

### #13

**Painting: Preparation    Artist: Andrea Clague  
Carson Gerstell    Age:**

“Just because my path is different doesn’t mean I’m lost.”

When someone hurries through the streets, you don’t wonder about them. You continue your day. You don’t stop to think, “who is that, what are they doing?” Humans have a habit of overlooking. Just as you overlook others, you overlook her. Only for a second, then you watch as she stops at the doors of the American Ballet Theater. You vaguely wonder if she is auditioning as a student or a teacher, or if she is auditioning at all. Her dark hair is pulled into a tight bun on top of her head. She slides into the building and since you have nothing else to do, you wait.

Inside a dimly lit room, where you are not, this person slides on a pair of pointe shoes and begins to tie them. Her leotard is blacker than night and the ribbon contrasts, sliding over her legs perfectly to her white tutu. Her name is called and she disappears behind a heavy oak door. It shuts silently.

Plie! Frappe! Fuede! Pique! Grand Jete! As the door slides open you see her, hair slightly ruffled. The last glimpse you see of her is an expression that says, *I will try again tomorrow.*