

April 12, 1999

Michael Meets His Family Of Fans

Around 11pm last night, Michael, Skipper Nagin and one other body guard, walked casually down the street, approaching a group of extremely well behaved fans, who had gathered outside Mohamed Al Fayed's Suite, on Park Lane in London. Michael, who was wearing a black mask, but not wearing sunglasses, dressed all in black, spent over an hour laughing and chatting to his fans who had gathered at the side entrance to the building, on the off chance that they may see him. He spent time signing autographs, hugging all the fans, having photographs taken, plus touching and stroking the hands of many of those who he met, but most surprisingly of all, he spent time talking on the telephone to some very surprised people who were lucky enough to have a friend or relative with a mobile! Skipper tried to ensure that all fans had a chance to talk to Michael for a couple of minutes, so a queue was formed, which eventually turned into a crowd, then back into a queue again. After twenty five minutes Michael looked at Skipper, who whispered to him, Michael giggled three times, then Skipper announced that they had to leave to make a phone call, but said they would be back soon. Michael walked up the street and sat on the steps of the exit to the main building, and had a conversation with Skipper. He then got up and started walking with fans following. Michael promised again to come back and the crowd were again told to form a queue. Michael waved, did a quick dance move with his head, then stamped his foot like in the Stranger in Moscow short film. He then waved, and the fans waved back as he disappeared around the corner.

True to his word, he returned shortly afterwards to begin an 'MJ question time' for the fans, with Skipper explaining that Michael wanted them to ask him questions. Michael positioned himself on the steps, so he was two steps above everyone and said quote: "I feel like I'm on stage!"

During this 'question time', Michael explained that he had 70 songs for the new album, of which he had to choose 10. He also said that after this project he was going to do an album with his brothers, and then after that, he had 3 songs to work on for 3T's album. Some of the fans asked him to sing, but he said he couldn't as he had laryngitis, and that he was having 2 days off from his work.

"How's Elizabeth?" one fan asked. "She's fine. We go to the cinema every Thursday", he replied.

"How's Debbie?" another asked. "She's fine and she likes nursing," he said.

When asked about his casino projects, Michael stated that he doesn't build casinos and is no longer involved with any of these projects, adding that he doesn't do gambling. The concerts in Munich and Korea were obviously mentioned. He explained that Korea was definitely going ahead this time. When asked what he was going to be performing in Munich, he said quote: " Amazingly little! "

On the subject of future tours, he stated that he was now channeling his efforts more into

the film industry, basically confirming what he had told Adrian Grant in the interview he had with Michael for Adrian's book 'Making History'. One of the fans asked why he had never performed in Cairo in front of the pyramids. Michael said that they had looked into this many times, but unfortunately due to the area within which the pyramids are situated, the government would only allow 8,000 people to attend. "That's not enough!" he joked. Michael was also asked why we had not seen any photographs of Paris. He said that he would love to show the fans pictures of both Prince and Paris, but with the press and due to the fact that sadly Paris has received threats against her life, he said he couldn't. When asked where he would like to bring up his children, he stated "Not America", and giggled. He added too at some stage that he really loved the UK, but the press were quote: "So bad!"

Michael finally left a little after midnight, after previously explaining that he was traveling to Paris, France today.

Some pics:







Part 1:

Quote:

Today Michael slipped quietly out of the side entrance, away from Mohammed Al Fayed's suite in a blue Mercedes just before 3p.m...

Something extraordinary and unprecedented happened late in the night of Sunday, 11th April. And it happened because of some frantic phone calls. Welcome to what will be, for the first and the only time, the full and exclusive story of the event that, like, totally rocked the fan world, man.

Sunday, 11th April was supposed to be, for me, a bit of a nightmare day. I had been staying at home with my parents and on Sunday I had to make the short journey back to university where my final ever Exam Term beckoned (aaggh). However, things didn't quite turn out how I expected. My day was, how should I put it... disrupted somewhat. My day and the day of about 50 other people, as a matter of fact.

