

Dreams of long ago

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

by P.S. Nim



Dreams of Long Ago

by P.S. Nim

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED TO ALL MY LOYAL
CUSTOMERS AND FANNISH FRIENDS
WHOSE KIND AND INSPIRING WORDS AND GENEROUS HEARTS
HAVE SO GREATLY ENRICHED MY LIFE

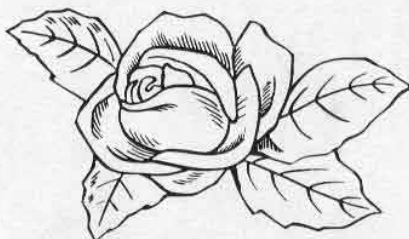
Special thanks to:

**JANE FREEMAN
SHIRLEA HATCHER**

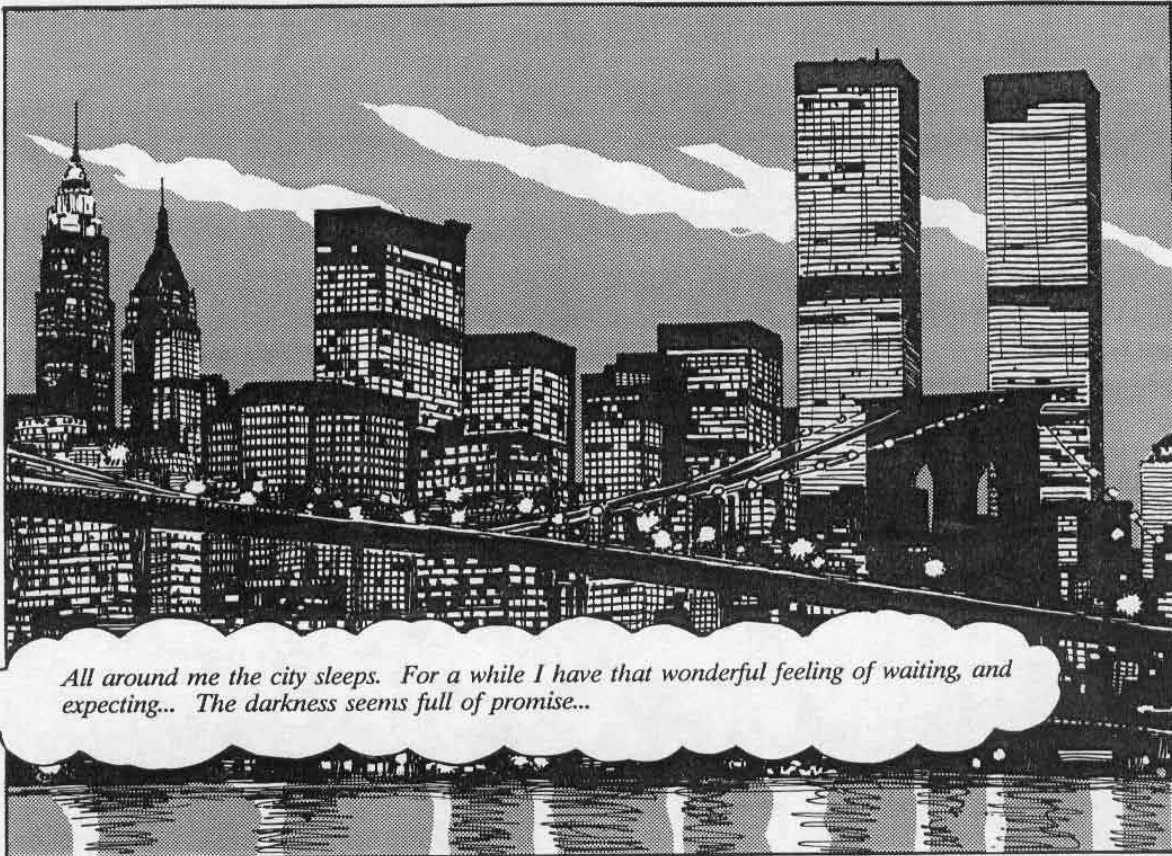
*and to Lisa Gould, Julie Hamburg and
The Heart of Texas Beauty and the Beast Network for picture refs...
and to Bill's Printing, Inc.
for their continued excellent quality and service.*

"Dreams of Long Ago" is a non-profit, amateur
publication and as such does not intend to
infringe upon the copyrights of Ron Koslow Films,
Republic Pictures, CBS-TV, or any other holder of
Beauty and the Beast copyrights.

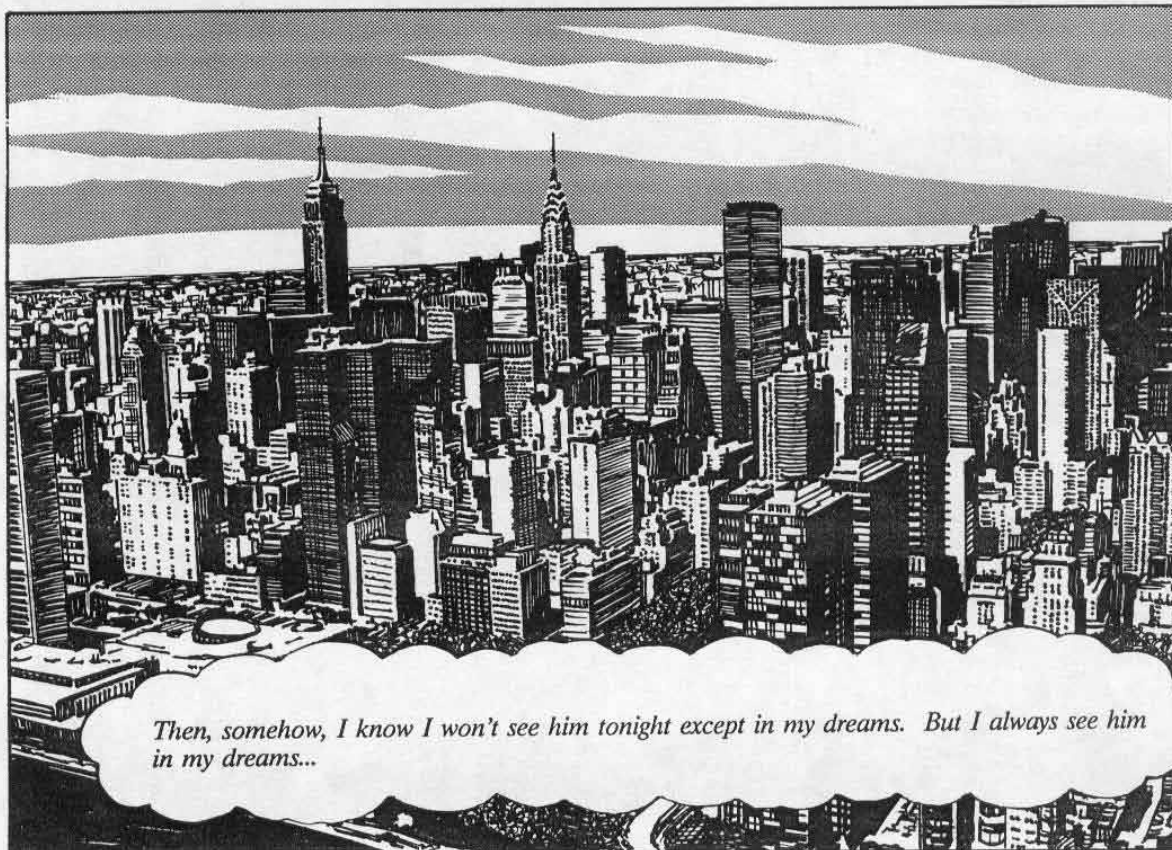
Story and artwork copyright © 1993 by P.S. Nim







All around me the city sleeps. For a while I have that wonderful feeling of waiting, and expecting... The darkness seems full of promise...



