I believe that you can’t have a more surprising day! This is the story which I can't get out of my head. I'm a person for whom music is as vital as the air and the sun. Anyway... Everyone who knows me, is aware of this too. Especially of the fact that my music taste is not like the ordinary Joe’s. Namely, I love music from the 60s, 70s and 80s. I absolutely adore music: the Doors, Janis Joplin, Guns' N Roses and many others. But the person who makes me the greatest and the deepest feelings is the legend, an amazing dancer, a talented singer and a wonderful man, the king of pop... Michael Jackson! This man through all his life aroused controversy and even today he still does it. He wanted to heal the world. Everyone knows him. When you hear his music... you immediately want to dance and do the unforgettable moonwalk. Okay but... let's cut to the chase.

5th of July, 2016. My sister and I went on holidays to the USA, Los Angeles. On the first day, obviously, we went to the beach. We love sand, the sound of the Pacific waves... and very handsome boys, of course. The weather was sunny and warm. We sunbathed for a long time. The water in the ocean was crystalline and warm. On the second day in the afternoon we went shopping to the centre. There were a lot of shops... I felt like in heaven. I think I'm a shopaholic. I had no idea how I would pack all those new clothes into the suitcase... It would be a huge challenge for me. Then we decided to go to a cafeteria to have some donuts and cocktail. We chose L.A Cafe because this coffee shop was the closest. We had to take a break after a very exhausting shopping day. We sat down at the fourth table by the window to have a nice view over the city. In the Café there weren't many people. We were shocked. Come on, in the end, it is Los Angeles! The Cafe had a beautiful decor. We sat and ate... These donuts were delicious... The best I had ever eaten. I remember that we started to laugh at the boy who came in with a dog in Lord Veder's costume. It looked so ridiculous! I was finishing my cocktail drink when a man with a familiar face came inside. This is the moment when everything started. The cocktail stopped in my throat. I almost choked myself. It was... Marlon Jackson. For a moment I wondered "Is it possible?"... But! Wait a minute! I'm in Los Angeles. Here live Michael's brothers. It's definitely him. I swear my heart stopped. My sister just looked at me and I didn’t want to know what she thought about me. I was making such silly faces. I told her who I saw and I asked her "Can we go to him?". She looked at me and laughed. She told me just the one sentence "Are you out of your mind?". I took it as the answer "no". I asked "Why?!". She said "It is his free time and we will not disturb him!". I replied "Keep calm...OK!". But everyone knows that I won't let go as quickly. I watched him carefully: every step he took and every gesture he made. He sat down at the table number two. Five minutes later I told my sister that I would go to order another cocktail. She knew that I planned to do something. I decided to walk over to waitress who accidentally stood next to Marlon. I asked if they had kiwi cocktail in the menu. The waiter said that she would come to my table in a moment. I looked at Marlon and with artificial smile I said "Mr. Marlon Jackson?". My smile was so plastic that I didn't believe in it. He smiled back and asked me "Fan or psycho fan?". I said "Perhaps more... I am a devotee! Yes! It sounds better ". I said that I was a great fan of Michael Jackson's music and I asked if we could talk for a while. He said with a bit of enthusiasm "Sure!". He was really kind and cheerful. I sat down opposite him. He said "Fewer and fewer people recognize me". I said "On the one hand, it's good, you are free and you can walk everywhere you want". I was scared that I would have a problem with the conversation but everything was okay. I turned around for a moment to my sister. She pointed her hand to the door. I am a very perceptive person so I guessed that she wanted to come back to the hotel. I looked at my phone and I got a message from her. She wrote "You have ten minutes... If he can stand you!" Oh... My lovely sister. She always supports me. At the very beginning I apologized to Marlon for my poor English. I don't say bad but sometimes I have a problem with understanding some words. His only question which I could remember was "Where are you from?". I replied that from Poland. He asked me what I wanted to know about Michael. I asked him to tell me about Michael's life in Hollywood. He sighed and explained that Michael was generous, helpful but unfortunately, he was very trusting and people abused him. In fact, he told me nothing new. I had already known about these details. In my life I have read many books about Michael Jackson. I saw that he didn't want to talk about the private things from Michael's life and it was completely normal. No one likes to talk about your private matters. Then he told me something very interesting. He said "Hollywood... People in this city grinning fangs like vampires". I asked him 'What do you mean?". He looked at me and after a while he said "People accused Michael, laughed at him... they called him a pedophile and weirdo. This pseudonym "Wacko Jacko" oh God... Michael hated when people called him that". I told him that he was right and I watched a few interviews with him and he said that he didn’t like that. He said "Tabloids, people have seen the same negative qualities of Michael. It didn't matter that he was a human and he had feelings... They didn't care that he was helping ill children; he donated a huge sum of money to help the Third World countries... built Neverland, but journalists didn't write about it". To this moment everything was as clear as the day. But then I was so excited, that I sat with him and talked like enchanted. I vaguely remember what he said later. At the end I apologized for wasting his time. But he said "I’m glad that there are still young people whose musical taste doesn't end on Justin Bieber". I liked him! We had a great talk. Of course, I wouldn't be myself if I didn't do anything. So what I did? I spilt water on the table... and his trousers. I was so embarrassed. I didn't know what to do. He said "It's all right!". But on the other hand, what he could say? I prefer not to think what he thought about me. He stood up and asked the waiter for a serviette. I said "Thank you for a talk and once again I’m sorry". And I walked away. I regret that I didn't take his autograph. My sister and I went out from the cafe and she started clapping with joy. I asked her "What are you doing?". She said "He stood with you for sixteen minutes. Wow!... Congratulations to you, Mr. Jackson!". She thought that she was funny but she wasn't. I told her that I spilt water on his legs. Her face was priceless. She said that I am very unlucky. I told her what we talked about. We laughed all the way to the hotel.

This day... maybe these 16 minutes I'll remember for a lifetime. I still can't believe it happened. To meet Michael's brother and even talk to him! We can say that this is a dream which I have never had. Last holiday was perfect. I had a nice time with my sister. I found out many things about Michael and his life in the famous town of Hollywood. It was very important for me because this man is my inspiration to become a better human. This trip affected my life dramatically. Maybe next year I will go to USA again and I will meet another one of Michael's brothers.