

“DREAM GIRL”

Part 2



The feeling of seeing your eyes, you lips-you're so beautiful
I can't take my eyes off of you for a moment
No words can take anything away from you
From your head to your toes, you're the one and only girl
From one to a hundred, I treat you gently
The day you chose me is when the world stops
You're my world

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



12:00 MIDNIGHT - A SOCCER FIELD IN SEOUL, S. KOREA

BOUNCING the soccer ball on his knee, Choi Minho showed off to his older brother Minseok, collapsing on the grassy sideline, barely able to catch his breath after a rousing game of 'one-on-one'. It was already midnight in Seoul and the Idol Trainee Minho was spending a few of his final hours with his brother before leaving for a three-month music workshop sponsored by 'SM' in L.A., California.



“So, America huh? Excited?” Sitting up to catch the ball Minho had kicked his way, Minseok spiraled it into his large, cupped hand, positioning it behind his back to lean on. “Mom said you're staying in

Malibu. Aigooo! Lots of seriously sexy girls in bikinis. Bro, how you going to get anything done?" he chuckled.

"With MY manager, I'll be lucky enough to see daylight, let alone sexy girls."

Dropping down next to him, Minho, slipped off his sweatshirt wiping the perspiration from his flushed face, before tossing it on the grass at his feet. Just the thought of being that close to half-naked girls was making his shorts uncomfortably tight.

"Ahhh . . . There's always time to play. I'd find me a beach babe with a big, scrumptious rack and have some fun." Picking at a blade of grass, Minseok studied the slick green stem, twirling it between his thumb and forefinger carefully.

"HA, that's funny . . . who would even let you see their big RACK?" Minho asked, knowing his brother had always been more into his studies than women. Female body parts were always something they'd watched and shared over magazines and porn but never really talked about seriously. He'd certainly never had his hands on a pair of breasts, and it surprised him that his brother talked like he very well may have.

"I learned a lot in college little brother. Inside and outside the classroom. College girls are way different than high schoolers." Watching as the tall, lanky teenager drew his knees to his chest, (giving him his full attention) Minseok thought it was funny that he looked so shocked.

"Aishhh, where'd my studious brother go? And, come on . . . you REALLY found a college girl with big boobs in Korea? Did you . . . you know . . . bang her?" Minho asked, wondering would he even answer such a question. Maybe Leetuek would've been a better source of information at this point.

Putting the blade of grass between his back teeth, Minseok rolled it around quietly. *Hmmm, he hadn't expected that!* Remembering fondly his first time with the doe-eyed noona who lived in his dorm he wasn't sure he wanted to spill his guts like a girl.

"This isn't about me, I'm not the one going halfway across the world. You are."

"Yahhh. Didn't mom and dad tell you to take care of me? Spill it. Details. You want me to look stupid in front of the foreign women?" Reaching into his backpack and pulling out two bottles of water, Minho tossed one to over to Minseok.

“Hyung, I don’t ever remember mom and dad making me your sex guardian. Nothing I can do, you’re going to look like a baby regardless of how much I tell you.” Grinning the older sibling tried unsuccessfully to dodge Minhó’s foot, aiming for his hip.

“Aigoo . . . will not. I’m manly, you just don’t want to tell me you made it with JanLi, and we both know she has no boobs.” Minhó stated, referring to the girl that had crushed on his clueless brother since grade school.

“Hell no, have you seen her lately?” Chuckling, Minseok opened the bottle, guzzling most of the water and swiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “Well . . . You know how things happen. One minute you’re studying . . . and ahhh . . . before you know it, you’re kissing. One thing leads to another and . . . shit . . . you just get talked out of your pants. That’s all the details you’re getting,” he finished with a goofy smile. *Yep, no doubt . . . so far it had been the best night of his life.*

“DUDE is it THAT easy?” Minhó shrieked hearing his brother’s confession, hoping there was a babe in Malibu to talk him out of his pants.

Ruffling the younger boy’s hair, Minseok frowned. “Ani, it’s not easy. You have to really like the girl. Like I do Sungu.” *What else could he do but tell, he certainly didn’t want Minhó to think he was a player or used women.*

“Sungu huh?” His curiosity peaked about a girl who’d captured his brother’s wandering attentions was certainly someone to ask about. It was no secret, like all teenagers he wondered what having sex with a girl was REALLY like. Certainly, there was more to it than what the porn videos portrayed. They seemed so cold and raw. Flustered, he remembered hearing the older guys he hung out with bragging about doing a girl then moving on . . . That seemed just as bad.

He had a hard time going there, because in his mind, there was only one girl for him . . . a beauty with blue eyes and long, dark hair.

“Hyung, think she’s your soul mate?” he asked Minseok curiously, recalling a Chinese proverb, ‘The Red String of Fate’, stating you were connected to your soul mate by a red string. He pondered the fact that it seemed kind of silly . . . being able to know this was the person one would spend the rest of your life with.

“Soulmate? That’s a pretty deep subject dongsaeong (YOUNGER BROTHER). I don’t know,” Rising, Minseok kicked the ball from foot-to-foot, deciding he should call Sungu tomorrow. “My philosophy is REAL life. That’s what it’s all about. Come on dude you gotta big day ahead of you, and you need some sleep.” Glancing at his watch it was going on 1:00 A.M. Holding out a hand, helping Minho to his feet, he pulled him into a brotherly hug.

