

## **RafaelLO**

I waited until the man had left the shop. It was half past seven, and the girl was going to close. He didn't see me pass an envelope through under the door. A little time later, she would go there and see the letter. What would she think, with the words ' Go to the village square tomorrow at eight p.m.' and without any sender?

Smiling, I went back to my house.

I was living in a flat near that square, where I could see it, so I would see if she went to my meeting or not.

I had waited for it all day. So many years had passed, and, at last, it was time to know the truth.

Five minutes before eight I decided to go out and meet her, though it was raining furiously and it was very cold. Going downstairs, a neighbour asked me for a very important business, which affected all the building: a piping had burst. I was the president of the community at the moment, so I couldn't deny. So I could not meet her. Once I could, I looked at the square. Nobody was there.

I was very upset, but I didn't discourage and wrote another letter for her. There I wrote: ' I'm so sorry because of what has happened tonight. Please meet me tomorrow at eight o'clock at the same place '. I left that letter below the girl's father's shop door.

The next day I went to the square at eight o'clock. I hoped she would be there. She was, but not for much time. I recognised her at twenty metres. But she was running very fast and passed near me, with fear in her face, but she soon disappeared from my eyes.

I knew she wouldn't stay there more, so I went home. However, I had enough courage to write another letter. I wanted to fight for what I wanted. The letter said: 'I don't understand what happened yesterday, but I beg you to go one more time to the village square,

tomorrow at eight p.m.'. I didn't know if she would go after two failed days, but surprisingly for me, the next day she was there. I couldn't believe my eyes. When I arrived and she saw me, she felt more fear.

- Please...

- Don't you recognise me?

- What? Sorry, but I don't...

- Have you ever been *really* in love?

- What are you saying?... Well - only once, at High School.

- Are you still in?

- Mmm - I think so.

- Don't you recognise me?

She looked at me. His brown eyes examined me deeply. Seconds later, she cried:

- Raffaello!

Some time later she would explain me what had happened the days before. The first day, when it was raining, a drunk man had said to her something. The second day, a tall man with a purple scarf who had terrible eyes had followed her.

I noticed I had a purple scarf then.

But before she had explained me anything about this, I said to her:

- Veronique, I love you.

***4th ESO A***