

## Enchanted 617

People had to have dreams of living in this world, and only in this way would life be better. Some people put the dream on their feet, and they may travel around; some would entrust the dream to delicious food, so they would try all kinds of table delicacies from land and sea, while some would only make a dream in mind, so they would never put it into practice.

Perhaps nobody would know that Irish hid a small cockhorse in her heart. She would put it under the sunshine when the sun was bright and sway it leisurely. It was her dream, a dream from her childhood.

She couldn't figure out why she would be obsessed with cockhorses. Perhaps it was because of its adorable appearance, or it was because she wanted to find back the happiness she had owned before.

She would never forget the sunlight that day when the branches and leaves had just sprouted. And the sunlight was mottled while the newborn sprout revealed pure green.

Her father, who would only appear in newspapers, came to her suddenly while her mother told her with tears in her eyes, "Irish, it is your father. Call daddy."

She was familiar with the word father, and she was not even strange to the tall and handsome man in front of her because she usually saw her mother looking through his photos at night. She would point at the man in the photo and tell her that the man was her father.

Irish knew that her mom cherished that album very much.

Therefore, she will never forget that day when she was a small kid because her parents accompanied her to ride the carousel, and when she was riding on it, she saw her parents who stood outside the crowd and matched so well with each other.

Her mom smiled brightly, and the white orchid bloomed behind her. Her long hair was like a silky fabric which made her look even more beautiful, while her father, the man who was always far removed from the masses and reality, also smiled softly when he stared at her mother. When the wind blew up her mom's hair, he reached out and naturally tucked her hair behind her ears for her.

Irish felt that it was really a beautiful scene, and she thought they were lovers who would never be separated under the sunshine.

After that day, she insisted on riding the carousel since she thought her father would show up as long as she went to ride the merry-go-round. However, her mom told her that he would never come again.

She couldn't understand and was unable to accept the scene of riding on the merry-go-round without the companion of her parents, so she was obsessed with her neighbor's red cockhorse; perhaps it was because she wanted to catch the last happiness.

She was so eager to own that red wooden horse, just as she longed for her father, who would only show up in newspapers and TV.

The red cockhorse bore too much of her expectation which was beautiful but remote from reality, so it could only be an unreachable dream.

However, she had never expected that day when she opened her father's cabinet, there would be so many hand-made cockhorses prepared for her on which her birthday and age were carved, as well as her father's birthday wishes to her.

The wish was unique, which was carved in all of the wooden horses and read: my sweet daughter, dad hopes you can grow up healthy and sound.

It was the sincerest expectation from a father, and he didn't care if she would be competent or rich in the future, but he just hoped that she would be healthy and happy.

He recorded his love story with her mom, such as how they knew and fell in love with each other, as well as the process of separating from each other. He used the word, heartbroken man, to describe the feeling when he was forced to separate from her mom. The mottled shadow was invisible on the paper, and Irish knew that it was caused by tears.

And then she found Henry mentioning his promise to her mother. It seemed that he also longed to live with her mother in Chicago, enjoying the lover's world of themselves. He also missed her mom, but her mother also remembered her dad fondly.

She remembered the poem in her mom's diary: "The red bean grows in Southern lands, with spring its sender tendrils twine. Gather for me some more, I pray, as they best convey lovesickness." She remembered her mom's tearful eyes when she read this poem every time.

Irish burst into tears in front of the cockhorses, but she could just sob there as if she had lost all of her strength at that moment. She was unable to figure out how the lovers would not be separated and stay with each other for a lifetime.

Now, she finally helped her parents to fulfill their wishes, but she was left alone in this world to learn how to maintain her beloved one in the deep of her heart while avoiding suffering in the meantime.

The moonlight outside the window was getting colder.

Irish leaned on the bed, her eyes dreary, and stared at the moonlight pouring on the edge of the window for a long time.

She was also suffering from the pain of missing a person, just like her mother.

She didn't know when she fell asleep and how long she had slept.

She felt that she opened her eyes and saw a bustling street in front of her eyes with endless car flow. The neon was flickering while the people around went to and fro in a hurry, but she just stood among the crowd in a solitary tower as if she was looking for the light that could shine on her.

But soon she saw a man who was ten meters away from her. He also stood there motionlessly as she did.

He was dressed in a long black coat, a dark grey shirt, and a pair of black trousers. Though the color was monotonous, it didn't look dull at all. He was tall and with a strong figure and sturdy chest.

He waved at her; his palm was broad, while his fingers were slender.

She was cheerful and rushed to him while a smile gradually appeared on his face.

He held her tightly and called her name, asking her, "Are you waiting for me? Are you still waiting for me?"

She replied without hesitation, "Yes, I am waiting for you. I am waiting for you in the same place and have never left."