

Ms Agostini

DE 101/Pd. 4

21 August, 2022

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Personal Narrative

With each passing second, a sense of nervousness racks through my body becoming stronger and stronger. Shaky hands, sweaty palms, weak knees, and a heart racing out of control, preparing for the two minutes I get to show off everything I can do. Numerous months worth of practice have led to this moment, this chance: to do what I love. Countless hours in the studio and working my body past its limit is about to pay off. The adrenaline kicks in as the announcer calls my name to the stage. I take one last deep breath and walk onto the place I call home. The bright white lights blind me as I step out onto the stage and the audience roars with applause. I take my place in my beginning pose and time suddenly stops. Standing there in silence for what seems like several minutes, I tell myself that I am capable of anything on this stage. I can still hear my heart thumping in my chest as if someone is punching me from the inside. My eyes close and I try to focus on my breathing when the music finally starts. This is it. This is my time to shine.

My nerves slowly melt away as I begin to dance. Nothing else seems to matter except this moment in time. While continuing to move, my body shifts into autopilot, remembering all the steps for me. Dancing better than ever before, all my thoughts and worries fade from my brain, leaving only the pure unbridled joy I feel from being on stage. I enter this trance-like state, completely lost in my performance. I can hear all my friends screaming for me from the side of the stage captivated by the systematic motions I was executing. This is why I love to dance. I

have a safe place up on that stage, filled with lots of love and happiness. I continue dancing with no recollection of how long I have actually been on the stage. Was it 10 minutes or 30 seconds? My body progresses through each and every step of the choreography until there is an abrupt stop in my motion and I am suddenly woken from my trance with thunderous applause. In the blink of an eye I was done. I finished my performance. I can't remember half of what I just did, but I know it was truly magical. The feeling of satisfaction I get from performing up on a stage makes every little thing seem worth it. This happiness makes me never want to leave the stage.

Nevertheless, I take my bow with a huge smile spread across my face and skip off the stage. Huffing and puffing as I walk off, I am immediately swarmed by an abundance of hugs from my friends and family. Everyone tells me how great I had performed, and that's when I remember everything. I had done every move and every step perfectly. I jumped higher, turned better, and didn't miss a single beat. My months of practice had undoubtedly paid off. I achieved the outcome I wanted and proved not only to myself, but to everyone else what I can do up on a stage. The anticipation before, the enjoyment during, and the pride after dancing will stay with me forever. Being able to show my love and passion towards dance with the audience is such a feeling of fulfillment, to where nothing could possibly take that away from me.