On Saturday, 10th April, I was lying on my bed chatting to a friend on the phone. I put it down and it rung again straight away. That usually means it's Gloria. It was Gloria. Her words made me laugh out loud: "Michael's supposed to be in London at a football match." Yeah, right. But it was true. Michael was in London staying with Mohammed Al Fayed. Mr. Al Fayed owns Harrods, and showed Michael around the store. Michael paid particular attention to the store's in-house harpist, asking her to play "Greensleeves" and then remarking "I just love that." Mr. Al Fayed then whisked Michael off to watch Fulham Football Club play soccer against Wigan. Mr. Al Fayed owns Fulham FC too. Spotting the pattern? Well, all that was what we pieced together as the weekend progressed. It was a quite remarkable visit to

London that not only included shopping and sport, but also an interview with the tabloid The Mirror, and also... well also.. the story I am about to tell you.

Gloria and I tried to get through to our Michael contact on the Saturday to find out what Michael was doing and why he was here. The first thing we realised was that this was being classified as a strictly personal trip. It was not connected to his career; he was here for a rest. Of course later, Michael would tell us that himself. After the football match, we had no idea where he was going next. Prince Naceem, his mate, was punching some bloke in Manchester all night so we thought maybe Michael wanted some ring-side action, but he didn't go there. At about 1.30am on Sunday, 11th April, Gloria received a call to say that Michael would attend the British Academy of Film and Television Awards in London that night. Elizabeth Taylor was to receive the Lifetime Achievement award. Cool! Michael at an award show! And here in old Blighty! Fiona put the news out on our MJ Telephone InfoLine and Web Site and I started to prepare myself for the possibility of going to London instead of university. After waking, we were told that while Michael was expected to attend the BAFTAs, he was no longer 100% confirmed. This sounded worrying, and we altered our news bulletins accordingly, totally aware however that many fans had already started travelling down. There was, of course, nothing else that we could do but hope for the best, knowing that with Michael, the only surprise is if there is no surprise.

I was one of the small number of fans, some from outside the UK, who put their arrangements on hold to do the "fan thing". For me, it involved getting my dad to drive me to Cambridge to dump my stuff, then getting him to drive me to the train station, then finding my train had been replaced by a bus service, then finally getting to London and running to Islington, where the award ceremony was due to take place. In between all this, I was putting in phone calls every 30 minutes asking for confirmation that MJ was to be at the show. But nothing was known. Michael was here on private business. But damn it, this is what being a fan was all about, right? The risks! By the time I got to the Business Design Centre in London, at about 4.00pm, there were already several MJ fans there, and the numbers continued to swell. We cramped ourselves up next to the movie-star autograph hunters and awaited Michael's arrival. I was also calling Gloria every 30 minutes to see if she had found out whether he was attending but her calls were not successful either... yet. All the fans in London were phoning Gloria as well, and her Bournemouth base became something of an operation control centre as she took calls on average of one every five minutes. She continued to put in phone calls to try and discover whether Michael was attending, and the message came back the same, "It's not known yet."...

All the fans expected me to come up with some magic answer to their questions; but I was as worried and excited as they were. Contrary to what someone called Teresa said to me in "public" recently on the King of Pop discussion board on the internet, working for MJNI has done nothing to quell my enthusiasm for Michael Jackson. She said I had lost the innocence of being a fan. Huh! Shows how little she knows. As people that know me will vouch for, somehow I managed to separate the fact that I volunteer for a Fan Club from the fact that I am a fan and this prevents me losing the sense of wonder that surrounds Michael Jackson. I love Michael Jackson, simple as that. He's amazing. I drop most things to go and see him. And when I say see him, I mean, standing outside in the cold with other fans, chanting his name, showing support in public. And sometimes, something amazing happens. Which is what happened in London.

