

.....And then I fell asleep in David's arms

What is so special about this David Cassidy? I used to wonder about that. Back then, I only knew David from photos. To me, he was a pretty boy, an actor who sings and looks good. Well, who cares! He was definitely not my type. But my opinion about David Cassidy would change in an instant - when I got to know him personally, I discovered what makes David so special. That was about a year ago. I was just taking pictures with a photographer (I earn a little extra money on the side with it) when the phone rang in the studio. Peter—the photographer's name—was supposed to photograph David Cassidy's arrival at the airport. Don't you want to come along? ", he asked me. You can give David some flowers, that would be nice, wouldn't it? My first thought was: What a fuss over this guy! But then I became curious. What is someone like who knows that thousands of girls love him? That interested me. I went along. There I stood at the airport, my flowers in hand. And then he arrived. David! Man, is he small, I thought disappointedly as I approached him. And he still has pimples on his face. You don't have stuff like that at 20 anymore. And he also has makeup on. And super short hair as well. David and I were lying on the floor. I hadn't been paying attention, tripped over some suitcases, and literally knocked David to the ground. I was embarrassed. But David laughed. The bouquet of flowers, however, was in the bin. David helped me to my feet, we looked at each other - and I felt the sparks begin to fly. For me, it sparked right away. Sometimes you like someone at first sight, even if you might have this or that to criticise about their appearance. I immediately felt a connection. As did David too. Henry, the photographer who accompanied him, was brushing David's pants. Someone handed me a new bouquet. They were taking pictures. Due to our collision, we naturally made contact immediately. We went to the bus. David asked me what my name was. I answered, "Caline." David introduced me to Henry, his photographer, and then said, "And I am David."

I thought it was really sweet how he introduced himself. After all, he could have guessed that I knew who he was. On the bus, I was wedged between David and Henry. We were talking. my English wasn't so great, but David made an effort to speak slowly and clearly and to use few fancy words. I still remember exactly what we talked about. David asked me what I do, how old I am. He was incredibly nice, rather reserved, not at all arrogant. With his natural, unpretentious manner, he put me at ease. I immediately told him that I'm not a Cassidy fan. I think he liked that quite a bit. That he didn't try to convince me he was a great singer somehow impressed me. In the meantime, we had arrived in front of David's hotel. He quickly went upstairs to change for an interview. I waited on the bus. Although we hadn't talked about it, it was clear that I would accompany him. It got quite hectic, a huge commotion around David - many people, everyone was so loud. I just stood there, watched, and marvelled. I felt David slipping into his role as a star. He suddenly felt completely foreign to me; Earlier on the bus, I found him nicer. But still: I was extremely proud that it was precisely me whom David Cassidy was interested in.

Suddenly, I was in the bedroom of the famous Cassidy.

After two hours, it was all over. David, Henry, and I returned to the hotel accompanied by two bodyguards. Upon arriving in the room, David immediately turned on the television. There was a football match on. I was supposed to translate for David. But the speakers always talk so fast. I sat there and didn't know what to do. I could barely understand a word myself, and translating the technical terms was impossible. David laughed and went to the bathroom. Henry ordered the food in the meantime. That was quite a letdown. We had ordered toasted cheese sandwiches, but what we got were two toasted white breads with the cheese - which was ice-cold - slapped in between. Terrible! And then David and Henry also started arguing.

This photo with David was taken at the airport. At first, I was a bit disappointed with his appearance. But then it suddenly started to spark

David tried to eat vegetarian, that is, completely meat-free. But it wasn't easy for him. Henry thought what David was doing was nonsense. -I kept looking from one to the other, hoping they would stop soon. David finally went to the bathroom and took his vitamin pills; he takes them in large quantities because he is a health fanatic. Meanwhile, Henry had led me into David's bedroom and started taking pictures with me. Then David came, and Henry took pictures of both of us. David had planned to publish a book (I don't know if he ever did or still plans to), in which there are photos of him with girls, doing things he has done. For that, he also wanted these photos. So there I was in David Cassidy's bedroom, which was lavishly furnished with silk wallpaper. I had an inkling of where this would lead, but David and Henry were so nice and so funny. I didn't get the impression that it was a setup. After an hour, Henry left us alone. As if for fun, David took me in his arms and we were just goofing around a bit. Suddenly, we both lost control of our feelings - and that's how it happened. David never gave me the feeling that he was trying to take advantage of me or use me. I felt that he really liked me. He was so sweet and tender, and I was madly in love with him. David is a person. who not only cares about his own well-being, but he also wants to help others, that all the people he likes and who are around him are doing well. In David's arms, I fell asleep. After about two hours, the phone woke us up. Someone called to inform David that a table

Caline looks so sweet today. She says, "I will never forget David and wish him lots of luck in his life."