

Hey... ohhh...

You drive a pretty car - you know how fine you are

And nobody needs to say it... no way...

They love the clothes you wear, they compliment you

And I just love the way you play it...

Joshua wanders down the sidewalk slowly, his feet dragging behind him. He has no energy to lift his feet up to prevent his chance of tripping. A face plant into the sidewalk sounds very pleasant at this moment though. His hands rest in the large pockets of his jacket. He runs the lint in his left pocket between his finger tips and picks at a loose string inside his right pocket. Life seems simple right now.

His obsession with the woman who lives in the penthouse apartment above him doesn't seem to want to end. If he could summon the strength to forget about her gentle figure, her smooth skin, her careful steps as she leaves the building everyday, and her voice... he would instantly. But her hellos echo in his ears when he sleeps at night and her movements place him in an awful trance in his daily activities. His normal focus on the things he loves is gone; even his grandmother sees this.

That can throw a woman off, living with a grandmother. They think the guy is poor or useless in the outside world. Grandmothers spoil and obsess over the welfare of their grandchildren and don't seem to understand the term "let go." But Joshua's grandmother lives with him and is ill. She is the woman who raised him when his mother died of cancer and his father was killed in a car accident. He couldn't just toss her in a hospital of some kind. It is his turn to care for her.

It's obvious that the girl who lives in the penthouse doesn't talk with men who have low-end jobs and are struggling to care for their ill grandmother.

But the only thing you dream of

Money can't buy for you...

Ohh...

And in my dreams I make your wish come true...

The girl moved into the penthouse two months ago. From what Joshua has heard, her father owns a big business located in New York City and he sent her to Orlando with her mother so she could attend the college of her choice. Why she chose the University of Orlando Joshua will never know. All he knows is that he loves her.

Love is too complicated in today's world. Everyone sees it differently. Joshua makes it simple and says love is when you want the best for the other person, no matter what. He has been trying his best to fully understand her situation, but he can't seem to reign up the strength to confront her with a cup of coffee and a movie ticket. He doesn't really think about the fact she has a lot of money and he barely has any. Money isn't important to Joshua. His grandmother raised him to indulge in less materialistic things and more into human values. When he went to his grandmother about the girl in the penthouse, she smiled amusingly and told him that's what Charles (her husband) felt about her just two weeks after they met.

For the girl who has everything

I bring you love

I bring you love

Cause the girl who has everything can't get enough

Of my love...

It was the two month "anniversary" after Joshua had first saw her when he went up to her and asked her name. She sort of gave him that face that said, "I don't talk to poor men." Well, to Joshua that was what the face said. After what seemed to be an hour of that face staring at him, she said her name is Bethany.

"My name is Joshua. You can call me Josh or JC if you'd like."

She walked away a little bewildered.

*Why do you run and hide?
Say what you feel inside (say what you feel...)
Why must you always fake it? (oh yeah...)
Girl you need to understand
Your heart is safe within my hands and
I promise I'll never break it... ohh...*

One week after that was when Joshua left a letter in her mailbox asking for a reply with answers to the questions he left. It wasn't creepy at all - it was simple basic knowledge, like what her favorite pet is, her favorite sport, her favorite school subject, her favorite candy - things like that.

He received the reply letter back a week later with all of the questions answered. Joshua made sure to memorize everything so he could send her a gift that very next day and for the rest of her life. It was a little gift basket with a king sized Kit-Kat bar, a tennis ball signed by himself, and a stuffed puppy toy. He left a little note on the basket with a special poem just for her.

Joshua can't remember the poem at this moment because he doesn't want any more pain then he already has to feel.

*I know that you still dream of what money can't buy for you
And in my dreams I'll make your wish come true...*

Joshua's grandmother told him to go to her and ask her on a date. It was obvious to her that Joshua wasn't going to really get anywhere with Bethany until he asked her fully on a date. He knew that as well. So he went to the flower store and bought a bouquet of roses for her with the last of his money for the month.

He felt nuts attempting to ask a rich girl on a date when he knew he wasn't good enough for her in the first place. But his grandmother insisted on it. So Joshua took the elevator to the top floor of the apartment complex, which took an eternity. He carefully walked over to her front door and knocked three times.

Joshua's heart beat in his ears and time simply stopped around him.

The door quickly swung open and Bethany stood there, looking quite irritated.

"Hi," Joshua shyly said. "I wanted to know if-"

"What the hell are you doing to me?" She screeched.

Joshua looked at her puzzled. "I'm... being nice?"

"You are acting like every other man I have encountered. You give me shit and more shit, only wanted one thing from me."

"I just-"

"Money. You want my money. But do you know what? No matter how... beautiful your poem was, you aren't getting my FATHER'S money."

"Bethany-"

"Go away pervert. And I'll just burn those flowers for you." Bethany snatches the flowers from Joshua's hands and slams the door. Joshua hears the click on the lock.

At least his heart isn't pounding in his ears anymore.

For the girl who has everything

I bring you love (I bring you love)

I bring you love

Cause the girl who has everything can't get enough (enough of...)

