

Gripped

That Saturday afternoon filled me from top to toe with a series of emotions, which ripped through my body. My mind spiraled back to...screeeech! The car ahead of me came to a sudden halt as the brakes of the car screeched defiantly. I began to focus on other, less demanding, things but the sound of the car coming to an alarming stop kept echoing in my ears, the only difference was it kept becoming louder, more overwhelming throbbing within the confines of my head wanting to be FREED....

I watched in dismay as Ms Bichel had advanced towards my home. My brother, Adam and her were already at each other's throats, it was only a matter of time till he was at mine. I had haplessly cried out to her and tried to convey the hopelessness of the situation, but she rambled on. They carried their bicker into the house. It was like my Day of Reckoning. Adam was going to find out, it was going to be revealed.

I remembered when the boys at my school found out, found out that I dance, I think maliciously. I looked up at the somber clouds in the sky which threatened to explode. They had sniggered when Ms Bichel called out to me and said, "Billy are you ready for your dance lessons?" They erupted into raucous laughter. As the clouds finally let go and clear drops of water trickled down my window, silenced tears trickled down my cheek. Adam had smirked, "DANCE?" he had asked. For some reason people found this rather odd that when I hear music my mind loses control of my body, the music penetrates into my soul and I lose myself in the music, in the moment. Apparently the fact that I relish Ballet is rather amusing to most who believe it infringes on my 'boy' character. I would never be able to fathom the people who mocked me; I was not able to fathom Adam himself when he forcibly lifted me and placed me on the table, like a puppet with attached strings and asked me to dance. Ms Bichel and Adam had continued their endless tirade of barks and bellows. As the car rambled on the rain ceased to pound on the windows. I leaped off the table and dashed to the back of the house. I could hear a buzzing at the back of my head, which persistently got louder. It was the music, rhythm, the beat, which was the pulse of my life. I gradually felt the music taking control of every part of my body. My feet tapped to the beat as the sensation slowly crept upwards. I was lost. I began feeling the frustration of my plight mounting, ready to erupt. Everywhere I went the music followed, like a shadow, a part of me. I danced to the terrace where my feet tapped in sync with each other as well as the throbbing in my head. Down a flight of stairs, I continued. I had to get the music, dance out of my system. It was wrong. But it wouldn't go. I kept hearing Adam, Ms Bichel, the sniggers of the boys at the school resonating in my head. I still danced, down a familiar street and danced and danced and danced till I collided with a barrier and I stopped, it stopped. It was made to stop. I remembered Robbie calling out to me, my call back to reality. I stood up and followed him home. As the car came to a stop, I realized we had reached our destination but I wondered whether I would ever be able to, reach **my** destination, achieve my goal, ever be able to dance.