

Dear diary,

I'm Cristine Daaé and I'm from Sweden. My mom died when I was just a child and since then I've been travelling around Europe with him. He taught me how to sing and he played the violin. One day, in a little village of France we were near the sea and my scarf flew away. One boy called Raoul went swimming to pick it up. When he returned, my father started teaching him how to play the violin. One day my father told us a story. The story was about the Angel of music and it is said that until you hear him you won't sing or play any instrument well. Yesterday he died and after burying him I'll go to Paris.