

A full-page photograph of a ballerina with dark, curly hair, wearing a light pink sleeveless dress with a lace bodice and a full, flowing skirt. She is captured in a dynamic pose, performing a high kick with her right leg bent and held up towards her head. She is wearing light pink ballet slippers. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with green trees and a paved path. The image is framed by pink geometric shapes in the corners.

STORIES  
INSIDE

# Dance Freely Magazine

ISSUE 01



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# "The Audition" review

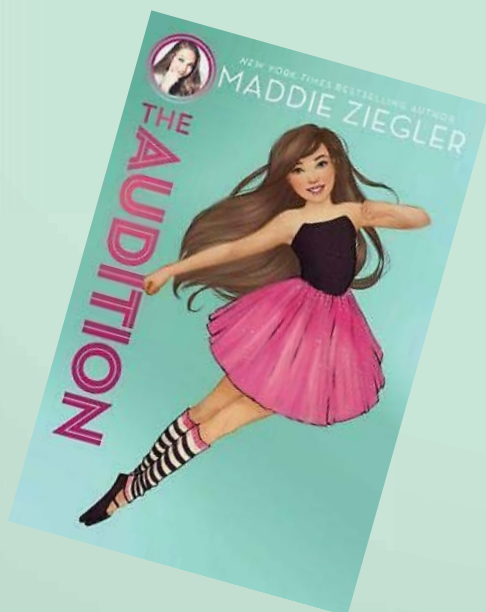
Engrossing and exciting, "The Audition" by Maddie Zeigler is one of the most engaging danced-themed fictional books ever written for girls aged between 8 to 14. Maddie Zeigler, who authored the book in collaboration with Julia DeVillers, loosely based the book around her own experiences as a dancer.

The story begins when twelve-year-old Harper McCoy moves from Connecticut, where she's lived for her whole life, to sunny Florida where her father got a new job. She auditions for a new dance studio, DanceStarz, and makes it into the Squad, the most advanced competition team. But some of the other girls aren't exactly welcoming. One of the other girls obviously doesn't want Harper to be there!

The plot makes for a very relatable storyline. I was also new to a dance school once, so I know how Harper feels. The DanceStarz Squad isn't working together, and they have a competition coming up. The Bunheads (three of the girls on the squad) are upset because the Bells (two other girls who they have danced with all their lives) joined Energii, a rival studio. The Bunheads blame Harper and the other new girl, Lily, for making the Bells leave, as there are only five girls on the Squad. They need to work together as a team to get through any disaster that might come their way, but Megan, Trina, and Riley (the Bunheads) obviously don't like Harper and Lily (Harper and Lily become like sisters during this).

Out of all three of Bunheads, Megan looks like the one who doesn't want them on the team. With the Squad's first ever competition looming in the not-so-near-at-all future, will the girls put aside their differences to bring home a win? When disaster strikes when Harper falls during a parade performance, will they stick together? Or will their new team crumble before they can compete?

The Audition draws the reader into the exhilarating but often highly competitive world of dance and teenage peer pressure. Every aspiring young dancer will love this story of friendship and courage, and the characters will draw the reader in with their hilarious mishaps and lovable personalities.



# Sarah's Solo

Sarah laughed and penguin-walked to her bag. "That so was intense!" she breathed.

"Yeah, we are all penguins after that," laughed Callie, grimacing as she carefully removed her pouches.

"Ms. Cookie worked us hard today," Lily, Sarah's best friend, mentioned as she massaged her sore toes. "Sarah, you are killing those triple pirouettes!"

"Thanks, Lil! I really want to do four, but I keep falling. I need to practice some more, I guess," Sarah replied. "But my feet are dead for now, so I will have to practice tonight after homework."

"I need to get some new pointe shoes, mine are dead after today," Jamie announced. "Do you guys want to come with me to the dance shoppe? We can get fro-yo after."

"I want to get a new leotard anyway, so I'm in!" Callie enthusiastically shoved her shoe-bag into her dance bag and attempted to stand up. "Are you two still walking like penguins? I saw a lilac leotard the other day and I am dying to get my hands on it."

Sarah's eyes twinkled as she watched Callie struggle to keep her balance on her sore feet. She knew that Callie would endure anything for new clothes. "I think my feet are ok, but I might have to hold Callie up," Lily joked. "How about you, Sarah?"

"I need to ask Ms. Cookie something, I'll catch up," Sarah informed the girls. "Save me a seat at Sprinkle!"

