**CHAPTER TWO:** The Unknown Surprise

The snow was falling heavily. My car windows were fogged up. “I wonder who that is.” Marie asked confused. “We’re about to find out.” As we both got out of my car, we slowly made our way to the other vehicle. I wasn’t paying attention to what was in front of me as I was focused on the ground to make sure I didn’t slip on the icy sidewalk when suddenly Marie yelled “OH, MY GOD!! You’re Jermaine Jackson!!” I looked up and sure enough, it WAS him! “I’m so sorry we crashed into you.” He said politely. “I’ll take care of your damages but I’m running late for a very important event and this weather just isn’t making things any easier.” “THAT’S OK, SIR!” Marie said while jumping up and down immaturely. “We’ll pay for our own damages! I’m soooo happy to meet you! Can I have your autograph?!” He laughed hysterically. “MARIE!!” I yelled in anger grabbing at her. “Will you get a hold of yourself?!” “Ana, do you even know who he is?” “Yes! I haven’t been living under a rock. Calm down. You are embarrassing me!” “What are your names?” Jermaine asked while standing in the snow. “I’m Marie and this is my best friend, Diana.” “Nice to meet you both.” He said while sticking his hand out. Marie and I both shook hands with him. “Diana, that’s a pretty name.” “Thank you.” I said smiling.

“I’m sorry to just hit you and run but I really have somewhere to be. How about you give me your contact information and my people will call your people about the damages to your car?” “SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!” Marie said excitedly. “Ana, give him your phone number!” “It’s ok.” I said. “I can take care of it myself. It was an accident after all.” “Please.” Jermaine said softly. “It’s my fault and I’d really like to help.” Marie tugged at my shirt repeatedly. Reluctantly, I gave him my address and phone number and he stored it in his phone. “Perfect.” He said. “Thank you and I apologize again.” “It’s no bother at all, sir!” Marie said happily. “Can I have your autograph now?!” “MARIE! Will you let the man leave? He has to go!” Jermaine laughed. “Tell you what?” He said. “I’ll be in touch with you soon and I’ll be happy to give you all the autographs and pictures you’d like.” Marie screamed while snow was falling on her face. “We look forward to hearing from you, sir!” *I DON’T!* I thought to myself.

Jermaine then said goodbye and left. Marie and I did the same. “It’s freezing!” She said shivering. “Turn up the heat!” “Hold on. I need to see how bad the damage is to the car. I don’t want to drive anywhere far if it’s in really bad shape.” I stepped out and starting examining the vehicle. Luckily, the damages weren’t that bad. It was just a ding on the bumper and another on the fender. “I can’t believe what just happened!” Marie said sounding joyful. “We had an accident with the King of Pop’s brother!” “Oh, I suppose he got that dumb title from doing that Pepsi commercial?” “ANA, SHUT UP!” Marie said in anger. “I am so sick of your negative attitude towards Michael. You choose to hate him and anything associated with him for NO reason at all. It’s really stupid. It’s like you are jealous of him.” “HA!” I said loudly. “ME? JEALOUS OF THAT GUY? PULEEZE!” I then pulled out onto the road and began driving again.

“Well, tell me. Why don’t you like him? What did he ever do to you?” “HE WAS BORN!!” I said in disgust. “What is that supposed to mean?!” “It means I don’t want to talk about him! I don’t like him, I don’t like his music, he is totally over rated, he sounds like a girl, he looks weird, and I don’t think he has talent and THAT IS FINAL!!” “FINE! Be that way!” Marie said. “I won’t force you to change your mind but one day you will see that he is the greatest entertainer in the world and he will sweep you right off your feet.” “PFFT! I’ll go blind and be force fed raw liver before that happens.” Marie scoffed and turned her head. We both didn’t say a word to each other after that until we got to the museum.

Even though it had been snowing heavily, there were a lot of people at the museum. They even had lots of workers with snow ploughs so we didn’t have to worry about being stuck or not finding a parking spot. “We’re here.” I said to Marie. “I can see that. Let’s go.” She said opening the car door after I parked. Suddenly, we heard a song playing loudly from inside the building. “OH MY GOD! THEY’RE PLAYING THE WAY YOU MAKE ME FEEL!” Marie shouted. “What the hell for?!” “It’s one of Michael’s songs!” “I know that, Marie. I wasn’t born yesterday.” “Could have fooled me!” She said sarcastically. “Why are they playing it here?” “I don’t know. But who cares?! It’s a great song. Come on, let’s go in and check it out!”

As she scurried up the main entrance, I noticed a car was coming so I stopped and stood in the middle of the parking lot. It was a black limousine. Respectfully, I waited for it to pass before I walked across. The heavy snowfall restricted my vision and I couldn’t see who was inside. It didn’t matter to me anyway. I looked down and noticed my boot lace was untied. I crouched down to tie it when suddenly the limo passed right by me and I heard a voice say “I’m sorry for being in your way.” I knew that voice. My immediate reaction was to see who it was so I quickly looked up but whoever it was drove away and the window was rolled up. *Where have I heard that voice?* I asked myself. Not thinking anything of it, I started walking to the entrance to meet Marie when I accidentally stepped on something. I looked down and saw a small black plastic bag. Since I thought it might belong to someone in the museum, I picked it up and stuffed it in my jacket pocket hoping to find its owner inside.

“Where were you?” Marie asked as I went over to her. “I had to wait to cross the parking lot because a limo was arriving. Someone with a familiar voice was inside.” Marie looked lost. “Familiar voice? Who do you know that drives around in a limousine? And how come I don’t know them?” “I don’t know anyone specifically.” I explained. “But I swear I’ve heard that voice before.” “What did it sound like?” “I can’t really put my finger on it but I know I’ve heard it. I just KNOW I have!” “Well, never mind that for now. Let’s check out the tents. I think people are selling art pieces. We can’t enter the main area of the museum until the legendary icon comes to cut the ribbon.” “Any idea who that is yet?” “Not a clue.” Marie said. “But I bet whoever it is, must’ve been sitting inside that limo that passed by you.” “So, who was playing that song earlier?” “I don’t know. I think it was someone’s ringtone.”

Suddenly, a woman walked up to the podium with a microphone at the front of the building where large speakers were set up. “**Attention, everyone! Due to bad weather conditions and a technical problem from our special guest, the grand opening is postponed until further notice. We will keep you updated on our website as to when the ceremony will take place. Please drive safely.**” “OH MAN!” Marie said disappointed. “This isn’t fair. I waited months for this and now they have to re-schedule?! I hate snow!” “Well, the weather wasn’t the only reason.” I said. “She also mentioned that there was some kind of a technical issue with the guest.” “Hmm…..maybe they got stuck in this weather somewhere.” Marie said.

As we both started walking back to the car, Marie suddenly had to go to the bathroom. “I’m sure there’s one inside they’ll let you use. I’ll wait for you in the car.” As she turned around and walked towards the building, I headed towards the parking lot when suddenly loud voices were coming from nearby. Curiosity got the best of me, so I decided to find out who it was. “He doesn’t want to do it. He’s really upset.” “What is his problem?” “He won’t tell me. We have to cancel the opening.” One of the voices sounded awfully familiar. “Do you know how much this is costing me?! I can’t possibly afford to re-schedule again until I win the lottery!” “He wasn’t planning on doing this for money. He was doing it because of his passion for art.” “Well, why the sudden change? “He had to back out at the last minute. “Well, WHY?!” “He’s missing something.” “Will you stop stalling and get to the point?! What is the problem?!” “His glove.”

