

## Dear...?

*Dear Diary,*

*I don't know why I am writing in this. I got it for myself because 'someone' said it could help with things. Maybe I will write a few ideas for songs in this. Most likely though, it will record what goes on in the day of \*NSYNC.*

*Josh 'Jc' Chalez*

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*Dear Diary,*

*I hate that I have to call you a diary. Why not journal? It sounds a lot less girly, but plenty of people call me girly because I like fur and care about my looks. I'm metrosexual; get over it. Right now, I'm on \*NSYNC's tour bus. I share it with Lance and Justin. Man, the couple. I have to listen to them every night. Either is a fight, or make-up sex. They have more of a 'fucking' relationship, meaning they really just have sex and don't act like a real couple. They are at it again, the fighting part. I'm going to go see if I can nap.*

*Jc*

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*Dear Thing,*

*I'm going to be creative with what I call you because who knows who might be reading this. We are now in a motel, getting ready for the show tonight. We hit the stage first for practice, now we just have to shower and get ready. I'm sharing with Lance. He's pissy right now because the fight with Justin was two days ago and they really haven't fixed it yet. Sometimes, it gets so bad Chris tries to get them back 'together'. Want to know a secret? Of course you do, you're a diary. Well, Justin is bi and Lance is gay. Justin fucks a lot of girls on tours and Lance wants a big relationship. He's aiming low, and either Lance needs to stop and find a real man or Justin needs to cut it out and realize who he really is. Most likely, I'm going to end up snapping my heart in half because neither of them gets it.*

*Jc*

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*Dear Whatchamacallit,*

*Ahh, Lance's fav word. It's interesting for sure. We just got done with our show and have a week before the next one. We should be getting to the next city in three days. Most likely we'll stop here and there and take up the whole week. Whatever. Lance and Justin, Justin and Lance; however you want to say it they hooked back up a while ago. I heard everything! I need to know: do you think its wrong to fantasize you are the person being fucked and jack-off to it? I thought so. And I learned something new today! Lance only does top.*

Jc

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*Dear Dog,*

*No, I'm not saying you're an animal. First thing in my head and I'm writing in pen so don't tell me to change it. I'm acting like you can actually talk and have feelings. I need a better life. Speaking of which, today Chris was kind enough to switch buses with me. I kind of miss the noise. Sad I know. But I have this weird feeling Justin asked Chris to do it. We got on the highway just now and we are right next to the other bus. Shit. Chris and Justin are going at it and don't even shut the blinds. I can see Lance in the back, wide-awake. Damn even Chris is playing Justin's games. I'm going to bed. I wonder if Joey knows what's going on.*

Jc

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*Dear (Insert Name Here),*

*Yeah, I'm bored. I talked with Joe (we call Joey 'Joe' if your confused) and he knows more than me. He says Chris and Justin have had a secret relationship going on this whole time. No wonder they always shared a room when Justin and Lance fought! And the fights are getting more and more frequent. Lance is so blind right now I want to cry. Justin*

*is just using him. And now, when I think back to all the times I've seen Justin, he's always looking at Chris with s look. That look you give to someone you're lusting after and love; the look I give Lance. I'm going off topic already. I said to Joey why he didn't tell Lance, but he already knows. That hurts even more. What is Lance doing? I need to talk to him at the next rest stop.*

*Jc*

*\**

*Dear Lance,*

*You won't talk to me. I've tried so hard to get it into your brain that what Justin is doing to you is wrong. You need to end it because someone out there is hurting more than you. Justin and Chris want to be together, but I don't understand why you two keep sleeping together. We are all being blind. I'm putting this 'book' on your bed and I want you to write me back. Yeah it's stupid, but you're not saying anything out loud. Please Lance, I want to help.*

*Jc*

*\**

*Dear Josh,*

*I love him. Maybe if I keeping trying to make him see... ahh who am I kidding? Myself. And if you're figured I wouldn't*

*read the rest of your little book- you have another thing coming.*

- 1) You could hear us?<br>*
- 2) I didn't know you were gay.<br>*
- 3) You like bottom?<br>*
- 4) How many times have you jerked-off to us?<br>*
- 5) You love me? WHAT?*

*Josh, I don't like you that way. I'm sorry. I'll try to move on from Justin but I don't love you. You're just a friend. Sorry...*

*Lance*

*\**

*Dear Diary,*

*I can't believe it. Lance finally ends it with Justin, goes to Joey about it, and I hear them fucking through the wall. I don't think Lance is quiet during sex. He doesn't love me. I can't write any more. I want to jump from a building now but that would be stupid on my part. He likes me as a friend and its possible he wants Joey. If you are reading this Lance, I will always love everything about you and everything you do. Your smile, your laugh, how you sing, how you dance, how smart you are, and your personality is the best. I can't stop loving you.*

