

“Mom, GUESS WHAT!” I yelled across the room to my mom.

“What? What’s the matter?” my mom said with a concerned look on her face.

“Justin Bieber is coming to New Jersey on July 31st! Can you get me tickets?” I pointed to the screen that showed an advertisement to buy tickets.

I imagined myself in the same room as Justin Bieber. Better yet, I imagined myself breathing the same air as him. I imagined him looking into my eyes and only mine, out of the thousands of screaming girls there. He might pick me as the OLLG (“One Less Lonely Girl”).

“Yeah, yeah... hold on, Shayna, I’m doing something really important right now.” As my mom walked away, I was wondering if she had heard me, or was she just trying to shrug me off so she wouldn’t have to hear my “nonsense”--according to her. I felt as if she never listened to me when it came to Justin Bieber, and it bothered me.

As I watched the commercial finish, I noticed that is said, “HURRY, THEY’RE SELLING FAST!” I started to come to conclusion that I’m probably not gonna get them since my mom never listens.

About two days after I mentioned the concert to my mom, I tried to talk to my dad.

“Dad,” I sat down across from him. “You know Justin Bieber’s coming to town and I asked mom if I could get tickets but--”

“Shayna,” my dad interrupted me with a concerned look on his face. “I’m sorry to say this, Shay, but concert tickets are very expensive and it’s kind of out of our budget. I know how excited you are about this concert, but we just can’t do it right now. Maybe another time.”

I popped up, out of my seat and starting walking away quickly. I didn’t want to hear what he had to say. *Didn’t he know how much this concert meant to me?* Over my shoulder, I said sarcastically,

“Thanks, Dad. I really appreciate you crushing my dream.” At that moment, I knew my words were probably hurting my father deep down inside, but I didn’t care because he was hurting me.

I still tried to persuade my dad into getting me the tickets but the message was not getting through my dad. I went back to my living room in disappointment because I knew I wasn’t getting the tickets. As I sat on my couch, scrolling through my Twitter feed, I saw about five different girls, in bold captions, explain that they have the best parents in the world because they had just bought them tickets to July 31st Justin Bieber concert. It was the concert I had been begging my parents about, the same concert that I knew I should be attending! In that moment, I was furious at my parents. *Didn’t they care about me? Didn’t they care about what’s important to me and what would put the biggest smile on my face?*

The days dragged by. Everyday I begged my parents until one day they snapped.

“Shayna, that’s enough!” they both yelled at me, their faces turning bright red.

“Okay, okay. I get it, I’m sorry for asking!” I snapped back at them. I walked away and slammed my door shut as I lay on my bed. I thought to myself, “When it comes to Justin Bieber, the only time they listen to me is when I’m getting annoying and they can’t take it anymore.”

By July 30th, the day before the concert, I had accepted the fact that I was not going to see Justin Bieber. It was a beautiful sunny day, with just a bit of a breeze, but I was not myself. And, I was not in the best of moods, especially because I was stuck babysitting my younger cousins. Xavier and Avien. When my mom called me downstairs, I thought maybe my bad mood had started to show a little too much, because the tone of voice she had didn’t make me feel very comfortable at all. As I walked downstairs I thought about all the things my mom might be mad about. I got downstairs and walked towards my mother. She looked me in the eye and said, “There’s an envelope on top of the coffee table. Go get the envelope and come back downstairs now!”

I walked away, my heart is racing. I thought maybe the envelope was related to school. I could be a letter about bad grades or even talking about me going to summer school! I took the last step of my stairs and there it was, laying on the table. I picked it up, extended my thumb out to open it... one more tear to open it... and then it was open. I shut my eyes but still peeked a little, with just my left eye, as I pulled the letter out.

The first words I saw was "**BELIEVE TOUR.**" I freaked out because I knew that was the name of the Justin Bieber tour. I screamed out loud and ran downstairs. When I got to my mom, I hugged her so tightly she turned red! In that moment, I realized that my mom actually does listen to me and pay attention, even when it seems like she's not. It made me feel so happy and overwhelmed that I might have even shed a tear or two. At the end of the day I had an amazing time at the concert. Well I mean, I did sprain my foot for about a week because of how much jumping I had done and lost my voice for 4 days. But it was all worth it.