**CHAPTER THREE:** Why It Never Happened

*Glove? What glove? Who’s glove?* I thought to myself. I wanted to hear more. “His glove is missing. He has no idea where it is. He had it with him and it just disappeared. He can’t find it anywhere.” “Well, what does his glove have to do with anything?” “He never performs without it. It’s a part of his act.” *Glove act?* *All of this sounds way too familiar*.

Suddenly, someone grabbed my shoulder and I gasped loudly. “HERE YOU ARE!” Jasmine said. “What are you doing creeping around here? And where’s Marie?” “SHHHH! She’s in the bathroom. I heard voices coming out of that room and I wanted to know who it is.” “Well, who is it?” “I don’t know for sure but one of them sounds really familiar and he was talking about someone missing a glove.” “A glove? What glove?” “I don’t know! That’s what I’m trying to find out!” “This is ridiculous.” The unknown man’s voice said. “I can’t believe we have to postpone this entire event which has taken months to prepare, just because the man lost his damn glove. What am I supposed to tell my publicist and the general public? Do you know how humiliating this is?” “Look, I’m sorry.” The familiar voice said. “That’s the voice! I know that one.” “Well, who is it?” “That’s the problem – I don’t remember, but I swear I’ve heard it somewhere before, Jas. I just KNOW I HAVE!”

“He’s not going to come out or perform without it. That’s just the way it is. I’m sorry, you’ll have to postpone the opening or find someone else to do it.” “Someone else? As if I can just pick up a phone and start dialing random celebrities and ask them to do a museum opening in such short notice? You of all people should know it doesn’t work that way in this business, Jermaine!” “JERMAINE?!” I said out loud. “OH MY GOD! Ana, that’s Michael’s Jackson’s brother!” “I know that, Jas!” Jasmine suddenly put two and two together and yelled “OH MY GOD! JERMAINE? THE GLOVE? THEY MUST BE TALKING ABOUT—“

“HERE you are!” Marie said running over to us! “I’ve been looking all over for you. Jasmine, I’m glad you made it but the opening has been canceled because of some technical problem.” “I KNOW! I JUST HEARD ABOUT IT!” She said screaming. “Marie, you won’t believe what Ana and I overheard! THE SURPRISE ICON IS M—“I put my hand over Jasmine’s mouth. “LET’S GO! We don’t want to get caught eavesdropping here.” “Wait, what are you talking about?” Marie asked confused. “Why were you two eavesdropping? And who is the surprise icon?” “Never mind all of that.” I said. “We need to get out of here otherwise security will come and I don’t want to cause problems.”

The three of us started walking towards the parking lot when Marie got agitated and asked “Wait! I want to know – what’s going on? Why were you two listening in on someone else’s conversation? And what icon was supposed to be here?” I looked over at Jasmine and gave her this look like ‘If youtell her,I will **KILL** you!’ “Uhhh, well Ana overheard some people talking and got curious so she wanted to know what was going on and then someone said the legendary icon was supposed to be—“ I looked at her again with the most serious face. If looks could kill, she’d be dead on the ground. “Madonna!” “MADONNA?! SHE’S the legendary icon?!” “Yeah, that’s what we heard. Right Ana?” “The voices were muffled. It was hard to make out all of the words.”

“Well, I’m not a huge fan of her but I guess she could be considered a legendary icon. I’m disappointed. I was hoping it would be someone else.” “Who?” Jasmine asked. “WE KNOW WHO! There’s no need for her to say his name. Let’s go, Marie. I’ll drop you home then I have to get my car checked out.” “OH, RIGHT! Jasmine we totally forgot to tell you! Guess what happened on our way here?” “MARIE!” “What?! Did you tell her already?” “NO! And she doesn’t need to know.” “Know what?” “We ran into Jermaine Jackson’s limo on our way here! He slammed right into us and hit Marie’s fender! He came out of the limo, greeted us and Ana gave him her contact information! Isn’t that just so awesome?!” Marie said all in one breath.

“YOU HIT WHAT? AND WHO WAS IN IT?!” “I know!” Marie yelled. “Jas, we need to get going. We’ll see you later.” “Wait, Ana. Can I talk to you alone for a minute?” “What’s the big secret?” Marie asked. “No secret, I just wanted to ask a question about school since she’s already taken the course I’m taking.” “Marie, why don’t you sit in the car so you’re not waiting in the cold? I’ll just be a minute.” I opened the passenger door for her then Jasmine and I walked across the parking lot where Marie couldn’t hear us. By this time the snow had stopped falling also.