Then, somehow, I know I won't see him tonight except in my dreams. But I always see him in my dreams...



*I gaze at these lights through
his eyes as well as mine, now.*

*When he stands here with me, under this firmament of the city
at night, he's always struck by how dense it all looks. And yet--
if you gaze at it long enough it doesn't seem dense anymore...
Just lights and darkness... You could almost put your hand
right through it...*



*Dreams are like that.
When I wake up and look back
on them they seem so real
for a second or two,
and then-- They go away.
If I look too hard, too
long, they just go
away...*



*I hope you're having a good
sleep, Vincent. Dream
wonderful dreams for me
tonight... And I'll dream them
for you. If we can dream about
the same thing, perhaps--*



Perhaps we can make it real.



What's this?



You're not going above tonight?




Construction on the new chamber ran late. Catherine may be asleep by now, Father.


Well then--shall we have a last cup of tea before bed? I want to tell you about a memory that came to me today...

A happy memory, I hope.


Do you remember the time you wanted a doll?



A doll, Father?



Oh, you were very small--
not more than four, I think.
The girls wouldn't let you
play with their dolls, and
one day you came to me
in great sorrow.



You need to understand something, Vincent.

A little girl's doll is like
her very own child. And so
she feels she would be a bad
mother if she just turned it
over to somebody else...



But I jutht wanted
to hold it...

And dreth it up. And make it talk
and laugh and thtuff... Thath all
I wanted to do...



Would it help, perhaps, if
you had your own doll?

You mean a baby one?

If you like.



Wif all the armth and legth on?

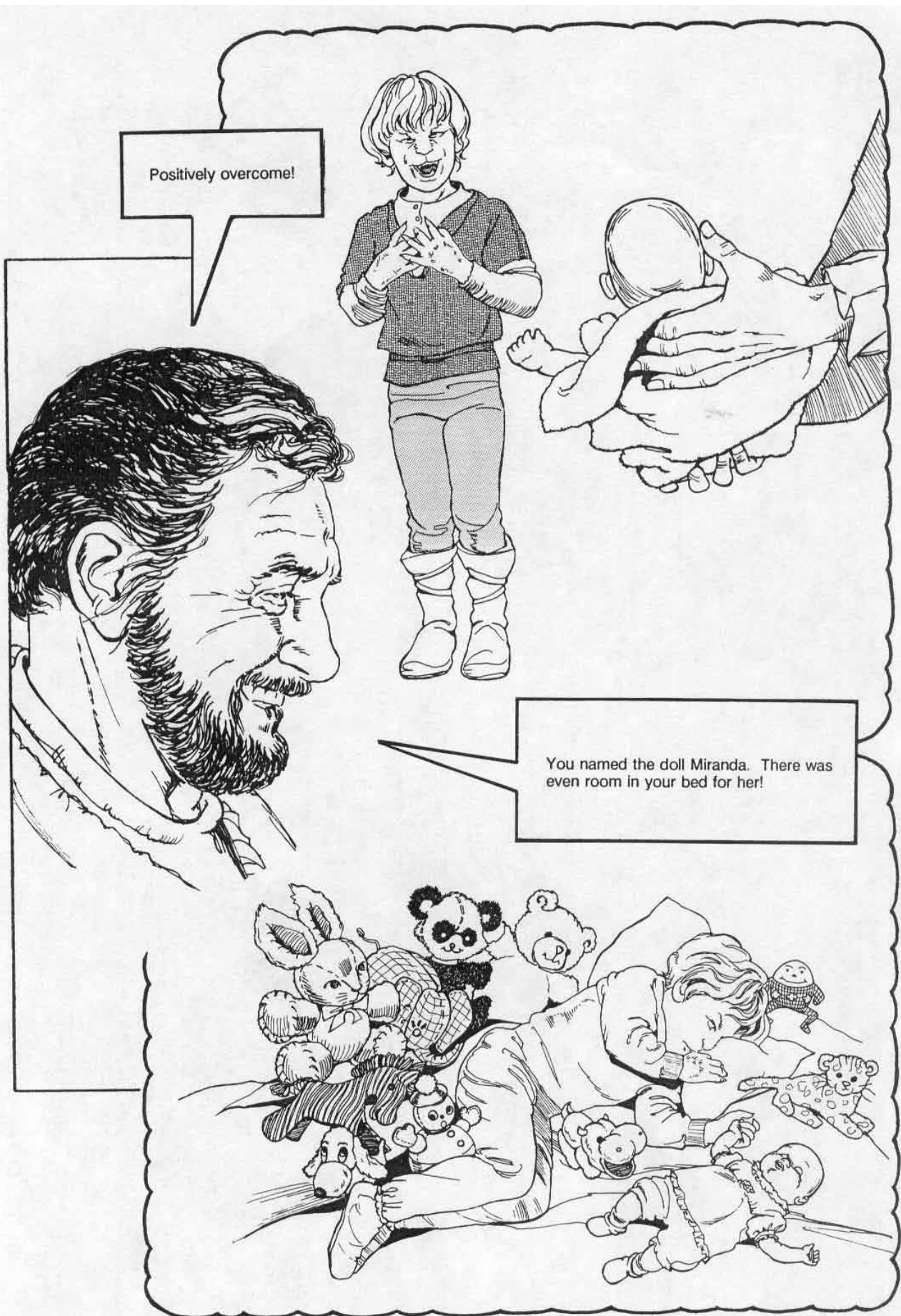
Well... We will try to find you a whole one, Vincent.

So the helpers were alerted to watch trash piles for discarded dolls, and soon a fine specimen was found. The women scrubbed it clean and sewed a few clothes for it and it was duly presented to you.



And was I happy?





Positively overcome!

You named the doll Miranda. There was even room in your bed for her!



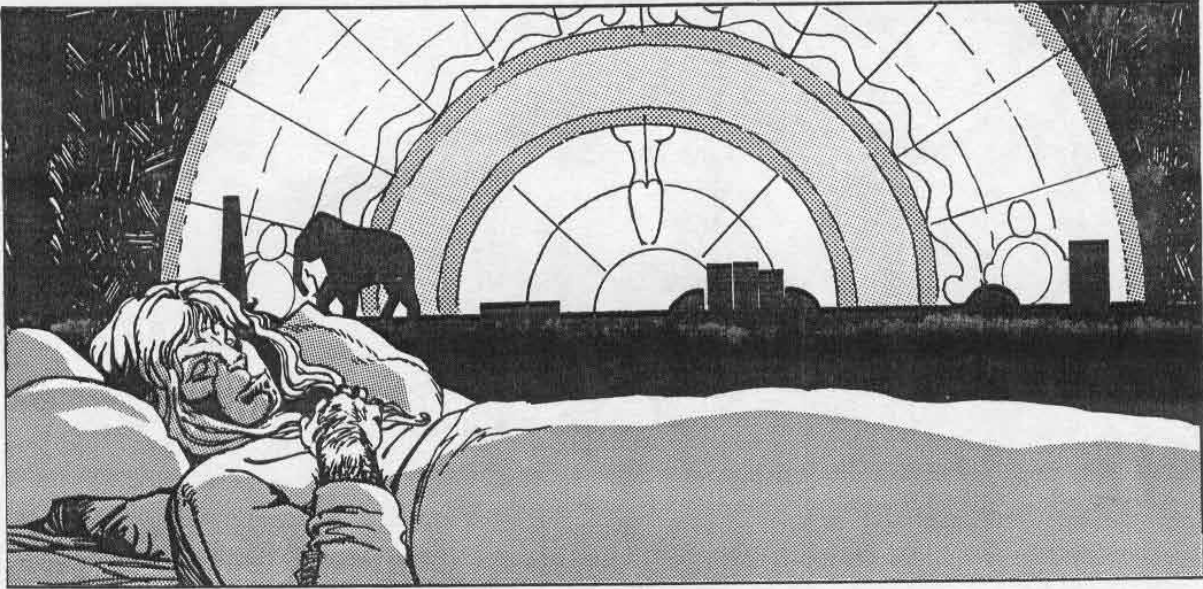
Good-night, my son.