"Will do!" Jamie relied enthusiastically. "See you soon!" The girls left for Driftwood Dance Shoppe, while Sarah walked into Studio 3, where Ms. Cookie was sorting out her CDs. "Hey Ms. Cookie, can I talk to you?" Sarah asked.

"Hi! Yes! What do you need?" Ms. Cookie turned to Sarah and smiled.

"I would like to set up a private lesson," Sarah told her. "I need to work on landing four pirouettes en l'air, and I think if I worked with you or Mrs. Peters it would help me."

"I can set that up for you," Ms. Cookie thought for a second. "How about after your pointe class tomorrow? Studio 5, and Mrs. Peters will work with you as I will be teaching the minis. Is that ok?"

"Perfect!" Sarah grinned. "I have to go catch up with the others, but thank you so much for setting this up for me! You're awesome."

"You're welcome," smiled Ms. Cookie.

Sarah gathered her things from the dressing room and walked out of Driftwood Valley Dance's large doors. Across the road she could see the girls in the dance shop—with another girl? Sarah hurried over the road and walked into Driftwood Dance Shoppe. Lily, Callie, and Jamie were talking to a blonde girl.

This blonde girl was piled down with shopping bags with the Driftwood Dance Shoppe logo on them. They were all laughing. "Hey girls! Who's this?" Sarah asked, smiling at the blonde.

"Hey Sarah! This is Alice. She's joining our classes at DVD! She's super nice! Oh, and Callie wasted \$45 on a lilac leo with mesh sleeves, and Jamie got an extra pair of pointes so she can colour them green." Sarah laughed with Lily and turned to Alice. "Hi, it's nice to meet you," she said. "I hope my friends are making you feel welcome."

"Yes, your friends are very nice. I hope that we can all be friends." This sounded to Sarah as if Alice were forcing this out unwillingly.

"Fro-yo?" Lily asked, as if she was trying to break the tense silence that ensued the previous remark of Alice's.





"Yes, let's go." Alice took charge and led the way down Main Street, chatting with everyone except Sarah.

When they arrived at Sprinkle, Sarah had established a dislike to Alice. She felt as if Alice was leaving her out on purpose, and she hated that Alice was bragging about how rich she was. The way that Alice was talking charge frustrated Sarah. Alice picked a table for four. Sarah was confused. Alice wasn't going to sit with them? But when Sarah turned around, all the girls had sat at the table. She caught Alice's eye for a second. The quick, silent conversation between them told Sarah all that she wanted to know. She wasn't wanted here. "I have to go," Sarah announced to her friends, trying to hide her disappointment and jealousy. "I need to practice my turns, and it's my turn to feed Romeo."



"You aren't getting any fro-go?" Lily asked, clearly unhappy that Sarah was leaving.

"Yeah, sorry," sighed Sarah, quickly glancing at Alice, who was smirking.

"Say hi to Romeo for me!" Jamie called. Jamie loved Romeo the cat.

"Remember to use your TurnBoard!" Callie reminded Sarah. Sarah smiled at her friends, shot an invisible bullet with her eyes at Alice, and left.

When Sarah arrived at DVD the next day, she found that everyone was already there, chatting loudly. They all went quiet when she walked in. Sarah found a seat and started tying her demi-pointes. Lily moved closer to Sarah. "Is it true that you have been blabbing all of my secrets to the others?" she asked, clearly frustrated. "What? No!" Sarah protested. Lily gave Sarah the evil eye and walked away.

In class, Ms. Cookie made an announcement. "I will be choosing my soloist for regionals one hour after this class is finished, in Studio 1. If you wish to have a chance to perform at nationals, then you must show up."

After class, Sarah bolted to her private lesson, then after that rushed to Studio 1. She was late. She ran in and lined up with all the other students who were already there.

During the "audition," the students were asked to do their best turn series. Sarah was the only one who could now do four in a row, thanks to Mrs. Peters' excellent advice. She thought for sure that she would get the solo. Then Alice walked forwards. Alice did six consecutive fouetté pirouettes en pointe. Guess who got the solo. Sarah was devastated. And just to add salt to the wound, her friends were going to get fro-go with Alice, and Sarah wasn't invited. Sarah's insides burned with anger and jealousy. Alice had the perfect little life, didn't she? The more she thought about it, the more Sarah raged.

Sarah decided to do something. She followed Alice to Sprinkle, then followed her home. Good thing I always ride my bike to DVD, Sarah thought. When Alice got to her house, she parked her bike in front of her garage. Sarah waited two minutes then pulled up and knocked on the door. A woman, probably Alice's mother, answered. She smelled of strong perfume and had a real estate agent nametag on her blazer. "How can I help you?" she asked rather rudely. "I'm not buying any chocolates."

