

7th February

What a boring day - I thought. As I was sitting in the middle of the class I began to wonder...

How long before anything happens? How long before I am set free from this endless boredom?

For me, a 17 year old high school student, every day was alike. Same classes, same people, everything is basically the same. Fortunately, my seat is situated next to the window, so instead of paying attention to the class I always gaze out through it, daydreaming all the time. I can't really say I hate all these things. I'm very fond of silence. I like when a day passes quietly. So *today won't be any different* - I thought. At the start of the lesson the teacher announced a new transfer student enrolling into our class.

A girl came into the classroom. She gave off that vibe, how should I put it - she seemed hard to approach. Her sophisticated appearance was not a bit obscene. I looked over to the guys close to me, they were literally drooling over her. *Wow, she's totally gonna think they're repellent* - I mumbled quietly to myself in jest. As the seat on my right side was free, the teacher assigned it to her.

Unlike other guys, I didn't particularly care about her looks or whatsoever.

11th February

The transfer student has already made a bunch of friends. They looked like bees around the honeypot. Everyone was attracted to her a lot. It might have been caused by her lady-like aura though. Around the afternoon we had a break between the lessons. It's the time when everyone usually eats his/her own lunch, so do I. I always eat at my desk however, that day I didn't. Why not? Because Sophie (that was the new girl's name) came to me. She asked if we could eat lunch together at the rooftop. All the boys bursted with envy.

They all looked like they were ready to sever my limbs, chew on them, and then spit them all out. Of course I was shocked myself, who would've thought that a plain looking guy like me would be invited to eat lunch together by such a beauty. For a moment I stood there without a flinch. I'm usually quite frivolous so I recall wondering then why I thought so much about it? *It's just a lunch, right? - I thought.* After all, I went with her. We ate our lunch in silence. She took a few glances at me from time to time but that's it. I don't know what I was expecting. It wasn't like some lewd thoughts crossed my mind or anything, it's just that it seemed kind of weird to me.

12th February

Saturday. A day when I can finally laze for a whole day. On Sundays I usually cram so I try to enjoy Saturdays to the fullest, lying in my bed that is. We usually eat dinner together, my mom and I. My father works hard at his job so he's rarely home. I feel like it bothers my mum a bit but she tries not to show it that much. After the dinner she had an urge to look through our photo album. I guess she wanted to recall some happy memories. I decided to stay with her because I was quite interested in them myself. As we were flipping through the album, I noticed a girl in a few photos. She reminded me of someone. I asked my mom about her since it bothered me a little. She was quite surprised that I didn't remember, what she called, my best childhood friend. I did not expect the answer. It was Sophie.

In the evening I couldn't sleep. I was reaching (with my memories) to the past. To be honest, these were just a few fragments, but I remembered her. We were 6 at the time we met. We knew each other for 4 years. She used to be a bit of a klutz, a very shy type of girl. Well, all the average kids are like that after all. We used to play together all days long, even bathe together though it's kind of embarrassing. It had been like that until her father had to move because of his work. He took his family with him (including Sophie). It's not

like I wasn't sad when she left. I wanted to meet her as soon as possible then, but as the years were passing I gradually started forgetting about her. But now when she's back I somehow feel very relieved.

Eventually I managed to fall asleep.

14th February

The first Monday at school ever with Sophie around. Usually I hate Mondays because after 2 days of pure laziness you're thrown onto the deep sea of boring classes and acquaintances. But somehow that Monday I didn't think about it. Instead I was trying to come up with an idea of how to apologize properly to my new classmate for not recognising her however, I could only picture my utter defeats. I thought no matter what I had done she wouldn't forgive me...

Classes were about to start. I approached her slowly and with caution. Prior to my apology was dragging her out of the class in order not to make a ruckus about it. She came outside with me. A cold look on her face could be noticed. Even though, I did not break. I knelt before her and started to bow in order to apologise to her the right way. To my surprise, she began to panic. Her face was bright-red! I confessed that I finally remembered who she was and what kind of relationship we had. A waterfall of her tears started to shed. ***“So you remembered at last”.***

15th February

It felt sort of awkward. We never really used to talk before now either, but just that day I realized how odd it was. We were both too embarrassed to talk with each other. It was moderately hard to get a normal conversation going between us. If one would start the chat, the other one would blush and get red like a beetroot. I wanted to have an earnest talk with her, though she was

always hanging out with her schoolmates, I also didn't know where she lived at the time, therefore I decided that my only chance was to talk to her at school. A certain thought crossed my mind - *I want to be by her side, I want to laugh with her.* I frightened myself. *Me, falling in I-lo-lov... No, no, no. Out of the question.* I guess it was love after all, the only thing that I questioned myself about now is that when it started to blossom?

16th February

I stalked her, not in a creepy way though, until she was alone. I caught her in the classroom, she forgot to take her bag with her from the previous lessons. *Lucky me, the classroom is empty* - I thought. I spoke to her out of the blue. Me and she. Her face showed that she had already known what I was there for. Neither of us could run away then. We both knew that it was a high time to put an end to this ticklish situation. We managed to have a talk, after that on her face one could see a relief. It could be compared to a lion finally getting freed from its cage in the zoo. Back then I couldn't really tell her how I felt. *What if she's not feeling the same?* I'm not really self-confident so I decided to put this matter aside (for now). I just wanted it to be normal between us..

17th February

Today I and Sophie went together to a festival. The fireworks display was being held there. We had a lot of fun scooping the gold fishes and playing various games. After that I invited her over.

Mom told me if I felt like it I could invite Sophie for dinner that evening. She was feeling quite excited finding out that she would be coming over after all. To my surprise, everything went smoothly. They contemplated a bit about the past and other stuff. I don't really like to dwell on the past. As the old saying says: "We can dwell on the past or look forward to the future". I guess I prefer

the second option. Somehow the days became more entertaining, more unpredictable ...

Let's hope they will stay the way they are.

The End.

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