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Ever since I was little I loved it when my mother would play the piano in our small apartment, for me. I was hidden underneath a thick layer of dust and dozens of music sheets, which were on the verge of falling apart as they had gone through my fingers so many times. For me it was the most beautiful thing. Even before I had learnt the name of the instrument I had known that in the future I would be the one playing for her.

The time came, in the second grade when I was old enough to enrol in music school. I can still remember the day when I entered the building ready to show the judges in the 15 minutes I had, just how I felt about music. I remember the hours waiting on the results and a woman coming to my mother and asking her when she could buy a violin and when we can get started. At that moment I felt my whole world falling apart. into a thousand of pieces. I stared at her wide eyed not believing my ears. This was not the piano department!

Somehow my mother had confused the auditions. It was either take it or leave it. I decided to learn the violin in the end beside the disappointment and in the end it became much more to me than just the bow under my fingertips. It became my life.

Lenka Milojević, BIG BIRD, Belgrade