

Wrong Sex

“Oh my god,” I exclaimed as I read the love letter, “It’s written to ME!” I had never thought that anyone would write a letter to me. I looked at the end of the letter to see who was responsible for writing it. “What? Her?” I put the letter into my pocket and walked home. Back at home, I phoned my friend, Henry, for his opinion. I told him about the whole event; how I picked up the letter on the road and read its contents. He thought for a while and said, ‘I think you should wait to see the truth. It could be another trick as ‘she’ used to play tricks on you all the time.’ I agreed.

The next day, I went to school as usual. I watched ‘her’ activities but nothing strange happened. I thought it may really be a trick. Soon the dismissal bell rang so I walked back home.

As I was walking home, I heard an unusual sound from behind me. I immediately knew that someone was following me, so I led the flower into a dead end and then I approached. As I guessed, it was ‘her’. She suddenly shouted, ‘I love you! I really love you! I know I had played a lot of tricks on you but I really love you!’

“The problem is you are male as I am!” I replied. ‘Perhaps you are gay but I’m not! Besides that, I don’t love you!’ I continue to walk back home, leaving him crying on the road.