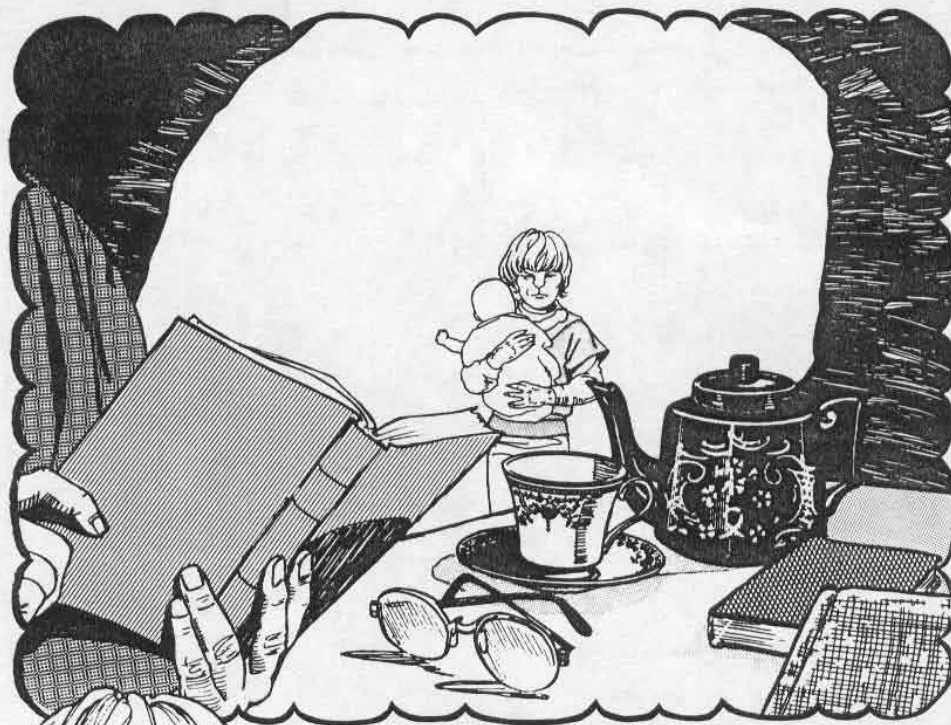
Good-night, Father.

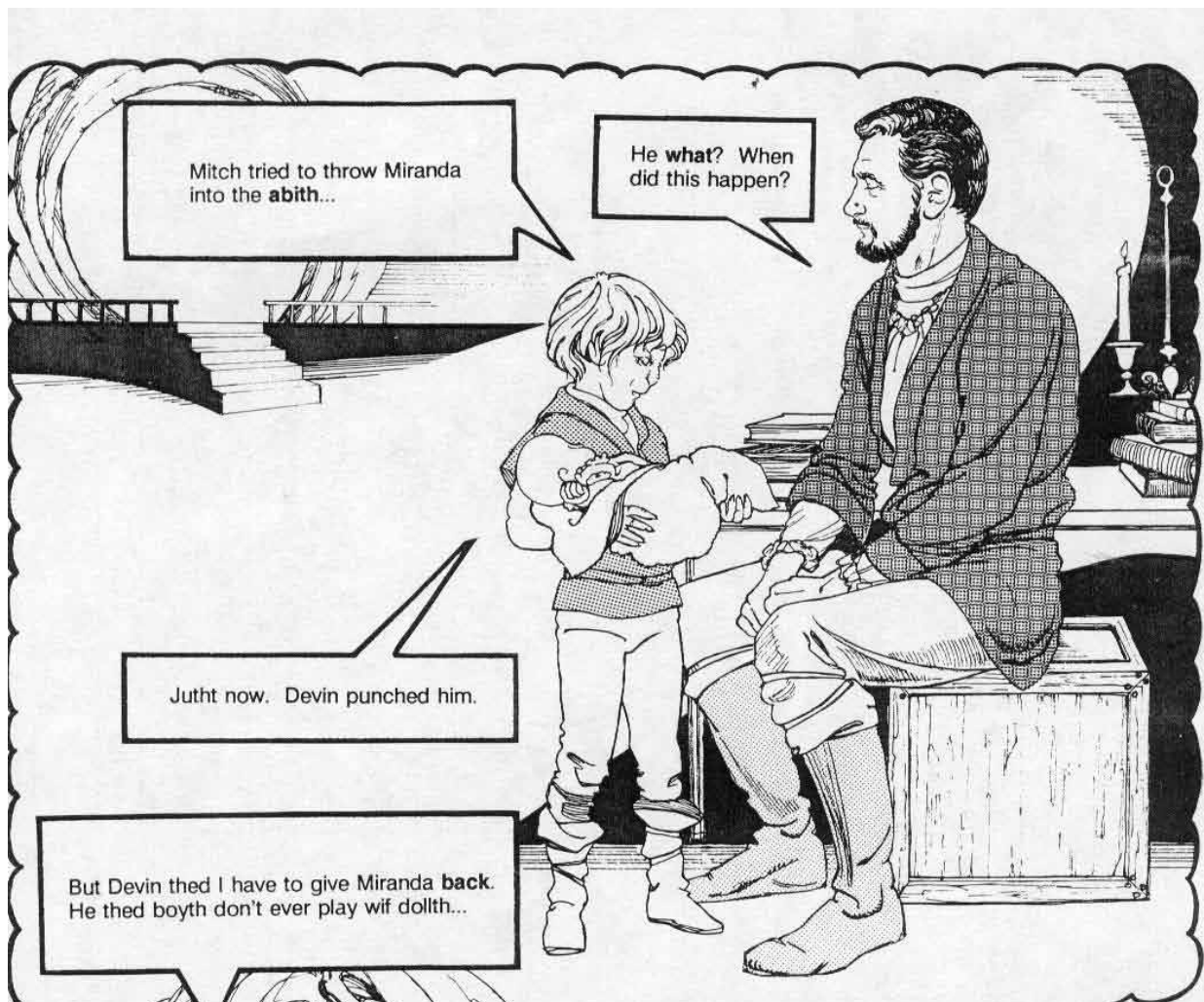
If I'd had a doll, it would still
be in my trunk with the other
old toys...

