**Magical Enchantment**

*Michael Jackson Fan Fiction 2014*

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*This is a brand new series written entirely by me and is based on actual visions, dreams and/or thoughts I’ve had about Michael in the past and present. There is no specific era this story pertains to as I would like to leave that to the reader’s imagination but will include details and hints as the story develops. Until now, my stories have always been written in first person and based on others. However, I feel the time has come for me to create a character loosely based on myself and another person who inspires and motivates me to do this every day. The concept of this story has never been thought of before and I hope you enjoy reading this as I embark on a brand new journey of writing. This one’s for you, Paige!* ☺

**CHAPTER ONE:** The Big Break

“Will you wake up already?! You’re going to make me late.” “Why are you at my house at 7am?” “The auditions are today. We have to get there early so that I can get a good place in line.” “OH MY GOD! That’s TODAY? Why didn’t you call me last night and remind me?” “I did, Michelle.” “You did not!” “Yes, I did. You must have been writing another chapter while I was talking to you.” “You’re right, I was. Do you have your solo prepared?” “Of course. I am going to blow the others right off the stage. They’ll have no choice BUT to choose me for the lead!”

Let me introduce myself. I’m Michelle Rose and I live on my own in Los Angeles. The girl who came over is my sister and best friend Arabella also known as Aria. She calls me Elle for short. Aria is an aspiring dancer with enormous dreams of making it big one day. As for me, I’m the older sister, support system and a home care worker who loves to write in her spare time. Our parents passed away in a car accident when we were teenagers so I’ve had to play the role of mom, dad and sister to Aria who’s three years younger than me. She says I’ve done a great job so far. I guess when she becomes famous I’ll know it was all worth it.

Aria also lives on her own about 30 minutes away from me. She’s been singing and dancing ever since she learned how to crawl on her own. Performing arts has always been her life. She has performed in many talent shows, breakdancing competitions and singing contests. She even has a house full of trophies from winning several events since she was a baby. My mom once told me she could feel her dancing in the womb at times. That was when she knew we would have an entertainer in the family.

I started working right after I graduated from high school to support Aria and myself. My grandmother raised us until we both finished college. She then passed away from old age so I was forced to grow up very quickly. I’ve had my share of sacrificing but Aria and I both agree that we wouldn’t change a thing about our lives if ever given the opportunity to go back in time and start over again. We’re both very proud of who we are and how we turned out and feel that our parents are too. I guess that means our life is going according to God’s plan.

“Michelle, hurry up! I’m waiting!” “I’m coming. Give me two minutes.” I’ve always been a fan of song and dance but never had the courage to get into it. That is where Aria comes in – she’s always been the confident one and has never had a problem with showing it. From what I can remember, she gets that from our mom.

I ran downstairs as fast as I could and we were on our way. Aria found out from a local dance studio where she volunteers that they were having open auditions for an upcoming music video. The name of the artist wasn’t mentioned but Aria was so excited to try out that she didn’t care who it was. She always took advantage of every chance she could get at getting the big break she was so desperately looking for.

“There it is, Elle.” She said as we pulled into the parking lot of a very large building. When we got inside, there were thousands of girls already in line with numbers assigned to them. Aria went over to the registration desk and got her number too. “Now we wait.” She said. “Don’t worry. These girls don’t stand a chance!” I said as I hugged her. I could tell she was incredibly nervous.

“Did you find out who the audition is for?” “No. They’re doing group auditions in different time slots then narrowing their selections based on each girl’s performance. When it comes down to the last two, that’s when they will reveal who it is. They think it’s easier on us if we don’t know who the artist is so we can focus better on doing a good job.” “I think that’s fair.” “Me too.” As we waited for Aria’s turn, I noticed there were girls from all over the world auditioning. So many different races, ethnic backgrounds and more importantly, not everyone was super thin. Girls in all different sizes were ready to dance.

It was nice knowing that whoever the artist was had an open mind and didn’t limit themselves to small, model type looking women. “Elle, you should try out too.” “ME? No way!” “I think you’d be great.” “Aria, this is YOUR thing. Not mine. I’m here to support you.” She then got up and started doing her stretch exercises and breathing techniques. I couldn’t imagine the tremendous amount of pressure these girls must have been feeling. It was definitely intense.