"Can I please use your bathroom? I am riding my bike and I live on the other side of town," Sarah explained, hoping that this excuse would work.

"Fine. But be quick. I have a lot of work to do and I don't want any nosy kids around," Alice's mother snapped.

Sarah hurried to the bathroom. She took a toilet roll and stuffed it into her dance bag. (Why didn't she just get one at DVD? Well, sometimes anger clouds our thoughts so we don't think straight.)



She flushed the toilet and washed her hands to make it seem like she really needed to go. Alice's mother showed her the door, and Sarah rode her bike to Lily's house, which was coincidentally only a few houses away. Lily wasn't glad to see her, but Sarah explained what was going on. Although she didn't think pranking Alice was a good idea, Lily apologized and they talked until it got dark. Sarah then took her leave and pedaled back to Alice's. She saw that Alice's bike was still in front of the garage. She crept up to it.

Suddenly, Sarah heard voices. She looked through the nearest window, and saw that Alice was talking with her parents in their lounge. "I don't want to!" Sarah heard Alice exclaim. "I want to have a life!"

"If you want to be serious about dance, then you have to make sacrifices," a male voice, presumably Alice's father, commanded.

"You simply can't waste time going to ice cream stores and hanging out with kids that aren't as perfect as you are," Sarah heard Alice's mother's voice say.

"I want to have fun!" pleaded Alice. "Why can't I just have a life?"

Sarah had heard enough. She biked home, leaving Alice's bike without toilet paper all over it, as was the original plan.

At the dance studio the next day, Sarah pulled Alice aside. "I have to admit that I have been jealous of you ever since I met you," Sarah whispered urgently. "But I have an idea. I overheard what happened last night. I'm sorry. Why don't we ask Ms. Cookie to change the solo to a duet? We could dance together. We could prove to your parents that it is healthy to have a social life!"

Alice blinked in astonishment, then replied, "If you think you can convince them, then it's ok with me. I'm sorry for acting the way I did towards you. I'm just under so much pressure and I guess I was reacting to it...please forgive me. Also...I have a few questions! For starters, what were you even doing at my house?!"

Sarah smiled sheepishly and explained everything.

Ms. Cookie agreed when they asked her after class, but she did have some conditions. "I want you girls to work harder," she said. "You have to prove to me that you have the passion and dedication of dancers, and you have to prove to me that you two can work together."

Sarah and Alice grinned, then walked out of Studio 2 together.

When they walked into the dressing room, Sarah and Alice collapsed on to the floor and began removing their pointe shoes.

"My toes are bruised," complained Jamie. "Callie, why are you wearing that?"

Callie was wearing her lilac leotard with a green heart on the front. "I like it!" she exclaimed, playfully swatting at Jaime. "Quit teasing me!"

"So, are you guys really doing a duet?" Lily asked Sarah and Alice. She had obviously been eavesdropping.

"Yes! I'm so excited," Sarah replied, grinning.

"I hope you can turn six times, Sarah!" Alice called as she penguin-shuffled to her bag to grab her street clothes. Oh. No. Sarah thought.



# Poems

Painful on my feet  
On my toes, feels like flying  
In my shoes that are squeezing my feet  
Never lose balance or...ouch!  
The result of the hard work and pain:  
Effortless, graceful, beautiful



## AUTUMN BEGINS

The lone cricket sings  
Evergreen trees dance along  
To the nonstop song.



## SENRYU

My darned pointe shoes  
Have caused me immense pain  
By plotting against me.

## LEAP

Preparation  
Take off  
In the air  
Soaring, flying,  
floating, exhilarating  
Land

## MAIZE

There once was a girl named Maize  
Who leapt and danced in the waves  
She was teased for her style  
So she ran for a mile  
Now she lives as a recluse in a cave



# Poems

## BALL-AD

There once was a ball  
Many people attended  
It was to finish at dawn  
Or when merriment depleted.

A couple were invited  
Who were young and carefree  
They were very excited  
For a chance to make history.

Every jolt of their carriage  
Brought them closer to the hall  
Brought them closer to marriage  
And closer to the ball.

When they stepped into the ballroom,  
And waltzed down the stairs,  
The crowd gazed upon them  
As they floated on air.

The lady was twirled  
By the man who looked fine  
They spun and they whirled  
Until half past nine.



A fight broke out  
Between two other people,  
But the couple still danced,  
Even when music depleted.

Dawn arrived at last,  
Each settled into their carriage;  
The drivers drove on,  
With all of their baggage.

The couple didn't leave,  
But their sleepy driver craved rest;  
So he left much peeved  
To go sleep in his bed.

