

For A Dancer

Angelina gasped in delight as the beautiful vision glided across the tv screen; the dancer wore pure white feathers in her hair, her back displaying delicate glistening wings. She begged her parents for a dress “Just like that one” and there, at just three years of age her obsession began.

For Angelina’s fourth birthday she received a jewellery box. She was enthralled. She wound the key carefully time after time to watch the ballerina in her pink tutu spin gracefully to the music.

The following birthday’s gift was ballet lessons. Angelina was a natural and took it very seriously. She grew her shiny dark hair, which transformed into a bun each Monday evening before class. Life was simple and happy. School, dancing, and of course her treasured music box.

As time passed, Angelina became more focused on dance. Her box of soft toys lay neglected. In bed one evening winding her music box, she glanced across the room. An idea flashed into her mind “Why have I never thought of that before?” Jumping from the bed, she dragged the unused toy box across the floor, carefully positioning it in front of the dressing table. She clambered on top and posed gracefully, feet in fifth position, hands elegantly above her head, the light above shone down forming a soft glow around her body. “Perfect” she smiled, as a warm feeling of peace enveloped her.

Angelina spun around and around on her box, glancing critically into the mirror making sure that each hand movement was perfect.

By the age of nine Angelina was an accomplished ballerina and received her first pair of pointe shoes. She took to them beautifully, practising faithfully each night on top of her home-made music box which still concealed the neglected teddies.

For the school Christmas play, Angelina won the most sought-after part. Lydia, (also a dancer) was angry. She had worked hard for this part, but as normal Angelina was the golden child. “You should never have got that part; you are too fat for a fairy princess”. Angelina shrugged off the envious comment, but a tiny seed of doubt had been planted in her mind.

Angelina arrived home and went to her bedroom to change. She undressed and studied herself thoroughly in the mirror, pinching the skin at her waist, she concluded that Lydia was right, and the tears fell. She took her favourite pink sparkly tutu from the wardrobe. She pulled on her pink pointe shoes carefully lacing the ribbons.

Angelina placed her mobile phone on the dressing table pressing ‘record video’. She stepped onto her box posing, ready to begin her dance. “Alexa, play For A Dancer”. She pirouetted and swayed gracefully until the final line of the song “In the end there is one

dance you'll do alone" she elegantly lifted her arms up, checked that the rope was in place, and with her muscular leg, powerfully kicked the tox box away.

Inspired by **For A Dancer by Jackson Browne**. In memory of my best friend, Michelle Jodie

489 words