

People keep asking me what my beef is with Justin Timberlake—here's the truth:

The year is 1723. We lived in a tiny cobblestoned village in France. Jacques Timbert was a lute player with oily, coiffed hair and an ego that went unmatched until 1946. I, Tessica Cowherard, was a humble, drop dead gorgeous baker. I was known around town for two things, one of them being that I crafted the finest croissants this side of Paris. One fateful day, Jacques waltzed into town with his band of troubadours.

At first, we got along. I'd slip him free pastries, he'd sing little ditties in my honor. When I wasn't baking or working my second job, I had written a jaunty little song about a river nymph and her hopelessly distracted fisherman lover. It was catchy, unforgettable, dare I say... a *bop*. I hummed it on repeat while pulling baguettes from the oven. I'll give you one guess at what happened next.

Yup- you guessed it. While working my nighttime job at the square I overheard Jacques performing MY song "Hopelessly Distracted by You," and passing it off as his own. The crowd went wild. Women fainted. Men were sweating. I became enraged.

The betrayal didn't end there. When the village held its annual dance, he challenged me to a duel. I pulled my sword from my holster, he looked me in the eyes, "No weapons. Let your hips do the fighting." He began doing twirls and shimmies that hadn't been invited yet. I began with my honest, respectable jig, then I realized that wasn't going to cut it. This is what historians won't tell you- in that moment, I invented the Stanky Leg.

The square broke out in screams, and I foolishly believed I had finally gotten my payback. But it doesn't end there. The next week, the town crier ran around aimlessly, spreading the news that Jacques Timbert invented *the concept of rhythm*. After that, I was nothing but a forgotten baker and one other thing. My legacy was buried and he set out on the world's first world tour.

Call it karmic memory, call it ancestral beef, but Justin Timberlake took everything from me. I hope that helps clear things up. If you or anyone you love has been wrong by Justin Timberlake in this, or any life, please reach out.

