

*Shall We
Dance*

우리는 함께 춤을 춘다

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박좌진

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DEDICATION * 봉납

To my sweet Kaia Rei, you inspire me, I love you
MeeMee...

Jordan, Kelsey and Alannis, I'm lucky to have such
great kids. Thank you for loving me. I love you 3 to
pieces.

To my mom and pa, I think about you every day. I love
and miss you terribly...

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and not laughing or judging. You are the best sister
ever. Thanks for your love and support. I love you...

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You influence my mind create beautiful stories.
Thank you for being such a great person and leader.

내 수호 천사... I love you 항상...

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*사랑과 희망의 선물에 감사드립니다. 당신은
진정으로 사랑 받았습니다...*

Shall

We Dance

As a little girl, I totally loved music boxes. They seem to be so mystical. I loved watching my little ballerina in my music box. This music box was special because my mother had given it to me shortly before she passed. So it always reminded me of her.

I'd sit there for hours just listening to the sweet melody and watching her twirl.

Sometimes my father would come in and asked me to dance and he would twirl me over and over again

until I got dizzy then we'd just sit and listen to the
melody.

In my mind I was going to be a ballerina like her one
day.

As I grew up, my parent encouraged me to dance.
They would sign me up for dance lessons and even
had me participate in a few recitals.

I wasn't very good at it and I knew it but they always
said I was going to be a Prima ballerina one day.

One thing we always did as a family was go to the
ballet. My mother and I loved it.

I don't think my father liked it much but he endured
it for us. I felt it was one of our favorite bonding
things. I watched the ballet and my father would
watch the glimmer in my eye.

He knew I had aspirations of becoming a ballerina
but after the accident, we both knew it wasn't meant
to be.

I had lost my mother and my ability to dance.

My father was so strong.

He dealt with my mother's passing and then cared
for me and my stability, never complaining.

Every day he'd push me to get up and live, even
when he felt like dying himself.

He even enrolled me in ballet classes to keep my hearts illusion going. But it was also to keep his mind from snapping after all we had gone through, this was his release. Watching me do what I loved calmed the pain in him.

After a while, my body grew out of my ballerina dream but my heart didn't.

I went off to school and put that all aside. Now and then I would go to the ballet but I tend to stay away from it because I longed for it so much.

Upon my graduation, my father surprised me with the most beautiful gift ever, tickets to our favorite ballet, "Romeo and Juliet".

I say "our" favorite ballet because my father introduced it to me as a child.

Tickets were impossible to get because of the danseur who was dancing for Romeo. He was young and super talented, everyone wanted to see him. So I appreciated that my father gifted me with them.

The excitement in me was overwhelming.

The night of the ballet, I dressed in a flowy black dress and I wore my mother's shawl. I felt when I

wore it she was there with me. My father looked so handsome in his tuxedo.

“Oh Appa, you look so snazzy.” I said as I fixed his bow tie.

“Camilla, my prima ballerina. Shall we dance?” He asked as he twirled me around.

I giggled and gave him my hand.

“You are going all out Appa, even flowers?” I said with a giggle.

“Those are not for you. There for one of the dancers.” My father replied with mystery in his voice.

“You have a crush on a ballerina, Appa? Who is she?” I said jokingly.

“Camilla, they are good luck flowers, you will see.” My father responded with a smile.

As we arrived at the theatre, it was overflowing with people in fancy clothes.

This was more extravagant than anything I'd ever been too.

There were so many cameras and reporters. Everyone had come to see a new danseur who was taking the world by storm.

Since I had been out of the loop so long, I had no idea who everyone was fussing about. He had to be young because there were a lot of young ladies excitedly trying to catch a peek at him.

We entered and walked past the balcony entrance. Then past the general admission entrance, straight to the VIP section.

"How much did you spend on these tickets, appa?" I asked with curiosity.

"It doesn't matter, as long as you are happy, cost is not a worry, Princess. I want you to enjoy it." He replied kissing my forehead.

We quickly were escorted to our seats.

"Oh wow! V.I.P. appa? How did you get these tickets, did you sell your soul or something? They are

spectacular.” I whispered.

“Well of course not. I’m witty not crazy. Plus no Prima Ballerina sits in the high balconies. Now please stop asking questions and enjoy your gift, Camilla.” He whispered back with a smile and a wink.

My eyes were mesmerized by the closeness and how beautiful the sets looked.

Everything was so magical, so breathtaking.

