

Topic: The main character of your narrative is a survivor of what?

"Ballroom for Beginners"

Regina Merrill

"But mom, I don't want to take dance classes!" I exclaimed in protest. Why should I have to take a stupid class I'd never use? I mean BALLROOM dancing! Who ever does that anymore? Sure, you see the graceful men and women on "Dancing with the Stars", but they were either professional dancers or media stars. How could my own mother want to put me through such torture? The only saving grace would be that the class was for beginners, all in the same age group.

"You will thank me for this later, Patricia!" replied my mother.

Well, now there was NO chance of getting out of it. She used my real name, not Petie, like every one else called me. Patricia is a stuffy name.

"Just think of how graceful you'll look at prom!" She continued. Prom was four years away, how could she expect me to keep going to lessons THAT long?! I would probably not make it past the first day.

"MOM," I shot back, "Prom is four years away, and I can pretty much guarantee no one is going to be doing the fox trot."

"Patricia, that's enough now. You will take the classes, at least for one year. If you detest them that much, although I doubt you will, you may quit."

"If I even survive that long," I muttered under my breath.

"What was that?!"

"Nothing mother." I sighed. I ate dinner quietly that night, refusing to speak only when spoken to. After, I stalked upstairs and went to bed. Tomorrow I would start at "Ballroom for Beginners."

"Cremate me." I said to Kelsie my best friend since I was three.

"You'll be fine, Petie." She said. "How bad can it really be?"

"I'm about to find out. Here comes my mother." My mother's car pulled into the circular pick up area at school. I got in, waved sadly to Kelsie, and went to my supposed doom.

Once there, a man with a French accent clapped his hands, his cufflinks glinting off the light from the chandeliers.

"Here we go!" I thought.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to ballroom for beginners. We shall learn to do ze fox trot, ze valse, and ze tango!"

All of us snickered at his French accent. He clapped his hands again.

"Pair up everyone!"

A shy boy named Keegan came up to me. I nodded. The teacher proceeded to teach us the steps "to ze valse." This wasn't as hard as I thought it would be, and Keegan was getting it to.

"Very good everyone!" he said after an hour. "We shall pick up where we left off next week!"

"Was it really that horrible?" my mother asked when I got to the car.

"I guess not." I shrugged.

She had that annoying look all mothers possess that radiated with an "I-told-you-so!"

The weeks continued on like this for sometime. The waltz was my favorite. The tango we did last, as our teacher thought it was the hardest.

"You must move with the music!" he stated.

Weren't you supposed to do that with every dance?

One day, after I had finally perfected my fox trot, I realized this wasn't horrible.

Keegan smiled, and said, "Great job."

"You too!" I replied.

It was a wonder, a glorious surprise, for I Patricia Rose Lirciger had survived ballroom dancing. I still in no way though was going to fox trot at the prom.