

The Cherry Lane Girl

by Clara H. (8c)

“He is dead. On the way to the hospital he stopped breathing...”
I wasn’t able to say anything. It felt like I couldn’t even breathe. It was horrible.
I never felt so lonely.

Now, only one week after his death, I decided to tell our love story. Everything started two years ago when I met James for the first time...

I was walking down the Cherry Lane on my way to the underground station. It was the first warm day in spring and the cherry trees were looking so beautiful with their pink cherry blossoms. The birds were singing and I looked up in the blue sky. I forgot everything around me. I arrived at the train station and I saw him for the first time. He looked so cute with his blond curly hair, his deep blue eyes and his freckles around his nose. Then he looked at me and smiled. After this day I saw him every day. In the morning on my way to work and in the evening on my way back home. After two weeks he came over and said: “Hey cherry lane girl, what’s up?” I was so confused that he came over to me. I think at that moment my cheeks were the same colour as the cherry blossoms. But I answered him shyly “Nothing is up... why do you call me cherry lane girl?” He told me that he had noticed me too. He said that he had watched me the whole two weeks. “I saw you walking down the Cherry Lane to the underground station”. Then something happened there that I wasn’t expecting. He asked me, if I would like to go on a date with him. I was so nervous that my fingers started to shake. I think I answered before he finished talking. I opened my mouth and said: “Yes, I would love to”. His answer was: “Cool, so what about tomorrow 6 pm in the hummingbird café?” I was still nervous I just said: “Yes, perfect, tomorrow 6 pm”. He walked into the tube, but before the doors closed, he called me his name “James”. When I walked home that evening I smiled and was so happy that I wished every person that I saw a good evening and when I arrived home I jumped on my bed and started screaming. I remember that I only slept like two hours that night.

The next morning it was a Saturday and a really warm spring day. The whole morning, I tried to find the perfect outfit for my date. After a lot of mental breakdowns, I found the perfect dress for the date. It was a sky-blue dress, knee long with a bow on the back. I did my make-up and my hair. When I finished my make-up it finally was 5 pm. I put my high heels on and walked to the hummingbird cafe. The cafe looked like it would come out of a fairy tale with its flower covered walls, the fairy lights and the little lanterns on the tables. He was already there. He looked so good in his jeans and his white shirt. He kissed me softly on my cheek to welcome me. We went inside the café and then he took me to a staircase. It led up to a roof terrace. I was speechless. Up there was a picnic basket and a blanket with lots of pillows, candles, flowers and a chain of lights around the whole roof terrace. But the best thing was, that we could see the stars and the moon. He asked “Do you like it?” I was so impressed that I was not able to answer quickly. My mouth was open and after a bit of time I said: “Yes I love it. It looks perfect with all the candles and the flowers and we can eat in the moonlight”. After I said that

his cheeks were a little pinker than before. I remembered he didn't know my name, so I said: "My name is Aurora so you can stop saying cherry lane girl now" his answer was: "Aurora, sweet name, but I will call you cherry lane girl". We talked a lot about our families, friends, jobs, and about traveling. I think after this evening I already knew everything about him: How he broke his leg at skiing when he was 8, about his mother who sends him a cake every week, because she worries that James would not eat enough and about his job as a surgeon. I also told him a lot about me that I am a lawyer, that I love to read books, to watch movies and that I love adventurous travel.

After some time, we started dancing on the roof terrace. It felt so good to dance with him and all the butterflies in my tummy made me feel so happy. I looked up at him in his beautiful deep blue eyes. He smiled, and I thought that must be a smile that is only for me, a smile for the cherry lane girl. I thought about what it would be like to kiss him. He must have thought the same, because two seconds later he kissed me. It was a soft kiss, it felt so good that I got goose bumps all over my arms and in my neck.

We danced the whole evening, fast and slow dances. My favourite dance was the last dance on that evening. My arms were around his neck and my head was on his shoulder. After a long day we walked to my apartment. That night I found a man that laughed and smiled with me. I had found a person, that really loved me. Only one week after our first date he moved in with me into my apartment in the cherry lane. From then on it was not my apartment in the Cherry Lane anymore it was our apartment.

We had two wonderful years together. We travelled a lot. We visited countries like Australia, the USA, Sweden, Canada and France. My favourite country was Norway, because we saw the northern lights. It was amazing. In every country we danced one time in the moonlight to remind us of our first date. I loved it. We also had some fights but only about taking the rubbish out or cleaning the bathroom. Every time I came home after a long day of work, he was sitting on the couch, smiling and waiting for me to come home. Every Friday we watched a movie together it was a little bit like a tradition. He always had the choice of the movies. He cooked for me every time when I was sick and drove me to the hospital that one time when I cut my finger. He was the best thing that happened to me and I am very grateful for the time that we had together.

James died on the 29th of March, exactly two years after we met each other. He was on his way home from work when he had a car accident. His best friend, who was with him when it happened called me "Aurora, he is dead. On the way to the hospital he stopped breathing, but his last words were "Tell my cherry lane girl that I love her. I am so sorry Aurora, the doctors tried everything".

Dear James, every time I look up to the moon now, I remember all the times we danced in the moonlight. When I see the stars, I remember the sparkle in your eyes. When I walk down the Cherry Lane I think of your perfect smile that one cherry lane girl smile. The smile, that was only for me. Thank you for all the memories that we made together.

Your cherry lane girl Aurora

