

MY DIARY

I was born in Sweden. My mother died when I was little. I have always had a very good relationship with my father. When I lost him too, I was very sad. Nowadays I usually go to visit his grave. He's buried where I used to play with Raoul when I was young. I met him on the beach, when my scarf flew into the beach and he swam to get it; I fell in love. My father was a magnificent person. He loved music, like me. We went around all the villages playing and singing songs. He always used to play sweets melodies with his violin and he also explained me a lot of stories about ghosts and the angel of music. One day he told me that once he died, he would send me the angel. This would allow me to sing well because no one could sing or play well if he or she didn't saw the angel before.

Three months ago, at night, I heard a beautiful voice through the walls of the Opera. I thought it was the Angel of music, as my father told me years before, so I ask if it was him. Then, he answered me that he was it. I was very happy and we became friends. After some days he started giving me lessons. He was a very good teacher, as I expected, so I improved a lot in a very short period of time. One afternoon, when I told him about Raoul, he became very jealous and he said that I must choose between him or Raoul. I chose to be with him and try to forget Raoul.

Few days before something happened on my dressing room. After moving towards the mirror, I disappeared, and I was in a strange dark place. Suddenly a dark figure, who was wearing a mask, took me to a house, in the opera cellars. He said that he had been lying to me and that he wasn't the angel of music. I was quite surprised and shocked. He gave me a ring, as a sing of love. He was very in love of me. I wanted to see his face, so I took off his mask. I was terrified! He didn't have face; he was a skull. He became very angry and told me that I could never get out his house. However, I tried to convince him that I wasn't scared of his face and he finally give me my freedom. I feel sorry about him, so I still go back to him.

Tomorrow, I promised to Erik to sing for him in a performance. Then I'll go away with Raoul, where he couldn't find me anymore.

Christine