We waited over two hours and no one had auditioned yet. Aria was getting irritated and wanted to know what was causing the delay. She went over to the recruiters who told her the artist had not yet arrived. “They will be watching us?” Aria asked. “Yes, but not from where you can see them. They’ll be watching from up there.” The lady pointed to a room that looked like a sound booth on the upper level of the building.

Eventually, the auditions begun. Aria was nervous but acted calm. “You can DO THIS!” I said as I helped her get ready. “You’ve done this a million times. Just think of it as another rehearsal.” “I know, Elle. I just hope I get the part.” “Even if you don’t, it just means something better is out there for you.” She hugged me then I left to sit with the rest of the audience members.

The audition was VERY extensive. There were over a thousand girls on stage at the same time. The recruiters were all in the front row taking notes and judging the girls based on their appearance, body language, stamina and the ability to change directions unexpectedly. Not to sound favorable, but as I was watching the girls, I’d have to say Aria was the closest fit in getting the lead role. A lot of girls were falling all over the place and were very uncoordinated.

After a while, the judges started making their decisions and eliminated several girls as it came down to the final cut. Then came the last part of the group audition. There were only two girls remaining, one of which was Aria. Each girl had to perform a solo performance wearing nothing but a body suit and eight inch stiletto heels. Aria had never worn such shoes in her life, mainly because we could never afford to buy them. I was nervous as I waited for her and the other girl to change into their outfits.

I glanced upwards at the booth to see if I could catch a glimpse of the artist but it was completely dark. I assumed they had the windows tinted so that people would not be able to peak and know who was in there. It seemed like a good way to respect their privacy. Each girl had a song chosen for them in order to avoid any conflict of interest or favoritism. The song chosen for Aria was a classic, burlesque themed piece of music. I had a feeling she would ace it since Aria was such a huge fan of those types of dancers. What the judges didn’t know was that Aria had studied the art of burlesque all through her high school years just so she could learn how to dance in that particular style. I knew she’d wow the judges.

Aria’s performance was after the other finalist. My knees were shaking as I sat in my chair waiting for her to grace the stage. Just seconds before she walked across the stage, my cell phone rang. It was one of my regular home care clients. Since I was on call, I had no choice but to leave the auditorium for work and miss my sister’s solo. I could hear the song playing in the background as I answered my phone and said I’d be there. I wished her all the best in my thoughts.

I was hoping she wouldn’t get flustered when she saw me missing from the audience. I couldn’t exactly interrupt the judges and tell her I had to leave either. I stood by the door with my face to the window hoping she’d see me but she didn’t. I then saw her turn her head repeatedly as if she were looking for me. Unfortunately, I wasn’t able to watch her entire performance and had to leave to take care of my client.

When I got to my client’s house Aria called me and was very disappointed. I apologized and asked her to wait for me as I was just finishing my work and would go back to pick her up. “Elle, they had us doing some SERIOUS moves! I’m exhausted and my feet are so sore, I think they’re going to fall off! They want us to do MORE!” “Will they announce the lead at the end?” “They haven’t told us yet, but I’m assuming they will.” “Any idea who the artist is?” “No, but I bet it’s someone really big because there’s a big, fancy limousine outside!”

When I finished all my duties at my client’s house, I immediately drove back to the auditorium to pick up Aria. Just as I ran inside, I noticed that she was STILL on stage and was the only girl dancing. She wasn’t in high heels anymore but her wardrobe had changed again and the song was an instrumental version of something I had never heard before. She saw me as I walked in and quietly sat down near the back.

As I looked over at the judges, I could see they were smiling and whispering to each other. *You got this, girl. You got it*. I said to myself as I watched her do her thing on stage. Minutes later, the music stopped and the judges told Aria she could stop and get changed. I then heard a door open from above where I was sitting and saw several guards escorting someone down the stairs. There were about six guards and a smaller looking woman walking in the middle of them all.

*That must be* *the* *artist*. I said to myself. It was difficult for me to figure out who she was as she was covered by her guards and was wearing very large sunglasses. She had long, curly brown hair and a smile that could light up a room. As I stood up to get a closer look, I noticed it was none other than the one and only, Janet Jackson.