The couple realized later  
That everyone had left.  
They shouted, "Driver!"  
But there was no echo of a step.

There once was a ball  
That lasted all night  
They danced until dawn  
Then their carriage took flight.

And you might be wondering,  
"What happened to the couple?"  
Well here's the thing:  
They're your father and mother.





# **SORE? TIRED OF IT?**

## **PAIN-AWAY CAN HELP!**



**JUST RUB THE  
CREAM ON ANY  
SORE MUSCLES,  
BLISTERS,  
BUNIONS AND  
MORE FOR  
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**BUY TWO FOR A FREE MASSAGE BALL!**

# Crazy Cupcakes

When you get home from dance, you're probably hungry. These quick and easy cupcakes are perfect for those times. I love bringing them with me to my dance studio as well, especially when there's a gap in between my classes. They are so delicious, but so easy to make! They only take around 30 minutes to make, including oven time. They are bite sized too, so you can eat one on the go without having your mouth stuffed full of cupcake. I know they aren't the most nutritional, but they do give you a burst energy, and they fill a gap that otherwise would have made you hungry!

Makes: 20 cupcakes

Preptime: 15 minutes

Baketime: 15 minutes

## You Will Need:

150g butter, softened

150g sugar (I use golden sugar)

150g self-raising flour

¼ tsp vanilla power (½ tsp of vanilla extract if you don't have the powder)

3 eggs, whisked

## What To Do:

1. Preheat your oven to 180°C (356°F) and line your cupcake trays with cupcake liners. Make sure you have enough for 20 cupcakes.
2. Cream the butter and sugar together (I use a cake mixer). Add the flour, vanilla, and eggs, and mix thoroughly.
3. Spoon the mixture into the cupcake trays and place them in the oven. Bake for 15 minutes or until golden brown.

I hope that you enjoy these cupcakes. They are delicious, and you can even ice them for a more party vibe. I have made these so many times, that the recipe is imprinted on my brain. Just make sure you clean up the kitchen after making these!

# How-To: Pointe Shoes

When I first got my pointe shoes, I was ecstatic. More than ecstatic. I was over the moon! I even slept with my pointe shoes! I'm sure going en pointe is a dream most young ballet dancers have. It certainly was mine! You know, the pointe shoes, the tutu, the princess fairy ballerina thing? But when I actually started using my pointe shoes, I found that it was more than just standing on your toes. You have to sew your shoes, break them in, and there are many accessories that you can use to make your feet more comfortable, especially because pointe shoes hurt! I am going to show you how to sew your shoes and break them in, as well as recommend some accessories that you might want or need to make your pointe experience as magical (and pain-free) as possible.

## SEWING THE SHOES

### You Will Need:

- Pointe Shoes
- Ribbons
- Elastics (if required)
- Needle
- White thread (some girls use dental floss as it's stronger)
- Clear nail polish or lighter (I use a lighter)
- Pen
- Sharp scissors

### What To Do:

1. Try your shoes on and decide which shoe will be left and which will be your right. Using your pen, put "R" inside your right shoe, and "L" inside your left shoe.
2. To sew elastics, put your shoe on and wrap the elastic around your ankle. Measure and cut the amount you need. The elastic should be snug, but not too snug.
3. Sew the elastic on the correct angle so it doesn't look weird. Try to get your stitches through the first layer of fabric and not the second.
4. Loop the elastic and sew the other side.
5. To sew ribbons, fold your ribbons in half, so that you have two strands. Cut them so that you have two separate ribbons, both being the same length.
6. Fold the back of your shoe in and measure the where the ribbon is going to go. Sew them.
7. Tie the shoes onto your feet and cut excess ribbon (leave about 5 centimeters after tying).
8. Take the shoes off and either carefully singe the edges of the ribbons or put a thick layer of clear nail polish on the ends. I use a lighter, but one of my friends uses nail polish, so it really comes down to personal preference.



## BREAKING IN THE SHOES

### You Will Need:

- Your pointe shoes
- A wall
- Some rosin or water (optional)

### What To Do:

1. Put your pointe shoes on, but don't tie the ribbons. Pinch the shoe where your arch is and take the shoe off, keeping your fingers where they are.
2. Bend the shoe in half where your fingers are. The shoe will crack, but don't worry, it won't break!
3. Bang the shoes against a wall. This will help the shoes be a little quieter. It sort of takes the bang out of the shoe.
4. Put the shoes on and push over the block, one foot at a time.
5. (optional) While your shoes are on, walk through some crushed rosin, or spray some water on the shoes. This will help the friction.