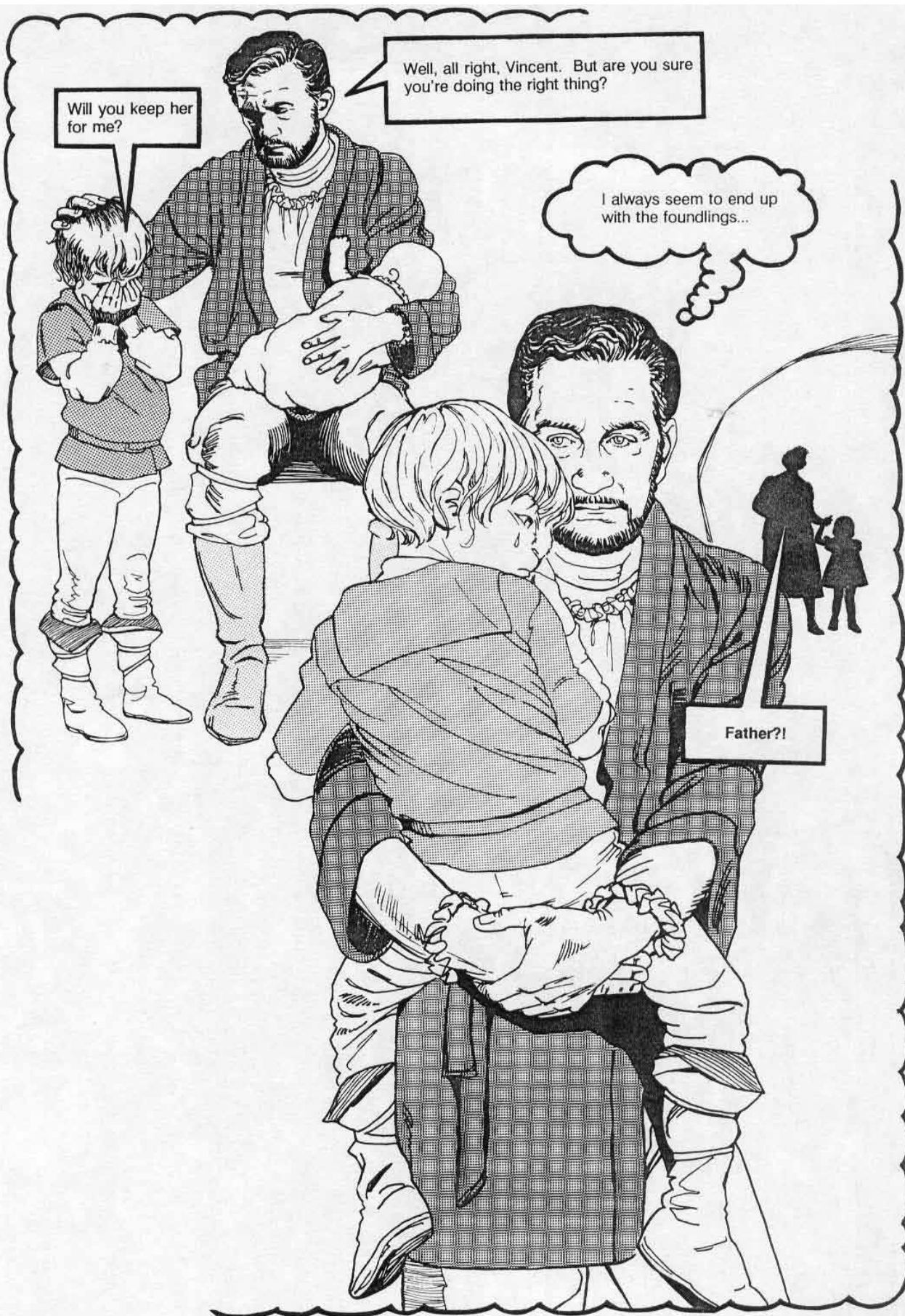












Well, all right, Vincent. But are you sure you're doing the right thing?

Will you keep her for me?

I always seem to end up with the foundlings...

Father?!

We found this child wandering in the upper tunnels...



Her name is Cathy. She says she ran away from some sort of party...





Hmm-m... Well, bring her
down here, Agnes.

Vincent--why don't you, ah...
Oh, never mind...

She's so young, Father! She must have roamed a long way. She was well into Section C, with no entrances near...

I've heard there's a street-construction site at West 87th. No sentries have been posted yet... So that's probably where she came down.

What should we do?





She must be returned immediately--
taken to the police.

But what if she--

Oh, she's too **young**, Agnes. If she
talked about us no one would take
her seriously.

How remarkable...

The child makes no comment
about Vincent's appearance...



*p-ss-t, p-ss-t,
p-ss-t, p-ssss-t...*

That sounds like a fine idea.
Why don't you ask her?

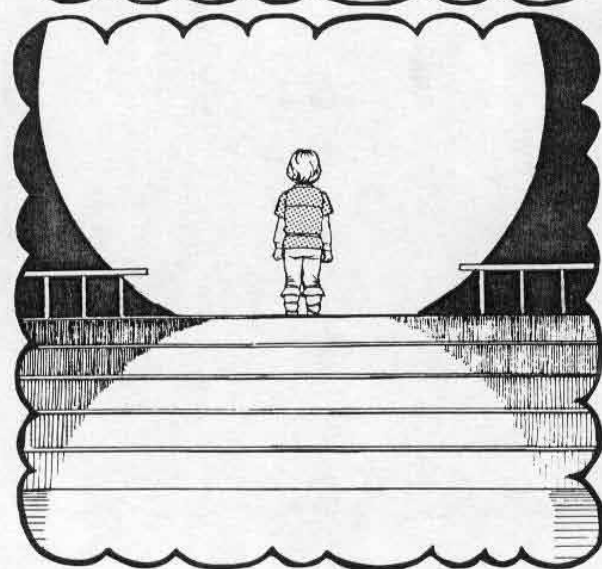
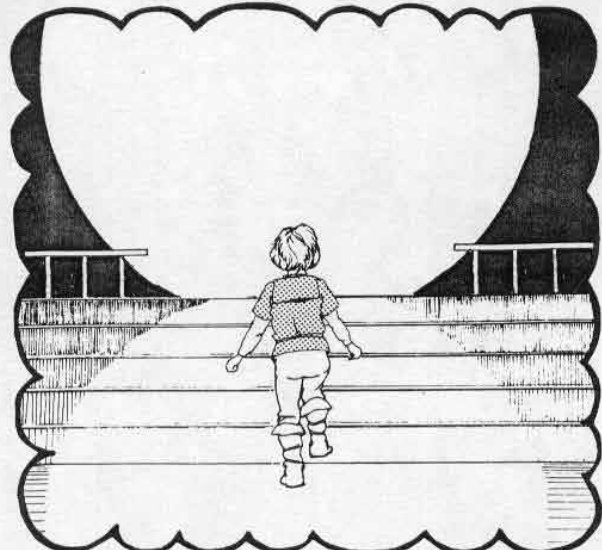
p-ss-t, p-ss-t...

You want **me** to ask her? Well, there's
no need to be **shy**, Vincent, but...
Yes, all right.



Cathy--my son, Vincent, needs to find
a new home for his doll. He would
like to give it to **you**...









Catherine... Come back...

That was the **most vivid**
dream I've ever had...
I must tell Catherine.

