**CHAPTER FIFTEEN:** The Cost of True Love

We finally arrived at my house after almost an hour. “I’ll take your bags upstairs.” Jasmine said as I went to the kitchen to get some water. When she came back downstairs, she couldn’t help but stare at me. “What is it?” “Ana, I think you’re starting to show.” “WHAT?” I rushed right past her but she grabbed my arm and starting to laugh. “I’m just kidding. It’s only been a few weeks, relax.” “Jas, that’s NOT funny.” “Ok, I’m sorry. Let’s talk about what you’re going to say to your parents.”

I looked at the clock on my stove. “He’s in the air now, Jas.” I said as she put her arm on my shoulder. “I really miss him.” “I know and I’m sure he misses you too.” “Jas, I don’t think he heard me. If he had he would have ran back. I know he would have!” “Ana, he had thousands of fans running towards him. He has to think of his safety too. What if someone had hurt him while he was trying to get to you?” “I guess you’re right.”

“Ana, you need to make a decision. What are you going to do?” “I’m going to have his baby, Jas.” I told her it was my choice and there was no way I couldn’t, especially now that his mother knew and Michael possibly did too. “I can’t let Mrs. J down. She would be devastated if I got rid of it. She even told me Michael would marry me if that meant making my parents happy.” “Would you do it?” “I don’t know. This is just too much for me to handle right now. A month ago, I was single and not pregnant. Now, I’m in love, pregnant and thinking about getting married.”

“I still can’t believe all of this happened because of that museum opening.” “That’s exactly what I was thinking too.” “Well, on another note, his first concert is in 3 days and it’s going to be on TV. Marie and I will be here to watch it with you on your big screen.” “I don’t know if I can watch him, Jas. It was hard enough with Marie blasting his songs in the car.” “You have to tell Marie about this, Ana.” “She is going to FREAK.” “I know, but would you rather have her hear it from someone else?” Just then, the morning sickness returned. “I’m getting sick again.”

I ran upstairs to my bathroom and threw up. I then sat on my bathroom floor and started crying. It was finally starting to sink in that I was going to lose my family and that my dreams weren’t going to come true. As much as I loved Michael, I hated him at that moment for what he put me through but I also knew it wasn’t all his fault. I was equally responsible. I was starting to wear myself out. Then I remembered Jasmine was still downstairs. I washed my face, combed my hair and left to go back downstairs. As I opened the door, I heard Jasmine yell “ANA, GET DOWN HERE! HE’S ON TV!!” I quickly started running but I slipped and fell down the stairs and hit my head…

**\*\*\* 2 HOURS LATER \*\*\***

I woke up in the hospital. Jasmine was next to me. “Ana, thank god you’re awake.” “What happened?” “You fell down the stairs and hit your head. The doctor said you might not wake up for a while. Are you feeling ok?” “Yeah, I think so. How did it happen?” “You suddenly felt sick and ran upstairs to the bathroom. Then I told you to come down because Michael was on TV and—“ “Michael who?” Jasmine’s eyed widened. “WHAT?” “You said Michael was on TV. Who is he?” “Ana, you don’t remember Michael?” “No.” She then panicked and ran out of the room screaming for a doctor. When she found one, he came in and examined me. “She looks ok. But we’ll keep her under observation overnight just to be sure.” Jasmine then went outside of the room to talk to the doctor.

**\*\*\* JASMINE’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

“Doctor, she doesn’t remember certain people in her life.” “That’s very common. She hit her head quite hard and it could take up to several months for her to start remembering everything and everyone again.” “She remembers me but doesn’t remember the father of her baby.” “I’m sorry, but she is no longer pregnant. “What do you mean?” “When she fell she landed on her stomach which caused a lot of internal bleeding and resulted in her having a miscarriage.” “Oh my god. Are you going to tell her?” “I think it’s best that she doesn’t know for now. It’s better for patients who suffer from short or long term memory loss to be surrounded by their loved ones and hear positive things. If she still remembers you, I’m sure she will slowly start to remember everyone else. But for now, if she can’t remember the father of her baby, then she most likely won’t remember being pregnant either.” “Thank you, doctor.”

