# A story that changed my life

## When I got a phone call

It was a Friday an ordinary Friday, but it was my voice trial the next day. I had, had no lessons, no training and no teaching the only thing I had was some singing practice with my sister. My sister was a chorister she had become a chorister two years before me. I was excited but at the same time worried.

I woke up on that Saturday with a feeling, well obviously but it was a strange feeling, a weird feeling and then I remembered it was the day, the day of my voice trial. I walked into the school, went over to reception and got my sticky label saying: Violet Beverley shadow: Grace Beverley, she’s my sister. I did fine in the academic but now it was the voice trial!

I walked in, in my pink v-neck jumper and my flowery skirt. I handed over the accompany music to Mr Halls, he’s the director of the choir. My song I sang was Schlaf in Guter Roo, In English it really meant Sleep in Peaceful Sleep. After that it was the aural tests. I did clapping back the tune and singing the chord. To be truthful it was quite fun! I walked out pleased with what I’d done and there my sister was, waiting for me. She said I did fantastically.

We went down the steep stone stairs out of the Cathedral and back to the school. There my dad was waiting. I went home cuddling my

dog all the way. I wondered whether my dog Gus actually knew what was happening. He probably didn't, dogs don't understand things like that. I was extremely worried another reason was because all three of my sisters had got into the Salisbury Cathedral Choir.

After the long car journey we were at our house. My mum was cooking dinner and I was just worrying. I went to sleep that night and didn't have a dream well I did but my dream was worrying. That morning I woke up worried and stressed, longing for the results. I had very little to eat for breakfast and then did nothing, nothing at all I just lay there in the conservatory looking out the transparent roof.

I could hear the typing on the computer in the study of my mum doing some work. It was starting to drizzle by now, I saw the tiny droplets of water on the roof. I ate very little at lunch as well. At that time I was still waiting for the results. I was thinking did I really want to get in, getting in would mean leaving my old school, all my friends, leaving the city and of-course not being with them everyday.

My Mum and Dad called me through to the dining room my Mum was on the phone with a big smile on her face she put the phone down and said you've got into the Salisbury Cathedral Choir.

That is a story that changed my life.