Of my love...

A simple tear runs down Joshua's face and he immediately wipes it away before any on goers see. He isn't a weak man. He just made an amazing girl think he wanted her for her "father's" money. That is the last thing he wants! He would rather live in an alley in a cardboard box knowing he is loved than in a penthouse all alone in this great big world.

His feet gradually get heavier with every step he takes. He reaches the park soon enough and falls down into the grass, feeling his faint heart beat in his fingertips. Love like this only comes once in a lifetime. Joshua never knew it is possible that feelings like his toward Bethany were possible, especially after two months. But there is just something about her...

Joshua isn't sure he wants to endure this relationship any further. It was well proven to him that Bethany doesn't and won't understand his feelings for her. He lays in the grass, staring at the setting sun, pondering how, and if, he is going to move on. If he moves on, she will assume he wanted only money and hate him forever. If he goes to her and gets into her face about what really is going on, she will think he is a pervert and call the police. If he sends a nice letter to her, explaining everything, she will... probably burn it with the roses.

Maybe she read the note on the roses for her... Joshua thinks he actually put something in it about him not caring about money.

*If you just let me try (my baby listen)
I'll help you find what you've been missing
You gotta listen to your heart and not your mind
Ohh... baby yeah...*

"Joshua?"

Now he hears his name being called. Who wants him right now? Can't he pout and whine to himself in peace?

“Joshua!”

He sits up onto his arms and looks out onto the sidewalk. Bethany is running over to him, the roses in her hand. Oh boy, did she decide to throw them in his face instead?

“Yeah?”

Bethany comes to a quick stop next to him and falls to her knees, her face apparently wet. “The note...” she pants, out of breath. “You say you love me?”

“Of course! Who wouldn’t?”

“Every man who I’ve met has never said that to me, not even my father!”

Events are making sense in Joshua’s brain now. He sits up all the way and scoots closer to her, wiping her cheek with the side of his hand.

“I’m not like those other men. I do care about you. Even if I have only known you for... two months? And that I don’t even know a lot about you. I just can’t help but just wanting to make you happy. Is that wrong?”

Bethany snuffles and rubs her nose. “It isn’t wrong, but I never thought I could have someone tell me that without an alternative motive.”

“All I wanted was to ask you to a movie tomorrow night.”

Bethany smiles, wiping her eyes. “I’m game for that.” Joshua wraps an arm around her shoulder and pulls her against him.

“Did I tell you how hot you are?”

Bethany snorts, running her fingers across the rose petals.

“My favorite flower is actually a Calla Lily, but these are nice too.” She turns her head to look at Joshua. “I really adore your grandma by the way.”

“What?” Joshua looks at her. “When did you meet her?”

“I went to your place so I could talk to you about the note, and she wanted to talk to me before she sent me after you. She is really sweet.”

“The woman who raised me.” Joshua pulls Bethany closer to him and rests his chin on her head. “I really don’t care about the money. I’d rather be poor and in love than in a penthouse and all alone.”

“I’m sorry I didn’t give you a chance. You write really well and with emotion.”

Joshua kisses the top of her head. “I try.”

For the girl who has everything (everything...)

I bring you love (I bring you love...)

I bring you love (I bring you love...)

Cause the girl who has everything can't get enough

My love (of my love...)

Joshua walks Bethany back to the apartment complex while holding her hand. As they ride up the elevator, Joshua can’t help but peck her cheek, and then her nose when she turns her head, and then kiss her long and tenderly on the lips until the door opens. He walks her to her door and hugs her goodnight, very eager to see her that next evening at the movies.

As he rides back down the elevator to his apartment, he jumps up and down in the elevator whispering, “Yes, yes, yes! I am so happy! Yes, yes, yes!”

The door opens and a little boy and his father are standing there. Joshua stops jumping and smiles, getting out quickly so he can tell his grandmother the great news. He jogs down the hall to his apartment and unlocks the door, hurrying inside.

“Nanna? Nanna guess what! Bethany found me in the park and is gonna go to the movies with me tomorrow!” Joshua turns on the light in the living room, finding her asleep on the couch. “Oh.” He walks over. “Nanna? I can’t wait till morning to tell you. Wake up!”

He places his hand on her cheek. She feels cold.

Joshua’s joy stops abruptly and he places his fingers on her neck, searching for a pulse. He finds nothing. He puts his hand in front of her mouth and doesn’t feel any air. “Nanna wake up! Come on you can’t leave me yet!” He shakes her, waiting for a groan or something to come from her mouth, but nothing happens. Joshua falls down onto his knees, tears welling up in his eyes.

“Come back Nanna. Please! Come back... come back...” Joshua chokes a sob and covers his face, falling back onto his bottom. “Come back...”

For the girl who has everything (I can't, cause you want my love)

I bring you love (And I'm gonna give it to ya)

I bring you love

Cause the girl who has everything can't get enough...

In the words Joshua’s Nanna: “Life is just too short to be wasted, so waste it wisely.”

THE END!