By the time all attendees of the BAFTAs had gone in, we realised that it was very unlikely that Michael was going to be there. But as Michael was staying with Mohammed Al Fayed, our Michael sources had no information on his schedule. Many fans latched themselves onto

me, hoping that I would have some "inside-info" for them, but I was as confused and baffled as anyone. I just felt bad that we had put out that Michael was attending when it wasn't clear anymore if he would be. It later became obvious, as you shall read, that there was a perfectly good reason for his non-attendance, something which neither MJNI, nor anyone else – including Michael – could have controlled. And besides, we're fans! This is what we do, right? We hope! As a wise man once said to me, if we don't have hope, we have nothing! And SOMETIMES, like I said, it all pays off. Like it did that night. OH MY GOD, like it DID that night...

We tried to get information from the police, each officer telling us a different thing. Some said "He's in the building already, came in the back way." Some said, "He's not coming at all." Some said, "Who?" (Ok, I lied about that bit.)

At one point, I phoned Gloria (I was phoning every 10 minutes, often using other people's mobiles, thank you to all of you!) and she sounded close to collapse. "I can't even go to the bathroom," she said, "there's no time! The phone is ringing once a minute!" The fans had been running around the Dorchester, The Lanesborough, The Carlton, Hamley's, Tower Records... all the usual Michael haunts. After applying much pressure, Gloria managed to find out that Michael was NOT staying in any of the London hotels, and was in fact staying in a private residence, namely Mr. Al Fayed's penthouse. This information was passed on, via myself, only to the fans already in London for the simple reason that we felt we shouldn't broadcast private addresses on the internet or MJ Telephone InfoLine. The fans I told, told their friends, who told theirs, and that's how the word spread! A true grapevine!

At the residence, we met Navi, who recommended that we wait around the back of the building for Michael. We agreed with him that it was more likely that if he went in or out, he was most likely to do so away from the public eye. So we waited in this London back street in the hope that Michael would arrive from wherever he was, or come out to wherever he was going. I was placing phone calls every few minutes by this point, trying to find out where Michael was. But I kept being told there were no news. We waited for about three hours, and to make matters worse, it had started to rain. My eye was constantly on my watch. I knew that my last train back to Cambridge left London just after 11.00pm because it was a Sunday. By 9.30pm many fans started to go home. A lot of them knew I was on the phone trying to find out what was going on, but they could see that I was as disappointed as everyone else. I was about to join the departing fans. But something crazy inside me made me stay. At 10.45pm, five minutes before I would have had to have jumped in a cab to get to the train station, I put another call. I explained that all we wanted was for Michael to know we were out here. I was told to phone back in five minutes. Five minutes later, the message was clear; "Don't go home." Michael was inside, and he had just been told we were waiting for him. I decided to forget about the train and went around telling all the fans what I had just been told. Some reacted with suspicion, and I could see some cursing me. I'm used to that; jealousy or bitterness is sadly present at most fan gatherings, but they can carry on getting angry as far as I'm concerned as they are in the minority. I think most of the fans understood that I was as petrified/excited as everyone else. For my part, it was a large responsibility telling people not to catch their last trips home, and I did because I felt it was the right thing to do. Luckily, it worked out!

And then after a very short period of time, the unbelievable happened. Oh my God. Michael Jackson, accompanied by just one bodyguard, Skipper, walked around the corner, heading straight for us. What must have amounted to dozens of phone calls from Gloria and myself had paid off, and I began to feel sick with excitement.

