

Informative essay –
love is something that
gets you hyped up



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Ever heard of the expression “ love hurts”, it really does. What is love? To me Love is something you can't live without it or with it. Love is something that gets you hyped up when you look at special someone, it's something that makes butterflies fly in your stomach when you talk to talk to that special someone, it's the last thing you think about before going to bed.

Have I have been love? Of course I have. It was a dark morning, so quiet you can hear pin drop, it was the first day of summer school.

After leaving my house I had soon reached my school, as I stepped out of my dad's car and see huge of pile of students outside the school, my dark silent morning wasn't silent no more, due to loud chatter of the students. It was just another normalschool day for me or it was until I went to my class and saw a “ sexy” girl that made me want to come to school every day despite the fact I had to wake up early or the long distance I had to travel to school or how boring the lesson was to boring, there was something about her that made me crazy, was it love?

Not yet it wasn't, I simply like her for her body and pleasure however this would change soon after. After two days of summer school, on a bright sunny day, my new friend had started has started to interact with her, he would ask questions and she would answer and I would sometimes jump in and also start a conversation with her. I soon became a friend of her and got to know one another.

Being the person I am, I would annoy the hell out, and if you are probably wondering why? This has been my way making friends, every person I annoy soon become my friend and guess what she would enjoy the annoyance, when I would stop talking, she would start and every time she would only say <https://assignbuster.com/informative-essay-love-is-something-that-gets-you-hyped-up/>

“ so...” and I would love it. During the middle of summer school, on a warm breezy day, my friend asked her, “ hey! ana go wonderland with this Saturday” as he said those words, they shook me, and made me nervous and for some reason made me envy him. I couldn’t believe he had asked, and being his friend I was curious about how she would respond to this but what troubled me the most was that I just couldn’t understand why I was mad at him, was it because he asked her out but why am I mad did I not just want her for pleasure?. Unfortunately she said no to him because she was too busy with ork and looked at me with a weird look (her left eyebrow pointing up and her eyes rolling) that said “ why would he ask me out”, this awkward moment had turned the delightful day to cold dark knight. The “ envy” thought still troubled so thought about it all night, I was frustrated but what troubled me even more what the fact that she didn’t come to school the following day, not having company I enjoy and seeing her had ruined my day, but why? Why was I mad?

Why did I fell like punching something just because I didn’t see her for a day? That’s when I realized I was in love. The following day she came to school and everything returned back to regular basis, we would talk and laugh more and more as ourfriendshipgrew however I wanted us to be more than just good friends but I didn’t have the guts to ask her out maybe because I was scared to get rejected just like my friend, which would shatter my heart to a million pieces. Summer school had finally came to an end and last thing I remembered was her sad face and her last words she said, “ bye, we had fun right” I remember her saying this in a sad tone as if I had disappointed her, But why? I didn’t promise her anything or was it because

she liked me as well and wanted me to ask her out. The whole summer I thought about her beautiful face and her beautiful smile she would make when I made her laugh.

I thought about few of many things we had in common, we both loved pizza and cake, we both watched anime and our favourite colour was red, red reminds me of her name, oh and her name was Rose, every time I say it with a sigh and her name make my body heavy and heart clinch. The rest of the summer I tried to imagine my life. If I had asked her out, then maybe I would regret nothing, then maybe I would be happy, then maybe I would still be able to see her and then maybe I would not be love struck.