

## **Your Date, with the Leading Young Lady. (PART ONE)**

1. Your Fullname
2. Your Haircolor (Red Brown Blonde Black)
3. A Good Friend (First Name)
4. Color
5. Your First Name
6. Where Do You Live? (State Or Country)

## Your Date, with the Leading Young Lady. (PART ONE)

Stepping onto the busy streets, you walk briskly to quicken your pace. There was no way you could be late. This was the opportunity of a lifetime; you couldn't let this slip away. You, \_\_\_\_\_*Your fullname*\_\_\_\_\_, were going to cause envy and anger amongst many young men. This was your day, and no one would take this away.

You walked down the sidewalk, not having any time to glance into the windows of miscellaneous shops. There was one destination you had on your mind: The Caf. Your date was expected to meet you here, and you could not contain your excitement.

A date with Emma Watson, it's one of every young man's dreams. She was the beautiful, young starlet who has starred in several movies, even during her younger years. Oh, and not to mention that one film series what was it called? Oh. That's right. Harry Potter. We couldn't forget about that, now could we.

You

step into the caf, combing a hand through your \_\_\_\_\_Your haircolor (red brown blonde black)\_\_\_\_\_hair. Glancing around the setting, you come to realize she hasn't yet arrived. You think to yourself, it's fine. She's probably on her way. You decide to take a seat next to the window.

A waitress approaches you, handing over a menu, can I get you anything?

You think for a second, I'll have water for now, please. She nods, walking away toward the kitchen to receive your drink.

Your dearest friend, \_\_\_\_\_A good friend (first name)\_\_\_\_\_ is the one who told you of this charity contest. They knew you were quite fond of Ms. Watson, and let you know immediately. Anyone who donated to the charity was eligible for the date. Emma Watson herself happily volunteered to help raise the funds for the cause. Thank goodness for you, right? Now, let's continue.

You hear the door swing upon, daring you to avert your eyes upward. There she was, clad in a \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_  
t-shirt, a nice pair of jeans, and a pair of pumps. Like any other time, she looked stunning.

She smiled, gesturing toward you. Are you \_\_\_\_\_ Your first name \_\_\_\_\_?

You nod, unable to regain your composure. You couldn't speak, she took the words right out you.

Emma began to sit down across from you. They gave me a photograph, but I wanted to be sure I know, not to  
embarrass myself. She let out a chuckle.

That's understandable. You smile at her.

So, where are you originally from? She slides off her jacket, placing it on the back of her chair.

\_\_\_\_\_ Where do you live? (state or country) \_\_\_\_\_. You say, watching her movements. Just before you could say anything else  
, the waitress arrives with your water, looking at Emma.

Hello! Will there be anything for you? She grins, realizing who she was talking to.

Just a coffee . Emma handed her the menu.

Is that all for you folks?

You both nodded, leaving her to depart from your table.