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That was only a small mistake but it changed my life.

I realized that my life has no replay the day my grandfather passed away. I had failed to get to know him and hear about his wealthy life experience and I couldn't turn that around.

My grandfather lived modestly, not so far from us. He was alone and often sad because the war had scattered his family all over the world. His two loves were nature and me. I was his great hope. He didn't look for anything except to talk. But I, like all children, came only few times a year, usually on vacation, for only a few hours. I always had some excuse for leaving, usually just hurrying to see my friends.

Every time, my grandfather would pull out of his closet an old folder to have a look at, but I never did. Every time, he would, without a word put it back in the same place. And he was never angry. On the contrary, he would find justification for me although I didn't deserve it. He just said his heart was full when his house was full, too, but I did not quite understand that, I admit.

He died quietly, as he lived. In his closet, I found the folder with our neatly sorted photographs, important dates written on their back, our memories carefully preserved. I realized that the moments we could have spent together are something I cannot get back.

What I thought was not important was his meaning of life.

I've learnt I shouldn't take things for granted.

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