

# One Day You'll Meet Him

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*about a girl who had a dream*

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# 1 - One Day You'll Meet Him

One Day You'll Meet Him (comics)

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"I had a dream. A dream about a guy. I was about to fall when he catches me. He smiled at me and walked me home."

Michelle: that's a very nice dream! I wish I could dream about him too.

Irish: I don't want to dream about him anymore... I want to meet him!

Michelle: but where in this campus can you meet him?

Irish: I don't know...

Michelle: are you alright? You look...

Irish: yes... I'm ok... maybe I'll have to take some rest. I feel dizzy.

Michelle: I just hope you're fine. Take care! Bye.

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Irish: I almost forgot! Mom told me to buy some vegetables for dinner.

Irish: I wish I were home. I feel very dizzy...

Irish: (ah! I'm falling!)

Irish: (huh... just like my dream... it's like my dream...)

Irish: (I won't fall coz a guy will catch me.)

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Irish: (ehi! I just fall!)

Irish: (stupid!)

Lance: huh? What happened over there?

Lance: excuse me, are you alright?

Lance: maybe I'll just carry her home. She looks dizzy. An ID can lead me the way.

Lance: ...

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"I just fall. I can't imagine. I'm so ashamed! But, someone helped me... someone's carrying me..."

Irish: ah! Who are you?! What happened to me?!

Lance: I'm sorry. I saw you fall in the market. I'm sorry again.

Irish: ah... ok... it doesn't matter. Thanks by the way.

Lance: I'm Lance Bryant. Call me Lance.

Irish: I'm Irish Snow. I thank you again for being such a gentleman. I must go now. See you next time!

Bye!

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“I called Michelle and told her everything about what happened.”

Irish: believe me. It's like my dream! It was just like my dream, but not exactly. No, it was more than my dream!

Michelle: oh really, that happened.

Irish: he was such a gentleman! He carried me home!

Michelle: I'm very happy for you my friend.

Irish: thank you. We'll see tomorrow. I have something to do. Bye now.

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“The next day after classes, I was thinking about Lance.”

Irish: hey Lance!

Irish: (but, what if Lance has a girlfriend?)

Lance: hi!

Irish: hi... oh! Hi! (oops!)

Lance: do you feel well now?

Irish: yes, I'm only thinking... (of you)

Lance: thinking what?

Irish: nothing!! Really.

Lance: oh, coz I was also thinking... (of you)

Irish: of whom?? I mean, of what?

Lance: aahh... if you're okay.

Irish: oh! I feel fine. (now that you're here)

Lance: can I walk you home?

Irish: sure, no problem. (my pleasure!)

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“a month had passed. My life has become more colorful since I met Lance. But one day, mom received a letter from her work.”

Irish: a promotion?!

Mom: yes dear! At last! We can now go to England.

Irish: what?! When?

Mom: this month, I was scheduled there this month.

Irish: but, how about my studies?

Mom: no big deal. You'll transfer.

Irish: but...

Mom: from then on, we'll be a citizen of England! you might be a princess darling!

Irish: (oh no! how about Lance?)

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“at school, I told Michelle and Lance about it”

Michelle: what?! England!!!

Irish: uhuh...

Michelle: wow! Everyone in England treat themselves as princesses! You can be one!

Irish: and? So what? I want to stay here... with you... (with Lance...)

Michelle: but, you have no choice my friend.

Irish: you're right. I should be happy for mom coz she was promoted.

Lance: hey irish!

Michelle: hey, I must finish my notes or else our professor will get mad. See yah!

Irish: okay.

Lance: are you alright Irish?

Irish: ya, maybe.

Lance: why? Have you received a bad news?

Irish: kind of.

Lance: why?

Irish: we'll go to England this month.

Lance: well, that's good news.

Irish: do you think so?

Lance: maybe? (no of course!)

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“While our professor is having her lecture, Michelle and I was talking about Lance.”

Michelle: so Lance knew you're leaving.

Irish: yes. I just told him.

Michelle: what do you plan to do? Tell him before its late.

Irish: tell him what?

Michelle: about your dream and your feelings.

Irish: no! he mustn't know.

Michelle: but why? What if he feel the same way for you?

Irish: no way. That's impossible!

Michelle: how do you say so?

Irish: I don't know...

Professor: are you both finished with your discussions? Ms. Snow? Ms. Browns?

Michelle: we're sorry ma'am.

“Michelle Browns, my ever dearest friend. She knew my feelings for Lance even though I haven't told her.”

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“two weeks later, mom bought tickets to England.”

Irish: isn't it too early to but tickets, mom?

Mom: no. we're about to leave this week so pack up your things.

Irish: this week?! (oh no!)

“I heard the phone rang and I answered it. Unexpectedly...”

Lance: hello? May I speak with Irish, please? This is Lance.

Irish: oh, hi Lance! How did you get my number?

Lance: Michelle gave it to me. She told me you have something to say. What's that?

Irish: what? Ah... we're about to leave this week.

Lance: this week?! Really? I'll miss you...

Irish: oh yeah? Well, I'll miss you too.

Lance: um, can we meet tomorrow? I know you're busy packing your things up but, it's important.

Irish: oh sure, no problem. Where?

Lance: at the park, tomorrow night.

Irish: (tomorrow night?!) ok... we'll meet there.

Lance: I'll wait for you. Bye.

Irish: bye.

Irish: (yes!)

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“at the park, I feel so nervous.”

Irish: hey, sorry to keep you waiting.

Lance: no, it's nothing.

Irish: so, what important thing are you talking about?

Lance: it's a serious thing and I want you to know this very important thing before you leave.

Irish: tell me... I'm listening.

Lance: I... I... I like you.

Irish: what do you mean... you...?

Lance: you see, you're leaving, and I'll miss you... a lot.

Irish: oh Lance, I'll miss you too. I'll miss you so much because I like you too.

Irish: you know, before you saw me at the market, a month ago, I dream of you. Not exactly because a guy will catch me before I fall. And you know, I am very happy that you came and carried me home.

Irish: I'm happy you told me your feelings. I'll miss you...

Lance: I hope that someday we'll meet again... even in our dreams just to see you again. I'll look forward for that day.

Irish: oh Lance, I love you.

Lance: I love you to, Irish.

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“I love you, Irish... I love you, Irish...”

Irish: what?! A dream!!!

Servant: princess, you're awake.

Irish: (just a dream? It's like for real)... what are you looking for?

Servant: your best gown, princess.

Irish: huh? For what?

Servant: don't you remember? You'll attend a party tonight at the castle.

Irish: I forgot... I'm still in my dream.

Servant: whatever you say, princess. But, you must get up now and prepare for the big night.

Irish: why? What's so special?

Servant: I don't know what you have dreamed of... just prepare or else you'll be late.

"I lived in a castle... dressed as a princess..."

Servant: oh princess, you're so beautiful!

Irish: do you think so?

Servant: of course! Wait here. I'll call the butler.

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"at the castle, I'm still out of my mind, still thinking of my dream... its like it was for real. Until..."

Irish: is that him? (in my dream...)

Irish: (he's looking at me...)

Lance: I knew we'd meet again.

Irish: but... but how? you only exist in my...

Lance: we both exist in each other's dreams.

Irish: what do you mean, we have the same dream?

Lance: yes, and I believe it was real.

Irish: whatever it was, I believe it. I'm happy that I've seen you again.

Lance: I told you that I'd look forward for this day.

Irish: yes... I remember.

Lance: shall we dance?

"if this is still a dream, I don't want to wake up..."

-END-