

## David's smooth moves will have you in stitches — not to mention HIM!

Hello, Jural

I've just been reading back through a few of my past columns (I needed the sleep), and there seems to be a surplus of crazy things that have happened to some of my crazy friends. It further seems that it's about time I told you about another of my own smooth moves.

As I'm sure you know, a smooth move is one of those hilariously humiliating experiences which makes you want to crawl into a large hole and pull it in after you. And what better lead into one of my favourite stories about a time I made a real twit of myself.

It was quite a while ago, and I guess if it happened now I wouldn't have felt so totally stupid.

I had been going out with a certain girl quite a bit and I thought a lot of her. But we were having problems and we decided to get together one evening and try to iron them out. That's what we did, and our final decision was not to see each other any more. I didn't like this idea at all, but you know, you have to keep your cool and all that.

We'd been driving around in her car, talking, and when she took me back to my car, I decided I'd say something really meaningful and dramatic when I got out. Then I'd close the door and walk off into the sunset (violin, get ready).

Okay, picture this. She pulls up behind my car. I look at her for a moment, not saying anything. I put my hand on the door handle. I open the door, still

looking at her. I step out gracefully (oh sure). I bend down, look back into the car and say my line (just never you mind what it was!). With this, I close the door, turn away, and fall into a hole.

I'm laughing all over the place right now, just remembering my big moment. But right then it sure wasn't funny! One second I was Mr Cool and the next I was sitting in a hole, having turned one ankle so badly I didn't think I could get up! She came running out of the car the moment I disappeared from view and don't think that wasn't embarrassing too!

One of my other colossal dumb-dumbs also happened in a parking lot (what is it with me and parking lots?). When I was just getting started in acting, I got taken to lunch by some rather important people. In the first place, I was scared to death, but I somehow got through the whole thing reasonably together. But you know how it is when something you've been unnerved by is just about over! Well, I got sort of shaky inside, probably from joy that the ordeal is nearly finished. Then I let my guard down a bit and that again was my first mistake.

When we came out of the restaurant into the parking lot, we stopped to chat just a little more right beside their car. Then they got in and said a few more things to me while I was just standing there with my hand leaning on the top of their car.

It wasn't until they started pulling away that I realised my own car keys had been in that hand and that they were now riding out of the parking lot on the top of the car. I tried to call to them (the people, not the keys) in a rational fashion so they'd stop, but they must have just thought I was saying good-bye because they waved pleasantly and sped off down Sunset Blvd!

Naturally, I didn't have a second set of keys (that would have been far too rational), and while I was waiting for the travelling locksmith to come, I thought of all the things I should have done like run hysterically after them, or screamed like a banshee (what is a banshee anyway?).

But no, instead I paid over twenty dollars for two new keys (which I could ill afford and that's putting it politely), one for the ignition and one for the trunk—whoops—boot, and drove away in a blue funk, promising never to speak to myself again. But, I do, and what more, I answer!

Love,



# David Cassidy

writes personally to you