“What is wrong with you? Why don’t you want her to know the truth?!” “Because she’ll go crazy. She’ll lose her damn mind, jump up and down screaming her head off like a little kid and then try to sneak in the back doors to get a picture and an autograph and I don’t want to risk going to jail over her crazy star struck attitude. I’m sure the man will find his stupid glove and when he does this whole thing will be re-scheduled and she can drool and go crazy then. The good thing is, I know who it is now so I don’t have to come back here again with her when the museum opens.”

“Ana, I think you’re being really mean and unfair. Why don’t you like Michael?” I sighed. “Look, I don’t want to have this conversation. Marie and I already had a screaming match about that topic earlier in the car and I’m not going there again!” “I’m so confused. What exactly happened this morning? You had an accident with Jermaine Jackson’s limo, Marie is all fluttery and acting love crazy and you’re hiding things from her. What the heck is going on?!” “Oh, for god’s sake! Here’s the short version – I literally had a car accident with Jermaine Jackson’s limousine on the way here. We obviously had no idea he was going to be here. He said he was running late, he asked for my contact info which I didn’t want to give him to begin with but Marie begged me to. He said he wanted to pay for the damages done to my car, then we came here and they announced the whole thing is postponed due to a technical problem. Then I heard voices and that’s where you came in!”

“So, what now?” Jasmine asked. “There IS NO what now! We’re going home and they will inform the public when the event will take place again.” “HEY! ARE YOU TWO COMING OR WHAT?!” Marie yelled from the car. “Yeah, one second!” Jasmine said. “Look, since you two are such die-hard fans of this guy, both of you can come back here together whenever this opening thing is re scheduled and I can get on with my life. I don’t want to be anywhere that I don’t want to be!” “If that’s the way you want it. But I’m going to tell Marie the truth about what happened here today when we come back for the opening.” “Fine with me!” I said. “I’ll see you later.” Jasmine waved to Marie and headed towards her car. I did the same.

Just then, I remembered the black bag I stuffed into my pocket earlier. *I forgot all about this!* *But* *I’m* *sure it’s nothing important. I’ll just take it home and give it to Marie to find the owner at the opening*. “Sorry, we just had to straighten some things out. I put my key in the ignition and Marie stopped me asking “Ana is there something you’re not telling me?” “Why would you ask that?” “Because something just isn’t right. Why were you two eavesdropping over there? And if Madonna was supposed to be the legendary icon, why weren’t they playing her music instead of Michael’s?” “I have no idea. You’d have to ask the person who was playing the song. I just thought I heard a familiar voice and got curious that’s all.” “Are you sure?” “YES! Now, let’s go. I don’t want to be stuck in this empty parking lot all day.”

Just as I was starting the car, the same limo that passed by me when we arrived was driving across the parking lot again. “ANA! LOOK! Is that the limo that you crossed paths with earlier?” “It looks like it.” “I’M GOING TO CHECK IT OUT! Madonna might be in there!” “NO, MARIE STOP!” She opened the door and ran towards the limo. Panicked, I turned the car off and ran after her. I knew if Michael was inside my cover would be blown and Marie would find out I lied to her.

“MARIE! COME BACK!” She kept on running and running. She ran all the way to the front gate of the museum entrance so that the limousine would have no choice but to stop forcefully. The driver screeched the brakes just as Marie stopped in front of it. “WAIT!” She yelled with me still running after her. “I just want an autograph. Can I please have one? PLEASE!” “I’m sorry, ma’am but there’s no one in the back.” “I don’t believe you!” Open the door!” “MARIE!” I yelled finally catching up to her. “What are you doing? You can get arrested for this!” “I don’t care. I want to see who it is!” “It’s an empty backseat ma’am.” The driver said again. “See for yourself.” He got out of the limo and opened the back door. Marie went in and examined it. “See? NO ONE. He left a while ago in another limousine.” “HE?!” Marie asked. “You mean, you weren’t driving Madonna?” The driver laughed. “NO! Of course not. But he knows her quite well. In fact, they both went out to dinner a few times.” “WHO’S HE?!” Marie asked yelling. “The one and only.” “WHO?!” “MARIE, let’s go!” I said grabbing her hand. “WAIT, ANA!” She said removing her arm. “I knew something wasn’t right. Sir, who were you driving earlier? Tell me, PLEASE!!” I looked up at the man who happened to glance in my direction. I shook my head NO and mouthed the word “PLEASE” so that he wouldn’t tell her the truth.

