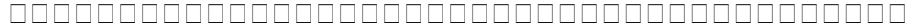


Djordje Leverda
Mrs. Rutan
Creative Writing
29/3/17

Leitmotif



Bombs are falling.

As bombs were falling and destroying buildings and families, one family was about to be increased by one... or decreased. As bombs were falling, my mom was doing her best to get that fat baby out. As bombs were falling, my dad was crossing the bridge, on which the bombs were falling, on a bicycle, just so he could witness his first son. As bombs were falling, thousands of families were hiding and hoping. As bombs were falling, my dad joked that the shaking of the hospital would help get the baby out. As bombs were falling, my dad was never subtle. As bombs were falling, my sister and grandma were safe and didn't shed a tear.

Today, I look up at the night sky and, as the stars are falling, I wish that nothing ever changes.

Stars are falling.

No matter who you are, your past will follow you and define your essence.

- *I said this.*

Djordje - 4 years old

He saw his first shooting star. He didn't believe it at first, it was too fast - not to be trusted. It was just a white line with light blueish finishings that decided to draw itself on the sky one night and write one boy's obsession for the years to come. It was still too much for him to comprehend, so he didn't think too much of it, he just put it in the back of his head and saved it for later, but that moment had shaken his determination to be just like his dad when he grows up. His dad is an electrical engineer. *There is more up there than all I know down here...*

Djordje - 6 years old

Djordje and his family went sailing on an open sea. Djordje was still sure he was going to be just like his dad. He wanted to love sailing as much as he did. One thing about sailing on an open sea at night - the sky is absolutely naked. For the first time, he witnessed the Milky Way. That night, Djordje stayed out on the deck, laying facing the bare stars. The way that the endless, black roof inverted itself in the cold, night sea made it possible for him to make a

connection. The scattered, white dots, some bigger, some smaller, were spreaded across everything that surrounded him, it was a new sort of feeling.

Djordje - 9 years old

What would life be like up there? Around this time, he learned under which circumstances he was born. He didn't think much of it, only later did it really matter for him and not even because of him, because of his loved ones, who were actually affected by it.

Djordje - 10 through 13 years old

Music and crushes and video games and tennis.

Djordje - 14 years old

He started searching for answers in those same stars he was looking at for years. The idea of being an astronaut finally enters his head. The stars reminded him of something, something that was falling. For now it was all so calming. For him, they represented a golden guitar string that, when strummed, would make any song better. The string went parallel with his life and went straight through his core.

Djordje - 14 ½ years old

A lot of things on his mind and emotions in his heart. *Everything is possible.* At night, the stars were still falling.

Djordje - 15 years old

One late afternoon, he was determined. He was still going to be like his dad. Because his dad looked at those bombs fearlessly and calm just like Djordje did at the stars. Somehow, they were never dangerous. Those small, white rockets were always in place and only sometimes would they decide to fall for a short while. One time, long ago, when they first flew into place, they drew an archer, a lion, a chameleon and other things that Djordje always like to draw growing up.

Djordje - 16 years old

Pretty much all over the place. He liked music and acting, but didn't know what he expected from himself. One thing was for sure, through music he knew how to express himself and he understood it. But then again, the golden string was also a factor. The glowing ghosts in the sky were still orbiting around him, making him feel dizzy.

Djordje - 17 years old

He likes the idea of combining his passion for music and stars, he just doesn't know how to do it yet. Right now he feels that he will forever have inspiration. It seems as endless as the amount of headlights shining on the infinite highway throughout space.

Djordje - 24 years old

By now he hopes to have it figured out. There are some essences that stay with you during and even after your life. The energy inside your soul is given to you by people and things. Djordje wants to give back, he has a lot that he owes to the stars. They gave him time and some understanding of self.

Djordje - 30 through 40 years old

Things will happen and people will change, he will wish to have an objective view of his life and character from really high up. Hopefully he won't forget to look at the falling stars from time to time.

Djordje - ? years old

*Dies happy under the falling stars.

