

at the discotech is reserved. David asked me if I felt like going out. I thought it was very sweet that he let me choose, and I said yes. If only I had known beforehand what would happen in the disco. But after all, I wasn't going there with just any boy, but with David Cassidy. When we arrived, I would have preferred to run away immediately. In no time, David was surrounded by a crowd of fans and all sorts of prominent people. Everyone wanted to snag a spot by his side. I kept myself somewhat aloof and watched as David transformed back into a "star." Now he belonged to his fans, let himself be admired, was funny, tralala. That was no longer the same David who had held me so tenderly in his arms half an hour ago. Why didn't he care a little bit about me?

After an hour, the commotion became too much for David as well. He pulled me onto the dance floor; they were playing one of his songs. I have always loved this song immensely, but until then, I didn't know it was by David. We both laughed heartily about it. Another thing I remember: David danced so oddly, so jerkily! Overall, there is a constant restlessness in him, he is a real bundle of nerves. —

After the dance, David had enough of the fuss. He took my hand, and we left. In his hotel room, David was then completely mine again. We talked, about him, about girls. I asked David if he has a girlfriend. He said no because it's so complicated to find a girl that really only likes him, that understands him and takes into account that he can't always be there for her. And that he needs a girl who gives him his freedom.

I had the impression that it surely gives him pleasure that so many girls adore and love him. But somehow it weighs on him because he knows exactly that they don't like David as a person, but his image, his appearance, and everything that surrounds him. I know how much David is deeply lonely inside, but he will never show it on the outside. He is too much into a role—he can't get out of it anymore. Maybe just far enough to leave his star airs behind, but not far enough to admit when he's really feeling down. What is David really like? A strong personality that can assert himself? Or does he feel constrained by his star status?

I haven't quite figured it out. In any case, he is a person who cares about the problems of others. I could even talk to him about my school troubles: Back then, I hated school. It had gotten late. David sent me home. I had to promise him firmly to go to school the next day. Otherwise, I wouldn't be allowed to come anymore, he threatened me. I hadn't thought that a star like David would be so strict about such things. But I would soon realise how serious he was with his admonition. Although I had promised him, I didn't go to school the next day. I couldn't think of anything other than David.

At one o'clock, I showed up at his hotel room. School is over, I said. David looked at me, and I just couldn't lie anymore. So I admitted that I had skipped school. My God, was David angry. He was so angry that I thought he was going to throw me out right then and there. Then Henry came. The two immediately got into an argument, picking up their debate from the previous evening. They argued fiercely about whether it was better to live a vegetarian lifestyle or not. Internally, I couldn't help but grin.

Our goodbye was long and painful.

David's entire anger was unleashed on Henry, and David was no longer angry with him. He also reconciled with Henry again.

Then David had to leave for the interview. I was left alone with Henry—he took a few more photos of me. Around half past four, David came back. He had to continue his tour to Paris.

Caline looks so sweet today. She says: I will never forget David and wish him much happiness in his marriage.

Right next to me, that's Nastassja Kinski, my best friend. Nasti, as I call her, was also the first to whom I told my love story with David.

A crazy hustle and bustle ensued. Tonnes of suitcases were lying around. David said that he would have loved to take me with him. But we both knew that it was impossible—after all, I had to go to school. With tears, I said goodbye to him. Our farewell was long and painful. It went back and forth, we couldn't part. David was already halfway into the taxi, got out again, and hugged me one more time. Back into the taxi, one last hug for David and a handshake for Henry. The taxi driver kept the engine running. One last kiss for David. Suddenly, Henry remembered that they didn't even know my address. Quickly, I wrote everything on a piece of paper, which Henry then tucked away. David said I'll call you back. Henry promised to send me a few photos. A final kiss from David through the car window, the taxi driver shifted gears and drove off. I stood there motionless, staring after the car until it disappeared. Somehow, in that moment, I felt that I would never see David again.

On the way home, I bought a Cassidy record. Arriving home, I placed it on the turntable and listened to it over and over again: all day, every day—I believe, for weeks. I thought of David, and it was a beautiful memory of tender moments.

He never called, which I actually didn't expect at all. I had already thought that he surely had a thousand other things to do.

In the meantime, David has gotten married. Did it give me a little sting? I thought about it for a long time. No, my feelings for David don't change because of that. When I read the news about his wedding, I just thought: I wish you lots of happiness, David!