As Michael walked towards us, in a gorgeous coat and wearing his hat and mask, none of us quite believed it was really him. I heard at least one fan ask if it was Navi! But pretty soon, we all realised this was the real thing. He started to walk towards us, and we began speed-walking, telling each the other not to run, while starting to run! There was about 40 of us, but this number grew over the next hour or so to around 50. This is just my estimate of numbers: that wasn't the first thing on my mind! We all seemed to realise at once (well, when I say "all" I'm not including, nor will I for the entire article, the handful of selfish fans who threatened to spoil the whole thing for everyone. Such people are regular faces to the fans. They know who they are and would reveal in this glory so I'll stop) that we were crowding him and so we stopped. It was, admittedly, helped by the fact that Skipper told us all sternly to get into one single file line. "Stay in line!" we shouted to each other as we stepped out of the line to get a better glance at the man in the mask. He looked immaculate. His eyes were enormous. The mask accentuated them, as ever. His coat was so nice that I wanted it. I couldn't believe that Michael Jackson had walked out of his nice comfy penthouse suite, gone down the road to the tradesmen's entrance, just to say hello to us. Somehow, we lined up and Michael took the time to meet every single of us individually. Every one! All of us! You could take a photo of him, have your photo taken with him. He gave autographs out - I had people I wanted to get autographs for and didn't manage to do it as I was too overcome with emotion. Not so much at meeting him, which is incredible enough, but at the fact he had taken the time to do this. You wanted to hug him, he said "Sure" and off you went. If you wanted to talk with him, he listened intently. I mean, he really listened: his eyes were fixed upon you, and he answered every question he was asked. "Mr. Jackson wants to talk to each of you" said Skipper, "but you must stay in line." I was near the end of the line, and the excitement of watching everyone achieve their ambition was almost great to bear. I was just so sorry that some of my closest friends in the world were not there. Katherine Sommers was on a plane to India (as you do) and almost all my other MJ friends were absent too. That was very sad. When I made it to the front of the line, I met him, and had a small chat with him. I looked him in the eyes and said, "Thank you for doing this." He said, "No problem." I said, "I mean, I know this must be such a hassle for you..." He interrupted and said, "No!" I continued, "But you know, for us... well, we'll never forget this. It's very kind of you." I told him that most of the people present were MJNI members, and he listened. He smiled with his eyes, and then I had a photo taken with him. It was so funny though - there were a couple of people taking photos of me with Michael (we all tried to take photos of each other but it didn't really work!) and he didn't know which camera to look at! And judging by the photo, he found it easier to just look down! It was hilarious, and whenever I look at the photo, I still think back in amazement to the fact that I was nudging Michael Jackson and telling him to stop looking at that camera and look at this one instead! How embarrassing (1)! I then ran off down the road and just screamed with delight. I was later told that this scream caused Michael to peer down the road and ask "Is he okay?" At which everyone laughed! How embarrassing (2)!

People were phoning their mothers on their mobile phones and giving the phone to Michael to say hello to them! It was just all too surreal to believe. I just wished the whole thing was being filmed by a TV crew. But of course, it was the fact that none of this was in the presence of the media that made the whole thing so special. He had no-one to impress or to play up to. He sold no extra records by doing this: we already own them all.

Part 2

Quote:

When we had all met Michael, I expected him to leave, but no! Skipper announced that Michael, and I quote "will now answer your questions." Oh my God! Now this was just too much to believe. Michael stood on some steps at the tradesmen's entrance to the apartments and we gathered around him in a semicircle. And so began what became a mini-interview. As soon as I woke up from this delirium, I wrote down everything Michael said. I compared notes with friends and other fans who were there, and thus I believe that the below description of the extraordinary conversation that took place is very accurate. Within a day of the event, a few websites displayed their own versions of the question and answer session. Not only were these all vastly incomplete, but they also contained blatant errors. None of us are perfect, I could never have done all this on my own, and while I know that there are a couple of questions I probably don't have down, I hope fans that were there will agree that the below is very representative of what happened. Two things: I can't remember the order in which the questions were asked, so I've not even attempted to put them in order. And secondly, I don't know the names of most of the fans who asked questions, unless they were people I knew personally of course. So in no way am I trying to take the credit away from the people who asked these questions. Indeed, had those people contacted MJNI about the questions they asked, then their names would be displayed in all their glory.

