



Living with David



by his friend **SAM HYMAN**

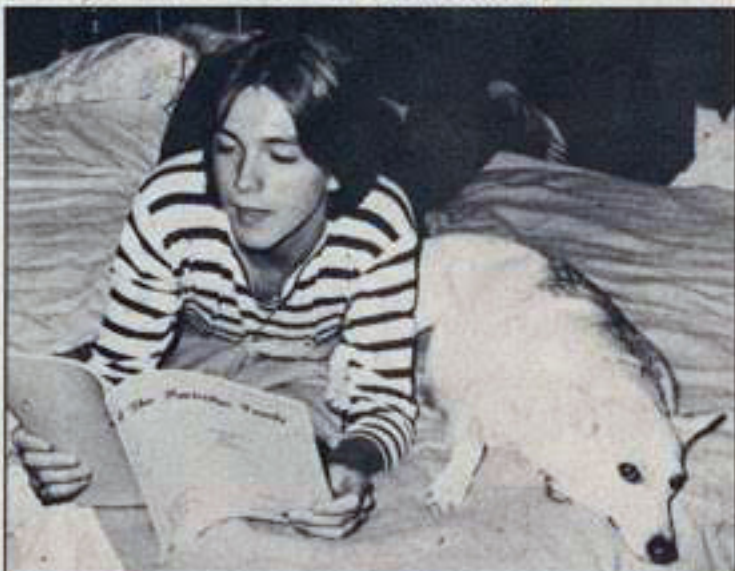


WANT TO KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO DAVID—EVEN THE PERSONAL, INTIMATE THINGS? HIS FRIEND AND ROOMMATE SAM HYMAN KNOWS ALL & TELLS ALL EVERY MONTH!

Ill bet you don't even know what a farkom is. To be perfectly honest, you're not alone. I didn't know myself until a few days ago. All I knew was that I had just spent the most boring month of my young life, and deadline time was fast approaching, and so little had happened that the only thing I had on paper was the title, and that doesn't require a great deal of thought, since it's the same every month.



DAVID'S enjoying a chance to relax and get his head together!



THIS is one of David's favorite pictures, it reminds him of so many evenings when he'd stretch out in bed, Sheesh next to him & study FF scripts!

But the title *does* place a certain obligation upon my slender shoulders. I mean, when the thing you're writing is called "Living With David," it's a safe bet that you're not expected to write a dazzling little piece on the history of Arctic exploration, or the causes of the Spanish-American War, or the reasons there are buttons on the cuffs of men's suits (although you should remind me to tell you that one sometime).

Basically, the title means I'm supposed to write about David, at least as I understand it. And that's not easy when the only thing he's done for the past four weeks is work to perfect his duck call, with occasional moments off for checking to see if the dent in the

living-room couch still matches his back perfectly.

WEEKS OF WAITING

After weeks of waiting for him to do something—change his shirt, water the lawn, *anything*—I decided to appeal to him directly.

I went into his room. He was laying on his back on the bed, a peanut-butter sandwich (partially demolished) resting on his chest. He had his hands over his mouth in a rather peculiar position.

"David . . ." I began.

"Listen," he said. "QUAAAAAAAAA-CCCKKKK!" He turned to me, face glistening with pride and exertion. "How was that?"

I sat down wearily. "I don't ask