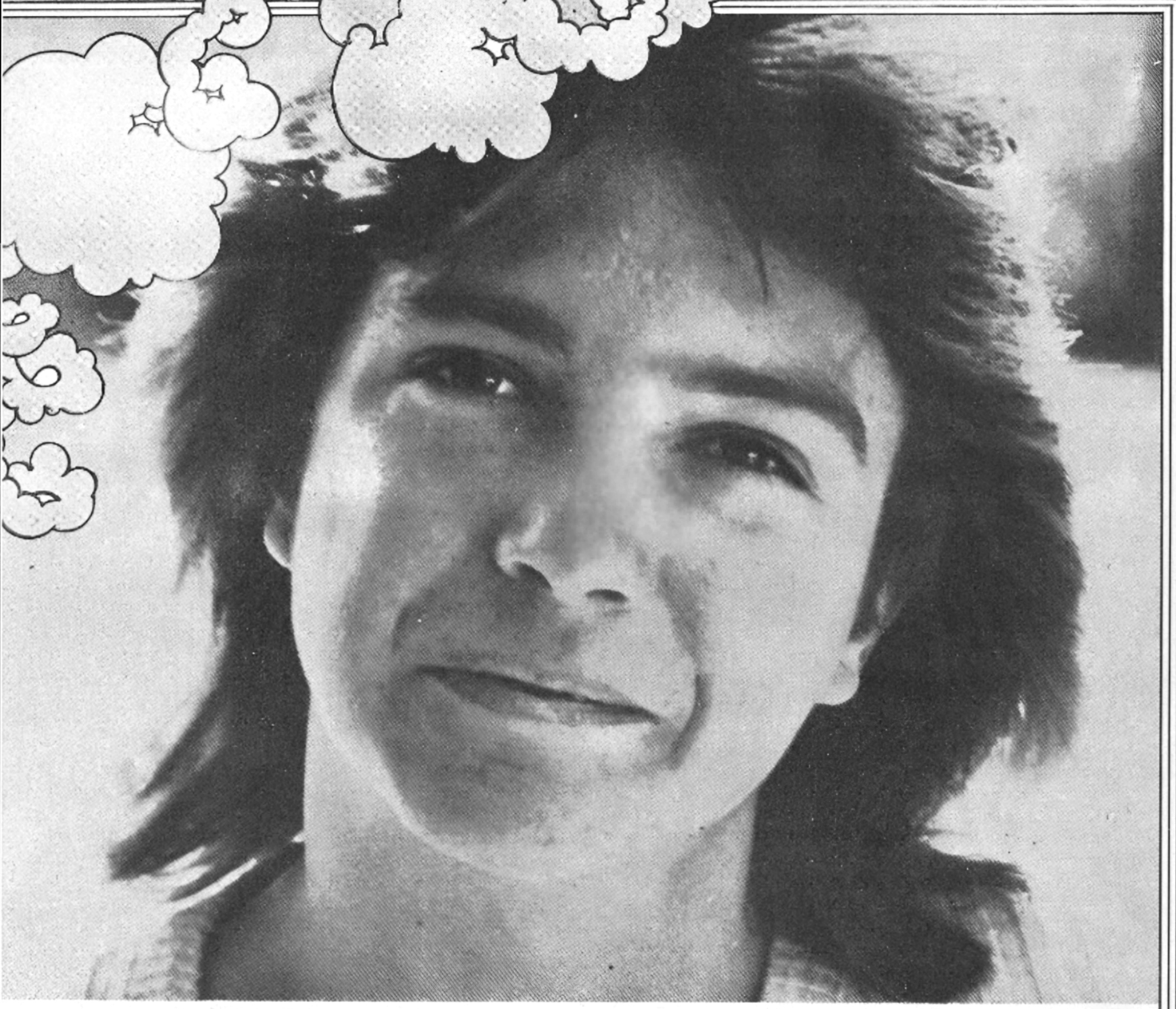
A DREAM COME



IF DAVID CAME TO YOUR HOUSE

Everyone's gone out and you're just settling down to spend a rather lonely evening at home washing your hair and maybe watching some television, then there's a knock at the door.

With sinking heart, you remember that awful boy from the youth club said he might pop round—he just wouldn't take the hint, so you just said okay, never thinking he'd come. Slowly with downcast eyes you pull open the door wondering what excuses you can make, when a deep husky American voice shocks the living daylights out of you as you hear:

"Hello, I'm David Cassidy. I got the fantastic letter you sent to me in the States and I thought I'd try and see you as I'm over here."

Remarkable? Incredible? Fantastic? You ask no questions as you look into David's warm, brown eyes and lead him into the living-room. There are so many things you want to say to him, but it's almost as if you've lost your tongue as you shakily ask whether he'd like coffee.

When you come back into the living-room with some coffee and biscuits, he beckons to you to sit beside him. Warmly he puts his arm around you and it's all you can do to stop yourself spilling the coffee all over him!

Quietly, he asks if you mind staying in tonight and madly you shake your head. Then David starts to talk and tells you how he liked the sound of you from your letter and how he'd always wanted to come into the home of one of his British fans, but because of all the fuss, he thought it would be impossible. And as you listen to his beautiful voice, you sink deeper into happiness as you realise that *your* impossible dream has come true.

You put some records on (David's, of course) and come back to the sofa and he takes your hand and holds it tightly, and for a minute all you can think about is how are you going to make your friends believe this has happened?

But then time is up. David is leaving. Did it ever happen? Did he really come to see you? Or was that goodnight kiss just a dream . . .