*Jc*

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Dear It,

*I haven't written in a while. I've been thinking too much about Lance. Chris and Justin have a solid relationship now and Justin and Lance are good friends. He hooked up with Joey. Joey comes up to me one night saying, "Man I'm sorry but..." I cut him off, telling him to take good care of him, better than Justin. Better than me, but I didn't say that. He smiles and goes down the hall. Tour's halfway over and I'm going to put this away for a while. Try my best to find some guy who's better than Lance ten-times more. I don't even think that made sense, but whatever. I don't care anymore.*

Jc

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ONE YEAR LATER

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Dear Journal,

*I found you buried in my dresser. Man, I still haven't got over him you know? (\*Laugh\*) We are starting a new album, and I have some great new ideas for stuff. So does Justin. He and Chris man, they are great; haven't seen a better couple. Joey's a great man. He moved in with Lance a week ago. I helped with the move. Lance kept watching me but I*

was laughing and all giddy that day. No, I was not on drugs! Chris and Justin keep calling me up asking how they are over here in LA and I keep telling them to call them and not me. "But it's like a honeymoon for them! You're their neighbor!" Chris can be a dork. I got some ideas for songs and I want to write them down before I lose them.

Joshua (okay, maybe I've had a little too much sugar)

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Dear Thingy,

Yes, you are a thingy to me still. Justin and Chris had a huge ass fight. Lance calls me up, saying Justin's crying and coming over to LA. He said he couldn't take him in right now: Joey, of course. Here he is FINALLY asleep in his bed. What did Chris do? I'm going to call him up and hear his side, because Justin was at the airport crying into my arms.

Jc

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Dear Cat,

Once again, not implying your an animal. I was talking to Chris. He slept with a girl, an ex-girlfriend of his. He didn't mean it either. He said he went out clubbing and she was there, he got very drunk and she helped him home. She was a whore; that's why they broke up. They fuck and Justin

walks in on the aftermath. Poor guy. I believe both sides on this one. I called up Joey and Lance to tell them, but when Joey answers I kept hearing screaming and shit in the background and he hung up on me. What the fuck?

Jc

\*

Dear (Insert Animal Name Here),

Oh my god. Lance and Joey had a huge fight, ten times bigger than Justin's and Chris's. But neither of them cheated on accident. It was something else, I can't really remember because I'm on my couch with sleeping Lance on me. He passed out a while ago from crying. His face is still a little red and wet. Lance is so fragile, and I hate Joey right now. I hate him so much I want to kill him for making Lance cry. I'm going to go to sleep. I love Lance so much I have a few tears myself.

Jc

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Dear Me,

Note to self: never sleep with a depressed man. It's just not right. When I woke up on the couch earlier, Lance was in the kitchen eating cereal. We talk a little; I wanted to understand what happened the night before. Didn't get too far because Lance kissed me and shoves me against the

counter. I always told myself if Lance ever threw himself at me I would take him, but now... it felt wrong. He was depressed and fought with one of my good friends. Even if they broke up, I wasn't going to do it. Lance stormed from my house after crying more and punching me in the face. I'm in my room crying my eyes out. I need to stop writing before the whole book is soaked.

Jc

\*

Dear Fucker,

I'm not angry, if you must know. I need to find an official name for you. Joey came by earlier. I thought he would hit me too, but he didn't. We had a calm talk about what happened and he thanked me for not sleeping with Lance. Apparently, Joey wanted to get back with his ex-girlfriend. He is bi, just like Justin. Lance freaked and stormed out. They resolved it after Lance stormed out on me and they are officially broken up. That means Lance is single! I shouldn't rejoice though. Joey left to go to Orlando so he could talk with Chris. Justin comes downstairs and we hang out around town. I couldn't get my mind off of Lance though. That night Joey called me and we got Justin and Chris to talk. By the sound of it, Justin would go back the next day. At least some one had a happy ending.

Jc

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*THREE MONTHS LATER*

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*Journal,*

*I'm going to just call you that from now on. Sorry I haven't written; actually I'm not, but yeah. Been so caught up on this new \*NSYNC album, writing and recording new stuff. If you're wondering, Joey and his girlfriend are expecting a baby. Chris and Justin are still going strong. Lance is... still not with me. He still doesn't love me. He wants to be friends. He hasn't said it to my face, but I can tell. Hang on, someone's knocking on my door.*

~

*Oh my god, miracles do happen.*

*Jc*

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"What are you doing?" Lance looks over at Jc from where he was lying on the bed. Jc continues to write.

"Just finishing up an entry in this thing." Lance slides his arm around his waist and kisses his neck. Jc sighs. "I still don't understand..."

"Those three months have given me a long time to think about stuff. I know I said I felt for you as a friend, but after what happened with Joey and you being there for me and not sleeping with me even though you really wanted it... made me realize I could actually have something great with you."

"I've always loved you Lance." Lance snuggles into Jc's back and shuts his eyes.

"I love you Josh."

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*Journal,*

*I'm going to be real busy now with Lance and the new album. I'm just so happy I can finally be with him and take care of him that way he deserves. Guess I get my happy ending too. And by the way, if you are still wondering, the person who told me to keep a journal was Lance. He told me that he had one over in Germany and said I should try it. Three years later I listen. Heh.*

*Josh (I like that better)*

**THE END!**