**Meeting my idols**

By Chloe P

I looked up onto the stage, there was a rockette in a red and white “candy cane” costume smiling and waving. She was presenting her dance called “Jingle Bells.” She was tall and had her hair in a slick back high ponytail. She had a sparkly green bow hiding towards the side of her ponytail.

People were sticking their hand out towards the stage trying to get a high five from the famous dancer. But she wouldn’t come out of performance mode. They must work hard to be a rockette I thought to myself.

I looked over and saw two rockettes sitting at a table smiling. “You may now take photos with us or ask us questions,” the first rockette announced. I skipped over and got in line. I was ready to meet my idols.

A million thoughts were racing through my head. I felt like I was on a rollercoaster and I had just went down the big drop. Would they be mean? What should I say? Is this really happening? It felt like a year had past. Finally the announcer shouted “Next,” I nervously walked up. I didn’t have butterflies in my stomach, I had a stampede of bulls.

“Well hello there,” the beautiful blonde rockette said. She was wearing a shirt that said work hard. “Hi,” I answered shyly. Boom… boom… boom I was almost certain I could hear my heart beating. I could feel that my face was bright red.

But she was still smiling and not acting like I was just another fan. Something told me I would be fine. I thought to myself what should I do now?

This was a moment where a cartoon character would shout “Awkward,” if this was a TV show. “Do you have any questions,” the rockette asked.

I suddenly remembered what I was going to ask. “I want to be a rockette when I’m older, what do I have to do to achieve my goal,” I asked nervously.

I felt like I was going to throw up I had just spoken to a rockette. She grinned in a sneaky-like way. Probably because she was amazed at how I knew what I wanted to do in life. “You have to work hard and follow your dreams,” she said.

This is something everyone should do no matter how big or small. I walked away thinking hard. That’s it I thought. If you want to get better you have to work hard and follow your dreams.

From that day on I’d remember this for everything. “How’d it go,” my Grammy asked. I looked up and grinned “awesome,” I announced. “They must work hard to be a rockette,” my Grammy said as if I didn’t already know this. ”Oh I know all about it,” I said walking towards the exit smiling.