Overall, you can do whatever you want to make your shoes right for you. You don't have to do anything to break them in if you don't want to. Everyone's pointe experience is different. Now some accessories that might help you:

1. Toepads/ouch pouches. I think all dancer have these, but some don't use them. It's really all about preference, but toe pads cushion your toes, so they don't go numb (my feet have gone numb from pointe before, and it isn't a nice feeling). Please note that toe pads are quite expensive.
2. Lamb's Wool. Personally, this stuff is a lifesaver. It's super cheap (if compared to the price of some other things), and pretty much prevents blisters. You stick it inside your pointe shoes to provide extra cushioning—and it's so soft! I love my lamb's wool. But again, you might not need it, it's all about preference.
3. Spacers. These can be used to put in between your toes. They help to prevent or treat bunions. I don't use them, but I know some dancers do.
4. Bandages and tape. Okay, these might be used by those who have been using pointe shoes for a while. They help your feet when you already have blisters, sores, broken toenails, etc. They are also used to prevent these things as well.
5. Tips. You put these on your toes, but I don't use them. You can use them if you have broken or ingrown toenails, or if your second toe is longer than your big toe.
6. Jet glue. You could put this inside your shoe to harden different parts of it. This will lengthen the life of your shoe.

You don't have to get all these accessories, just the ones that are right for you. I use toe pads, lamb's wool, and tape. I hope this helps you enjoy your pointe work more!

Ruth Johnson  
123 Random Rd  
Sun City, NZ, 1234

Dear Editor,

Your magazine is awesome! I love to read it after I get home from dance class, and whenever I have free time! It has helped me so much in the past. I struggle with my dancing sometimes and when I do I feel discouraged, like I want to quit, but when I picked up your magazine, I found out that I was not the only one who feels like this. The advice that you have given others in the same position as I am is incredible. Can you help me with something? When I pirouette in class, I always seem to fall sideways out of my turn. Can you give me some advice? I would really appreciate it. Also, do you know of a good dance summer program? If you could recommend me that would be great.

Yours faithfully,  
Ruth Johnson

Editorial Dept.  
Dance Freely Magazine  
PO Box 1234, Wellington, NZ

Dear Miss Johnson,

Thank you very much for your enlightening letter! You appear to show real passion for dance. We are happy that Dance Freely has helped you. Regarding your questions, have you tried using a TurnBoard to practice your pirouettes? A TurnBoard can help you balance and your position by doing the turning part for you. But also "practice make perfect" so keep going, you'll get better the more you practice. There are some summer programs that we can recommend to you. For example, the Auckland Academy of Dance offers a variety of styles and genres in their summer program. We hope this helps you.

Sincerely,  
Editorial Dept.  
Dance Freely Magazine





# Don't Dance If

I nervously glance around to make sure my mother can't see me. Reassured that I'm alone, I hold out my sandwich to Puffball, my puppy. As Puffball snuffs up the ham and cheese and bread, I sigh, part in anguish, part in relief. I scoop up the little white toy poodle and bury my face in his long, soft fur. "You don't have to worry about anything," I whisper in the dog's ear, cuddling him to my chest and breathing in his fresh puppy breath. "All you care about is when I'll be home to take you for a walk." Puffball instantly perks up at hearing his favourite word. I laugh and set the puppy down next to his water bowl. I blow a kiss to him, then after grabbing my dance bag motion for him to follow me upstairs. I wish mother wouldn't make a sandwich for me every day after dance. She doesn't know I'm on a diet, she thinks I eat. Let her believe that I eat, I sigh. I hop up the steps two at a time, Puffball following close at my heels on his little legs. As I entered my room, I ditch my bag on the floor and unzip it. I grab my resistance band out and begin exercising my feet whilst Puffball trots over to my stereo and picks up the remote. I stop my exercise for a moment to kiss my dog and turn my music on. As I resume my exercise, Puffball begins dancing. He stands on his hind legs and bounces, then starts running in circles. I smile at my puppy's adorable antics.

That night at dinner, me and my mother do not speak much. I assume that she's had a hard day at work, and just needs some rest. As I push my uneaten spaghetti around my plate, Mother speaks up. "How was school?" she asks, as though it is her duty to ask her daughter about school every evening at dinner.

"It was fine," I tell her.

"That's what you always say," she sighs. "How was dance?"

As if she doesn't know already. "It was fine." Time to make an effort with her. "How was work?"

She smiles faintly, clearly somewhat pleased that I am showing interest in making conversation.

"It was okay today. I got a good tip."

She's a waitress, if you didn't pick that up. "That's great," I say after a pause.

