

School Love by Georgia Nicolson aged 16

Going to school was boring. Honestly, at this point in my life I didn't know anything more unexciting than this. Day by day we had the same "interesting" subjects (particularly maths) and the same "nice" teachers. Unfortunately, the material we were taught just didn't get better. On the contrary, it was getting worse. The only extraordinary or unexpected event was a test we got every second week from Mrs Madison. She loved to "surprise" us by saying "Girls, boys, I hope you had a look at the topic we were working on last lesson" and handing out a piece of paper full of questions that nobody would be able to answer. However, I mentioned that it was kind of a punishment for me to be sent to school. Until the day our "class-teacher" introduced HIM with the words "This is Nate Norcross. He moved the passed week with his parents to our little town and I want you to accept him in a friendly way. I'm sure that he will make new friends here soon!" And for one second our eyes met in the classroom: dark-brown hair, blue eyes that reminded me of the dark-blue ocean, tall (at least 1,85m), sporty (I only had to look at his trained body and knew that he had to be a football-player or anything similar) and a fabulous smile (he must have been a celebrity in his former life, otherwise he never could have smiled like he did when he joined our class). He just looked drop-dead gorgeous! "Nate, would you be so kind to take a seat next to Georgia, there's one place left!" Mrs Madison added. Nate, Nate Norcross, Norcross Nate, Georgia Norcross... "Georgia, may he sit next to you?" I was unable to talk. No really, I couldn't think of just one right sentence. It must sound funny like in all those trashy love-stories or movies but it was simply the truth. Nate made me speechless, even just for a short moment but he definitely made me lack words. "Hi Georgia" he greeted me and I nearly swooned. For the rest of that lesson I didn't talk anything. I blushed. By the time I was getting back to normal again (thank God I did!). I could even talk like a human being by the end of the sixth lesson (everything happened in the first lesson, so as you can see, it took me a while...;-)) Later Nate asked me if I knew which homework we had in English. I managed to say "Workbook p.21." Great answer, isn't it?

The weeks went by and my conversations with him got more and more intense. Here a short extract: he: "I don't get Maths, what about you?" I: "Don't you? To my mind, the topic we're dealing with right now is quite easy, if you want me to explain it to you, I can do it! You'll see, it's easy, you will get it soon, for sure!" He: "As if..." I: "No really, you're clever!" He: "Can I come to you because it will need lots of hours until I get it" (He said this with a charme that let me melt) I wasn't sure if I really wanted this happen. I mean, him coming to my house 'cause there are my disturbing sister and my curious parents. However, if I was lucky, my sister would be at a friend's place. And my parents - I would have to prevent them from being curious. Maybe they were out too I thought looking on the bright side of life. Finally I agreed and told Nate that he could come the following afternoon. He seemed to be happy like a little child. And I was nervous like a teenager right before an important exam. Monday passed and the following afternoon came earlier than I had expected. "Rrrrng" The bell rang. Once. Twice. I hoped that he wouldn't recognize my preparation in front of the mirror lasting for two hours. The outfit chosen shouldn't seem too obtrusive. I also prepared myself for Maths. (I know, it's very ridiculous but just think about a similar situation: Wouldn't you have done the same if you had fallen in love with a boy?) Hesitatingly I went to the door and opened it for Nate. The way he looked simply took my breath away. He looked dazzling!! Wearing a white shirt and jeans he entered our house. Immediately I took him upstairs to my room, intending to hide him from mum. Fortunately my sister was still in school and my dad was in work. There was only my mum, who was at home. In my room he started packing out his backpack. He caught a pensil, a piece of paper and his book and then he flashed me an expactant glance. "Okay, let's start!" I said to him encouragingly. It was

really difficult for me to concentrate on Maths. But I tried my best. And anyhow it worked and he seemed to understand the material better. At the end of our little private lesson he declared: "Thank you very much, Georgia, sweetheart!" Sweetheart, he called me sweetheart, isn't that cute?! "You're welcome..." I stammered. "Ah...Georgia, there's something else I want to ask you..." My heart stopped beating. Out of any crazy reasons I thought that he might like me a bit too... But what came next was unbelievable: "You're certainly friends with Chloe Meeks, aren't you?" I definitely HATED Chloe Meeks, she was the drama queen of our class, a posh girl whose important problems were make-up and clothes. "She's quite nice..." "So, do you know if she has a boyfriend?" I can tell you, this day was OVER for me. Shit happens...Honestly, I had to fight back my tears. "I don't know, I'm not sure but I don't think so. Do you fancy her?" "Ahm...she's pretty and also nice I think." I couldn't say a word. I was upset and disappointed. I mean, what was I supposed to say at this moment? I'm happy for you two? Hopefully she hasn't got a boyfriend and hopefully you will become a couple soon? No...The room was filled with silence and I was glad when he started to talk again, even though he didn't have any good news: "I have to go now, we have dinner in half an hour! Thanks again for helping me!" In the following weeks I just couldn't cope with the fact that Nate Norcross fancied my worst rival. Despite this disturbing fact our friendship was growing and I found out that he wasn't just handsome. He had a good character too, always nice, funny and helpful.

One day, I was sitting in my room, doing homework and listening to sad music which reflected exactly my current mood. I knew that if Chloe loved him too she would win the battle. She's the prettier girl of us and maybe he also thinks that she's nicer. The sound of the doorbell interrupted my despairing thoughts. Immediately I ran downstairs and opened the door. It was NATE. I just couldn't believe my eyes. The expression of his face told me that something wasn't right with him. "Can I come in? I have found out something terrible and I want to tell you everything..." "Of course!" We went upstairs and he told me everything. Whatever he meant by saying everything because it was just the fact that Chloe had a boyfriend. On the one hand, I felt sorry for him, I knew this situation well, to love somebody who doesn't love you. On the other hand, I was relieved and kind of happy. He was sad. But not too sad for going to town with me! Yes, truly, he asked me if I wanted to come to town with him, go shopping or to the cinema! This day was unbelievable, gorgeous, just great!! The weeks passed and we spent a lot of time together. My feelings for him gradually changed, now it wasn't just fancying him, it was love, I suppose...

One day I arrived at home, there was a letter lying on my bed. The sender was unknown. But I thought to have a clue who wrote the letter. Tears ran down my cheeks while reading it... "Dear Georgia, maybe you have already realized that my feelings for you got stronger in the last few weeks. This is something undescrivable. It's not like the story with Chloe. I found out that I have never fallen in love with her. To my mind, she was simply good-looking. But that was it. Not more... The thing with you is much stronger and you really mean the world to me! I've fallen in love with you weeks ago but I didn't want to confess that I love you. But now I know that I can't continue like this. I don't want to be only your friend anymore. Maybe you feel the same, maybe you don't...I wrote this letter to you because I wasn't able to tell you this in your presence. I hope you will tell me your answer as soon as possible! Yours, Nate..." Without hesitation I took my bike and rode towards his house. Thank God it was him who opened the door. We didn't have to say a word and gave each other a hug. This was my way of answering and showing Nate that I loved him. Finally...he took my face and caressed my cheeks and in the end we kissed each other tenderly. This was the wonderful conclusion of my love story, that, at first, seemed to have no happy ending...