

The Blue Pirouettes

by

Kazgkouti Maria

Katsi Georgia

Karagianni Dimitra

Liouza Theofania



Everyone knew Miriam, the meerkat, for her burning passion and everlasting love for dancing. She was gifted with that talent and after mastering her skills from a tender age, she was considered an accomplished dancer among her peers. Thus, as the dance competition was approaching, she was aware of the arduous schedule she had to endure to create a captivating performance.

One of Miriam's valuable possessions was a pair of blue shiny dancing shoes that, despite their weary state, she still so deeply adored. It was a gift from when she was younger and ever since, she grew attached to them. Growing up, she would occasionally wear them and waltz around her house, ignoring the stinging, but sometimes comforting pain they caused as she got older. After all, they played a significant role in shaping her and her life.

Nowadays, the thought of them lingers in her mind more often than she has anticipated.

Every day, she spends hours gracefully dancing in the studio and in her house, wearing those small battered shoes that she has been unable to simply discard. After endless hours of practicing, the leather that once decorated proudly her legs has now slowly mingled with her skin. No matter what, she holds onto them like a belt tightening strongly around the hooks of the waistband, leaving sore red indentations.

“Do me a favor honey and let them go, they don’t fit you anymore!”, her mother advised her daughter, but to no avail.



The more she wears them the more scarred and damaged her delicate feet grow. A new wound appears every day, oozing blood, while faded scars and cuts are permanently imprinted on her skin. Her performance deteriorates, more mistakes are made and the curve that she had been so ahead of, turns into a doomy sphere.

The long-awaited day of the competition arrives, evoking nervous giggles and cries from the contestants. However, in this animated ambience, Miriam has never felt less alive. Her eyes exude exhaustion, and the abundance of wounds engulfs her feet. She has dreamed of that moment so fondly and nothing will destroy that. Still wearing those daunting shoes, ascends to the stage only to be confronted by the reality. Compared to the rest, who have performed all kinds of tricks and moves, she feels like a dove with clipped wings, resulting in her, miserably failing in the competition .

Miriam is hesitant to confess that her once dainty shoes is what prevented her from achieving her dreams. Prudently, she decides that it was about time to store them away in the back of the closet only to be opened occasionally by her to reminisce content moments with them.

Now, she is faced with the long and coarse journey to healing.

Let go of the past or it will hold you back!