Time to go. "I have a lot of homework, may I be excused?" I lie.

"You haven't eaten much, sweetie. Are you okay?" Her eyes, normally so calm, are creased with worry.

"Yeah, I just ate a lot at Sarah's." The worried look dissipates into her normal serenity.

"Okay. Just have your light out by 9."

"Okay. Good night." As I am walking back to my room, I almost trip over Puffball. I grin, pick him up, and continue to my room. As I do, I catch a glimpse of myself in the hallway mirror. I swallow.

"Looks like my diet isn't working to well," I mumble to Puffball, who is squirming at seeing another dog in the mirror. "Chill," I tell him. After another glance at my body, I continue, reaching my room less than a second later. I walk downheartedly into my bathroom and stand on the scales. 35kg.

Dang it.

At school, Sarah comes up to me. "Lunch together?" she asks.

"Of course! Mother packed chocolate today."

"You know, it's not healthy to not eat," Sarah tells me cautiously at lunch.

"Chill out," I grin sheepishly, fighting back the urge to yell at her. "I've decided that I'm going to get plastic surgery as soon as I'm 18. I won't have to worry about my diet after that!"

Sarah's face turns about six different colours.



"W-w-why?" she stammers. "You're gorgeous just the way you are! You're strong, fit, slim, and you're like one of the best dancers in the school! Why would you change that?" Her face is white now, and her eyes are as big as golf balls.

"I'm fat!" I yell, unsuccessfully trying to suppress a sob. Sarah's face now turns red.

"You're—you're anorexic," she gasps. "Eat something! Please! You can't go another two years without food! You'll die!" She looks in my eyes for a moment, then her face crumbles. "Elizabeth! Please don't do this," she wails as quietly as she is able.

"I'm fine, Sarah. I'll be fine. Please stop crying. Please. I have to look perfect so I can get into a dance company." But right now, I'm not so sure I will be fine. Sarah looks at me for a second, then slowly lifts her bag onto her shoulder and walks away.

Later, at dance, Sarah avoids me. I can tell she's still freaked out about my diet and everything. But that's not my only problem: I'm feeling super nauseous and dizzy and I keep losing my focus. The world is spinning. Unfortunately for me, my teacher asks us to practice our pirouettes exercise. Oh no. I'm up first. I take my preparation and try to find a spot amidst the swirling room. I begin with a pirouette en dehors, and almost fall over. Regain balance. Continue. I tell myself. Pirouette en dehors with other leg. Uh oh. The ground looked close that time. Okay, all you have to do now is the ten piqué tour, one pirouette en dedans, then you're done. I run unsteadily to the corner and attempt to piqué down the diagonal. The world is spinning. Everything is going. My head hurts like crazy. I see the floor racing towards me, then I see nothing at all.

When I open my eyes, I see my whole class looking down at me with worried faces. As soon as Sarah sees that I'm okay, she whispers in my ear: "Elizabeth, you have to eat! I have a muesli bar in my bag, I'll go get it."

She jumps up immediately and runs to get her bag. She opens the package and breaks off a bite. I don't want to eat, but I'm too weak to resist. I let her feed me the bar, savouring each bite. When I'm almost finished, my teacher comes over. "I've called your mother," she says, looking very concerned. "Elizabeth, do you know what happened?"

"N-no," I try to hide my misery. Sarah steps in.

"She hasn't eaten in two weeks." My teacher's face is one of shock.

"You haven't eaten?! Why?"

"I'm fat," I begin sobbing as hard as I can in my weakened state. "I won't get into a dance company if I'm fat. I have to be skinny, and perfect, and—" I'm sobbing too hard to speak now. I see that my classmates are all worried. Everything is getting too much for me. I can feel myself drifting into unconsciousness again, and I welcome the painless darkness, for indeed I am in pain through all of this: my stomach is churning wildly and my head is hurting so bad that it feels like a herd of horses are galloping over it.

I wake up again, this time at the hospital. I can tell because not too long ago I had my appendix out, and I still remember what it all looked like. I look around and notice a few machines. I freeze when I see that one is an IV connected to me. I also feel very sick. I call out and a nurse comes in. "Yes?" she asks. I can see the sympathy in her eyes. Does she know why I'm here?

"Uh—I think I going to be—" I gag and the nurse immediately grabs a bowl. As I throw up, I realize that this must be Sarah's muesli bar coming up.

"I need my mother," I tell the nurse once I've recovered. "Can you ask her to come?"

"Of course," the nurse replies.