**\*\*\* MY POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

Jasmine came back to the room and sat next to me. “How do you feel?” “I’m fine. Where are my parents?” “In Arizona. They know you’re here and are flying back to see you.” “How’s Marie?” “She’s fine. She was here earlier when you were unconscious. Seeing you like this was difficult for her to take so she left. I’ll call her and tell her you’re awake now.” “I can’t wait to see her. Is she still crazy about Michael Jackson?” Jasmine looked up at me as tears were running down her face. “Ana….you really don’t remember him?” “Remember who? And why are you crying?” “Ana, you could have forgotten anyone. Myself, Marie, even your parents. But, Michael? You forgot MICHAEL, Ana?” “What are you talking about?”

Jasmine wiped her tears and called Marie who said she was on her way to come and see me. “Are you uncomfortable at all?” Jasmine asked. “No, I’m ok.” A while later, Marie arrived and eventually my family did too. My mother was worried but I told her I was ok. My dad was so upset he couldn’t even come in the room to see me. After much begging, he finally came inside and was relieved that I was alright. I love my family. I don’t know what I’d do without them. I’d never want to hurt them on purpose.

Once visiting hours at the hospital were over, everyone was asked to leave. My nurse told me only one person could stay with me overnight. My mom insisted that it be her but I told her to go home and rest since she just came back from out of town. Jasmine offered to stay with me and I was ok with it. The others said they’d be back tomorrow to visit me again. A few hours later, I heard a phone ringing. “Jas, did you bring my purse?” “Yeah, it’s in the closet. I think that’s your phone. I’ll get it for you.” “Who is it?” “It’s an unknown number. I’ll answer it outside.”

**\*\*JASMINE’S POINT OF VIEW\*\***

*“Hello?”*

*“Who is this?”
“It’s Jasmine, Diana’s friend.”
“How are you?”
“I’m ok. I’m so glad you called. I need to talk to you. Are you in Japan?”
“Yes. Where is Diana?”*

*“She’s in the hospital.”*

*“What happened to her?”*

*“The good news is she’s ok now.”*

*“WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?”*

*“She fell and hit her head.”*

*“How?”
“It’s my fault. Your commercial for the tour came on TV and I was so excited that I told her to come and watch it. She wasn’t in the room at the time so she ran down the stairs to see you and that was when she fell and hit her head.”*

*“Don’t blame yourself. Can I talk to her?”*

*“You can, but I don’t think that’s a good idea.”*

*“Why not?”
“Michael, she doesn’t remember you.”*

*“WHAT?”
“The doctor told me she has memory loss. She hit her head really hard.”*

*“I’m not worried about that right now. I’m just glad they are ok.”
“They?”
“Both of them.”*

*“Michael, you know?”
“Yes. That was the last thing I heard her say at the airport before we got separated.”*

***\*\*silence\*\****

*“Jasmine? Jasmine? JASMINE!”*

*“Michael…she….it’s not there anymore.”
“What isn’t there?”*

*“Michael, she miscarried. I’m sorry.”*

***\*\*silence\*\****

*“Stay by her phone. I’ll call you back in an hour.”
“Michael, wait! Why?”
“I’m coming to New York. I need to see her.”*

*“Michael, how are you going to do that? You’re about to start a 5 month tour! The media and press will be all over you.”
“Did you hear what I said?”
“Yes, but—“
“Then STAY BY THE PHONE. I’ll call you back.”*

***\*\*click\*\****

**\*\*\* MY POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

“Who was it?” “Marie. She just got home and wanted to check on you.” “Why didn’t her number show up?” “She called from her house, her cell phone battery was low.” “She was probably uploading more Michael Jackson things on her phone. I still don’t get what you two see in him.” Jasmine was silent. She came and sat next to me. “Ana, do you remember where you were recently? “No. Why?” “Do you remember going anywhere or being with anyone?” “Just to the museum with you and Marie.” “Anything else?” “No, why?” “I’m just trying to help clear your mind, that’s all.”

