

The ballet teacher ordered my classmates
to repeat the first steps of the choreography
that we were about to perform.
Then I got really nervous!
"Those tights won't stop annoying me."
I said with anxiety.



They ended up dancing without me. The violinist played, the professor pointed out the steps, Edgar drew and I stood in a corner looking at it all.



On the fifteenth of June it was my birthday and my mother came to pick me up after class. We went to the offices at the cotton market to pick my father up, because they had prepared a surprise for me!

