My First Dance Recital

The strong smell of hairspray and flower scented deodorant stung my nostrils as I walked into my huge, and slightly warm, dressing room. The room had a slightly dirty, white wall and a gray carpet that had an odd green and red squared pattern. I heard the commotion of parents trying to get their kids into their costumes and other people talking to their friends. "This is so cool," I thought to myself as I walked over to a spot next to my friends, Keeley, Meghan, and Sidney. My mom, who had been holding my hand as I walked into the dressing room, began to touch up my hair, which was slicked back in a tight bun, and she said, "Good luck sweetie! Remember, don't be nervous, we will be sitting out in the audience watching you!" With that, she gave me a quick kiss on my cheek, snapped a few pictures of me and my friends, and was gone. I began to draw pictures and talk to my friends, waiting for my time to go on stage.

I’ve been dancing for a long time, 11 years in fact. I began to dance when I was four years old and had my first recital when I was five. It was a while ago, but I still remember it like it was yesterday. I remember seeing many girls, and a few boys, drawing pictures and coloring in cartoon coloring books. I remember the game of duck-duck-goose that would be played in the corner of the room with the helpers who would keep an eye on the little kids
and try to keep them occupied and under control. I also remember the tastes of the different snacks I had brought, such as Cheez-Its, granola bars, and juice. More than anything I remember the feel of my stiff, itchy tutu, my silky tights, and the throbbing in the back of my head due to the tightly pinned back bun with bobby pins that would poke you in the head.

As the time to go on stage grew nearer, I began to run through the very basic steps of my dance in my head. Suddenly, the lady who went from room to room telling people that their dance was in a few minutes appeared in the doorway and yelled, "Five minutes until your dance is on! Let's start heading downstairs to go backstage! Remember to be quiet! The audience may not be able to see you but that doesn't mean that they can't hear you!" We were taken backstage in a single-file line by a helper who led the way. We began to wait patiently, while listening to the thunderous sound of the music on the other side of the door. As time ticked on, I started to get more and more nervous. "Don't be nervous!" My mother's voice rang in my head. "She's right," I told myself. "I shouldn't be nervous." Finally the time came to enter the stage and wait for the music to start.

As I entered the stage and the music began, I looked out at the humungous, intimidating crowd and began to go through the motions of my dance. "Remember to smile!" My dance instructor's voice rang in my head. In the pit below the stage I saw my dance instructors motioning the steps of my dance if any one forgot or needed help. As I lifted my eyes back up to the audience, I spotted my family. I saw my mom, dad, brother, sister, aunt, uncle, cousins, and both pairs of grandparents watching me with a smile.

As the music ended, and I struck my last pose, I heard the tremendous sound of
clapping and whistling. I ran off the stage, feeling very proud, and somewhat relieved. At the same time, however, I was sad, because I knew that I wouldn't get to see my dance friends until dance started again after Labor Day. I walked up the stairs to the dressing room with my friends, laughing and smiling, to grab my bags, because the recital was almost over. Once the recital had ended, I walked downstairs to the very congested lobby filled with family and friends, congratulating those they had come to support. I finally found my family in the sea of people, and once I walked up to them I was showered with hugs and compliments such as, "Great job!" and, "You did awesome!" My grandparents handed me flowers and, once again, praised me. Afterwards, I said goodbye to my dance friends and walked with my parents to our car. The ride home was a long one, because the recital was held at the Civic Center. The tired weight on my eyelids overtook me and I fell asleep on the way home. I was awakened when we arrived home, and once I got inside I instantly took out my bun and scrubbed all of the makeup off my face. Then I put the flowers my grandparents had given me in a vase filled with water and I took a long hot shower, making sure that I washed all of the hairspray out of my hair. I then went straight to my room, and my parents came into my room to tuck me in and they told me how proud they were for the hundredth time since the recital. After they said their goodnights, and turned off my lights and closed the door, I rolled over on my side and, feeling very proud, fell into a deep, restful sleep.