

davy jones

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Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, fellow fun seekers. And welcome to yet another showbiz "This is My Life."

Okay, I admit it...I've finally caught the entertainer's epidemic—the dreaded, "let's put it in a book and see if we can get it right this time—itis." As if living it once was not enough! But the funny thing is—reliving it over and over again to get it all down on paper has given me a whole new perspective. Frankly, I had no *idea* I'd had such a good time.

Writing it is something I've been wanting to do for ages, but I could never find a pen. It's not all in the right order, I know. It's not all in, period. You try putting *your* life into a couple of hundred pages and see how far you get. Sometimes the best bits can't be spoken. I mean...there are people in my life who aren't in the book. And verse vicer. But if you're one of them, please don't be offended, okay? (Or relieved, as the case may be). I'll get you next book.

One word of warning...the story you are about to read is true—only the names have been changed to protect the guilty. Actually the names have been changed to protect me from the guilty -

It has been a labor of love revising my autobiography, a mix of emotion.

Reliving one's life, with pen in hand, brings many feelings to the surface...

I've managed to detail some wonderfully happy times with my family and friends, uncover old wounds and share some of my saddest moments.

I've worked hard and lived an extraordinary life. I've travelled the world and met many famous people, but I'm at my happiest when I come back home...

Home to my family, my girls.

Home to my friends.

Home to my fans.

Because at home my life is replenished and I never come up empty. I'm given the love and inspiration to keep giving back.

This is my recollection of so much that's been given to me and I'd like to share it with you... over 4 years to put into words, but a lifetime in the making—

So get ready -

Stay short!

We're going in. . .

