Love life ??

written by

Mystery * girl ***

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Introduction

A story of my love life....and advice on how to deal with yours and decisions I regret
Chapter 1

My name (or nickname) is Sofe. It's a nickname my friend gave me. She is one of the best friends I could ever have. She's been by my side ever since I met her. She's sassy, fun, and outgoing. Now you are probably wondering why I am writing about my BFF. Well, it's because she helped me get very involved in the whole love life thing. But I start my story earlier. Actually, way too early to be dating anyone or madly love anyone. WAY TOO YOUNG. I mean, way.

Here's where my story starts...

It was a warm day in Winter, as it always is where I am from, and I couldn't wait for Valentines' day, one of my favorite holidays as a kid. I was in kindergarten, and I had a huge crush on a boy (I won't say his name, but I will call him *Mr.handsome*) named Mr. Handsome. His name actually started with a C, that's all I am saying. Anyways, I am so over him now, but back then I was obsessed. So, in kinder, you would close your eyes and pick a slip out of a bucket that would be the person you would give your valentine's to. Mine, lucky me, was to my huge crush.

I remember working all day and night to make it perfect, although it was just a sheet of paper covered in messy glitter glue, I was very proud of it. After class one day (This is so weird feel free to scream in the comments) we were still in kinder and he took me by the hand and led me to his parents. We introduced each other. It was way too weird.

The memory stops there and picks up 2 years later in 3rd grade. I had forgotten all about Mr.Handsome and didn't really care about boys too much anymore.

I remember we were in Reading class and I sat next to him. I never paid much attention to him. He was fidgeting in his chair and then he fell backward.

Me, acting regularly kind, helped him up with no romantic gesture or anything. He smiled warmly, I smiled back.

Later during Reading Class, he slipped me a sticky note and put his finger over his mouth: Shhhhh.

I was so bubbly and excited inside as I opened up the paper note. I had always dreamed of a boy handing me a romantic note. cheese, but yes. I opened it and it read: Meet me by the
blacktop at recess.

I was shocked. Normally at recess, the only thing he would do was chat with his popular friends and play soccer or something like that. So I, of course, felt very honored.

Finally, recess came and I rushed to a bench, hidden by the trees and the side of the classroom, where he was sitting. He smiled and pushed his hair back a little.

"Hi!" I said, warmly, my voice shaking a little with joy.

"Hello," he said coolly. Then he shifted himself nervously. I sat down close to him and looked into his eyes, but he remained staring at the dirt.

"Remember how we liked each other in kinder?" He finally blurted. I nodded, liking the way this was going.

"Well, I was, er, um....wondering if you still liked me." Obviously, I was shocked again. I would have never in a million years thought a simple schoolboy would remember me for 2 whole years.

I didn't know what to say. My mouth opened to reply but no words came out. I decided to try to play it cool. "Maybe," I responded, and I walked off into the distance leaving what was once between us gone forever.
Chapter 2

This next love dude was with the help of my BFF, even though the guy was crazy and I never really liked him.

I was in 4th grade, a year after Mr. Handsome. I'll say this guy's name because I'm pretty sure no one knows him. Jeremiah. I do not know his last name. He was a dark-skinned boy with glasses and fuzzy hair. Everyone adored him, except he was super annoying.

My friend was in a special class with him, I won't say, but every day they would come into class together. This Jeremiah dude had a crush on many, but I'm sure none as long as me.

In fourth grade, I wasn't exactly the prettiest, or anywhere near it. I had way too many flyaways in my hair and my teeth were crooked. (I look so much better now,) so it came as a surprise when Jeremiah sat with me every day in the morning and read me some stupid book, that I was much more advanced on. Anyways, I helped him, because I was kind.

One day at lunch, I was forced to sit next to him, and he HELD MY HAND UNDER THE TABLE. It was horrifying. His hand was sweaty and bumpy, nothing like what I wished my first boy-hand hold to feel like. Even worse, he held it there almost all of lunch.

Jeremiah was constantly flirting and staring at me. I smiled and waved back and that only drew him nearer.

Then came Valentine's day. Ah, it's always boys and me and valentines day. I remember I was wearing my pink knit poncho with fluffy pom poms. I was climbing up the Monkey Bars when I heard my name.

and of course, Jeremiah was calling. "Hi," I said, climbing down. "hey," he said back. He shifted, then got closer than ever to me. I was honestly freaking out that he would kiss me. Luckily, he didn't, but he asked me on a date to Olive Garden.

I gently refused.

A few months later we "broke up". I was getting closer to a friend he hated, so we had a big argument and never talked again.

* after that, he went insane and took scissors and tried to kill everybody in my class, especially my BFF who he hated and he broke all her pencils and ran out of the classroom like a mad man.
If you have any love stories, please comment or comment on mine! Please like it, I would really appreciate that!