



Birthday

SPAIN

Olivia was pensive sitting in her armchair. She remembered those years in which she used to live in the country in complete calm. Those games barefooted in the middle of the street...

Suddenly, the doorbell rang breaking the moment of peace and serenity. Olivia was surprised to see through the peephole her two daughters with their children waiting excited to open the door.

- Happy 75th birthday grandma Olivia! - They shouted at the same time.
- We've decided to spend the day at the farm to celebrate your birthday! The kids have insisted a lot, so get dressed and we'll go!

BULGARIA

Olivia was a little bit confused because she expected that she will spend her birthday as an ordinary day, namely, reading, watching TV and doing chores. In a moment, all people were in a van heading to the farm. After a long drive they stopped in front of a big wooden farm house with big porch. Here Olivia was born, here she spent her childhood and they years before they moved to the big city. That was a happy time, and she has been missing it throughout all the years afterwards.

The whole group (Olivia, her daughters and five grandchildren) moved forward to the main door when suddenly:

- Grandma, close your eyes - one of the grandchildren said. - Now!

Olivia closed her eyes, wondering what they had thought off. The oldest grandson - Philip, opened the door and helped her to enter the house.

They made some more steps. Children

were exchanging some words in whisper.

- Open your eyes, Grandma! – little Mirra said.

For one moment Olívia kept her eyes closed, inspiring the well-known but forgotten aromas of her birth house. Then she opened her eyes...

TURKEY

Olívia was shocked for a while and then she felt tears rolling down her face. Everything here reminded her the most beautiful moments of her life... She stepped into the house slowly. A big fireplace was still there. The sofa and the small wooden book shelf... She almost could see her father sitting beside her and reading stories to her before she fell asleep. Then she looked at the old pictures. The woman took one of them and told its story... The picture was taken in front of the school, the day she won the prize at the reading competition. Olívia reached for the bookshelf, pulled out one the books and opened it. Yes, it was still there untouched...

PORTUGAL

On the first page were the words written by Olívia's first teacher, Ms Sílvia. She gave her this book on the last day of classes, as an award for the best reader. Olívia loved reading and she did it with such tenderness and pleasure that it enchanted everyone who was listening to her.

The old woman wiped out another tear and looked at her daughters and grandchildren who were staying there speechless. Then she sat on the sofa and the children sat around.

- Maybe you could read from your book, Granny? – Mirra asked.

Olívia adjusted her glasses, opened the book and started:

“Once upon a time in the middle of an enchanted forest, lived a witch who loved to do many spells! One day, the prince of that kingdom knocked at the door of her hut.

- I want you to do a special spell... ”

As the grandmother was reading, the children's eyes were getting bigger in amazement. The soft melody of their grandmother's voice brought them in a magic world....

ITALY

The way their grandmother was reading, the tone of her voice, the emotion of her eyes gave the children such tenderness but at the same time curiosity. The grandmother suddenly looked like she again was a little girl, reading her favourite book. Her eyes had regained the brightness that only the eyes of children have, the eyes of those who still believe in wonders.

The story went on, and the grandmother was more and more involved by the story. She was changing her voice to match the characters, and all this made the listeners to feel like they were participants in the story, too. Philip, who was the wisest, noticed that even though time passes and you may forget all the wonderful feelings you had in the childhood, inside of you would always live that little child. And there is always something to discover at any age...

LATVIA

In front of her eyes, Olivia saw the scenes of childhood.

Another tear appeared in her eyes, but it was a tear of happiness.

- Happy birthday, Ma!- daughters interrupt her reading.
- Happy birthday, Granny!- joined the children.

Everyone gave their presents, the grandchildren brought a big cake and she cut it. The taste of the cake brought other memories – it resembled so much the cake her mother used to make for her birthdays.

The old woman felt so blessed to be surrounded by loved and loving people!

- “... And they lived happily ever after” – Olivia closed the book.

The End