

Once upon a time, a man called András Szemerley was buying food in the evening on 17th November 2015. He bought ham, rolls and a package of Lays wasabi chips. There were counters for five-piece item buyers called fast counters, and András went to one of them where he saw a black beauty working quickly and always smiling. Guys often chose her to pay at this counter because she had a slim figure, charming brown eyes and a cheerful look. She had a nice and kind personality, so András simply fell in love with her at first sight. When he got her counter, András paid by cash, and she asked at the end of payment.

'Have you got a five?', meaning 5 forints to return the change.

'Yes, I have.' András eyes were focusing upon her eyes and mouth. 'Here you are', he said and gave her the coin. In the meantime, he quickly looked at her glittering eyes. Some sparkles were in the air, and she laughed at him, 'Thanks, see you.'

He was excited about the following weeks. He went to the supermarket daily and tried to find out when the girl was working, in the afternoon or the morning shift. Then, when he was in the small town on a Thursday afternoon, András went into the flower shop.

'I'd like to buy a single red rose with a short end without thorns, if possible.' The owner smiled at him and said, 'Please, choose one of these', 'Shall I wrap it for you?' 'No, thanks.' he paid and put the precious bright red rose inside his jacket to his heart.

He was at the supermarket again at about five o'clock in the afternoon. When he entered the safety gates, he quickly examined the counters where the unknown beauty worked. She was a simple girl, working long hours but never seemed unhappy; she was 23. She was kind to every customer, and young men adored her. As András did.

Then he bought five items, exactly five ones and rushed to the cashier; he paid with his debit card and suddenly, in front of safety cameras and a long queue behind him, took out the rose and gave it to her. 'A flower to a

flower, ' András smiled at her. 'Oooohhh, thank you very much, ' she said, stunned.

On another occasion, he thought he would buy her a silver necklace. András went to a jewellery shop and chose a nice piece, 'She probably would love it.'

It was a late December evening, near Christmas, and it was snowing... András parked in front of the supermarket and rushed into the store. Fortunately, the girl, L.L., was on duty, scanning articles and counting money. She had a hard job but was always happy; it seemed she had been pleased. She was a working-class girl with a big heart.

András hit the necklace in a box, and when he got the girl, he gave it to her, 'Happy Christmas to You.' 'It was very kind of you, thank you.' she replied, and she accepted the little black box with golden decoration. András stared at her eyes and was happy, too. András trembled, shivered, and thought, 'It means she had accepted my Christmas present.' 'Maybe I can invite you for a date on the next occasion.'

When New Year's Eve came, he went to the supermarket again, and she was there again; she was busy working, as always. He bought five items and rushed to her counter to invite her to a date on the last day of 2015. 'Will you go out with me to celebrate New Year's Eve?'

She hesitantly told him, 'Sorry, I'll be with my girlfriends, sorry to say.'

András' face became sad, and said nothing. His instincts hinted to him that the girl was just playing with him. I'm not attracted to her; he was 46, and she was 23. 'She could be my daughter.', he thought.

Then, on the last day of 2015, he went to a ball in the village; he put on a suit and a shirt with a tie, bought some spirits and snacks and tried to enjoy himself alone. But his face radiated sorrow, and he was thinking of her. 'Undoubtedly, I have lost her.' 'Where she could be now, what could

she do, who could kiss her now?' that was a terrible thought, so he left the ball lonely and miserably.

On 1st January 2016, he went out of the house to check his car in the garage. It was freezing cold, and the concrete was slippery in front of the garage. He tried to open the gate when he slipped and fell down to the icy surface on his left shoulder. He could not stand up, so he shouted for help from his mother. Later, it turned out that his left shoulder bone and muscle were hurt; the bone had a fracture. He could not sleep at night, so he spent the next day in the hospital he was released. The doctor warned him he should be operated on instantly. But András refused this and asked the doctor, 'How much chance do I have to recover without an operation?' '15-20 percent to be frank.' 'You can leave the hospital on your responsibility, but I suggest you'd better be operated.'

But András went home and tried to fall asleep in the evening. But he could not sleep; every movement of his upper body was painful, and he also suffered from mental pain, the notion of not being liked by the girl in the store. 'I've asked her on a date, and she refused me. I don't want to catch a carriage that does not let me pick myself up,' he thought.

Several months have passed. Slowly, step by step, his shoulder and upper arm have been recovered, but his heart was full of sadness. 'I can't forget her, the angel of the supermarket.'

Then, he revised his relationship with her. She accepted the red rose and the silver necklace, and he lost the love game, and she refused the date. She must have found a young man to be her boyfriend. 'But why has she accepted the rose and the necklace,'

Then, he read a passage from the Holy Bible. The most precious present in life is giving love and help to others. Presents are just objects, but love is powerful. 'Can't Buy Me Love', he thought of his favourite Beatles song.

'I've lost her', he was sure. Then, on 15th March 2016, he went to the supermarket again to find the girl. Then another cashier told him that she

had quit the job in the store. 'I'll never find her again', András thought. He also was thinking about how many mistakes he had committed. He wanted to buy love with presents, but a girl's love cannot be won by silver, gold, a diamond, a ruby or an emerald. Love, woos and smiles can gain

a real woman's heart.

'Let her be happy with the young guy; I've lost the love game again.' And he was crying without tears. This story happened around Christmas and New Year's Eve, and András learned he must find a girl who would love as much as he would love her. 'Money can't buy me love.' he felt he had learnt the lesson. Love is a mysterious game, and only Fortuna can tell that a love affair will end happily, so András becomes wise and lonely. Two multiplied by two sometimes results in five; that was the sad story of L.L. and András in a supermarket in a little town, somewhere in Hungary, which town let remain a secret...