

The Sitter

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I'm minding my own business in my room until my mom decides to go for the weekend, leaving me with a babysitter. And its.. Michael Jackson? Wow this'll be.. Fun! lol

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1 - Meeting Mike

I was in my room playing video games when my mom opened the door to my room. My room is in the basement, but it doesn't really have that basement feeling to it other than the laundry area. "Angela.. I'm going to be gone for the rest of the night, and I'll be back at about tomorrow evening. I've hired a sitter to look after you." She said.

Blankly still concentrating on the game and still somehow listening to my mom I said, "Aight..... When will this sitter be here..?" I said, pausing the game. My mom continued, " Your sitter will be here shortly. I'm heading out right now. I'll see you tomorrow."

She closed the door, and I went back about to my business. It was night time, so I could see the lights from her car flashing on, and waning in sight when she drove out.

A few minutes later, another car parked at the house somebody came in. It was the sitter. I sighed, and paused my game again, walking upstairs into the house from my room to the rest of the place.

"This is gonna be interesting.." I said to myself while walking up the stairs.

The mysterious person sighed. It sounded like a man, but his voice was higher than it should be. I opened the door finding myself in the kitchen, and the man was in the living room unpacking his things for the night.

I walked into the living room slowly, and I paused staring at what I saw. I only saw his back but that was just because he was unpacking his things. He turned his head towards me. It was Michael Jackson! I blinked in shock, and he smiled politely, "Hey.. you must be Angela."

I nodded slowly weakly smiling, and walked towards him to shake his hand. We shook hands, and I said, "Nice to meet you. No..... An honor!" I laughed.

"Oh.. You're a fan? I've finally actually found a FRIENDLY face other than my children." He said.

I shrugged looking down, "Yea. I'm like, the only one here that does in this area. Other than a few adults but that's it." He raised his eyebrow, "You're sayin' most people here don't like me whatsoever??" I nodded slowly looking down, putting my hands in my pockets.

He shrugged, "Well neither of us know that for sure." I looked up at him. He turned his head over to his things and continued talking to me sitting on the couch, " Well, I'm going to be here for about a full day or so.. What do you usually do on the weekends?" I sat down next to him and scratched the back of my head.

"Well... Depends on what's going on. I like to spend my time on the computer a lot... It varies on my mood." I shrugged, sitting down next to him.

"Ah a fan's life must be nice." He chuckled taking out his hat from a bag. I laughed, "Not really! Most kids are real mean around here. Hell.. These guys kept on throwing sticks at me just for the fun of it. Since they can't hurt you, they hurt fans." I rubbed the side of my face. He looked at me in concern, "They threw sticks at you?" I nodded. "One socked me in my right ear.. The kids are my age, and there were like, younger kids that were about 7ish watching them throw sticks at me.. They started to just for the fun of it." I said as if I didn't care about the matter.

" What has gotten into kids these days.." He sighed staring at the ceiling. I could tell he felt a little disturbed.

I answered, " After generation to generation the adults got irresponsible. Their children therefore got irresponsible. More chaos started happening until things got outa hand.." I sighed sounding sad. I then laughed closing my eyes, "I bet that's why I'm a fan of yours. I have good parents."

Michael relaxed himself on the couch closing his eyes. "Let's not talk about this shoot..." I relaxed myself too, and said, "Sorry if I offended you." He looked at me and shook his head, "You didn't... You didn't." I smiled and looked down, closing my eyes.

2 - Close Call

It was nearly dinner time, and all that me and Michael did was talk, and talk, and talk! We eventually stopped after we had nothing else to talk about! I felt hungry, and laughed, "We lost track of time! It's like.. dinner time already!" Michael laughed looking at the time, "Yea I guess it is!" I got up looking outside the kitchen window holding my hips.

"With quick meals we could have ramen noodles.." I said, glancing over to him. He grinned, "I have a better idea.."

10 minutes later, we came back from KFC with a lot of food ready to eat. Michael had to stay in the car in the parking lot... He told me what he wanted, and I got it along with what I wanted.

Anyway, we had fun eating KFC chicken joking around wit' eachother. He made me eat some of the coldslaw, which I really HATE.. But I only fed up with it because he's like.. The King of Pop! Come on! Anyway, after dinner we went back into the living room. Out of nowhere, we heard a knock on the door. My heart sank. His probably did because the media hasn't found out he's back in America babysitting at 13 year old girl!

I whispered, "Hide upstairs, it's probably one of my friends." We got up, and he ran upstairs as quiet as he could.

I opened the door, and yep! It was my friend Nathan.

"Can I come in?" He said sounding shy. He ALWAYS asks that. The TV isn't on and nobody is around so he asks, "Your parent's home?" He asks.

"Nope. My mom won't be back until like, tomorrow." I say as casual as I can

"Cool!" He says, looking inside.

Michael starts to eavesdrop on our conversation... glancing down the stairs just a crack. "Let's go downstairs." Nathan says, walking into the kitchen going down into my room, which is the basement. I head towards the bottom of the stairs leading upstairs, seeing Michael's head. He started laughing, putting his hand over his mouth.

I smirked putting my hands on my hips. " I don't think it's a good idea for him to be here, Angela." He whispers suddenly sounding serious. I put one foot on the first step and whisper, "I agree wit'chou.. I'll chace 'em out."

Nathan notaces I wasn't following hiim, and he sneaks up on me hearing me whisper to Michael, but he didn't hear Michael talking.

"Who are you talking to?" He interrupted. Michael shut himself up hiding again. Startled I jumped looking at Nathan. I slightly stuttered, "N-nobody I was just.." He smirked widely.

"You're hiding something.. Are you sure your parents aren't here?" He asked. Michael couldn't help himself but giggle. He giggled and tried to keep his mouth shut, but it couldn't stay in him.

I shook my head, "I'm not hiding something if that something isn't LAUGHING!" I laughed.

"I'm gonna find out what it is!" Nathan said, starting to run up the stairs. Michael gasped looking for a spot to hide. I yelled, "NO WAIT, NATHAN!" I chased him up the stairs, grabbing his shirt. That gave Michael time to hide. He hid under my grandmother's bed.

"What? What are you trying to hide from me??" He laughed, and then spit on my hand.

"Eww.." I growled.

I let go wiping it, and he ran fully up the stairs. I ran following him with my heart pumping. Nathan started looking around. "I bet the thing you're hiding from me is that Michael Jackson is here!" He joked laughing.

I fake laughed, "No that's impossible, Nathan! Actually, that was the cat I was talking to!" I lied.

Nathan looked at me, "The cat??" I nodded.

My cat meowed rolling around on my grandma's bed. Nathan jumped on it. Startling the poor cat. Michael dodged the impact barely, but felt pressure from Nathan's weight.

"Let's head back downstairs." I said. "Yea sure whatever.." Nathan said, jumping off, and running downstairs. I followed. "I think you should go home Nathan. I don't want company." "Why?" He asked. "Just because.." I simply said. "Sure, whatever Angela." He headed towards the door and said, "Bye." He opened it and left.

I ran upstairs and sighed. "Couldn't help but laugh hu Mike....." I said with a big sigh of relief.

Michael laughed again, "Nope! I laugh easy what can I say." He said, getting out from under my grandma's bed. I stared at where he was. "Dang that was a close call!" He got up. Looking at me like I was stupid. "No kidding?" We smirked and went downstairs.

END OF CHAPTER 2 Comments please and thank you.. lol