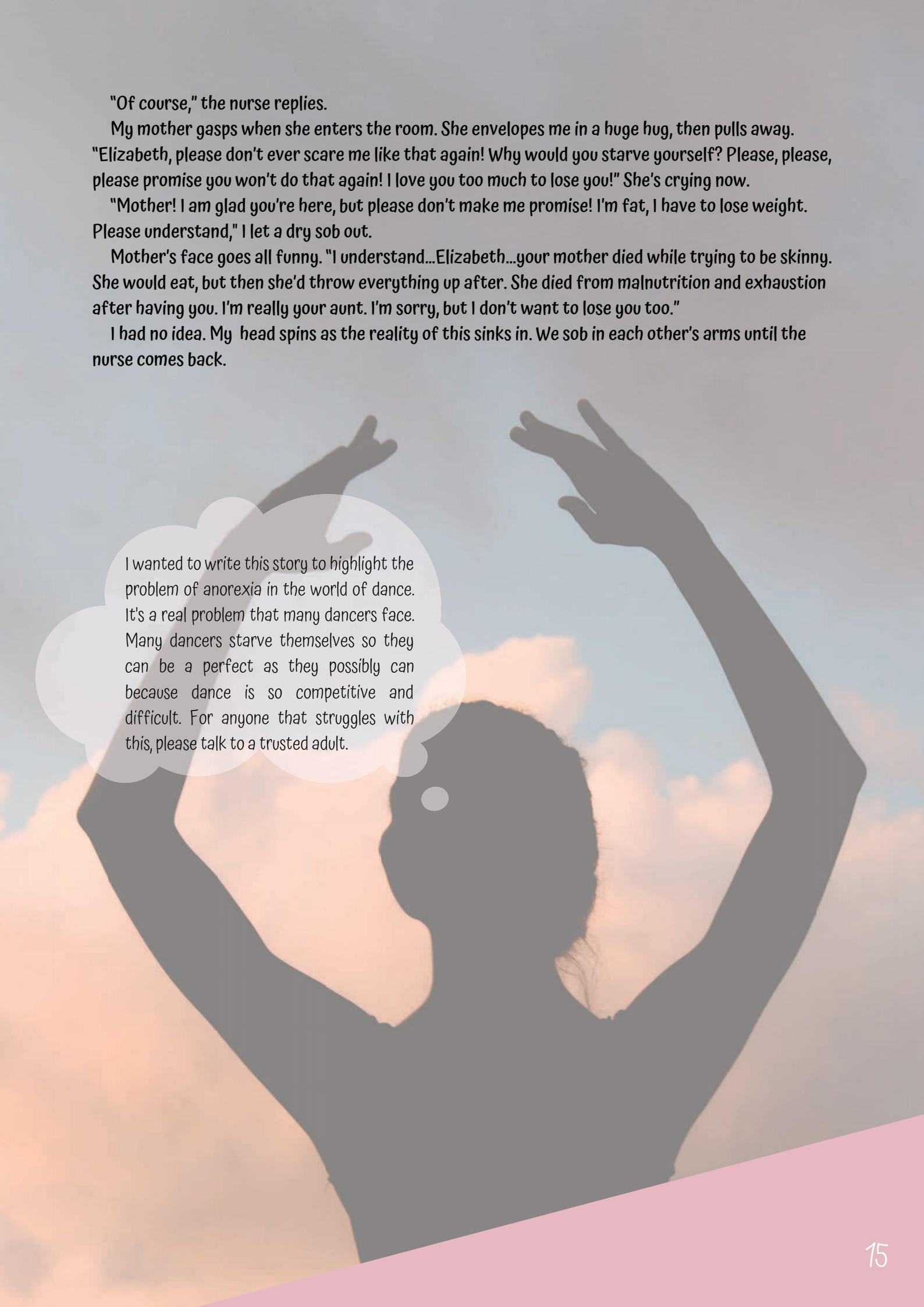
My mother gasps when she enters the room. She envelopes me in a huge hug, then pulls away.

"Elizabeth, please don't ever scare me like that again! Why would you starve yourself? Please, please, please promise you won't do that again! I love you too much to lose you!" She's crying now.

"Mother! I am glad you're here, but please don't make me promise! I'm fat, I have to lose weight. Please understand," I let a dry sob out.

Mother's face goes all funny. "I understand...Elizabeth...your mother died while trying to be skinny. She would eat, but then she'd throw everything up after. She died from malnutrition and exhaustion after having you. I'm really your aunt. I'm sorry, but I don't want to lose you too."

I had no idea. My head spins as the reality of this sinks in. We sob in each other's arms until the nurse comes back.