“Why are you still holding onto my phone?” “I’m waiting for Marie to call back. She said she would one more time before going to bed.” “Give it to me, I’ll answer it this time.” “NO!” “Jas, it’s my phone.” “I know, but she said she wanted to talk to me and not bother you while you rest. If you’re still awake I’ll let you talk to her.” “Ok, then.” “You should rest, Ana. I’ll be here watching over you.”

**\*\*\* AN HOUR LATER FROM JASMINE’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

*\*the phone rings, Jasmine answers and whispers\**

*“Hi, Michael.”
“How is she?”
“She’s fine. She’s asleep.”
“I’ll be there by noon tomorrow.”
“Are you sure?”
“Yes. Does she remember me?”
“Not yet. But maybe she will when she sees you.”
“That’s what I’m hoping. Are you staying with her?”
“Yeah, her family came back from Arizona and saw her earlier. They all went home but I wanted to stay with her.”
“You’re a good friend.”
“I try to be. I love her.”
“I love her more.”
“I know.”
“I love my child too. Even though it’s gone.”
“Michael, I’m so sorry.”*

*“I’ll call you again tomorrow when I get to the airport. “*

*“Ok. I’ll have her phone with me. See you then.”*

**\*\* \* THE NEXT MORNING FROM MY POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

I woke up and saw Jasmine was already awake looking out of my room window. “Good morning.” “Good morning, Ana. How are you feeling?” “I’m fine. When did you wake up?” “A while ago.” I started to get up to go to the bathroom and noticed a green diamond ring on my finger. “Jas, where did this come from? Am I engaged?” “No, Ana. You’re not engaged and I’ve never seen that ring before.” “I’ll ask my family when they get here, it might be from them.” Jasmine came over to me and helped me out of the bed to use the bathroom.

A few seconds later, the doctor walked in the room. “How’s my favorite patient doing this morning?” “I’m ok, doctor. Thank you.” “Good. I’ll have the nurse come by and check your vitals before you have anything to eat or drink. If all looks good, you can go home tonight.” “Thank you.” He left and Jasmine walked me to the bathroom.

“Why don’t you turn on the TV, Jas? I’ll just be a minute.” As she was going through the channels, Michael’s face was all over the news:

*“Singer Michael Jackson has postponed his Dangerous tour which was scheduled to begin tomorrow in Japan and Europe. The singer refused to comment about the delay and was seen leaving Haneda airport in Tokyo last night. A representative on his behalf has reported that he is going to New York to take care of some ‘unfinished business’ and will re-schedule the tour as soon as possible…”*

I saw Jasmine quickly change the channel looking for something else to watch. “Now, why would he do such a thing?” I asked as I came back to the bed. “I’m not sure, Ana. Let’s see what else is on.” A few minutes later, Marie and my family arrived. “How are you doing, today sweetheart?” My mom asked. “Fine, mom. Getting stronger.” “Looks like the bump on your head is starting to heal.” My dad said as he helped me sit up. “I know, dad. I just hope the scar goes away.”

**\*\*\* LATER THAT AFTERNOON FROM JASMINE’S POINT OF VIEW \*\*\***

Ana is asleep. Her family and Marie have left. Michael just called. He’s on his way to the hospital. He told me a representative on his behalf informed all of the doctors and nurses on Ana’s floor that he would be coming to visit her and to keep it strictly confidential that way the media and fans don’t cause a riot outside and find out he came to see her. I was still trying to find something to watch on TV but all I kept seeing was news about Michael’s tour. It was starting to give me a migraine.

About an hour later, several security guards were standing outside the door. I knew Michael had arrived. I ran to the door and saw him being escorted by a dozen large police officers. He was in disguise too. All I could see was a large black sheet draped over him. I stood by the door and left it open for him to come in. When he did, he removed all of his covers and gave me a hug.