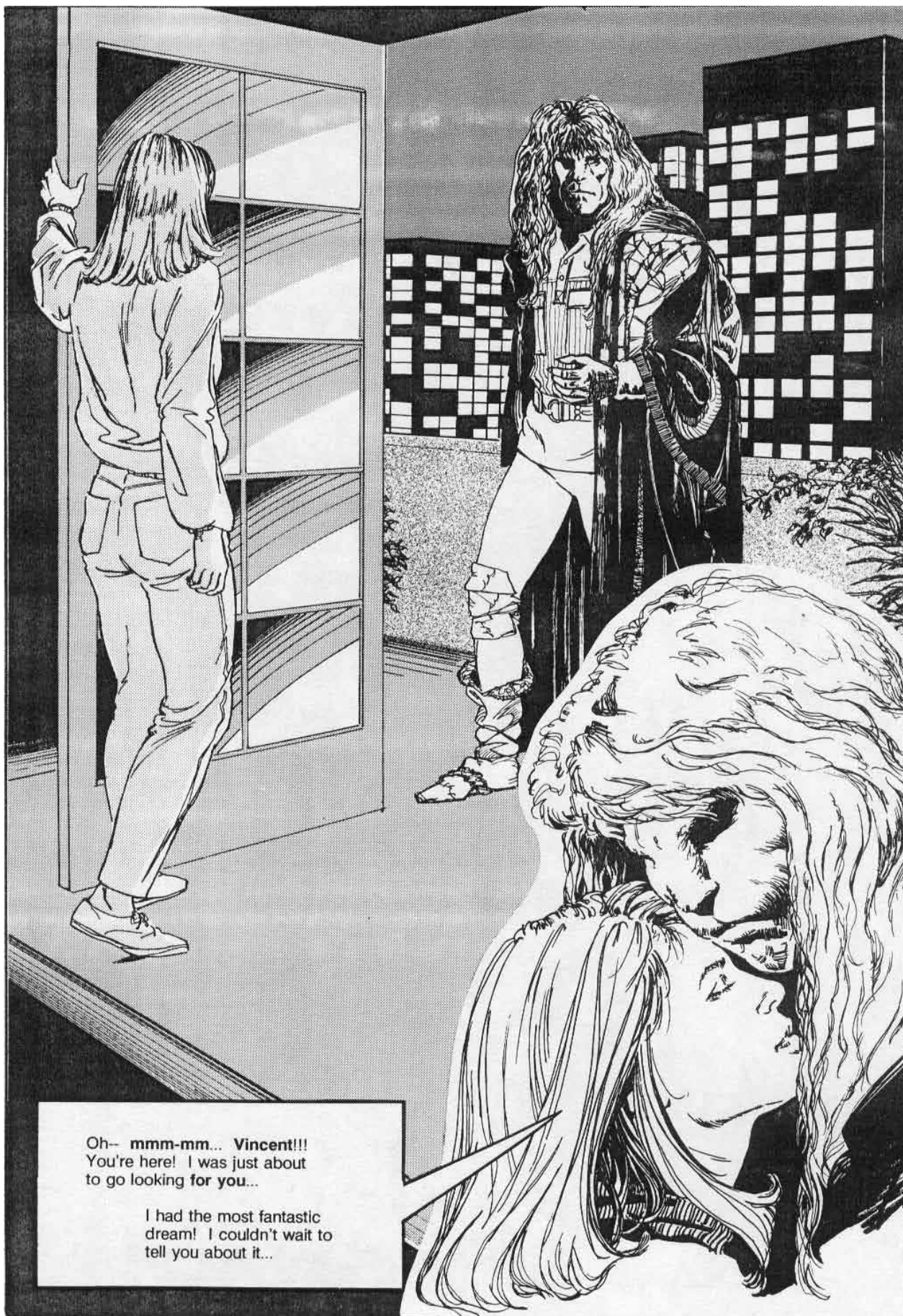
I must tell her **now**...!



What an amazing dream...

It was so real! I didn't want it to end...
Vincent must hear about this... (*sigh*)
Can't wait to tell him! I wish he were here.
I wish he were here right--

--now!



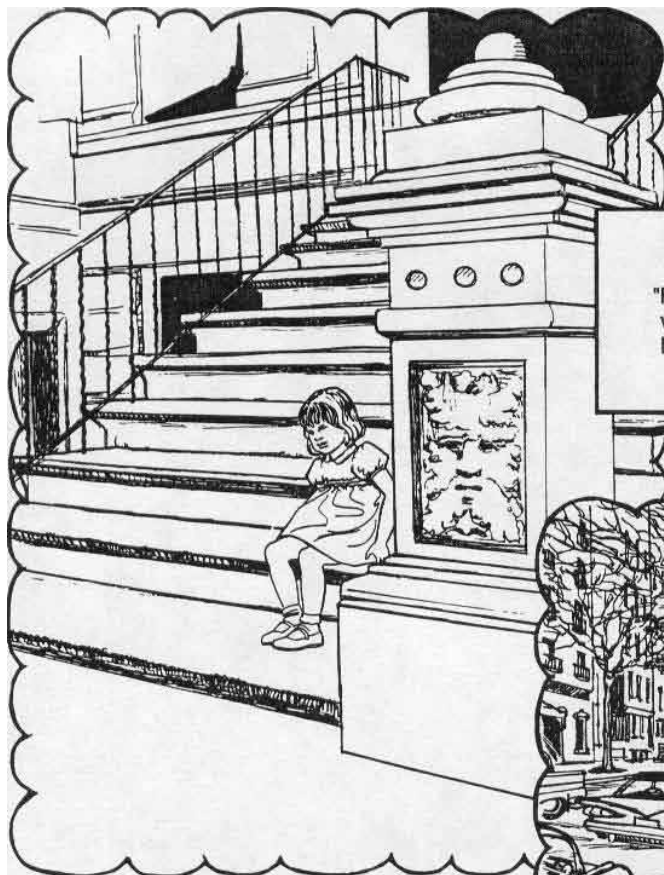
Oh-- mmm-mm... Vincent!!!
You're here! I was just about
to go looking for you...

I had the most fantastic
dream! I couldn't wait to
tell you about it...



Then you must tell me...

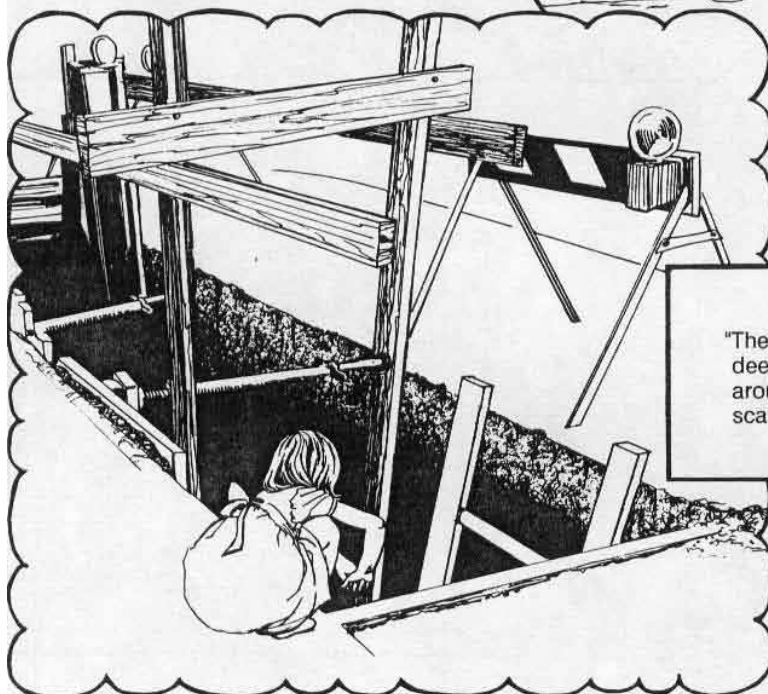
"I was very, very young... My parents had been invited to a big party somewhere on West 87th. Vincent, I could see the street so clearly in my dream! Anyway, they couldn't get a sitter, so they took me along. I was so **bored**... **Awfully** bored. I wandered outside and sat on the front steps. It was one of those townhouses with huge, wide steps..."



"For a while I was mad because there was nobody to play with. But then I had an idea..."