“Take care of yourself in the U.S. Work hard, have fun, and don’t pick on Kibum too much.”

Minho gripped him tight feeling a sudden panic at leaving for an unknown place, and a culture different from his own, knowing ‘SM’ expected him to represent Korean youth in a favorable light.

“Ye, will do . . . but Kibum . . . ani. Such an easy target.” Stepping back, he kicked the ball out from between his brother’s big feet shouting, “SUCKER . . .” taking off toward the dorm dodging Minseok’s attempts to steal it from him.

‘SM’ TRAINEE DORM - SEOUL S. KOREA

MINHO laid in bed unable to sleep, listening to Onew snore. Thinking about the one girl that brought the Chinese proverb to his mind. She had literally knocked him flat on his butt last year.

All he knew about her was she lived in America and her name was HyeSu. *Did the ‘Red String of Fate’ connect them?* Flipping onto his back tucking both arms behind his head he closed his eyes recalling his brother’s words, ‘Real life, that’s what it all about.’ She WAS real he thought, remembering that day . . .

THE YEAR 2006

AUGUST - ‘MUNHAK STADIUM’ - INCHEON, S. KOREA

EXCITED, Minho entered the ‘Incheon Munhak Stadium’ kicking the ball to his teammate.

They were finally on a real soccer field. Loosening up his limbs, he couldn’t help feeling this was a dream come true for a fifteen-year-old boy whose first career choice had been soccer.



It was early, so there were only a few people gathered in the stands. Skidding up behind him, Bae’s eagerness could be heard in his voice, “Minho, your shoe’s untied. Any signs of AnaSook?”

Leaning over to tie it, Minho glanced around looking for Bae's sister. The petite girl always made it a point to come to the games and cheer on her little brother's team.



“There she is,” Bae pointed out with delight, a low whistle emanating from his throat. “Wheweee . . . And, she brought an awesome, pretty girl with her.”

Standing tall, Minho scanned in the direction he had indicated, seeing AnaSook waving gleefully, a pretty brunette perched on the edge of the seat beside her. Catching his breath, he felt a chill race down his spine, beginning to notice the left side of his butt tingle as he stared at her.

Bae elbowed him possessively, staking his claim, “Dude, that’s my new girlfriend.” Laughing at Minho’s puzzled look he lifted his eyebrows jokingly, “Yahhh, I really like the noona’s.”

“In your dreams hyung,” Minho responded knowingly, “she’s hanging with your sister, so she’s obviously TOO smart for the likes of you. Besides from down here it looks like her boobs are small and we all know you like big ones.” The stinging sensation finally subsiding, he slapped his stocky friend on the back, bouncing the ball on his knee before dropkicking it expertly down the field and through the goalposts. SCORE!

Trying to ignore her Minho found himself gazing up to where she sat anyway, his heart racing . . . Totally mesmerized by the way she talked with her hands, and kept tightening her ponytail all through warm ups, it was inevitable . . . Shuffling closer to the stands, doing tricks with the soccer ball he was hoping to get her attention. Concentrating on her extravagant laughter as it reached his ears, he missed an easy return.

“CHOI, mind on the game,” the coach howled, annoyed he was showing off for females in the stands.

Scolding himself for looking her way a ‘second’ time, he spied the ball flying up into the air, heading straight for her. And, in that split second, as his heart fell to his stomach he panicked, realizing he couldn’t stop it, and she was about to get hurt.

Dashing off for the sidelines, he pulled up short, right behind a chuckling Bae. “WHAT THE HELL . . . why’d you do that? You want her to get hurt?” he snapped angrily.

“It’s okay dude. She caught it,” Bae reassured him, winking mischievously.

Still holding his breath Minho, noticed she had managed to catch the ball, smack in front of her face and now was peeking around it playfully. Shoving Bae out of the way, he raised his arms hoping to snag her attention instead.

“Yah Noona, over here. The ball,” he hollered, waving his hand back and forth.

To his surprise, the prettiest gaze locked with his . . . and smirking impishly, she held the ball over her head teasingly.

Instantly, at the exact same time, several things began to happen. His hormones unexpectedly kicked into high gear, making him hope to God his sport Jockeys wouldn’t fail him, giving away his reaction.

And, the stabbing pain in his left butt cheek returned, burning so bad it dropped him to one knee, momentarily losing sight of the dark-haired girl. Hoisting himself back to his feet, he scanned the stands, unaware of the flying ball headed right in his direction. Smacking him on the side of the face, it knocked him to the dirt once again.

Now here he was, flat on his back, writhing in pain, rubbing a scorching butt, and clutching his face. Surely, he was going to have a black eye. And, if that wasn’t bad enough, the coach ran over, took one look at him and decided he was out of the game.

As his teammates helped carry him off the field, he peered over his shoulder despondently toward the stands, to see if she was still there, only to find empty seats.

Yeah, it was . . . ‘hands down’ . . . the worst day of his life.



And, then my soul saw you and it kind of went . . .

“Oh, there you are. I’ve been looking for you.”

