

Chapter 1

You log into Twitter for the third time today and sigh with disappointment; it has been a very slow day with little activity and none from anyone you hoped for. You are barely two weeks away from meeting the five most gorgeous men in existence- Danny, Donnie, Joe, Jon, and Jordan. Jordan. You sigh again. You are in a sullen mood. You know you should be excited, but you are scared. Not just nervous, but scared. Of all the scenarios and thoughts that run through your mind, there is only one that sticks. A memory. The day in '94 when Jordan broke your heart.

You are frustrated with yourself for focusing on the negative. Something in the back of your mind tells you the only way to get rid of your fears is to face them. You begin to type.

@jordanknight I will be meeting you in 2wks. I have always loved you but I don't know if I will run to you. My last memory of you is not a very good one & I don't think I can face that again. I am actually scared. I want my moment with you.

You look at the time and decide to make dinner before you zone out to your not-so-happy place again. Instead of logging out, you leave the Twitter site up, just to check once more after dinner is on.

You come back in about ten minutes and refresh the page. You notice you have a direct message. You assume it's Raven- it takes you a second to notice the profile picture is different. Did she change it? It's Jordan's picture. Then you realize: *Jordan* sent you a direct message.

Your heart drops to your stomach as you read: "I am sorry I left you with unpleasant memories; if you come to me, you will have your moment."

You are too stunned to even freak out. And you have no one to tell. You are completely alone in the house for once; you know Raven and Sherry are at work, and Missiey is out with her husband. You decide to try to send Jordan a message in return. What have you got to lose? To your surprise, Twitter allows you to DM Jordan. "How can I be sure? You don't know who I am or what I look like. You may not even remember this!" You start to send, but as an afterthought also type a wink face, to lighten what you've said.

Your heart is racing and you find yourself holding your breath in anticipation. You want with everything you have for him to write you back.

He does.

"I know I hurt you, and I want to make it up to you. Tell me what show you'll be at."

You are now having a conversation with Jordan Knight! You can hardly believe it. "I will be in Indy on the 28th." You can't think of anything else, so you leave it simple.

A few moments later- he must actually be waiting for your responses- you receive another message. "Is Jolanda your real name?"

You are suddenly so grateful for a unique name; when- or if- you tell your name at the M&G, you are now sure he will remember. "Yes."

"Well then, Jolanda, I can't wait to meet you. June 28th. It's a date."

A date?! You know he didn't mean it literally, but the girl inside you feels like screaming. A date with Jordan Knight! *Now* you start to freak out. "See you then. ;)"