

## CHERISH

I make no apologies for loving him. He was my world, he reflected my happiness and my joy, my heartbreaks and my healing. Teenagers are notoriously fickle in their hero worship, but I stayed resolute in my relationship with him through thick and thin, through marriages, although he married the wrong women three times and I married, well the only man who asked me and because it seemed like a good idea. You see, if only David had waited for me, we could have had a wonderful, magical time together. I knew this as a fact and had everything planned out including practising my signature as Mrs Ann Cassidy.

This is not to complain about my life, which has turned out rather well, just that I spent literally all my teenage years dreaming about a different future with HIM. He disappeared from public view and his musical career was a distant memory confined to quiz shows and seventies pub music nights. Then somebody pointed out to him that his massive fan base had grown up but still loved him and so he toured again. Small venues and at last I could get up close and see him. Smaller in the flesh but his husky voice still spoke to me and not to the other 200 women of a certain age, in the Bournemouth Conference Centre. I rushed to the front of the stage and raised my arm to touch his hand, something I could only have dreamt about at Wembley with tens of thousands of screaming teenagers. Singing every lyric along with him and pleading with my eyes and my heart for him to notice me at last, I saw his hand coming towards mine, just as a large woman with rugby shoulders and long legs shoved me out of the way so he touched her hand instead. Her, I wanted to kill but I still loved and cherished every atom of that beautiful man on the stage. Perhaps it was never meant to be, but I don't think I love you David... I know.