**Life is about experiences**

June 28th, 2012 The big day of my dance competition

My eyelids feel heavy, so I have a tough time getting up. When I finally do, I feel the sweet scent of morning dew, and instantly, I feel a sweet smell entering my room, it is sweet, it is fresh coffee.

I stretch slowly, and I feel the tension in my muscles, my breathing: slow, rhythmic, and controlled. I head to the bathroom to get a good shower, and I feel an icy current coming down my body, and some time later, I'm already changed and ready to start the day. My family is very excited, I, on the other hand, am very nervous, I am trembling like a leaf, and every time this happens, I feel a bitter sensation in my mouth, although I am eating something sweet.

I prepare my bag and I'm ready to leave. On my way to the competition, I feel the soft warm summer breeze touch my face, my hands fidgeting nervously, and a bluish sky in my sight, the beautiful harmony of the birds as if they had a musical heart. In the car, I had the bitter feeling again. My little brothers try to distract me a little with anecdotes and jokes, but nothing seems to help at all.

The first thing I see when I get to the competition is a lot, a lot of people. Crowds, in fact. Colors lived in the costumes of many girls and boys, nervous faces, excited faces and enthusiasm, music with a very fast rhythm in the background, the smell of rose perfume, deodorant and hair spray. I give my parents a quick kiss on the cheeks and I head quickly to the dressing rooms. My heart beats faster and faster, so much, that I feel like I could get out of my chest and jump. I meet my dance teacher and rehearse the choreography repeatedly, but I can not think of anything but my nerves, and I imagine myself on stage, but doing everything wrong.

While I stretch and prepare for my number, I see quite a few dance groups, all from different academies, all rehearsing, arranging their costumes, giving extra touches to their make-up. There is a strong smell of hairspray, and because of this, it makes me feel sick, giving me a headache right before my performance.

I'm heading for the stage, I'm the next participant. Thinking that these competitions are the finals makes me even more nervous. I shake my hands and feet, slowly stretch my head from side to side, trying to reassure myself a bit more. I approach the stage a little and see behind the curtains. WOW! There are too many people, I see cameras flash everywhere, I see the judges, I return to my place of waiting and try to distract myself a little with the music of the contestant in front of me. Harmony enters my ears, subtracts there for a few seconds, relaxes my muscles, concentrates on the chords, and finally I find tranquility.

Suddenly, I hear my number and name being called, and it's like a stroke out of nowhere. I get up quickly, take a long breath, and walk towards the stage.

Once on stage, I can not see anything, just the lights, and the judges looking at me seriously. I signal that I am ready, and the music begins to sound. I start the routine, and I think, I've been so worried about winning, not being wrong, that I've forgotten the most important thing: enjoy what I do! So, from that moment, it's like if the music was part of me, it's like I'm alone on the stage, I feel every note, every chord, my body in harmony, all in one, I feel the adrenaline in my veins.

Dancing makes me feel alive, feeling my body in motion in space and matter, makes me feel like I’m doing something right. The music allows me to experiment another dimension. It makes me feel completely present and absent all at once.

I dance because I like myself when dancing. I feel more beautiful, more graceful and free. I forget all troubles; my thoughts and pains disappear. I’m like a different person when I dance.

And suddenly, it's like my body and the music are one.

The song ends, and I hear the applause. I see the judges continue to qualify, I have no chance to smile.

I return to the dressing rooms, and many companions congratulate me. I'm calmer that I'm finished, I feel more relaxed, my heart beats as it usually does. Now I must wait until all the other contestants finish their presentations to announce the winners.

Nerves are eating me

Sweet, soft, slow ... that was the song of the last contestant of the day. She was sweet and delicate, every step was precise, exact ... her technique was perfect. I was worried enough, since quite a few of those who competed today were too good, and I was not sure if I would win today. For the nerves, I get chewing gum to calm me down a bit. The sweet taste of strawberry and pineapple was my favorite, so it helped a lot.

A while later, I hear in the speakers that they are calling all the contestants, one by one in alphabetical order. As I head towards the stage, I see a piece of furniture with all the trophies, medals, and diplomas, and two young men ready to deliver them. The presenter, ready to announce the winners, and several of the contestants in a row, waiting to be called. I sit next to contestant number 35 and together we wait for the awards. The presenter begins to give a few words of inspiration, and then proceeds to continue the award. He begins to call contestants, from third place, to first place. Third category, Second category, First category .... I was nervous, my hands were sweating non-stop, I felt nauseous.

I worry not to hear my name in the third place, nor the second ... and out of nowhere, I hear my name being called for the first place. And I do not react. I'm in shock, and I know my mind says “walk! Go! You've won!” Worse, my body does not do anything, it does not move, it does not react. The girl next to me helps me get up, I walk towards the trophy, it seems that time has stopped, it seems that everything is happening in slow motion. I get to the trophy, and when I touch it, its cold, and it shines a lot, compared to my hot hands, the trophy is too cold. It is bright, golden color, cold. I could not believe it ... words can not explain how happy I was, how proud and surprised I was. I smiled non-stop, I could not stop smiling for all day. Many people congratulated me and hugged me. Then they sent me to the stage of the winners, took the photos, and our relatives came with us. My mother hugged me, it was a warm and friendly hug. Everything was good. My moral of the day was: Always enjoy what you do, the rest will come later.

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