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Justin Opens Up

Of course, anyone who really knows Justin knows that he can't stand all this fuss and hype about him. All these people screaming and shouting his name. It's all so crazy. I mean, they don't even know him. At least, know him like some people do. The ones who believed in him from the start, before everyone started downloading his songs just because everyone else was. I mean, they just heard some song in the car or in some store and liked it so they bought it. It's not like they know Justin and who he is and what he's been through and what he needs. And those magazines are so full of shit. They're always printing some new article with a title like "Justin Talks About His New Love" or "Justin Really Opens Up About His Kind of Girl" that never tells you anything helpful. I mean, the stink just comes right off those magazines and you can't get it off your hands!

And so many of these fakers and Justin pretenders go to his concerts now, it just makes me sick. They make it so that a person who really cares about Justin and knows him for who he is can't even afford to buy a ticket, even though their mother, who can be a Class A bitch at times, promised them that they could buy tickets with their Christmas money. I mean, I hate TMZ and can hardly even read their website, but if they hadn't been giving away free tickets to Justin's concert, there would be no way I would be here now.

Of course, my Class A bitch mother almost refused to bring me to the concert. This is after she said she owed me one when I caught her smoking in the back yard at Thanksgiving. To me, when someone makes a promise they should keep it. Just like Justin has kept his promise to his fans and refused to sell out to Sony or Disney or whoever it is who owns all the recording companies. I know that he's doing this concert

for the real fans, the ones who used to go see him when he was playing the Locust Valley Mall, back before all the fakers were buying up all the tickets, keeping the real fans from being able to afford to see him at the Wells Fargo Center Arena, so that they would have to enter the TMZ contest about a thousand times.

I could have brought Katelyn with my extra ticket, but she's the type who would start screaming or crying as soon as she saw Justin and that's just too embarrassing. The last thing I needed was for Justin to think I had become one of the fakers. Seeing him again backstage before the concert was wild enough. Of course, my mother didn't help in that department. You would think that the person who gave birth to you wouldn't keep claiming that you were instantly forgettable, wouldn't keep insisting that Justin wouldn't remember you from the Locust Valley Mall. But, I guess that's just one of the ways she keeps her Class A status.

It also didn't help that those security jerks wouldn't know one of Justin's friends from their ass. Even though I was a winner and had my gold ticket right in my hand, they made me wait outside for like an hour with a bunch of fakers before they let me in. The two Justin pretenders next to me, wearing concert t-shirts from Justin's last tour with "Justin Forever" written on their backs in Sharpie or whatever, kept trying to start a conversation with me. But if I was going to end my friendship with Katelyn by not bringing her along to embarrass me, I for sure wasn't going to hook up with those two losers.

And it was a good thing I didn't. As soon as they brought Justin in backstage (he was escorted by two big bodyguards who looked like they just got out of prison along with a couple of guys in suits), those two losers lost it and started sobbing, "Oh my God,

Justin we love you!” “We’ love you? What does that even mean? Those two idiots wouldn’t recognize love if it smacked them in the mouth. Which was what I could tell Justin wanted to do, even though he just smiled and waved to them. I saw Justin look at me and I knew he wanted to come right over, but one of the suits was pulling him along to meet some old geezer in a silk shirt that seriously needed to be buttoned up. The two losers were screaming in my ear until one of the thugs came over and told that they needed to cut the shit. Finally they brought Justin over where we were and after they revived the losers and took them away, Justin turned to me.

I could tell he was doing his best to play it cool and not let on to everyone what we had. The suit introduced me as a TMZ winner and even though Justin faked everyone out by only kissing me on the cheek and saying it was nice to meet me, I couldn’t help showing up the other winners and mentioning that we had met before at his concert at the Locust Valley Mall. He looked at me and I just knew from way he started smiling that he couldn’t go on pretending anymore, that what we had was too important. He kissed me on the cheek again and then whispered something to the suit that I couldn’t hear because some other loser started hyperventilating all over Justin.

For just a second, as Justin walked away and started meeting the other winners, I felt my stomach drop. I heard my mother reminding me for like the nine-hundredth time that Justin didn’t remember me. I started to believe all the People and Us Weekly crap about all of Justin’s girlfriends and “really special girls.” I lost my faith. Only for a second, but it was really scary. But then one of the suit guys turned back to me and said, “Justin would like you to be his special guest.” Just like that. “Justin would like you to be his special guest.”

So that's how I got up here. The suit walked me down a long concrete hallway and up an elevator and brought me right to Justin's private skybox. I wouldn't have minded being down on the arena floor, but this is kind of cool. There are sofas and easy chairs and loads of food. The suit brought me a Diet Coke that he poured from Justin's own private bar before he went back downstairs. He said Justin needs to relax right after his concerts and that's why they set this up. So that he could relax with someone special.

I know it true, because that's exactly what Justin told me after his concert at Locust Valley Mall. I had seen him getting out of the tour bus before the concert and I waited out by the bus like forever after the concert was over to tell him how special his music was. "You should come on in," he goes to me. Just like that. "You should come on in. I'll give you a tour of the tour bus." He laughed and took my hand. Then he took me to the back where there was a built-in sofa and a huge flat screen TV and a table with all these sodas and Red Bulls. "Why don't you take a seat on the sofa?" he said. "After a show, I'm all worked up. It's nice to relax with someone special." 'Someone special' that's what he said and he poured me a Diet Coke. Himself.

I remember later on he whispered in my ear, "I love you, girl." And every time I hear him sing that now, I know he's singing it just to me.

I know Justin is backstage now, getting ready and thinking about us. I was watching Justin's opening act on the Jumbotron, but I feel kind of funny. Even though this is probably the most exciting night of my life, I suddenly feel sort of sleepy and things are starting to get kind of fuzzy. The emo-boy playing keyboards is leaving a beautiful trail of light behind him and the singer is glowing. Maybe I should just lay down on one of the sofas until Justin comes on. I know Justin is backstage thinking

about us. Maybe we'll get in his limo after the concert. Maybe this time we'll ride off together.

My mother said he wouldn't remember me, but how could he forget what we had? How could he forget the talk we had after his concert at Locust Valley Mall and how he told me all his dreams for his music? How could he forget the two of us out behind the mall in the back of his tour bus? How could he forget how special that was? I was bleeding a little bit for a few days after, but it just brought me even closer to Justin. I knew he couldn't forget. I told myself over and over. I knew it. I just knew it.