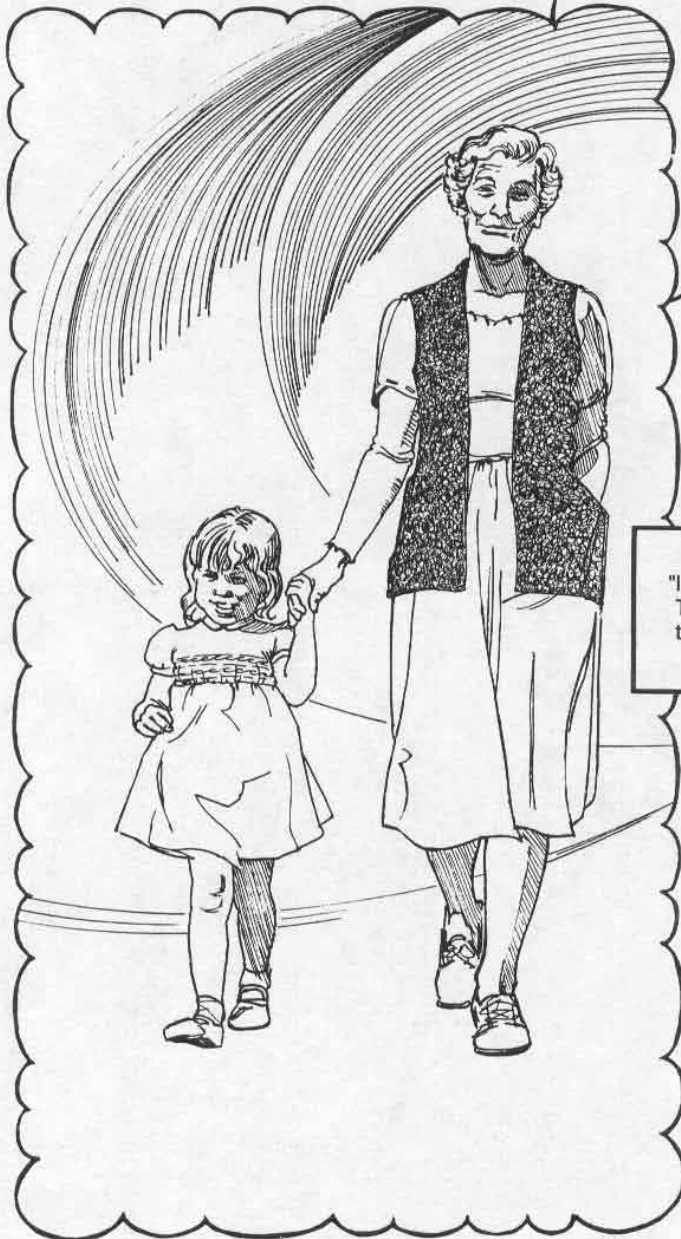


"I decided to explore! So I started out, and for a long time I just walked and walked..."



"Then I came to a construction site with a big deep hole and a ladder... There was nobody around. At first the hole looked dark and scary--but then I could see a light down there..."

"So I climbed down the ladder... When I got to the bottom I could see the light ahead of me, and I went toward it. Then I found myself in a place where tunnels curved away in all directions."



"I walked and walked, it seemed like forever! Then a sweet old lady found me and took me to a man--"



--who looked just like Father!

There was a little boy there
who looked just like you! He
gave me a doll--a big, baby
doll...



"I didn't want to leave, but the old lady took my hand and led me away, and we went back into the tunnels, and we kept climbing up and up... And then I awoke!"

Catherine--do you remember exactly what this doll looked like?



Well, no, not exactly. To tell you the truth, I was much more interested in you-- I mean, in the little boy who looked like you...

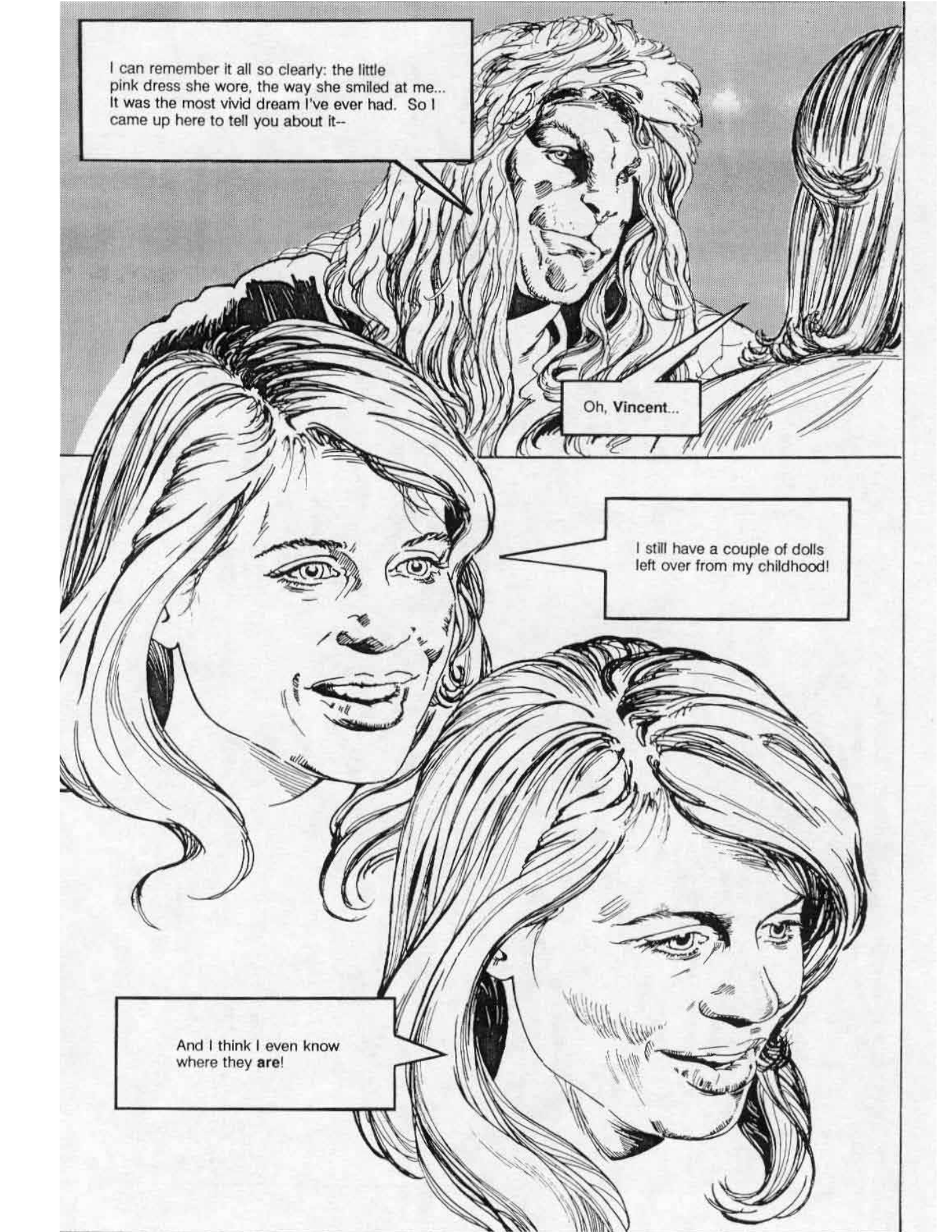
I wonder if you still have it.



"Yesterday, Father told me about the time I wanted a doll of my own, like the ones the girls had. When I went to bed I had a dream about it, a dream very much like yours! I was four years old, and in tears because the other boys had teased me. They had said I couldn't keep my doll so I was returning it to Father... Right then one of the women brought in a little girl from Above, who'd been found wandering in the tunnels..."







I can remember it all so clearly: the little pink dress she wore, the way she smiled at me... It was the most vivid dream I've ever had. So I came up here to tell you about it--

Oh, Vincent...

I still have a couple of dolls left over from my childhood!