I felt so excited for Aria. I had to cover my mouth with my hand to stop myself from screaming. I ran backstage to find her so that I could tell her the great news. “Girl, you were AMAZING OUT THERE!” I said as she finished getting changed. “How long were you up there?” “Forever!” She said while trying to catch her breath. “I have never had to work so hard in my life at an audition. I sure hope this was worth it, Elle.” “Don’t worry. I bet they loved you and wanted to see how you move in different ways to different types of music. Anyway, I know who the artist is!”

“You do? WHO?” “It’s Janet.” “JACKSON?” “No, Smith.” “Who’s that?” “ARIA! OF COURSE JANET JACKSON!” She and I then started jumping up and down like two kids completely forgetting where we were. A few girls walked past us and looked at us like we were from mars. “Ok, we need to chill out. People are going to think we’re a bunch of weirdoes.” We pulled ourselves together and took some deep breaths.

Just then, one of the recruiters asked Aria and a few other girls to come back on stage. I went and sat down in the audience seats again. “We really loved the talent displayed here this afternoon.” One of the judges said. “However, as you can see Miss Jackson is here with us and has seen all of you perform. Unfortunately, only ONE of you can be chosen for the lead and we are unable to make a decision at this time.” I was sitting on the edge of my seat hoping they would not eliminate Aria.

“So, in light of this decision, Miss Jackson has requested that the last two remaining girls do another solo dance routine followed by a dance off. Whoever Miss Jackson thinks is the most qualified will take the role as lead in the short film we are recruiting for.” I couldn’t believe my ears. “We’ll take down your names and information and call you within the next few days with all the information you need. Thank you for coming today and good luck.”

Aria was excited but felt even more pressured. Now that she knew who the artist was, the bar was set even higher for her to win the lead. I saw Janet sitting in the front with the judges discussing her points and comments with the recruiters. She seemed like a lovely person. Always smiling and very soft spoken. As Aria and I were leaving, we heard her voice calling us.

“Excuse me?” We both turned around. Aria was squeezing my hand tightly. “Don’t be nervous. Just stand up straight and be polite.” I whispered in her ear as Janet was approaching us. “Hi. I’m Janet.” She came over and gave Aria a hug and shook my hand. “It’s nice to meet you both. I just wanted to thank you personally for coming here to audition. You’re very talented and I’d love to see more of what you can do.” “I’m not even close to being as good as you, ma’am.” Aria said. I nudged her arm so she would stop being so formal and stiff around her.

“Please call me Janet.” “Miss Jackson if you’re nasty!” Aria said trying to make herself feel better. I face palmed myself in complete embarrassment. To my surprise, it actually made her laugh. “I like you, you’ve got style. What’s your name?” “Arabella Rose and this is my sister Michelle.” “You two have such beautiful names.” “Not as beautiful as you, Miss Jackson.” I said as I saw her beautiful smile. “Please, I’m Janet. I’m really looking forward to seeing your new routine. You have a lot of energy on stage, Arabella.” “Thank you. My friends call me Aria.” “Does that make me a friend of yours?” “I’d like that.” She smiled again. Janet was delightful and very down to earth. She wasn’t at all like I thought she would be. She made Aria and I feel so comfortable around her, we actually forgot how famous she was.

“I have to leave soon but the recruiters here will call you with all the details that you need.” “It was nice meeting you.” Aria said as she shook her hand again. As she was leaving, Aria couldn’t stop jumping up and down. “I had NO idea it was HER, Elle! I wasn’t expecting this at all. This is a fabulous opportunity for me.” “It sure is, now let’s go home so you can practice.” I took Aria home and then I went home too. I made myself some tea and decided to look for more work in the papers since things were really slow at the company I worked for. I thought if I did some extra work on the side, I’d be able to earn some more money and continue to help Aria achieve her dreams.

There was one ad posted in the medical aid section that really caught my eye:

*“Looking for experienced home care worker to assist an elderly mother. Duties and salary will be discussed at interview. Must be willing to sign a legal contract and keep job position in strictest confidence. Located at Haven Hurst. Contact Frank…”*

It had a phone number with a different area code then mine. *I had never even heard of Haven Hurst before* I thought. I wanted to check it out so I called the number and set up an interview. They had so many people apply for the job, the closest date they could see me was in two weeks. I agreed and said I’d be there. After doing some searching, it turned out that Haven Hurst was only 30 minutes away from where I lived. I assumed it wouldn’t hurt to pick up an extra job and add extra funds to help Aria especially now that she had a big audition coming up.