Suddenly the lights dim and the soft enchanting music began. I felt my heart pause for a second. I smiled at my father and he smiled back.

From the darkness arose a figure.

He seemed to be 10 feet tall.

I gazed in amazement as he flowed across the stage like an angel.

I had never seen anything like this.

My heart began racing and all I could do was smile. I could feel my father’s eyes watching me but I could not move my gaze from the stage.

“There is more for you after the ballet.” My father
whispered in my ear.

I smiled with delight.
I don’t think I had blinked the whole time.
The storyline was so intense.
And his dancing was out of this world. I could see
why everyone came to see him.
He was magnificent!
The ballet seemed so short but it actually lasted 2
hours.

As the lights rose.
I sat there motionless. I was filled with satisfaction. I
was totally engulfed in it.
My father tapped my shoulder and motioned for me
to follow him.

“Where are we going?” I asked with curiosity.

“Just come on and bring the flowers.” He said as he
pulled me by my hands.

“Are we going backstage?” I said nervously.

My father smiled and winked.

“No way, Appa. How did you get us backstage?” I mumbled as the guard at the door let us in.

I watched in amazement as the ballerinas walked around in their beautiful tutus. Everything was so soft, gentle and beautiful.

“Camilla, wake up!” My father said as he stopped in front of a room door.

I still watched the ballerinas as my father knocked on the door.

“Come in.” I heard a deep voice say from behind the door.

“Camilla!” My father whispered as he entered.

I followed behind him closely.

“Hello Mr. Nam, how are you? It’s been such a long time.” This sweet deep voice said.

“I’m very well Kai. Yes, since you were this high.” My father motioned a little boys height.

“6 years old? If I’m not wrong.” My father added.

“Yes that’s correct, Mr. Nam.” The voice replied.

“Your performance was spectacular. I am so impressed. You father has reason to gloat.” My father said with a laugh.

Kai laughed with a deep sweet giggle.

As my father step to the side, there he stood. The danseur everyone was talking about. He wasn’t 10 feet tall but he still was glorious. He didn’t even look real. He was so perfect. His skin was so tan and that smile, what can I say, it was spellbinding.

“This is my daughter, Camilla. The one I told your father about. My Prima Ballerina. She loves ballet.” My father added.

I stood frozen. My father motioned for me to hand him the flowers.

“Hello Camilla, I’m Kai.” He said with his hand extended.

“Hello. These flowers are for you.” I whispered dazed as I touched his hand while handing him the flowers.

“Oh thank you! You didn’t have too. I hope you enjoyed the ballet.” He said with a soft smile.

“The flowers are for good luck! Oh my, the ballet was beautiful. You were exquisite, totally amazing. Now I understand what the big deal was about.” I babbled as I bowed to him with excitement.

“Oh thank you.” Kai said with a giggle in a shy modest tone.

I smiled and looked away.

“Will you be travelling with this ballet?” My father asked.

“I am hoping to. I have worked very hard for this placement. I trained many years to lead up to this moment. I’d love to show my dancing to many.” Kai said modestly.

“You definitely deserve it after seeing you dance. Im

super impressed. You are spectacular!" I replied
with a smile.

"Thank you so much, Camilla." Kai replied shyly with
a glance.

We remained looking at each other.

Well... we will let you rest. Thank you for seeing us."
My father interrupted.

"It was my pleasure, Mr. Nam, you and Camilla are
welcome anytime." Kai replied with a smile.

I smiled and bowed but still continued to look at him
because he was so gorgeous.

As we walked out I was still in wonderment.
So this was what my life would be like if I had
realized my dreams.

This night was definitely unforgettable.

As we rode home that night I had nothing else on my
mind but how handsome Kai was.

He belonged in a fairy tale.
He reminded me of the Prince in my music box.

“Where did you meet him, appa?” I asked curiously.

“Who Kai? He is the son of a good friend of mine. His father and I were in the military together.” He replied.

“I bumped into him at the market and he was bragging to me about how Kai was succeeding in ballet and I asked him for tickets. You know to see for myself.” He added.

“Oh Appa. Just like that. So bluntly.” I scolded.

“Of course not, I have my ways. I said they were for you. My daughter, the ballet fan.” He replied with a laugh.

I giggled and pushed my father’s shoulder.

“Well that is definitely the impression Kai got. I acted like a dork.” I stated.

“Were you trying to impress him?” My father asked.

“Of course not but first impression are lasting

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