

David Cassidy writes

personally to you

... about some more of his rather weird (and very uncanny) dreams!

Hello, luvs!

Remember when I wrote about dreams and told you all about the spy stories that went on at night in my head when I was a kid? Well, in case you missed that one (and aren't you lucky), I then got off on the subject of ESP-type dreams, called, of course, espies!

I told you about dreaming that I was in a certain house I'd never been in (what was that?) but I won't go into that again (see, luck is still with you). What I do want to talk about are the two other espy dreams I had which I'm still wondering about.

The alarm clock usually rings around 6 am when we're filming *The Partridge Family* and you'd think that on mornings when I can sleep I'd be totally dead to the world. Not so. Not so all the time, anyway, because I tend to wake up every now and then, thinking it's time to go to work. Then I realise it's not work day and dive peacefully back into bed. When I do have to get up soon, and I won't get mad if you don't believe this, I don't have to look at the clock to see if it's time yet. I can tell time in my head! (Where else would one tell time, come to think of it?)

What I mean is, if I concentrate I can sort of picture the clock in my mind and see where the hands are. And if I turn on the light I'm usually right. Well, okay. Sometimes.

Seriously, this does happen to me, and I used to get the shivers about it until I read a book where the author explained why this sort of thing happens. He said that because we live by the clock, the subconscious mind is acutely aware of the time as it passes, and when that part of your mind is close to the sur-

face, like when you're asleep, well, you get the idea. I don't know if that's a lot of rubbish or not, but it's interesting when you think about it.

If I don't stop talking I'm not going to have room for my two dreams again and will have to continue this into still another column.

Actually, they weren't so much dreams as flashes. It was on one of those restless-type mornings when I didn't have to get up and kept waking up, thinking I did and then going back to sleep. I was just snoozing back into dreamland when I suddenly saw my car. There was this totally clear picture of my car in my mind and my left front tire was flat as a pancake. The picture was gone in an instant, and I went all the way back to sleep.

The next time I woke up was because I had another sudden flash, or mini-dream or whatever they're called. This one was like a picture, too. I had been reaching into a cardboard box of some kind, and pulled my hand back in a big hurry because something bit it! In my dream I yanked the box open completely, and there was this bug sitting there eyeing me as if to say "hey, get lost or I'll bite you again!"

Not exactly nightmares or anything, just weirdies. But now it really gets weird. Just guess what happened when I went out to get into my car a few hours later. The left front tire didn't have one ounce of air in it. I about jumped out of my skin because the dream came back to me and I knew there was no way I could have known the tire was flat. It was fine when I came home the night before, and I hadn't been outside since and

can't possibly see the car from my bedroom window. Brrr.

I forgot all about the other dream until a few days later I was about to start ploughing through this big carton I keep putting my important stuff in so I won't lose it. (I call the box my 'office'.) Do you believe that when I opened it, there was a spider sitting right on top, glaring at me?

Believe me, I didn't stick my hand in there!

Now how do you figure all that? A friend of mine feels that we are all psychic and don't know what's going to happen next only because we won't let the information through the barriers we've built up. Once in a while, a little filters in while we're in a vulnerable state. Course, I don't know if I can buy that since he also thought the asteroid Icarus was going to collide with the earth a year or so ago. (It didn't, or hadn't you heard?)

Oh well, we all have weirdies and espies, I'm sure and now that you've heard mine, how about telling me yours?

Love,

David Cassidy

