

# Autobiography(first love)



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

In Sung Lee 02/24/08 W131 Roxana Cazan First Love The first love of my life occurred in the spring of 2007. It was an appropriate time of year to fall in love, everyone was doing it. The girl I had fixed my attention on was beautiful. She had just turned 16, had long, silky black hair, soft eyes and a slightly upturned nose I thought was just adorable. Other than that, I really didn't know that much about her. We went to different schools, but I saw her on the bus all the time and felt I would just die if I couldn't be near her and hold her hand. It never occurred to me that she might not feel the same. On the morning of May 27th, I finally got my chance to do something about the way I felt. It was announced that my school would be starting later than usual that morning, which would give me a chance to go over to her school instead. I thought about what I was going to do for the rest of the day, even during my night-time tutoring session at the Educational Institution, where I was learning English. I saw someone selling flowers, which gave me a tremendous idea. I bought sixteen roses, one for every year of her life, and hid them in my garden so that my parents wouldn't see them. When I got home, I called a couple of my friends to see if any of them would go with me - I didn't want to be alone.

The next morning didn't go quite the way I'd planned. I was anxiously waiting at the bus stop for the two friends that said they would go with me and they managed to get there just before the bus to her school. I still regret my choice of clothing for this meeting. I was going to have to go straight from her school to mine, so I was wearing our horrible brown school uniform. We looked like janitors, which was sure to work against me. My planning skills were found to be poor again when we arrived at her school and I realized I had no idea where her classroom was. While we searched from

classroom to classroom, we ran into one of the teachers, who recognized that we didn't belong at that school. He thought we were there to make trouble, so he hit us and banned us from the grounds. One of my friends didn't want to risk getting in trouble for a girl that wasn't even for him, so he waited outside while my other friend and I tried to get back through the gates. Although there hadn't been a guard there before, there was one now and he stopped us to ask why we were trying to get inside. The roses probably should have made it possible for him to guess, but my friend lied and said we wanted to make one of the teachers feel better. He couldn't name the teacher, but the guard let us through anyway. Maybe he saw the desperate look on my face.

Now that we were inside again, we couldn't risk the same kind of behavior that got us kicked out the first time. I remembered a friend of mine who attends that school and who would know what classroom she was in, so I called him, hoping he would pick up his phone. He did and gave us her classroom number, which happened to be the one we were standing outside of at that moment. I peeked inside and saw her. Her head was bent over the papers on her desk and her hand was working quickly back and forth across the page. She seemed to be studying hard. My hands started shaking as I considered how I would talk to her and then she noticed me! She came outside of the classroom when the bell rang and walked right over to me. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "Aren't you supposed to be in school?"

"I skipped," I told her.

"Are you crazy?" she said in such a disapproving tone that I broke down and told her the truth.

Then I gave her the roses. All she said was thank you, but the tone of her voice and the look in her eye told me all I needed to know. She didn't feel the same way about me that I did about her. Later, I found out she had a boyfriend who was angry at first that some other guy would give his girl flowers, but then calmed down when he found out the specific details. It was embarrassing and heartbreaking then to be turned down so completely that first time, but later I became glad for having had the experience. I learned I could still love somebody who didn't love me and, at the same time, find a way to go on with my life and allow her to go on with hers with no hard feelings or blame.