“Brad Pitt. Who else?” I sighed in relief. “Oh. In that case, I’m sorry for disturbing you and for causing such a scene. Have a nice day.” Marie then started walking towards the car. I sighed again in relief. “Thank you, sir. I didn’t want her knowing the truth because she is such a big fan of his and she’d be devastated to find out he was supposed to perform and he didn’t.” “It’s no bother.” The man explained. “I’ve come across a lot of crazy fans in my day. She was pretty mild compared to the others.” We both laughed.

“Thanks again. Have a nice day.” I started walking towards my car when the man said “Excuse me, miss? What’s your name?” I turned around. “Diana.” “You’re not an MJ fan?” “NO!” I said in delight. “He’s not my style.” “Have you ever given his music a chance?” “Yes. In fact, I did that today.” “Hmm, well I don’t consider myself a psychic but I detect an aura about you.” “An aura?” “Yes. I have a feeling your opinions about him will change very soon and you’re going to become just as crazy about him as your friend is there.” “HAHA! That’s not possible.” “Believe me, I’ve seen it happen many times. You will fall for him VERY hard. He has that effect on everyone.” “Well, he doesn’t have that effect on me and he never will.” “For now.” The man said. “What are you talking about?” He then laughed deceitfully. “You’ll see.” I scoffed as I walked back to my car and got inside. “What a strange man!” “What did he say?” “Nothing important. Just some nonsense about how my luck is going to change real soon.” “Well, you never know, Ana. It just might.” “I doubt that. Now, let’s go!” I turned on the car and headed back to Marie’s house.

When we arrived, her dad was still glued to the TV drinking coffee while her mom was babysitting a neighbor’s twin girls. “Hi everyone.” She said sounding down. “Hey, pumpkin! How was the opening? Did you meet Mr. legendary?” Her father asked. “NO! It was postponed. But we did meet someone famous on the way there!” “Marie, NO!” “Who did you two meet?” Her mom asked. “MJ’s brother – JERMAINE!!” “NO, WAY!” Marie’s father said. “Marie, that was supposed to be A SECRET!” “Well, he never said we couldn’t tell anyone!” I rolled my eyes at her.

“Well, how did that happen?” Marie’s sister Victoria asked. “His limo ran into us on the way to the museum. It’s no big deal.” “It’s a VERY BIG DEAL!!” Marie yelled. “Ana even gave Jermaine her phone number, he’s going to call her very soon and when he does he’s going to give us photos and autographs and WHO KNOWS? He might even introduce me to his brother – ahhhhh!” “Marie, you make me SICK!” I said in absolute disgust. Her mother laughed and so did Victoria. “Well, I think that’s great!” Her dad said. “Are you two ok though? Is the car banged up?” “Not really.” I said. “I have some dings on the front and back and we’re both ok. Nothing serious.”

“Well, who was supposed to be at the museum?” Marie’s mom asked. “According to Ana, Madonna was.” “MADONNA?! AT AN ART MUSEUM?! That seems a bit odd, doesn’t it?” “That’s what I said but Ana swears it’s true.” “I didn’t swear it was true. That’s what Jasmine said she heard. The voices were all muffled to me.” “Well, too bad it wasn’t Michael. Maybe next time sweetheart.” Her dad said. “Oh, Bob. Don’t get her hopes up again, she’ll get upset.” “I ALREADY AM UPSET!” She said. “This day was supposed to be perfect and it’s ruined!” Marie marched up the stairs and slammed her bedroom door shut. “Oh, dear. I better go check on her.” Her mom said. “No need to, Angela. I’ll do it.” “I guess I better head home. I don’t want to get stuck in traffic. I said. “Ok, dear. See you again soon. Did they say when the opening will happen again?” Angela asked. “No, but they will inform the public once they know.”

I then said bye and drove home. When I got there, I noticed no one was home so I went to my room to lie down. I took off my jacket and turned on the TV. The cancellation of the museum was on the news. **“The opening ceremony for Manhattan’s museum of arts was postponed earlier today due to bad weather conditions and because of a ‘technical problem’ with the event’s special guest, legendary icon Michael Jackson.”**  I gasped. Just then, my phone rang. I knew exactly who it was. I ran to my phone. “I’m sorry, Marie! I AM SO SORRY! I didn’t tell you because I knew you would freak out and start screaming and you’d cause a scene and embarrass me and that’s why I kept it from you, please, please, PLEEEZE don’t be mad at me. I promise I’ll make it up to you!”