Later that evening, Aria called me saying her next audition was the same day as my interview. I told her I could drop her off on my way to the interview but wouldn’t be able to stay to watch her perform. As devastated as she was, she knew my job was important as it was a means for her to continue doing what she loved. I told her I’d come back to pick her up and if I was meant to see it, then I’d be there.

\*\*\* TWO WEEKS LATER\*\*\*

Today is Aria’s big day and my job interview. She’s been practicing for her audition day and night. She’s even asked me to watch and coach her steps to make sure she looks good from every angle. I kept telling her she looked beautiful and her steps were on point but being such a perfectionist and knowing whose short film she could possibly be in, NOTHING was perfect enough in her eyes. She kept repeating the same steps over and over again. It drove me crazy.

I had just enough time to drop Aria off at the venue before I left for my interview. It was a different building this time and was conveniently closer to where my interview was going to be. “Elle, I can’t believe you won’t be here.” “I’m sorry, sis. But I need to go to this interview. You know we need the money.” “I know.” She sighed as she got out of the car. “Can you at least walk me inside?” I looked at the time and noticed I was ahead of schedule. I parked the car and we both went inside the building.

There was a sign posted with directions for where we needed to go. When we reached the main door, Aria’s other competitor was already there warming up. “You should get changed.” I said. While she was doing that, Janet walked through the door with a few of her guards. “It’s nice to see you again.” She said as she greeted me at the door. “Is your sister ready?” “I think so. She’s been breathing dance for the past two weeks.” “That’s great. I’m really looking forward to seeing her on stage.”

Aria’s competitor went first again which gave Aria a lot of relief. She felt like she was ready physically but not mentally. I tried to tell her that she just needed to relax and be herself but I doubt if it worked. She was so nervous her heart was pumping extra fast.

Aria’s competitor was indeed a huge challenge. It seemed like she had been dancing a lot longer than Aria had been and had moves she and I had never even seen before. “She’s going to get it. I KNOW she is!” “Don’t say that. You don’t know what’s going through Janet’s mind right now. She believes in you. Why else would she have taken the time to meet you before we left that day?”

Finally, it was Aria’s turn to grace the stage with her presence again. She hugged me as I wished her luck and she took center stage. It was then time for me to leave for my interview. As I turned to look at her one last time, I couldn’t help but stare. *My baby sister. On that stage dancing her heart out in front of Janet Jackson.* I had never been more proud of her than I was at that very moment.

I was so caught up in her routine that I actually stood by the door and watched her entire performance. When she was done, everyone stood up and gave her a standing ovation, even Janet herself. “Arabella, it’s official: I’m choosing YOU for the lead.” Janet said. Aria was so shocked, she started to cry. She ran offstage and came over to me, giving me a big hug. “I knew you could do it!” I said as she buried her head in my chest. Just then, Janet was walking towards us. I told Aria to stand up straight.

“You are one gifted young lady.” Janet said. “I know I made the right choice with you.” “Thank you so much, Miss Jackson.” Aria said. “I’m really looking forward to being in the video.” Reality hit me just then and I realized I was running late for my interview. “Oh my god. Aria, I have to go.” “Oh right, sis. I’m sorry. Good luck.” I thanked Janet for her time and for choosing my sister and quickly darted out the door. I had my car keys in my hand and as I was leaving, I noticed a huge crowd of people walking past me.

As I tried to make my way through, I quickly walked past the crowd when suddenly my keys were snatched away somehow from my hand while passing the crowd. I turned and noticed they were all going inside the auditorium. I ran after them hoping I could get my keys back quickly…

**\*\*\* ARIA’S POINT OF VIEW\*\*\***

“Thank you SO much, Miss Jackson! You have NO idea how much this means to me. I can’t WAIT to be in your video.” “Mine?” She asked looking confused. “Yes. Wasn’t that the reason for these auditions?” “I’m sorry. I must have forgotten to tell you. These auditions weren’t for MY new short film.” “Then who were they for?” “My short film…”