“I can’t believe you’re here.” “How is she?” “She’s fine but she’s asleep. I’ll step outside and let you be alone with her.” “Thank you.” He walked over to her bedside, kissed her forehead gently and sat down in the chair next to her. I saw him take her hand in his as he sat as close as he could to her. Michael’s love for Diana was beautiful and definitely worth seeing. I then left the room and gave them both their privacy.

**\*\*\* MICHAEL’S POINT OF VIEW\*\*\***

He sees that she is resting comfortably. He doesn’t try to wake up her right away. He just sits there looking at her for some time. He them leans over and gently puts his hand on her stomach and starts crying. Knowing he has to be strong, he pulls himself together and gently tries to wake her up.

“Diana? Wake up, please. It’s me.”

She opens her eyes and sees him.

“OH MY GOD! Is it really you?”
“Yes, it’s me.”

“I can’t believe it. I just saw you on the news.”

“Really?”
“Yeah. You’re supposed to be on tour right now.”
“I left my tour for you, girl.”
“For me? Why?”

“Because I love you.”
“You don’t know me. I’m not even a fan of yours.”

**\*Michael gets teary eyed\***

“You’re not?”

“No. But my friends Marie and Jasmine are. They are both going to flip out when they see you. Especially Marie, she is so obsessed with you.”
“I’ve met them both before, Diana.”
“How do you know my name?”

**\*he is silent\***

“Diana, please tell me you’re joking.”

“About what?”

“Diana, STOP THIS. You know who I am!”
“Of course I do. You’re Michael Jackson. One of the greatest entertainers in the world.”

“Is that all I am to you?”
“I don’t understand what you mean.”

“Diana…listen carefully please?”

“Ok.”
“Do you know me?”
“Yes.”
“Who am I?”
“I told you – Michael Jackson.”

“Have you met me before?”
“No, but thank you for visiting me. Marie was right – you ARE very caring. I know you will make some lucky girl really happy one day.”

**\*he then stands up and walks to the window\***

“When did you meet my friends?”
“A while ago, at a museum.”
“Oh right! I was there too. I remember seeing you perform.”
“Do you recall anything else?”
“No. “

He walks over to her bedside and tries to hold her hand but she resists.

“I’m sorry, I don’t feel comfortable with you being so close to me.”

“Diana, you really don’t remember me?”
“Why do you keep asking me that? I know who you are.”

“I won’t allow you to forget me.”

“What are you talking about?”
“I love you, my sweet girl.”
“I don’t even know you.”

“You’re wearing my ring.”

“YOU gave this to me?”
“Yes.”
“That was sweet of you. I’ll take it off now because my friend Marie might get jealous. She really loves you. But thank you, it was a nice gesture.”

He then started singing:

*‘Do you remember? When we fell in love? We were young and innocent then. Do you remember how it all began? It just seemed like heaven so why did it end? Do you remember the time? When we fell in love? Do you remember the time? When we first met? Do you remember the time? When we fell in love? Do you remember the time?*

“That’s a very nice song. Is it new?”
“It’s one of mine. You don’t know it?”
“No. I’ve never heard it before, but I’m sure Marie has.”

**\*\*\* JASMINE’S POINT OF VIEW AS SHE WALKS IN THE ROOM \*\*\***

Michael walked towards me and asked me to step outside with him. He then quickly covered himself with his large black sheets before leaving the room.

“How is she?”
“She doesn’t remember me at all.”
“Not even one thing?”

“She remembers seeing me with you two at the museum, but nothing else. Does she know about the baby?”

“No. The doctor told me no one should tell her yet. She doesn’t even remember being pregnant.”

**\*he starts to cry\***

“Thank you for coming all the way back. I know it must’ve been difficult to hear the news and then leave your entire career behind just for her.”
“I’d die for that girl and she doesn’t even know it.”

“Give her some time, Michael. I think she’ll remember you eventually.”

