

## First love

This is a story about my friend's first love. The first time she fell in love was at primary school. But primary school was very easy for her, because she was a very clever girl, so it didn't influence her marks. What is more, as far as she can remember it wasn't real love, it was love as far as a six-year-old girl could love a guy. She didn't think about him all the time; she just got red like a tomato when she saw him, what was actually embarrassing.

Things got different and of course more difficult when she got older. She lost her heart again when she started grammar school, but this guy was just too old for her. She really fell in love again in the third form but that didn't stop her from writing excellent marks, it was nearly the opposite of that. She wasn't as nervous as she had been before, when she had to sit a test, but this (her first real love) also had a sad ending.

As far as I am concerned, I should also stop at this point, because I assume that my friend doesn't want to see her feelings written in my homework book. This story portrays the first love of a friend of mine, but, to my mind, such an experience could also be made by every other teenage girl too and therefore I felt like telling it to you.

by Marlene Haller 5b