

David Cassidy writes

personally to you

about a genuine, true-to-life shaggy dog story!



Hello, luvs!

I'm finally going to take the time to sit down and tell you one of my favorite stories in the world. I've been meaning to write about it for months, but I always get off on another subject. This time I'm going to do it or else!

Sorry to say, the 'adventure' didn't happen to me, which is probably for the best because I'd never have been able to keep a straight face. But it did happen to a very close friend, and it all began one day when his mother sent him to the bank to deposit her paycheck.

She had endorsed it and all that, but when his turn came up at the teller's window, it turned out that his mom signed it on the sort of flap-like thing that you detach from some types of paychecks and keep as a reference or receipt.

He smiled and tried to really be smooth and talk the girl into accepting the check as it was, but she insisted that it had to be signed properly.

Well, it was several miles home, and my friend was already late for something he had been planning to do. He just couldn't see driving all the way back just to get another signature. So, thinking fast, he said: "Oh well, she's just out in the car anyway. I'll go have her sign it again."

Then he walked on out of the bank, to his car, acting very nonchalant about the whole thing. Getting into his car, he found his huge gray and white sheepdog Scruffy sitting in the passenger side bucket seat, instead of sleeping in the back as

usual. But he didn't think anything about it at the time. He just sort of tried to edge Scruffy over so he'd have room to sign his mom's check.

I know that doesn't sound very legal, and probably isn't, but he knew his mother wouldn't mind, and he didn't have to fake her handwriting because they write exactly alike anyway. (Their handwriting looks mainly like chicken scratching with a parakeet or two thrown in. Which reminds me of a great poster I saw for some rock group whose name isn't coming through at the moment. It said, "Sounds so good it makes you want to pet a parakeet!" There I go, digressing again.)

So, there he is signing away when he just happens to look up and notice that the people in the bank are staring at him with the oddest looks on their faces. He'd totally forgotten that the building was all glass and that they could see everything that was going on in the parking lot.

He pretended to drop something on the floor and bent over, torn between laughing his head off and trying to get Scruffy to get in the back and out of sight. But, no such luck. All he could do was compose himself and walk back to the bank, leaving Scruffy sitting there not looking one bit like anyone's mother (except a batch of puppies, maybe).

I could never have done it, but he walked calmly back into the bank, presented the signed check to the teller who was now staring open-mouthed and stood there quietly while she transacted the deposit. She kept

looking at him, then out the window at Scruffy and then shaking her head, but she didn't say a word. Still, he could hear the thoughts racing through her mind. Like, is his mother wearing the wildest fur coat I've ever seen in my life, or going to a costume party as a polar bear or, is it just possible that his mother is a sheepdog?

These days, one never knows, and she accepted the check because she was probably afraid not to. (My friend's mother might have jumped out of the car and caused a scene by barking ungraciously in the air-conditioned dignity of the bank.)

My friend somehow managed to continue keeping a straight face for a minute or two, but by the time he'd driven a block or so, he was laughing so hard, he tells me he had to stop the car, get out and roll around on someone's lawn. And somehow, after re-listening to this favorite story I'm inclined to believe him!

Love,

