

**ASK DAVID
ANYTHING**

*"Can you help me
with my
private nightmares?"*

by DAVID CASSIDY



A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

It's shiver time here at Mirabelle. Our office heating has been turned down—and we're gradually turning a whiter shade of pale! Hope it's warmer where you are. If you've got a few minutes and something to say, why not drop us a line (or two!) for Letters At It! You might be lucky enough to get it published. But do remember to include your full name and address otherwise you won't get that pound prize. Hope your New Year has got off to a flying start, and to make it go with an extra zing start reading this pop-packed issue of Mirabelle now!!

Lotsaluv,
PAUL.

This week we're presenting David's regular column in a slightly different way. One particular question which David selected to answer is from reader J. Davies of South London. David thought hard about the answer, and decided that it needed more than just the three or four sentences that his responses usually warrant. So here's the question plus our superstar's very own private answer . . .

Q. HAVE YOU A PRIVATE NIGHTMARE? SOMETHING PERHAPS WHICH YOU DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT?

David's very personal answer: As a matter of fact I have. Actually I have more than one private nightmare, and I am now willing to share them all with you. It's so difficult when you keep things to yourself for a long time, and I hope and trust that it will help me to get over them if I discuss them with you through my *Mirabelle* column this week.

This, I suppose, brings me on to my first nightmare. I do want you to want me, I really do. I get annoyed with some pop stars who say that they don't mind if they don't get the fan adulation that some people get, because I don't truly believe that they mean it. In my case I can't remember a time when I've said anything like that, because you are what I go on singing for. It's for those screams, cheers and letters,

it really is, so don't be afraid to enjoy yourself when you come along to one of my concerts that I hope to be doing in Britain shortly. You can scream as much as you want. As long as you're enjoying what I'm doing, then that's fine.

Well, that's one nightmare over, and even now I feel better having written it down. You understand what it is, don't you? It's a fear, I suppose, that you won't enjoy my songs anymore. With such terrific fans as you, though, I shouldn't have to worry about that, though.

Now on to a completely different nightmare I have. This one's a real nightmare—you know the kind—a dream but a scaring one. I really haven't dreamt this for some time now, but I used to have a dream where I was being chased by this wicked looking lady—I suppose you could say she looked much like a witch. She didn't ever catch me, I'm pleased to say, but it was a frightening dream, and although now you're reading it in print it doesn't sound scary, I can assure you that it really was. I once woke up in a cold sweat from that very dream, and I felt like I'd done a week's work. I was shattered—so very tired! I hope now that I've brought that nightmare back to my mind that I don't have it once more. Keep your fingers crossed for me, please.

Here I go now with another nightmare that kinda