

# French Suitcase Story

## Carla's Diary

Monday, February 13<sup>th</sup>

Dear diary,

Sorry for being so nervous, but today happened such a wonderful thing: I've met my big love!

He's a chinese boy with with eyes like stars and an air just so sweet!!! We've met after school and I fall immeadetly in love with him – and he too! That's the first time a boy is remarking me... We have already changed phone numbers and written many short messages – I would never had minded that it could be so easy!

As you know, music is very important for me and so we both have spent some time to listen it with my new, cool listeners and he liked it! It's fantastic, isn't it? There's just one aspect not such great, but he was able to destroy my refusal fastly. He has a faible for cars, especially American ones like he drives, and is caring and talking very much about them – yeah, I don't like it so much, but he convinced me to have a short drive with him to change my opinion. Finally, he got what he wanted, but we agreed not to speak just about cars and let them getting the main conversation topic.

But: the drive has had one surprise more for me. While sitting in the very comfortable seats, he tried shyly to talk about tomorrow's Valentine's Day!!! I'm really, really happy – but there are so much things less to do...

I have to go shopping, buying a dress and a present and beauty stuff and all those other important things I could have to do. Anyway, problems are starting here: having no idea which present he would like. Red roses? No, he has to buy that stuff. Heart-shaped chocolate? Great, but if he mustn't drink milk? Cinema tickets? A model car? I don't no if he preferes Ferrari or Lamborghini... No, I'll buy some tickets and a big bag of popcorn. That will get so romantic!

Oh, I mustn't forget a nice dress and something for my beautyness... If I could get that red dress by H&M, I'll able to use that wonderful red nail polish and lipgloss I've bought recently. Yes, that's it. Oh no, I don't have any parfume!

You see, I'm really exited so please don't worry if I have to close now – have to ask immeadetly my friends on Facebook what to do...

Yours,

*Carla*