

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

There was always more to it

by Janie Reynolds

She was losing against gravity and succumbed to her pirouette. As she hit the wooden stage the thump reverberated through every one of her ungraceful bones. It was as if the world had flipped the camera to Selfie. A shattered dancer was hiding behind a cracked screen. She had to get up. The crown of her head burned under the stage lights. She choked, recalling how, last month, Tatler had listed her as 'one to watch'. Every one had been saying, for ages, that she should take this understudy role. Why had they kept telling her to do it?

She smiled and curtsied then ran off stage. Ran into the dressing room. Ripped of the points. Threw them against the ground.

A dancer only gets one chance. Why didn't they realise that? There was *always* more to it. Now she was no one again.