**\*\*\* MY POINT OF VIEW\*\*\***

One of the nurses came in with my medical chart and a machine to check my vitals. “Put this under your tongue and I’ll be right back to check on you.” She left my chart on the table next to my bed and left. Since I hadn’t remembered what happened, I thought I’d read about it in my chart. I opened it and saw a description under my personal information:

*“Staircase injury, laceration on left side of head, possible memory loss. Pregnancy terminated due to miscarriage.”*

As I read that last sentence, it was all starting to come back to me. I started having flashbacks of everything that happened. Marie, Jasmine, going to the museum, meeting Michael, going to Neverland, meeting Michael’s mother and his family, the incident with Joseph, being intimate with Michael and then finding out I was pregnant. As I slowly started remembering, I silently wept as I read the last line repeatedly in my chart. As devastated as I was, I felt like this was the time to finish what I started with Michael. With the baby gone, I wanted to put all of this behind me and start over again and I realized there was only one way to do it.

A few seconds later, the nurse came back to check my vitals. “Looks good, Diana.” She said. “I’ll just record this information on your chart and once the doctor sees it and gives you the ok, you can go home.” “Thank you.” Jasmine then came back in the room. “How are you doing?” “Good. You won’t believe who came to see me, Jas!” “I know. Michael did.” “How did you know?” “I saw him too.” “Is he still here?” “He is. Should I call him?” “YES!”

He came in the room and Jasmine left again. He removed all of his dark clothing again and sat down next to me. “You wanted to see me?” “Yes. I wanted to thank you for stopping your tour and coming to visit me. I don’t know what I did to deserve it but I will always remember you for this.” “Don’t thank me. I just did what I had to do.” “That’s sweet. But I really don’t want to take up all of your time. I know you’re a busy man. I’m feeling really tired and would like to rest now. Thank you again for coming.”

I tried to make it seem like I still hadn’t remembered him. I turned my back towards him and closed my eyes. He stood up, leaned over me and whispered the words that I never would have expected him to say…

He then draped himself in his large black clothing again and quickly left the room. It took every ounce of strength I had to not stop him and tell him the truth but I knew it was for the best. What Michael and I had was special but I realized he and I just weren’t meant to be together. What we gave to each other neither one of us could give to another and that was enough for me to move on with my life. I also knew what we had together was precious but it was also just that, what we HAD.

Later that night, I had been discharged from the hospital and went home. Jasmine surprised me by sending over my new car that Jermaine and Michael had given me to replace the one that was damaged from the accident. There was a card with a ribbon on the front that said *“From your favorite accident prone family, the Jacksons.”* As time went on, I never told anyone that I got my memory back. I wanted to start a new chapter of my life and this was the best way that I knew how. As the weeks turned into months, Michael completed the entire leg of his tour. As I watched him perform on TV, I couldn’t help but wonder if he ever thought of me at night before going to bed or if he ever told his mother what happened.

Once the Dangerous tour ended, Michael moved on with his life and married Lisa Marie Presley. I was happy knowing that he didn’t give up on love and found another chance at happiness. I was also content with him being with another woman because of what he once told me. *“If I lose you, I can’t replace you.”* When I saw the announcement of his marriage to her on TV, I knew he was married to her, but was still thinking of me. Jasmine eventually found someone too and got engaged. Marie enrolled herself at the University of New York and received her bachelor’s degree in fine arts. Michael sent her a card congratulating her when he heard the news.

Marie and my family never found out the truth about me being pregnant. I knew they would not be able to accept or handle the shock of what I did. Therefore, I knew sacrificing my own happiness for the ones I love was the best thing for me to do. My brother and sister both graduated from high school, got accepted into college and moved out of state. It ended up being just the 3 of us at home. Me, mom and dad. There was never a day that went by that I didn’t think of Michael and all the wonderful times we had together. But it was also Michael who gave me the courage to move forward without him. I put everything he gave me into a box and kept it at the very back of my closet where I knew I could always look at them if I ever wanted to. Finally, when the scar on my forehead healed, I decided to get a tattoo of Michael’s last words above my heart before he left me at the hospital:

*“I love you, Diana. Even if you never remember who I was in this life again, I have faith that you will in the next one when you’re holding our baby in your arms.”*

THE END!