Unsurprisingly, the first thing that stands out in my mind is that our very own Johanna Norrman asked Michael if he read KING magazine. "Yes, it's great" he replied. I then asked him if he had seen the Birthday Bash issue. "The what?" he asked. "We held a big party for you in London..." I began Michael interrupted: "ohhhh! Yes, and the video tape and the list of all the names!" he said, demonstrating with his arms the width of the scroll we prepared for him with the names of all fans who donated to the Billboard advert. "Yes, thank you" he said. Someone asked if he went in the chat-rooms. Michael looked blank, so someone shouted out, "the internet" and Michael said, "no." One of the very first questions was about the new album. Michael was very talkative about this. Bear in mind this was in April. He said he's been "kind of invisible" for a while because he's been "working day and night" in order to complete the album. He also told us he had written between sixty and seventy songs, and that he had to narrow down it to 12 to go on the album. At this, we all drooled uncontrollably at the mouth. He said "you might not believe this, but I have laryngitis" and then explained why he was taking a break in England was to have a break from recording. We later found out that Michael's illness was also the reason why he didn't attend the BAFTAs, which makes the fact that he devoted an hour and a quarter to stand in a cold and wet London back-street with a small number of fans even more incredible. Michael said he was very busy at the moment because as well as doing his own album, "I'm doing an album with my brother's and I'm doing two songs for 3T's album." (As we had said before, the Jacksons album, if it happens, is most likely to feature Michael guesting. as it is not going to be a Sony product.) I asked him if there was title yet for the solo album and he said, "No title." (I wonder if there will ever be a title? An untitled album called Michael Jackson would be a great idea.)

Someone asked Michael if he liked the Fulham game and he said, "I loved it". He was asked what his favourite song was. "Of mine?" he asked. "or of all time? Of mine..." and then someone just in front of me shouted "Stranger!" Michael responded, "I love Stranger... er... maybe... 'Earth Song'?" Then a fan asked, "and of all time?" Michael then said, "You have to promise not to laugh." We all promised! "You may not have heard of it. It's by Claude Debussi and it's called 'Afternoon of the Fawn'." Similarly, when Michael was asked by fan Dawn Shaw with whom he would most like to collaborate, he replied, "I think they're probably dead."

Many people were keen to know how Michael's children were. "How are the babies?" was how one fan phrased it. "They are beautiful," said Michael. He said that sadly they weren't in London with him but in New York staying with a schoolfriend of Michael's. "When are you going to show us pictures of Paris?" someone asked. Then either the same person, or someone else, added, "We love her, but we want to see her." Michael's reply shocked us: "I would love to show you pictures of Paris, but we've had some... strange... death threats... so I don't want to do that." We all reacted with horror at this news, and Michael nodded. Michael told us that over Easter, Prince and Paris did an Easter Egg hunt, to which we all gurgled and cooed. Someone asked where he will send Prince and Paris to study, whether it would be in Europe or the States. Quick as a flash, Michael replied, "Not the States," The crowd laughed at this but Michael remained serious. Sandy Stadler asked Michael about his American fans. "We love you too and we want you back home!" Are you going to be going there soon?" Michael replied, "Well of course, I love America..." Sandy persisted, "But are you going to tour North America?" There was a pause and then Michael mentioned the possibility of him doing one-off concerts. He may have said something else at this point, but I "switched off" momentarily!

Michael was asked how Debbie was doing. "She's fine," he replied. "Is she still working as a nurse?" someone asked. "Yes. She wants to be a nurse," Michael said, which incidentally, is one of the memories of the night I will never forget. I don't know if he phrased it like that because he misheard the question, but either way it was brilliant. "Would you like to live in England?" someone English yelled. "I would love to," said the King. "I like recording here and performing here but I could not live here because the press is so terrible." We all reacted with emotion. "But we love you!" we yelled. Michael put his hands out, palms to us, and used his hands for emphasis. "Oh, it's not you! It's the press! I hate the press! Don't ever believe it, don't read it." Someone asked Michael where he lived right now. "I live... I come from... well, obviously, I come from America." We all laughed at this, and he did too. He said some more about where he lived, but I can't remember what. We asked Michael if he was staying in England long. He said he was going to Paris the next day. We then showed mass disappointment, and Michael managed to simultaneously look apologetic while smiling. "How many songs are you going to do in Munich?" someone asked. Completely deadpan, Michael replied. "You'd be surprised. Not many." At this there was a mixture of disappointment and hilarity at the way if he was going to do any fast songs, he said yes. (A few weeks later of course, the fans' disappointment subsided when we learnt about Michael's Bridge Of No Return plans for Munich. By the time you read this, the concert will have happened, but as I write this, I have no idea what a bridge of no return is!)