“Umm, Diana?” It was a man’s voice. “This is Jermaine.” “OH! Hi.” I said sounding like a complete idiot. “Am I catching you at a bad time?” “No, not at all. I just thought you were someone else.” “Well, I got an estimate for my limo and it turns out my damages aren’t severe enough for a claim so it’s not going to be an issue from my end but I’ll need you to bring your vehicle for inspection so that we can assess the damage and get it fixed as soon as possible for you.” “Sir, I don’t want you to go through any trouble because of me. I can take care of it myself, really.” “Please, it’s my fault and I really want to help.” “Ok, if you insist. Where should I bring the car?” One of my guys will come to your place and pick it up if that’s ok. We’ll take care of everything and return it when all is said, done and repaired. I’m guessing it’ll only take a few days at the most. “

“Sounds good. If you can please let me know the details on when they will come get it, I’ll be sure to have it ready.” “Perfect!” “Um, sir, can I ask you something?” “Please, call me Jermaine and yes.” “Were you, by any chance, at the art museum in Manhattan today?” “Why, yes I was. Were you?” “Yeah. Me and my friend Marie, the other girl that was with me today we both were headed there when we had our accident. I’m curious to know though, why was it canceled?” Jermaine laughed and said “It’s kind of a dumb reason but to my brother it meant the difference between performing and not performing.” I acted like I had no idea what he was talking about so that he wouldn’t know I was eavesdropping earlier.

“You mean your brother was supposed to be the surprise legendary icon?” “Yeah, except he backed out at the last minute because he lost his glove.” “The one he wears for Billie Jean?” “That’s the one.” I then heard a thud noise. I looked over at my jacket that was hanging from my closet door and noticed the black bag I stuffed into my pocket earlier fell onto the floor. I disregarded it and continued my conversation. “Will he perform when the event is re scheduled?” “I don’t know. Michael’s really upset about misplacing his glove. It really means the world to him. If he doesn’t find it, I don’t think he’ll ever want to perform again, at least not until he gets a new one.” “Well, I hope he finds it soon. It was nice talking to you and thanks for calling.” “My pleasure. I’ll be in touch again soon.” We both said bye and hung up.

I went over to the bag that fell on the floor and picked it up. I noticed there was a white object inside. I walked over to my bed and sat down. I slowly started opening the bag when suddenly my phone rang again. I knew this time it just had to be Marie. I put the bag aside, pulled myself together, took a deep breath and answered the phone. “Hello?” “I HATE YOU!! HOW COULD YOU? YOU LIAR!” “Marie, listen—“ “NO! YOU LISTEN! I don’t ever want to see you again! I can’t believe I actually considered you my friend. Why would you keep something like that from me? Knowing the way I feel about him? How could you, Ana? HOW?! You even got Jasmine and that limo driver to lie for you. Friends don’t do that to each other, Ana! Why did you do it? Answer me! WHY??!!”

“THIS IS EXACTLY WHY!” I said. “I knew you would freak out about it, you’d scream your head off, cause a huge scene, embarrass the hell out of me and you wouldn’t leave until you got his autograph and a picture. You did the same thing with Jermaine earlier and I didn’t want to get caught up in all of that mess again.” “Is that who’s voice you over heard?” “No, it was Jermaine’s.” “JERMAINE WAS THERE TOO?!” “Yeah, I just got off the phone with him. He told me he was there and the reason the event got canceled is because Michael lost his glove and refused to perform without it.”

“I can’t believe you know all of this and didn’t tell me. I bet you weren’t even going to mention that you talked to Jermaine just now! Did you think I wasn’t going to find out?!” “Marie, Jasmine and I made a deal that she was going to tell you the truth when the event was re scheduled. You were going to go with her and meet him then. I wasn’t trying to be sneaky, I just know how you get around famous celebrities and especially anyone associated with Michael or the Jackson family!” “That’s still no excuse, Ana! I’m REALLY angry and upset about this. I don’t want to talk to you. Don’t call me, don’t come over, don’t you even think about me!” She then hung up on me.

As terrible as I felt for lying to her, I knew I did the right thing. I grabbed the plastic bag again and slowly started to open it. As I removed the item from the bag I noticed it was something wrapped in white tissue paper with a sticker that had the initials ‘MJ’ on it. My eyes grew bigger. I opened the tissue paper and to my surprise, it was a single white glove covered in the most beautiful, shimmering white crystals I had ever seen in my entire life!

