

Kelsie D  
Mrs. Bunch  
English 3<sup>rd</sup> Hour  
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### My Life as I know it

#### Ready, Set, Dance!

“Hurry, grab your shoes!” Heather said. “Make sure your tights are in the right spot! Make your head turns sharp! Remember girls, have fun and smile!”

It was my first dance competition; all I could see were girls and glitter, lights and makeup. Little did I know what I was about to see. As I sat in the audience watching dance after dance “Number 439 you’re next”. My group was number 678. Were they every going to get to us? As the numbers got closer and closer I felt my stomach start to wad up like tin foil after it’s been used. I was nervous and excited all at the same time. The other dancers’ talent was incredible; legs flying, arms shooting up in the air. They meant business, and there was no room for playing around. “Number 668 you’re next” the man said into the microphone. That meant that we were just moments away from dancing; from showing everyone our hard work, to showing the other dancers we were the ones to beat. “Number 678 you’re on deck”. My stomach was in my throat. Was it really time? Are we really next? Heather, my dance teacher, put us in a circle, looked us all in the eye and told us to go out there and do what we had practiced! We stood on the stairs leading up to what looked like the biggest stage I had ever seen. We struck our poses, set and ready. The music came on. My heart kept getting faster and faster! It was the best feeling I had ever had. I felt so comfortable on stage shooting a smile here and there at the judges, leaping with all my might, turning around and around. Two minutes and 35 seconds later, we were done. We had hit the stage and completed our task. We danced our hearts out, and we had fun doing it!

Next were awards; we sat with our legs folded looking at each other with high hopes. “High Gold going to number 678, Heartbreaker”, he said. We had done it!

We had gotten high gold! We cheered and hugged each other with smiles spread out across our faces. We went home happy with the feeling of achievement.

### Next Step

“Those aren’t really push ups! Get your chest closer to the ground. Touch your noses to the ground. This isn’t playtime, this is serious! I didn’t come here to watch you guys look like sissies!”

Her name was Lauren; she was in the Air Force and all I know is that she was they’re yelling at us, making us work harder and harder. We have what we call “intensives” where we come to the dance studio and workout and dance for five hours straight. “If I see you quit, the entire team is doing it all again”. I worked hard sweat rolling from my face onto the ground. I was bound and determined to do my best to show her I could do it, to show my team I cared about them. “Get your shoes on! We’re going outside” We had to run a mile after we had already done our hard workout inside. Could I do it? I asked myself. My friend Bekha was beside me, helping me the entire time, and I helped her as well. We ran together and encouraged each other. Girls were sitting out, walking, and some couldn’t breathe; Bekha and I kept going. There were only five of us that finished, Bekha and I being two of them. We were proud of what we had accomplished. We went back inside and we all sat down sweat running down our backs and faces. “Great job girls, you guys did great”. It was so good to hear that from her. We had all done our best, and we had given it our all.

### The Big Shabam

“Mom! Get up! We need to get ready to leave. It’s already past 5:30!” It had come, the time my team had all been working for—Nationals. My mom and I packed up the car and headed down to Missouri. It was a great time for my mom and I to talk and have a good time. Who controlled the radio was another story. As we got closer and closer to Branson I got more and more ready to perform. Four hours later we arrived at our destination. We went on a big, huge boat to eat lunch and watch a great show! The food was great and the music and dancing was awesome. After the

boat ride, we went to our hotel and unloaded all of our stuff. That night our company all went out to eat at a diner. We had a great time! The music was all-live, and the singers would sit down next to you and sing. On one of the songs we all got up and danced along with them; it was great! The next day one of our youngest company members, Chelcy, started off our dances. My mom and I got in the car and headed for downtown. We got closer and closer and the traffic was getting worse and worse. It was like rush hour in California. As we were sitting there, I knew I could not miss Chelcy's solo. I looked at my mom and told her I was going to run; and I did. I got out of our car and ran down the sidewalk all the way through the traffic to the convention center. I made it just in time to see her! The next day it was my turn to do my solo. I started off the day with my solo. I was so nervous but so ready at the same time. I had all my hair and makeup done. I did one last lipstick check and I was on stage ready to dance. I danced my heart out, and the comforting smiles of the judges made it easier to dance. I got first place! I was so excited! The rest of the weekend went amazing! All my dances received 1<sup>st</sup> place. My teachers were all so proud of us! We went home again with smiles on our faces and a feeling of achievement in our hearts!