

13 November (Friday)

My Dear Diary!

Oh, unlucky Friday! Who supposed that it would be a day which changed my life? Surely, it wasn't me... But let's start from the beginning.

Till today's morning my life has been drear. Sad. Lacklustre. Every day, I woke up at 7 p.m., had a breakfast with my mother, did some exercises, watched TV, waited for my teacher and bothered myself with maths...It's not my cup of tea! I hate it. Even Mr Evans can't change it, although he's the best teacher I've ever had. I know, what I say, because, in fact, I had a lot of them. Only Mr Evans lasted longer than three months. It was caused by my "awful" character obviously. Mrs Dann, Mr Thompson, Mrs Rich... none of them dealt with my crying or shouting, when I had a problem with understanding the topic. I often behaved like this, because... I wanted to do something more... be somebody more, be a girl, who is much-loved outside my home. I felt terrible. I was useless. The only one friend didn't talk to me. Why? Cause... It was my wheelchair. While my peers were learning together at school, going to the parties, concerts, trying to find their first job, I was sitting in my room alone. In order to escape from that sad reality I was reading the books. Especially detective ones. I felt in love with "Sherlock Holmes". I read all novels many times, so I learnt some fragments by heart. I loved those mysteries. I imagined that I helped with solving them. In everyday life I attempted to use Sherlock's science of deduction. But my the biggest dream wasn't connected with becoming a detective. I wanted to play the violin. Unfortunately, we couldn't afford to those facilities. Mummy works all the time to pay off our loan and rent. She tries to save up for my healing camp, too. I've never been courageous enough to ask her for violin lessons. Furthermore, I hardly ever go outside. She finishes her job about 7 p.m. Afterwards, we want to be together. To tell the truth, it's her "fault" that I dream about the violin. When I was small, she played both Vivaldi and Vanessa Mae. Now, from time to time, we listened to Lindsey Stirling. Up till today, I've thought that it would never be a reality. But I was mistaken.

Today, my lessons lasted only 3 hours, so at midday, I had already been free. I was listening to "We are giant" when somebody knocked on my door. I was surprised, because we never have guests except grandparents, but they always announce the date of visit. They can't be here this Friday. I was falling into a pensive mood, when that person knocked again. I opened the door with big interest... and I felt disappointed. The bald postman. Nothing special. I wanted to cry. Nothing special in whole my life. Then, he gave me a big box, which I hadn't noticed before. He said goodbye and went away. And I was standing there with opened mouth. It mysterious parcel was addressed to...me! I moved to my room as fast as I could to see what was inside. I didn't believe my eyes! It was beautiful, new violin. The black bow smelt of wood and horse's mane... In the first moment it took my breath away. Next, I shouted with the delight. And next... I realised that instrument isn't able to teach me how to play. I need a teacher. I became sad. I was sure mum won't agree to my join the music school. It's too far and too expensive. Suddenly, a blue envelope fell down the floor. I reached for it and read.

It was a women's handwriting. She wrote that she was a violin undergrad and she wanted to teach me. I had no idea why she knew me! It's fascinating, isn't it? She left her phone number and asked for calling when I would decide. She didn't want to have any remuneration. I was shocked.

Now, I'm looking forward my mum. I must tell her everything!!!

I don't know what the new day will bring, but I'm sure it will be something special.

Maybe... violin is my destiny?

*Love,
Emily*

25 November (Wednesday)

Dear Diary!

Today, I had my first lesson. I can't say that it was such interesting time. Firstly, I was learning how to hold the bow correctly. This action took me about thirty minutes! Then, I learnt names of every string. I knew notes and C major scale. Mainly, we gave attention to music theory. I was a little bit tired, though I felt satisfied.

My teacher is friendly and she loves doing everything what is connected with music. She has long fair hair, green eyes and small nose with freckles. Her smile is wonderful. Sadly, she doesn't like talk about herself. I wanted to know something more, but she is shy, modest or simply secretive. I was curious, but I didn't insisted on her, because I was afraid that she escaped. I couldn't lose her! When I stayed alone, I stared reading about music on various website. I needed to recognise more and more. I kept my violin on my knees. I felt that I got a new friend.

*Love,
Emily*

15 February(Monday)

Dear Diary!

I've already learnt some new songs. They aren't popular... There are a lot of exercises and études, which I don't like so much, even then I never give up. I found my true hobby. It gives me gladfulness.

Mr Evans noticed that I am in a good mood more often than previously. I told him this amazing story about the parcel and letter. He shared my gladness and said me that he was proud. He promised that he would sit in the first row during my concerts and be my the biggest fan. We were laughing together. I informed him: "This function has already been booked by my mother" and he claimed they would create Emily's Fans Club in common. When it comes to mother, she is joyful nowadays, too. Sometimes, she comes to my room in order to listening my practising. Once, I saw she was moved. I saw tears in her eyes and I started to cry with her. We improved our relationship and she says that thanks to this, her work is more plesurable than 3 months ago.

Now it's easier to believe that everything gonna be OK.

*Love,
Emily*

25 February (Thursday)

Dear Diary!

It was absolutely gorgeous day! Sandra (my teacher) took me to the concert hall for a string quartet's performance. I have been preparing since I heard about her invitation. I splashed out on a new elegant dress. From time to time, I got the pocket money from grandparents, so obviously I could afford to buy it. I did the shopping with mum, we tried on almost all outfits and it brought us a lot of fun!

Sandra arrived at 6 p.m., but I've been ready since 5 p.m. due to my excitement. She came with her boyfriend- Tom. He helped me get inside their car. I was really impatient and every minute I asked how much time we needed to arrive at a destination. It must have been irritating, but they behaved calmly.

Finally, we walked into a concert hall, found our places and waited for the beginning. When two boys and two girls came on stage and I heard the first notes of Vivaldi's "Spring" I was on a cloud nine. I knew that melody very good. It was my favourite piece of music. Amazing.

I want to live to see a day when I play it by myself.

*Love,
Emily*

22 March (Monday)

Dear Diary!

I have to tell you something important. I met a boy who plays the cello! He's Sandra's younger friend from music school. He is eighteen and very friendly. His name's Sam. My physical disability doesn't bother him. He has visited me every day for two weeks. We practise new musical composition and over our work we chat about books, films and different interesting topics. He usually helps me with maths, so I made a progress. He is stronger than my mum, so he takes me to the park and we watch clouds and ducks.

Today he said me that my eyes are beautiful like the sky and he likes when I squint during my playing.

I've never been such a happy person.

*Love,
Emily*

30 March (Tuesday)

My Dear Diary!

I have stunning information. Today, Sam brought me a big blue envelope. When I opened it, I found sheet music for "Spring" and short letter.

Dear Emily!

*You're a wonderful person, remember it!
Playing the violin is your destiny, I know it.*

You're set for play Vivaldi.

Let the music be in your heart.

Love, Sandra

P.S. And let Sam be in your heart, too!

What should I think?

*Love,
Emily*

4 April (Saturday)

Dear Diary!

She vanished without trace. Nobody knows where she can be.

I'm sad and I miss her.

She taught me how to keep my head right,

so when I want to cry or shout, I take my violin.

I'm thankful that she entered my life and completely changed it.

She was my miracle.

Thank you, Sandra!

*Love,
Emily*