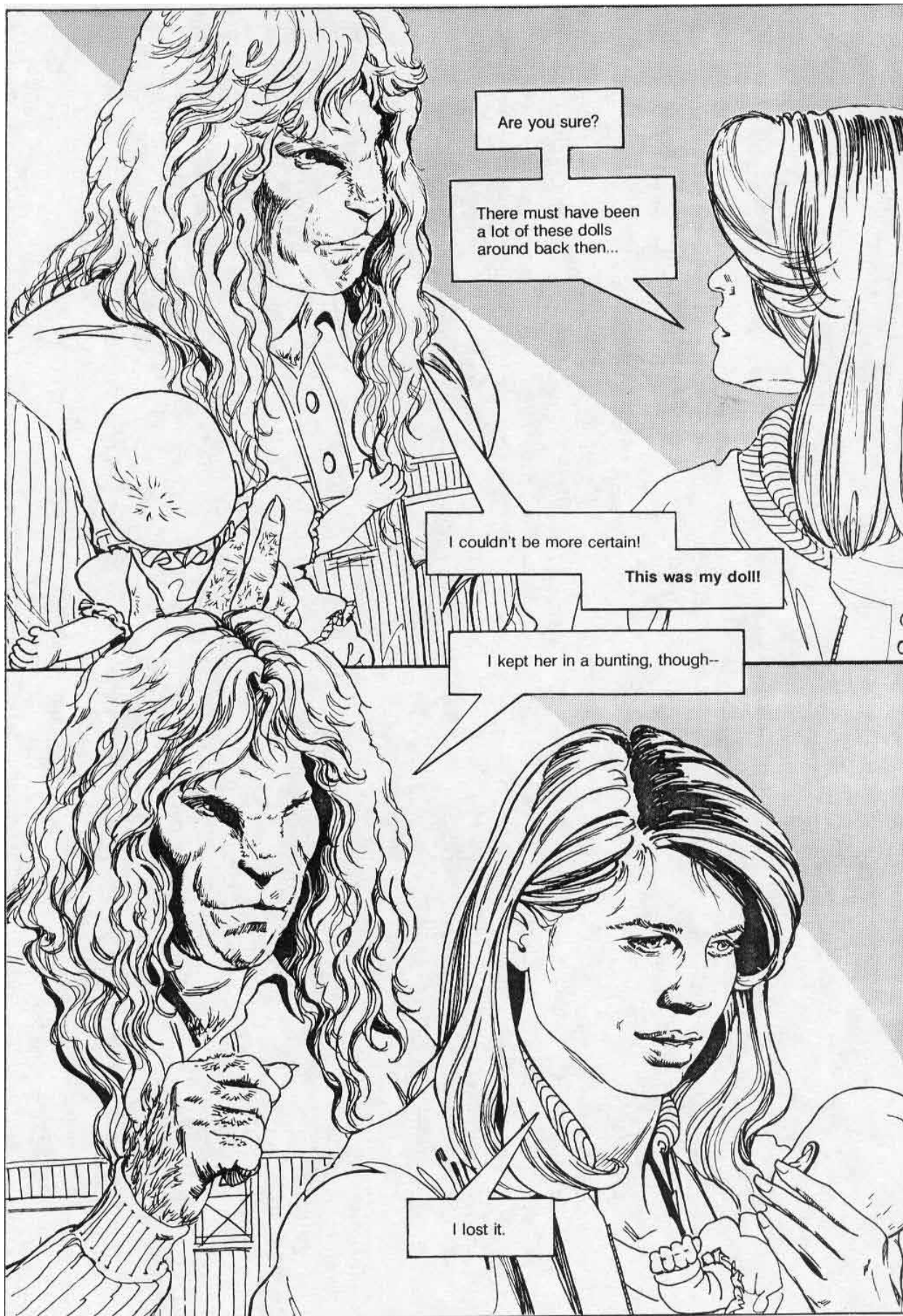
And I think I even know where they are!











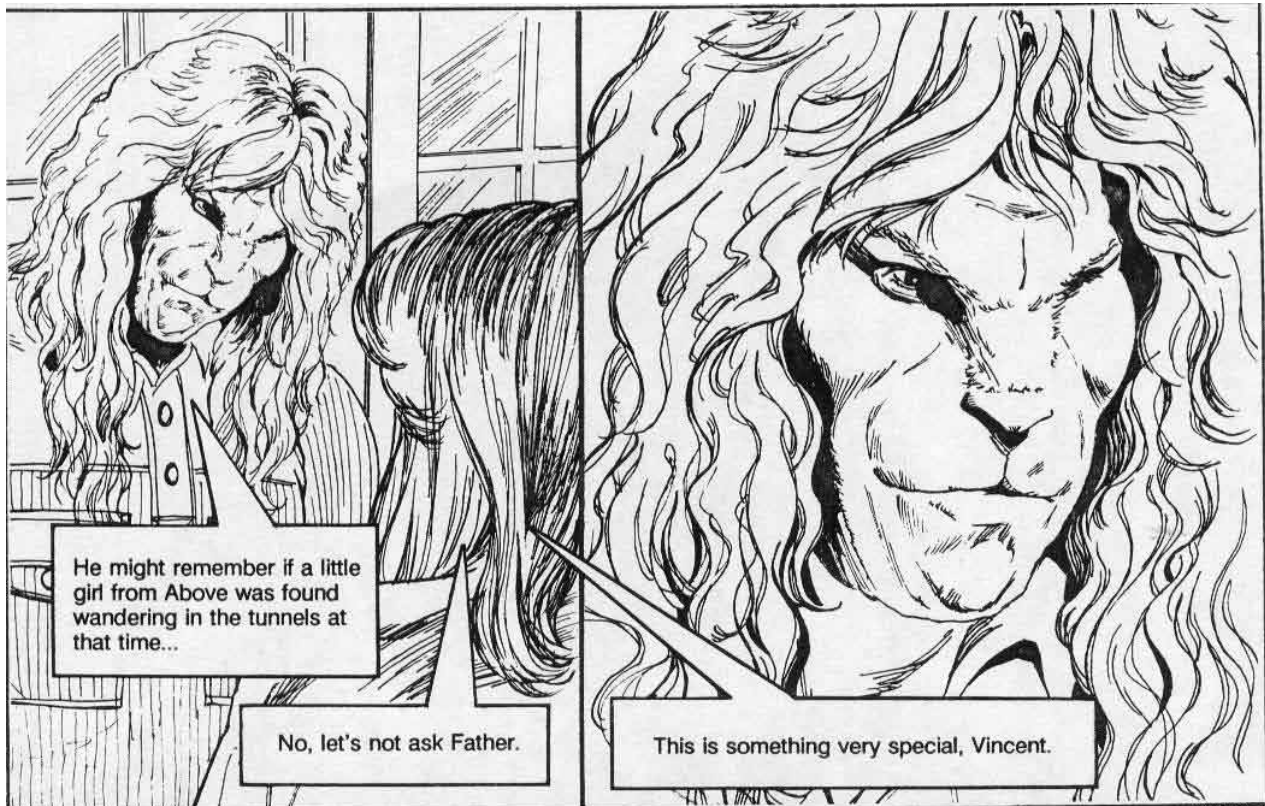




Vincent...

Do you suppose... Do you think it's possible? That we really did meet as children???

I could ask Father...



He might remember if a little girl from Above was found wandering in the tunnels at that time...

No, let's not ask Father.

This is something very special, Vincent.



We both dreamed the same thing at the same time, and now that we're awake it hasn't faded the way dreams usually do. It's almost as though something in our hearts—in our bond—is trying to join us in the past as well as the present... Or the future...



As though we were meant to be together
through all of time...

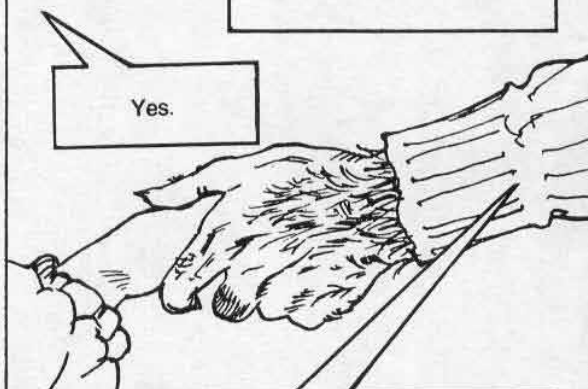
I don't want to know what Father remembers
or doesn't remember. What happened tonight
was meant for us, Vincent. And besides, I
think it's more than just dreams...

It feels--real...



Because it's so truly ours.

Yes.



