceiling, and said:

"Huh."

THE REAL SCOOPS!

And so, inspired by that reaction, I've decided to turn treacherous and delve into my little brown notebook so I can pass on to you all the things that have happened in the last thirty years (or however long I've been writing this) that I decided I

couldn't tell you at the time they happened.

In other words, as they say on the covers of certain magazines that really ought to be turned back into trees, here comes the *inside scoop*!

These are things that David will *kill* me for telling you, but after learning how much it matters to him that the saga of his life will no longer be appearing in print, who cares?

THING NUMBER ONE: David walks in his sleep. I first found this out about two years ago, when I woke from a sound sleep to see a ghost glide past my doorway. Now, I'm a coward, but I'm also curious... and so I got up and peeked out the door of my room to see what the spirit was up to—and imagine my surprise when I realized it had *one sock on, and one bare foot!*