A woman near Michael asked him why he was building casinos. Michael pointed at himself. "I'm not building casinos." The woman persisted: "Why are you investing in casinos." Michael replied, "I'm not investing in casinos. That partnership is over." And again: "So, you're not." Very firmly, Michael said, "I don't gamble." And thus that little conversation was over! Michael was asked if he was going to tour again. "Well, I've been performing all my life," he said "and what I really want to do now is to immortalise the performance on film." We all pretended we knew what he meant! "You want to go into films?" someone interpreted. "Yes," he replied. Someone asked Michael if he was a vegetarian. His reply cracked me up as it's exactly what I say when people ask me that question. Question: "Are you a vegetarian?" Answer: "I don't eat meat." I laughed at this (no-one else did!) because I always say that instead of saying "yes" in the hope that I won't be asked moral questions about the eating the meat, and also because I eat fish. Anyway, sorry, enough about my eating habits.. back to Michael's. So no, he doesn't eat meat. Got it? Good.

Elizabeth Taylor had just been presented with her British Academy award at the time of this conversation we had with Mikey. We asked Michael how she was, and if he had seen her. "I take Elizabeth to the movies every Thursday," he told us, thus giving his fans exclusive 'scoop' on what he would later tell *The Mirror*. We asked what the latest film was that he saw and he said it was *Patch Adams* and that (touching his heart with his hand) "It was heart-warming."

Someone, presumably an Egyptian, asked Michael if he would ever do a concert in Cairo. Michael responded by saying, "We've been trying to organise a concert in front of the pyramids for years now." He went on to say that the authorities only allow 8000 people to attend. There was a pause, and then Michael said cheekily, "And that's not enough," which made us all laugh, and Michael smiled. Oh my God, as I am writing all this down, it's starting to hit me all over again how amazing this whole situation is. We were having a long, full, interesting conversation with Michael Jackson. And he was open, polite, gracious, delightful, humble... everything you hope he will be when you meet him. And, as you can see, he talked, talked and talked.

Okay, back to the story. Jo Leys asked Michael if he was going to have any more children. His reply made some people laugh as we weren't sure how to take it: "What, between you and me?" We'll let you work that out! Jo and Michael, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G. Nah, I think he really meant, "you mean if I just tell you?" Still, it was cute. Jo also asked Michael who his greatest inspiration was. "Alive or dead?" asked Michael. "Both," replied Jo. "Charlie Chaplin, James Brown, Jackie Wilson, Fred Astaire."

Justin, one of the fans who used to, and I think often still does, follow Michael everywhere around the world asked Michael if he thought that the fans who follow Michael everywhere around the world are a bit extreme. "No," replied Michael. "I think it's great." Someone asked if Michael recognised people in the front row. "I try not to look at the front row because I get so embarrassed," said Michael, "but yes, I do recognise certain faces. I can see some now."

MJNI's own boy-wonder, Danny Oliver, asked Michael if it was true he was going to 'beef-up' for the new album. Michael exclaimed, "What?" Danny (who was completely drunk on Michael magic, and who Michael had taken a real shine to earlier on in the evening, talking to him for ages) rephrased his question: "Is it true that you're getting the man who did the Incredible Hulk to give you the muscles?" This had to be the question to end all questions. You go Danny! Michael burst into laughter at it, covering his masked mouth with his hands. This was the last question of the night. As Michael left, I shouted, "Three Cheers for Michael!" and we did the 'hip hip hooray' thang. There was screaming and absolute pandemonium once he had gone.