Catherine--I... I've kept you up so late.
I'll get my cloak--

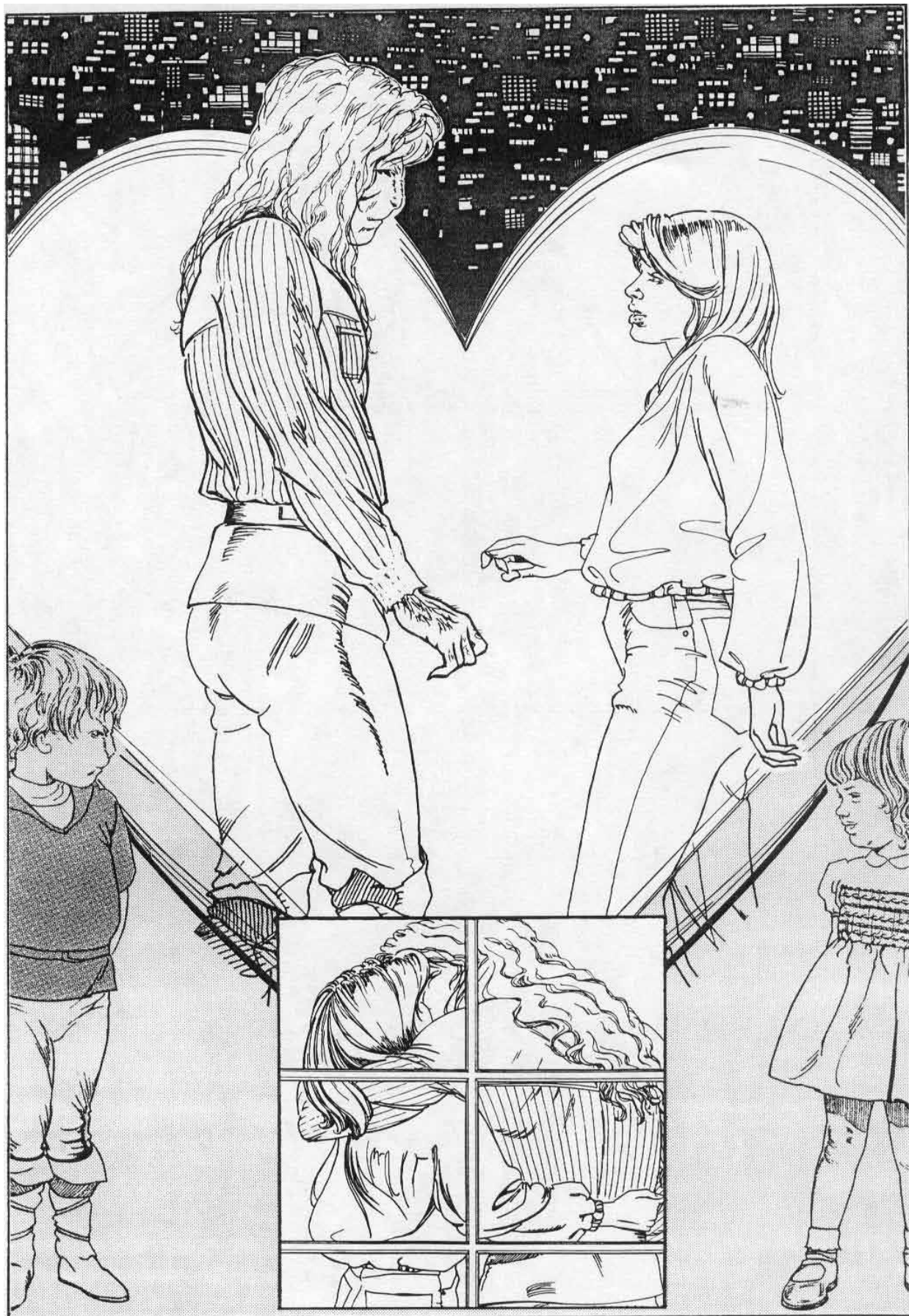
No, don't go.

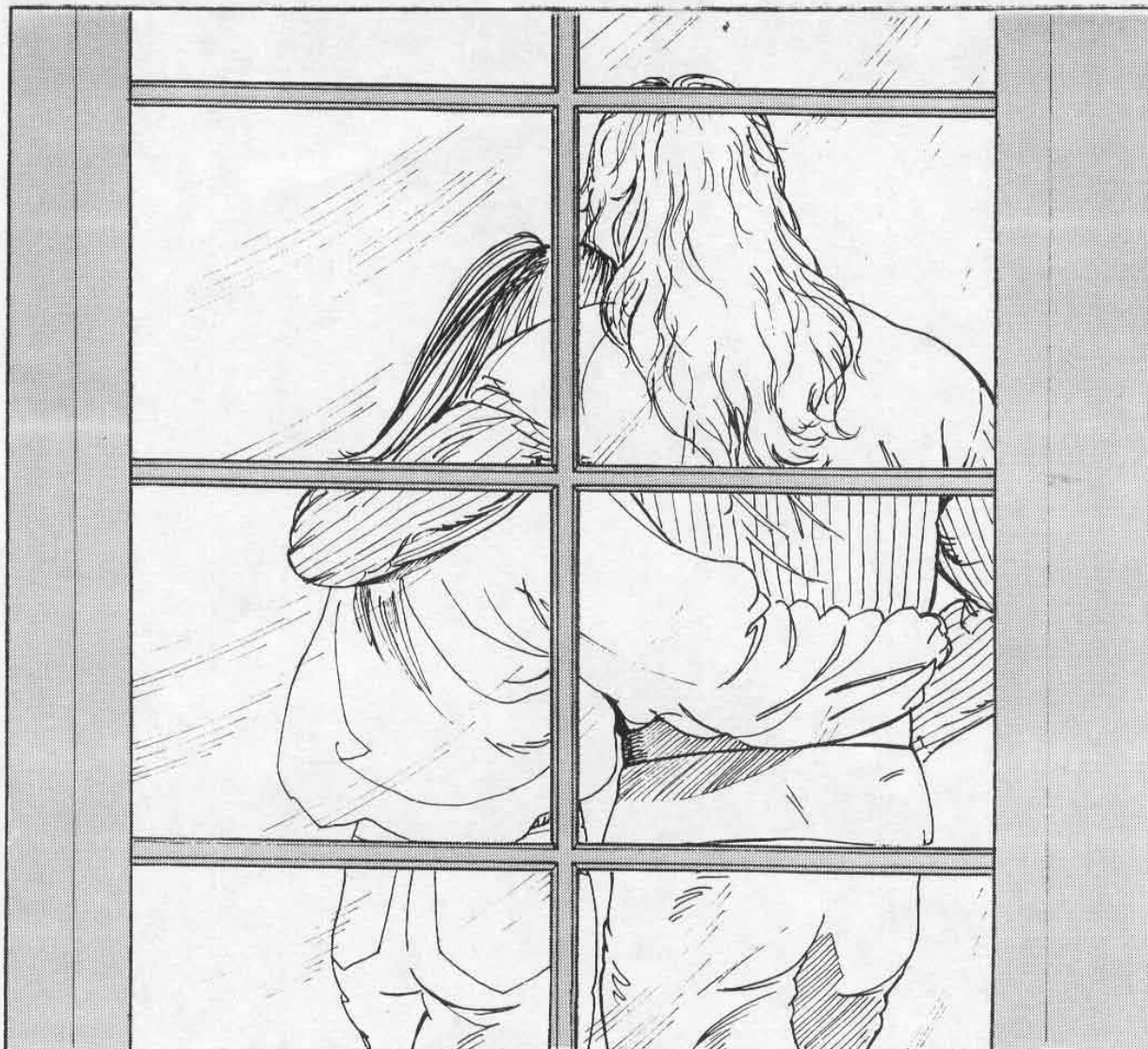




Aren't you going to help me put all that stuff away again?

Very well...





The End

... AND LOVE TO YOU ALL FROM

PSNIM