***Chapter 5: The Next Party***

*I wonder who that is*. I thought to myself. Curious, I crept over to my window. I didn’t see a car in the driveway. I ran downstairs to get a better look. “Chey!” My dad said as he opened his bedroom door. “What are you doing up? Did you just get home?” “Yeah, dad.” I said whispering so that I wouldn’t wake anyone up. “I’m sorry for being so late. We totally lost track of time. I heard something outside and I wanted to check it out.” “You stay here.” He said. “I’ll go check it out.” “I’m coming too!” I said excited.

We both went downstairs. My dad quietly opened the front door. “I don’t see anyone.” He said looking around. “Neither do I. I guess it was just a car passing by.” “Well, it’s extremely late and we’ve all had a long night. You should get some sleep.” “Ok dad.” I made my way up the stairs towards my room. “Chey?” I turned around. “Be honest. Didn’t you have a great time tonight?” I grinned. “Dad, it was the BEST NIGHT of my life. Thank you!” I went over and gave him a big hug. “You have no idea how much I love lemonade!” “Huh?!” My dad said looking puzzled. “I mean, I really had a great time and I was so glad they had drinks that weren’t made with alcohol. You know, at these types of grown up events they love to liquor people up all the time.” I couldn’t believe the ridiculous story I had just came up with. “Uhh, right.” My dad said more confused than ever. “I’m going to bed. Goodnight pumpkin.”

Suddenly, I wasn’t sleepy. Thoughts of the entire evening were running through my mind. I figured I’d watch TV. I plopped down on the couch and turned it on. Just as I had thought, coverage of the Grammy awards and after party were all over the news. “**Singer Michael Jackson won a record breaking 8 Grammy awards. Jackson, at the tender age of 23 now has the biggest selling album of all time - Thriller….**” *Gosh, he looked SOOOO handsome*! I said to myself trying not to drool. As I was going through the channels, I heard very faint ringing sounds. “OH MY GOD, MY PHONE!” I thought. I raced upstairs to my room but the ringing suddenly stopped. “CHEY!!” My mom yelled from her room. “Stop thumping around and go to bed!” “Ok, mom! Goodnight.” I closed my bedroom door and did just that.

Thinking my phone would ring again, I stayed up for as long as I could hoping he would call. I checked my caller ID which said the last call was unknown. *He must be asleep by now*. I said to myself. I then turned to my side, closed my eyes and started thinking. *He must be removing his clothes right about now. Those pretty gold tassels, that belt, the white shirt underneath, the sash across his chest and those pretty little tight pants….*” I laughed out loud so hard that my sister Celeste heard me and barged into my room. “SIS!!! I can’t sleep! I’m too excited. Tell me about him!” “Celeste, go to bed! It’s the middle of the night and you have school tomorrow!” “But I want to know, PLEEEEEEZE!!!” “I SAID NO!” Yelling at her. “I’m tired and don’t want to talk about it. I told you I will tell you about it tomorrow. Now, go to bed before I tell mom and dad you’re still awake! I MEAN IT!” She sighed and left my room closing the door behind her.

The time was now 3:30am. I was still wide awake and completely shocked about the entire evening. *I wonder if he’s still up*. Not being able to sleep, I turned on my CD player which had Thriller already in it. Billie Jean began playing. *Gosh, that voice*... I thought. **“She was more like a beauty queen from a movie scene…”** I suddenly began drifting to sleep. A few seconds later, my phone rang. Not realizing or caring about who it could possibly be, I turned over and answered it. “Hi, Chey.” I heard in a soft, angelic voice. “Is it really you?” I asked sounding less than half awake. “Of course.” He replied with a giggle. “I told you I’d call. Did I wake you?”

I was dazed and sleepy. Not being in the right state of mind, I had NO idea what was happening. I thought I was dreaming. Not realizing this was, in fact, REALLY happening and who was actually on the phone and being SO mesmerized by his wonderful songs playing in the background, I continued the conversation making a complete fool out of myself sounding completely sedated. “A bit. I was just listening to your songs. They are so lovely and so are you….Michael, you’re the best….I……I love you….I love this dream…I don’t want to wake up…I hope I didn’t break your washing machine, Michael. I really like that dryer of yours….I want to go back and do it again…and you too….” Michael laughed hysterically on the other end. “I think you are talking to me in your sleep, sweetie.” “Of course. It’s the only way I can. I had such a great night. I went to this party and met the man I’ve been dreaming about my entire life. He looked so gorgeous and I went to his house. His eyes, his wardrobe, he is lovely. I met him today….he spilled lemonade on me. He told me he’d get it wet cleaned….” “Wet cleaned?!” Michael asked laughing. “Yeah. It was amazing….the bed…squishy…gave me a hickie…I gave him one too…it felt incredible…I had no idea he was so charming…and man was he a great kisser!” Michael continued on laughing. “Chey? Chey, wake up! Chey! Chey, I made you a promise earlier, remember?” “You did?” I asked, still not knowing this wasn’t a dream. “Yes. I promised to sing you to sleep. I can hear my song playing in the background. If you want, I can sing it to you…” “Ok….I love you Michael….” “I love you more, Chey.” Just then, I was out completely with my phone on my ear and my cd player still on.

**\*THE NEXT MORNING\***

“CHEY! CHEY WAKE UP! IT’S 2!” I heard my mom yelling from downstairs. “They’re showing highlights of yesterday’s award show and after party! Get down here, you might see yourself!” Still feeling sleepy and hearing my cd player still on, I groaned as I turned and looked at my clock. It really was 2. I turned off my cd player and started to get out of bed when I saw my phone fall onto the floor. *What was that doing on the bed?* I asked myself. Not remembering, I put it back on the receiver, got dressed and headed downstairs.