I've Been Waiting for This My Whole Life

Originally written by Danny Oliver (UK)

I was one of the first people to meet Michael. As I shot ahead of everyone else; I went up to Michael in disbelief. I went up and said, "Michael, Michael! Oh my God, I can't believe this is actually happening!" I couldn't think anything else to say at first and just kept on saying that, as I really couldn't believe it! I then said, "Michael, I've been waiting for this my whole life. I can't believe it! I've been a fan my whole life, since I was just a couple of months old, I've been waiting for this very moment for over fourteen years." Michael replied, "Oh

really?" Oh cool!" Michael was also nodding his head in reply to what I was saying. I continued, "My mum and dad went to see you when you were little, you know, when you were with the J5, and they said you were brilliant and amazing!" "Oh wow, thanks a lot!" Michael replied. I also asked if Michael was going to do another tour and he said, "Hmm, I'm not too sure. I might do. Right now I wanna concentrate on movies." I said to Michael, "Oh Michael, please! You have to, because you are the ultimate live performer. You are the greatest!" I then made Michael to laugh by asking, "Hey Michael, could you do us a little Hee-Hee?" Michael then laughed and did a little giggle! Wow! I made Michael Jackson laugh! That was when I thought, oh man, I know Michael's laugh and this is definitely Michael!

At one point when I was first with Michael, I really don't know why, but Michael took his shades out of his jacket pocket and then put them on and then immediately took them straight back off again! It was cool though 'cause I got to see Michael both with and without his shades. I then asked Michael, "Michael, how are Debbie and the kids?" "They're fine, thanks." "How are the family?" "They're fine, they're doing good, thanks for asking." Marvin (who was behind me) asked how Michael's mother, Katherine, was doing and again Michael replied, "She's fine, thanks." I shook Michael's hand and once I had hold of it, I just didn't want to let go! (But then, who would?) Michael's hands were so big, so warm, so nice and so soft. Michael seemed very relaxed and very happy and willing to let fans to shake his hand. It was like he was putting his hand out just for you to shake! I said to Michael, "Hey Michael, can I dance for you?" Michael then very positively put his hand up as if he was pointing, then put his thumbs up nodded his head and said, "Yeah, yeah, cool, I wanna see you dance, yeah, cool, dance! I wanna see you dance!" Michael's bodyguard then said, "Yeah, sure you can dance all you want, just keep back." But Michael said, "No, no, I wanna see him dance!"

All of sudden, Jessica Towers appeared right next to me with Michael. Jess somehow got pulled through to the front. Jess said to Michael, "How do you cope with all of this?" Michael shrugged his shoulders and said, "You get used to it!" Jess also asked Michael, "So, is the football scarf going to be a new trademark then?" "No!" Michael replied. "Mr. Al Fayed gave it to me as a present." "Did you enjoy the football?" Jess asked. "Yes, I loved it! It's all new to me though." At one point, I was actually calling Michael, 'Mike' because I was so excited that 'Michael' seemed too long! I asked Michael to sign my T-shirt. "Mike, can you sign my T-shirt, please?" I asked. "Sure" he said, and did just that! "Can you write, 'To Danny' - My name is Danny Oliver and I love you." I offered for Michael to lean on my back, but instead Jess, Michael's bodyguard and I stretched out my Michael LA Gear pose T-shirt as Michael wrote in blue pen (which I borrowed off one of the fans, thanks!) on the back of it, 'To Danny, Love Michael Jackson.' After Michael signed my T-shirt, I then asked him to sign my arm and he then made his mark! Michael signed my right arm. It was so cool. I could actually feel Michael writing on my arm!

Michael's bodyguard said that Michael had to go somewhere to do something quickly but that if we trusted him, he would be back very soon. Some fans began to get worried that Michael wouldn't come back that they wouldn't get a change to meet him but I knew he would be back. As Michael was walking off down the street, we were following him and shouting out, "Michael, I love you!" At one point, Michael stopped and went over to some

little glass squares on the side of the pavement and stamped his right foot twice. Michael must have been curious to know what the surface was like to dance on. I shouted out, "Whoo, you do you're thang boy. Aow!" Michael turned around and pointed at me and started laughing. I then thought, my God, I just realised who I said that to!

As we were all shouting out, "Michael, we love you!" Michael suddenly stopped, turned around, took off his fedora, crossed his legs and bowed!