

Dreamer's Theater

By Danna A.

One, two, three. Step, twirl, bow. Same old, same old. We've been practicing this technique in ballet class for days on end. Maybe weeks. You could even say we've been doing this for years. Ms. Odori doesn't seem to care, however. Our ballet teacher is probably the only one who doesn't look like a grandma, or as they like to say, *veterans*. Instead she's very young and very positive. But she probably only forces us to do it because it's part of her curriculum. I think. But as soon as I know it, class is over, after what felt like one day rather than an hour.

Or a day.

Or a week.

I can definitely keep going.

Miles, my dance partner approached me outside the dance studio. He didn't seem very pleased, and I could tell it had to do with me. "Hey, Minuet."

"What about me?" I asked slowly.

"We're not fit to be dance partners." He told me sternly.

"And....why is that?" I pondered.

"You never listen to Ms. Odori's instructions. You always focus on whatever tiny dream world you have in your mind. You always manage to get your way with luck. But I want to showcase real talent instead."

The only thing that came out of my mouth was, "Nice speech."

"You don't take this seriously, do you?"

This was my tipping point. "Excuse me? I've been waiting years to do something with dance. Now you're telling me I don't take it seriously?"

Miles just scoffed and walked home with his supplies.

Back at home, I wanted to do nothing but plunge into a very deep sleep. Not even dinner would satisfy the vague void that had been created so long ago for dance. If it was never going to happen in real life, it might as well do so in a nice, calm dream. Or just a black image.

The dream starts with me onstage. Suddenly I begin to dance very slowly. I realize I should add more flair to my movement. After all, people are watching me, right? I perform an ensemble, and the crowd roars for more. Suddenly the crowd vanishes, and only two children are left. The young boy stands up and claps.

“That was amazing!” He shouted from the sidelines. I felt myself become embarrassed. As soon as I knew it, both of them were next to me. “You have all the skills to join our very own troupe!” The young girl squealed in delight. *I’m dreaming....right?* I thought joyfully to myself. “Ok then...I can accept that offer.” I told them eagerly. “Great!” They replied in unison. The young boy blinked and hit his head.

“Where are my manners? My name’s Cottoncloud, and I’m the troupe’s magician!” Cottoncloud responded boldly.

“I’m Greenclover! I do stunts, and they’re really cool!” Greenclover summoned a bicycle with the snap of a finger and jumped on top of it to ride through a ring of green fire.

I couldn’t resist giggling a little. Never before in my life had I seen such energetic people before. “Okay. When do I start?” I asked them. Cottoncloud took a glance at my practice clothes. “Well, you can’t dance again in those clothes. You need to look a little more....elegant!” He grabbed his magic wand and transformed my boring practice clothes into a bright costume full of life. “All done!” He beamed.

I took a moment to admire it and smiled. Then I realized I was spending time with two children I didn’t know before this dream. “Anyways....what is this troupe all about?” I asked yet again. *Why am I asking so many questions- oh, come on!* I thought sternly.

“We want people to know who we are, so we’re gonna perform for people inside their dreams! Greenclover responded as she juggled fire.

“That seems....interesting.”

“Yeah! We start tomorrow. We’re just gonna practice today.” And so, that night I felt myself dance in sync as I slept. I was dancing in real life- and in a dream!

Whenever we took breaks in ballet class, I would realize slowly that the technique we were learning was going to be useful for the performance

tonight. As I kept dancing before I went to sleep, I felt more prepared each time.

Night had come, and me and the troupe were ready to perform. Cottoncloud would begin each performance by summoning the rest of the troupe into each dream. Then I would perform a pirouette, and use the technique that Ms. Odori taught us.

Step,
twirl,
bow.

Then, I would spin and make a ring of fire for Greenclover to jump into with a rocket. Our performances would be pretty crazy, but very fun in the end.

The next morning, Miles approached me again. I didn't make any false moves. I just looked at him. "Hey there, Minuet. Just wanted to say that there's no need for us to stop being partners. Let's just say I got a flash of inspiration."

"From where?" I asked him, raising an eyebrow.

"A dream."

I felt my cheeks go red. I didn't do anything but smile. Suddenly the chatter from children from the nearby neighborhood startled me.

"Wow, Cam! You're really good at magic tricks!"

"Grace, can you really do all that?"

As I looked back, I noticed that two children were performing stunts and magic tricks. In my mind, I couldn't help but think back to my imaginary friends. But it made me happy to see them accomplish their dreams taking one step at a time.