

The long and tiring school day is over and sweat drips down my face from the hot rays of sun beating down on my face as I walk home from school. The cool breeze, a hint of the upcoming fall, blows my long, jet black hair out behind my backpack and runs down my neck, giving me chills. The music from my iPod pounds into my ears as I step into the shadows of the trees and close my eyes, the heavy weight of my textbooks momentarily forgotten.

I see myself in the sets at the back of a large stage, bright lights burning hot enough to melt my clothes. I grip the microphone tightly, sweat forming on my palms and listen to the loud cheering of fans. There are minutes before the countdown before our showcase begins and I bounce on my feet excitedly, trying not to make a loud sound, for I am standing on the fourth row of a large 5x5 box. It's painted black and with the lights turned on, my members and I turn into silhouetted figures.

In my headphones, I hear a cue for the countdown to start and I brace myself for the intro. With every Sans Serif number that flashes on the wide screen in front of me, there is a beep. With every ear-piercing beep, my heart skips a beat. I anxiously count to myself. *3...2...1... Action.* The familiar upbeat song I had rehearsed countless times blare into my headphones and my mind becomes blank as a sheet of fresh copy paper. I let my body do the work as I pop and stunt through the short intro. As I land my last stunt, my mind is once again occupied with nervousness. But it doesn't last long because as soon as the lights dim and I take my spot in the small triangle formation, yet another song begins and my mind becomes blank once again. As the song changes in my headphones, my dance changes. By the end of the show, I am breathing hard, but happy and relieved.

I step out into the burning sun once again. The weight from my backpack weighs me down and suddenly the song that is playing brings me back into reality. I am still taking my sweet time walking back home from school.