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Ms. Lacy

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### Pink Pastel and Merry Movement

One confident slipper steps out onto the worn, black stage. The other one follows, making a pretty pastel pink pair. Elegance suits the girl and her silhouette; a sheer white draped skirt and black fitted leotard matches the other ballerinas in Thursday night Lyrical. The weather outside bites me like an angry German shepherd and sends more chills down my spine than Edgar Allen Poe. Holly-leaf green outlines my eyes. The butterflies that have taken up house in my stomach threaten to take over completely. But I will not let them, for passion and excitement captivate my fears and put them in their rightful place.

Worker bees buzz about, giving and following orders, searching for people in charge and a moment of peace, unfortunately only accomplishing the former. The lights dim, and out walks a lady with a stately demeanor. She is that lady who makes an appearance in most performances and public assemblies – the one who is kind and informing but talks for fifteen minutes as you grow impatient with every. Word. She. Says.

Jazz solo. Gulp. Pee-Wee Pom. Sweaty palms. Contemporary class. Check the program. Lipstick check. Encouraging applause erupts like Mount Saint Helens from proud parents and friends. I take off my robe, and part of my identity is shown. It is as if I took off a mask and revealed to the world what I really am here to do. However, I hope that I show more grace than Batman does. I grow more and more impatient with every second and number that passes by, but

when my turn comes around, I wish I could procrastinate. We whisper words of belief in one another, that all of our practice is about to be expressed and worthwhile.

“Places.”

Lights, music ready. Slippers pitter patter across the stage.

*These lights are hot. My toe hurts. Am I in a window? Ugh – too far left. Perfect. Stop moving. Smile. Do not fidget. Stand still. Now you messed up your window. Okay, good. Now don't move. I hope that Emerson does not run into me. Where is my dad? Hi Mom! Please come save me. Okay. There it is! You know, this really is a pretty song. It would make a good ... Oh! I forgot to count. Where is the beat? There it is. Okay. I am okay. Five ... Six ... Seven ... Eight ... Hah! I get Red Lobster after this!*

As we begin our routine to “Song For a Winter’s Night,” the butterflies in my stomach soar away. I subconsciously shun the world and am as jolly as Santa Claus getting to dance here and now at the winter recital. I carry this weightless, extraordinary feeling with me wherever I go, hoping to lose myself again in the peace and artwork of dancing.