“Well, look who finally decided to wake up!” My dad said as he was sitting on the couch drinking coffee watching the highlights. “How did you sleep, pumpkin?” “Like a log!” I said laughing. “I don’t even remember the last thing that happened before I went to bed.” We all sat down and started watching the highlights. “Bill, that was quite a shindig!” My mom said. “Indeed, it was Valerie! Mike really took the spotlight.” “Not to mention my virginity.” I said under my breath laughing. “What’s funny, dear?” “Oh, nothing mom.” I said still laughing. “I was just remembering his performance and me catching his hat.” “Oh, right! That must’ve been exciting.” “Did you bring the hat home?” My dad asked. “Yeah. It’s upstairs.”

After watching the highlights, dad said he had to go back to Epic to sign some papers and meet business associates. “I’ll be back later, girls.” He said as he grabbed his briefcase. “Chey, you’ve got rehearsal and a wardrobe fitting for your album cover this evening. I’ll be back later to pick you up.” He put on his shoes and opened the front door. “Dad?” He turned to face me. “Will he be there today?” “Oh, Chey!” My dad said petting my head. “The man has a busy schedule. He doesn’t waste his days with us common folk all the time.” “Well, if you do see him, can you please tell him I said hi?” “I sure will pumpkin.” He kissed my forehead and left. “You really like him, don’t you?” My mom asked. “Yes. He’s special. And he made me feel special too.”

An hour later, Darius and Celeste both came home from school. “SOOOOO!!!” Darius said. “We’ve been waiting all day! TELL US!!” “Well…..” I said trying to sound calm. “I met him and he’s great. He loved my singing, he loved my dress, he’s very shy, a bit quiet and he dresses like a King!” Celeste then looked at me and said “Sis, there’s something different about you.” “There is?” “Yeah. You’ve changed.” “She has the glow of Michael’s aura.” My mom said proudly. “We all got it. It’s one of the many gifts he carries around and it travels to anyone who gets close to him.” “You are so right, mom!” I said happily.

Remembering what my dad said, I knew I had to get dressed for rehearsal. “I’m going upstairs to change. Dad will be coming any time to pick me up. ” As I made my way up the stairs, the doorbell rang. “I’ll get it.” My mom said making her way to the front door. “I’m looking for Cheyenne.” A man wearing a black uniform said. “She’s my daughter. Is everything ok?” My mom asked concerned. After hearing my name, I stopped on the stairs and made my way back down. “I have a package for her.” “Well, who’s it from?” My mom asked. The man smiled and said “She’ll know when she sees me.” It was Michael’s chauffeur who brought me home. “Hi!” I said excitedly. “It’s nice to see you again.” “This is for you.” He said giving me a small package. “I don’t know what it is. He just asked me to deliver it to you personally.” “Thank you for coming by.” I said as I took the package from him. “I’ll walk you out.” As we both walked towards the limo, he said “Chey. I didn’t want to say anything in front of your family, but he also sent a message.” “A message?” He shook his head then whispered “He said to tell you that the mark is still there and it became darker overnight.” I laughed hysterically. “Can you please give him a message from me? He laughed. “Yeah, sure.” “Please tell him that I love him and so did mine.” “Will do!” He said as he made his way to the driver seat. “Thanks again for coming.” I said as he drove away.

I looked at the package. It was very small. *Oh well. They say good things come in small packages*. I went back in the house and my mom got all inquisitive. “So, who’s it from Chey?” “Someone special.” I replied going upstairs. I went to my room and noticed Michael’s fedora on my dresser. I went over to it and put it on. I then lifted my shirt and looked at the mark he left. “It really DID get darker!” I said laughing to myself. I then started opening the package and noticed a small white packet. I flipped it over and saw it was a juice packet for lemonade. “HOW SWEET!” I said out loud. I then noticed another item inside. It was a rectangular shaped object wrapped in plastic. I unraveled it and noticed it was a cassette. There was a label on it that said ‘**WET CLEAN ONLY**.’ It didn’t sound familiar to me at all. I went over to my cd player and played side A. To my surprise, Michael had recorded our entire phone conversation. “OH, MY GOD!” I yelled completely shocked. “THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED??!!” I heard the entire conversation and had never felt so embarrassed. *I don’t even remember this*. *I really did think I was* *dreaming*. I then heard myself saying WET clean instead of dry clean. I was humiliated at first but then laughed it off. At the end of the conversation, the tape had finished. I decided to turn it over to see if there was anything else on the other side.

“Chey.” I heard as I turned the tape over. I gasped and my heart skipped a beat. “I know you’re asleep, but I made you a promise and I always keep my promises….” Just then, a few seconds went by and there was silence. Suddenly, I heard…..

***“Looking out across the night-time
The city winks a sleepless eye
Hear her voice shake my window
Sweet seducing sighs***

***Get me out into the night-time
Four walls won't hold me tonight
If this town is just an apple
Then let me take a bite***

***If they say, why, why? Tell 'em that is human nature
Why, why does he do me that way?
If they say, why, why? Tell 'em that is human nature
Why, why does he do me that way?”***

He then stopped singing and giggled cutely to himself. “I hope you liked it. I look forward to hearing your debut album and going to your release party. I’ll be the one wearing tassels and sunglasses. I love you.”

The tape ended then. I had tears of happiness streaming down my face. I froze and couldn’t believe what I had just heard. It seemed like an hour or two had passed by. A while later, my dad came home to pick me up for rehearsal. Smiling, I pulled myself together, put the tape in a safe place and headed downstairs. “Someone looks extremely happy.” He said as he saw me coming downstairs. “Dad?” “Yeah, pumpkin?” “I can’t wait for my release party.” “Neither can we, sweetheart.” He said putting his arm around my shoulder. “Neither can we.”

THE END!

