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Dear diary,

I'm sure that as long as I live I'm never going to forget this day – the day I got lost in my own building.

It was the 25th of June, and we had just got back from our family trip to Bulgaria. My parents went up to the flat right away but I wanted to stay out on the playground opposite our building. Soon I got bored and decided to go home and rest. When I entered the building I realised that the elevator was broken so I had to walk all the way up the stairs. It was exhausting because our flat is on the seventh floor. After a while of walking, I got tired and guessed I had to be on the right floor. I walked into the flat and noticed that something was different, but I was too tired so I went straight into the bedroom. When I walked into the room, I saw some strange woman sleeping in the bed and snoring. I was so scared that I didn't know what to do. At that moment I realised that I wasn't in the flat I live in! I panicked and wanted to run away but the woman woke up and asked me what I was doing there. I explained the whole story, shaking with fear of what she would do to me. She looked at me in surprise, kept quiet for a few seconds and then started laughing like crazy! I started laughing, too. Then she told me she would help me find my apartment.

When I finally got home and told the parents what had happened, they laughed too! I've never been so embarrassed in my life! But I'm glad I found my way home...

Jasmina Raičević
Britannica, Niš