

It's Wednesday.
I'm sitting in class.
It's maths.

There's a problem on the board.
Maths is difficult,
but I'm not paying attention.
I'm thinking of Eva.

She's in biology now.
In room 4.
I know her timetable by heart.



I've just seen Eva in the playground.

She saw me too.

'Hi Tom,' she called out.

Then she turned away.


She didn't look back again.

She was talking with her friends,

Elise and Lena.



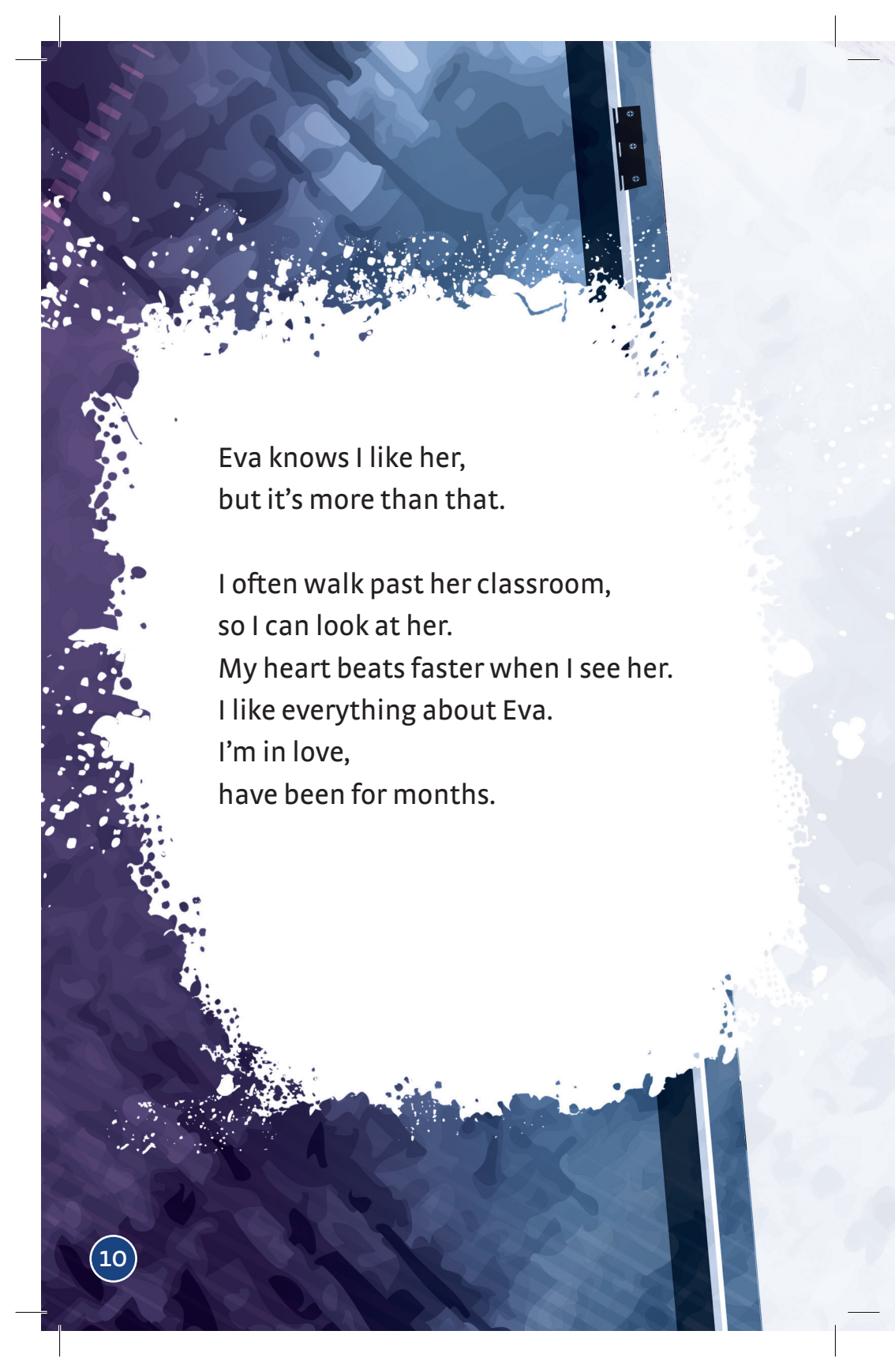




Eva is 15, like me.
We live near each other.
We often cycle home together
in a group.

I like cycling next to Eva best of all.
Then we talk about school,
about teachers and tests.

I sometimes see Eva at the weekend,
when we all go out.
We always talk to each other a bit.



Eva knows I like her,
but it's more than that.

I often walk past her classroom,
so I can look at her.

My heart beats faster when I see her.
I like everything about Eva.
I'm in love,
have been for months.

