The girl I like is called Flora Lisa and she is the most beautiful girl who ever lived.

She is a quiet, nice, kind girl but she always has a melancholy look in her eyes, as if she constantly has a weight on her shoulders that makes everything hardly sad. She has long, straight, brown hair and blue eyes, she’s quite short and quite thin and she’s a little pale. Her laugh is the most beautiful sound that exists, capable of brightening up the day just hearing it from afar.

I've known her since we were both in the first year of primary school but it’s from a certain evening in the fifth year of primary school that I began to see her seriously. That evening we were at a mutual friend's house preparing Halloween pumpkins. When the pumpkins were finished we all stopped to sleep with her; however, I wasn't very sleepy at first, so I stayed awake for a while looking at the stars from their living room French door. Fate has it that she wasn't very sleepy either, so she joined me on the pouf I was sitting on and sat down next to me, starting to try to explain the various constellations to me. It was when I looked at her face that, seeing her illuminated by the stars, I was struck by the thought of how beautiful she was. Shortly thereafter a comet passed and she told me to make a wish; the wish I expressed was to be able to stay close to her after we both finished fifth grade. Later than I thought, that wish came true, in fact now we are in class together in high school. But after that evening her face never leaves my thoughts, and I hope that sooner or later what I feel for her will be reciprocated, because it would be the thing that would make me the happiest boy in the world.