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**HIGH SCHOOL
KISSES**

Planet Girl



Johnny and David



Another rainy day! I'm so sick of the gray wet weather. Used to it, but sick of it. It's always so nice in the summer, when my family visits Seattle. But back in Germany, only rain, rain, rain!

I'm Amy. I'm 13, but I will be 14 in September. And I want to be a writer. Actually, I already am a writer. I have been writing since I was eight. I write everything, poems, short stories, letters to the **editor**, you name it. Right now, I'm working on a gothic story. I get out my **notebook** and start to write:

*A cold wind blew across the moors. Charlotte drew her long woolen cape around her shoulders and pulled the **hood** over her long black hair. Suddenly, she stumbled and fell. Her **ankle** was broken!*

A shadow appeared before her. It was a tall man, dressed in black. He reached out his hand to help her ...

A croaking frog breaks my concentration. It isn't a real frog, it's my cell phone. I was tired of wondering if it is

*** editor – Redakteur/-in, Herausgeber/-in *** notebook – hier: Notizbuch *** hood – Kapuze *** ankle – Fußgelenk ***

MY telephone that is going off, so I have chosen a ring tone that no one else has.

It's my best friend Sophie, asking me to come to Kinopolis. We have already seen this great new love story three times, but do I want to see it again? YES.

I put my notebook (the special one I'm using for my novel) in the box under my bed and get ready to go. I'm already thinking about Johnny Depp's dark eyes and feeling his arms around me as I put on my favorite red ballerinas. I hear the sound of my dad singing in the hallway. "O sole mio!" He's singing in Italian, so he must be in a good mood ... When he's in a bad mood, he always sings Wagner. He isn't using his big stage voice, but it is still REALLY loud.

"Can I go to Kinopolis with Sophie?" My dad finishes the part he was singing; he doesn't like to be interrupted.

"Ist deine Hausaufgabe fertig?" He's American, but he speaks German at work and sometimes at home. As you can see, he still needs some practice. It's weird having an opera singer for a dad; he's home in the middle of the day, and sometimes he comes to school to sing for music classes and assemblies. So embarrassing! But even worse, my mom is a teacher at my school. Why can't my parents do normal things?

"Yes, I've finished everything. I'll be back at six o'clock."

"OK, alles klar," says Dad. He starts to sing again. I'd better get out of here before my eardrums break!

*** eardrum – Trommelfell ***

I get my jeans jacket and head out of the door. My family lives in Bonn-Bad Godesberg, and I can walk to Kinopolis in ten minutes. I take my pink iPod out of my purse and start to put in my **ear buds**. But then, “Buzz, buzz.” Of course it’s my cell phone. A text from Sophie.

“OMG! D here! Hurry!”

Sophie always writes “OMG”. She means “Oh my God!” Sophie is Swiss, but she has always gone to international schools, so we speak English. I start to walk faster and put on the soundtrack from “Phantom of the Opera”.

“D” stands for David. He’s my **crush**; tall but not too tall, smart but not too smart, not too sporty, not too loud, all that and then some. David’s dad is German and his mom is French (I just love her accent!); he has moved around a lot with his family and has been at my school for two years. My friends always let me know when they see him.

I walk quickly past the large villas on my block. My family lives in a second floor apartment in a large, old building. The rain is making my hair **damp**.

When I arrive at the shopping area in the center of Bad Godesberg, I try not to look at the shop windows because I know it will slow me down. It’s really hard not to look at the shoe stores, though, particularly when I see something red. Eyes forward, Amy!

Sophie is waiting in front of the movie theater with Marta, a Spanish girl from school. I see David standing

*** *ear buds* – Kopfhörer *** *crush* – Schwarm *** *damp* – feucht ***

with a group of boys from a different 8th grade class. As usual, my heart beats faster and, as usual, he doesn't notice me. But at least he isn't with another girl!

Sophie, Marta and I buy our tickets and then get into one of the long, long lines to get our movie snacks. David and his friends are standing near us, in a different line. Suddenly, one of David's friends pushes him, and he stumbles toward my line. He reaches out to catch his balance and grabs Sophie's arm.

"Sorry!" he says and quickly turns away. Why does Sophie have all the luck? I'm so jealous that it was her who gets to be touched by David, even if it was an accident.

"David is cool, but his friends are **dorky**," whispers Sophie after David goes back to his group. We get our Cokes and popcorn and go into the theater where the love story is playing. The boys go to see an action film.

When the movie starts, I enter a kind of beautiful dream world. With gorgeous Johnny Depp to look at, I can even forget about David for the next 122 minutes.

When the film is finished and all my Kleenex are used up, I walk out of the movie with Sophie, still hearing the music at the end of the sound track, when my cell phone goes off again. An SMS from my mom, "Great news, come home!" My mom always uses whole words in her texts. I look for David in the crowd, but I don't see him. I say good-bye to Sophie and Marta and then walk home in the rain, still thinking about Johnny, seeing his dark eyes, feeling his kiss on my lips.

*** *dorky – idiotisch* ***