

Romance Novel extract

The clock had just struck 1am when Emma was awoken by a tap on her bedroom window. She thrust her hand towards the lamp on her bedside table, nearly knocking it off as she did. After some frantic fiddling, she found the switch and flicked on the light. What had caused the sound? Was there something or even someone outside?



Cautiously, she edged toward the window. Another tap stopped her in her tracks. Should she get her parents? Was she in danger? “No” she thought. “You’re nearly seventeen now and you need to take care of these things by yourself”. Upon this, she dashed over to her curtains and flung them open to reveal the darkness of the night. And yes, there was somebody there.

To her surprise, it was Zac. He was in several of Emma’s classes at school, and only last week he’d asked if she would go to the cinema with him on a date. Unsure of how she felt, Emma had said that she’d think about it. So why was he now stood on her front garden at one in the morning?

She could make out something long and rectangular on his shoulder, but what was it? Steadily, she opened her window. She was met by the sound of a cheesy 80s song, one that she knew but couldn’t remember the name. Suddenly she realised what was going on. The rectangular object on Zac’s shoulder was a boombox, and he had been throwing stones at the window to get her attention.

“Emma!” Zac shouted. “I’m sorry to wake you up but I couldn’t hold this in any longer!”.

Taken aback, Emma leaned out the window and replied “Shhh, don’t wake up my parents or I’ll get in trouble”. The whole moment instantly felt so cliché, like it had been pulled straight out of an 80s romance film. Was this really what people did, or was this a step too far?

“Sorry, it’s just I can’t help myself”, Zac replied, his voice sounding nervous, yet excited at the same time. “You’re the most amazing girl in the world and the only person I’ve ever truly had feelings for”.

Suddenly it struck Emma that she had never told Zac where she lived, so how had he got her address?

With the music still blaring in the background, the words “Please would you do me the honour of going on a date with me?” danced from Zac’s mouth. “I’m not leaving until you say yes!”

“Maybe I’m overthinking this whole thing”, Emma thought to herself. “After all he is a nice guy and maybe this isn’t as creepy as it seems”. Worried that her parents were going to wake up, she quickly replied “Fine, but let’s talk about this more tomorrow”.

With that, she closed the window and got back into bed. As she lay there staring at the ceiling, she couldn’t help but feel strange. “Is that what these big romantic gestures are supposed to feel like?” she wondered to herself.