I wanted to write this story to highlight the problem of anorexia in the world of dance. It's a real problem that many dancers face. Many dancers starve themselves so they can be as perfect as they possibly can because dance is so competitive and difficult. For anyone that struggles with this, please talk to a trusted adult.



# WASHABLE DANCE SHOE DYE!

Dance shoe dye has always been a  
waste of time... until now!

You can colour your shoes 8 different  
colours—and wash the colour off  
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# Dear Rosannah

## Advice from dancers, to dancers

Dear Rosannah,

I have been dancing for ten years now and I love it! But recently I have been dreading going to class. I'm always either too tired, too sore, or I just don't wanna go! I still love to dance, and I don't want to quit lessons, but for the past year or so I just haven't been enjoying myself, and this is affecting my skills negatively. How should I get motivated? Is this just my teen self being lazy? I don't know, please help! Always dancing,  
Anna Evans

Dear Anna Evans,

I know how you feel! I go through this sometimes. I have found a few things to keep myself motivated, hopefully they help you too! First of all, you could watch older videos of yourself dancing. When you watch them, you'll realize how much better you've gotten! Or you could try some different genres of dance. This can help you find something that you really love doing. Also, take some time and think about why you love to dance. Think about your first ever dance lesson. Look at photos of yourself back then. Personally, I have also been dancing for many years. Even before I started lessons, I remember dressing up in Fifi Flowertot pyjamas and feather boas and Disney Princess heels, and dancing round the house. I was really bad at dancing back then (I was 3) but I had fun. Another fun thing to do to get motivated is to go shopping! Go to your local dance shop and get a new leotard or get a new scrunchie. One last thing—have fun! Muck around at home! Put your favourite song on and just dance! Sometimes I choreograph full dances to any song I like at that moment, and sometimes I just do this thing called "bad dancing," basically where you try to dance as weirdly and horribly as possible. You can even turn that into a competition! Whoever dances the worst, wins! Overall, just enjoy yourself. Don't care what others think, don't compare yourself to others, just try and do your best and have fun.

Yours Truly,  
Rosannah

# Disney Experience

Angel was so excited. She just found out that she was going to Disney, Florida for a dance programme! Once she arrived in Florida, she began going to the workshops. The teachers were strict. The classes were eight hours long. Angel worked hard.

Angel was selected to go to the Disney Dance Experience at a competition. She was one of the lucky few selected from around the United States and Canada.

During her trip to Disney, a certain event occurred. Angel was riding a gondola from one Disney park to another with some of her friends. Her parents were also on the gondola. Suddenly, the gondola stopped halfway through the ride, right when they were over the main road. It was saying, "We hope you enjoyed your ride," and the doors started opening. Angel's mum kept everyone away from the door, and Angel's dad blocked the door. Thankfully, they did start moving again and got off the ride safely.

Angel prepared for a parade in which the dancers that were in the experience with her were all going to perform. They worked hard to get ready. On the day of the parade, Angel and the other dancers had heaps of fun. Some younger children were cheering during their performance.

After the parade, the dancers had another event: the Christmas performance! After that, the Florida Dance Experience was over. But Angel has been selected to be in a music video for Disney soon!



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# Peculiar Pirouettes

Perfectly placed. Spotting head. Engaged muscles. Fall over? What went wrong? I was sure that I could land that triple pirouette en l'air. How did I fall? No one pushed me. I resolved to look into this further after class. I looked over at my classmates. They seemed to be landing pirouettes! Why couldn't I? I tried again, fouetté pirouettes this time. I almost fell flat on my face!

At home I tried again to pirouette. I placed my foot on my TurnBoard, took my preparation, and sprung into the turn. It didn't go too well. I lost my balance, my TurnBoard slid out from under me, and I crashed onto my bed. "There must be a reason why I can't turn, but the other girls can," I thought to myself. I sat down at my desk and prepared to work out some abstract maths. I am homeschooled, but I hadn't done that work earlier. My head felt heavy as I read the instructions. "That's funny, my head felt lighter before I started working," I suddenly realized. "Aha! The schoolwork must be making my brain heavier so I can't turn! And the girls in my dance class don't even pay attention to their schoolwork, so they have lighter heads! That's why they're turning so well!" The more I thought about it, the more I believed it.

The next day, I listened to the girls gossip about their teachers. I jumped in and asked, "So what did you guys learn in maths today?" They looked at me blankly. "What's maths?" one asked.



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Thank you Shireen and Sarah, you have taught me to dance well and I am ever grateful. I don't know how I'd live without dance!

Thank you Lord, for your everlasting love and patience for me!

