24th of September 2016

**I SIMPLY HAD TO WRITE IT...**

The awaited moment has finally come. I pulled my socks up and managed to start writing my diary. To be quite frank, it’s not the first attempt. A few months ago, I put some effort into writing short notes daily but it didn’t succeed. In those days, I was convincing myself that my life wasn’t succulent enough to describe it on paper sheets. Fortunately, those thoughts are gone. I feel like I have recently found a spark in my soul and it pushed me to embark on a new chapter in my essentiality. I hope that this will retain and I’ll crack on enjoying my lifetime without any setbacks. Forthrightly, my attitude hasn’t changed by thinking things through or serious discussions with a coach (who are so on top nowadays). It might be astonishing but the reason why I took off in living life to the full is that I stumbled across an extraordinary person...

Let’s start from the very beginning. Since I was teeny weeny I’ve been obsessed with dances. Without prevarication, an adjective “obsessed” isn’t an abuse. I’m totally engaged in my passion. I must avow that I find every single hour which I have spent at the training hall remarkable. Of course, as it usually happens, not everything goes like clockwork. Lately, while I was unfolding as a dancer (I even started to create my own choreographies and teach them to others), I came across a huge constraint... Even writing about that is miserable for me but I must confess it. My mum doesn’t give me an approval to keep expanding on dancing. She wants me to stay nondescript like the majority of my peers. Her approach totally differs from mine. “You should get an education, find a well-paid, satisfactory job and then start a family” - that’s her point of view. It’s terrible because I do not agree with her at all. Truly, my aim is not to be so beige and plain. My dream is to do something totally miscellaneous. Something that nobody else does. I know that it might sound as if I was out of my mind but I just can’t stop my inner desires. I have this feeling inside of me that I have to share my soul with the world. The only way to gain it, is to appear on stage with dance roles. I feel like a fish out of the water when I don’t have any opportunity to perform choreography for a greater length of time. I cannot handle the fact that my mother doesn’t understand me. Having a conversation with her is like herding cats. Lately, I have realized that it was impossible to change her opinion on the dance issue. Despite not having reached an agreement with my mum, I didn’t give up. Moreover, I think it motivated me to push myself further and start working really hard in order to make my dreams come true. No sooner had I started frequent, intensive workouts than Liam occurred in my life... And he made a real U-turn.

Just a few words about our getting to know each other. It was three weeks ago, on the third day of September (probably this date will stay with me for the rest of my life). I know that it’s been a while since then but I am still enthusiastic about the meeting. I can’t shake the overpowering feeling that it was only a couple of hours ago. I remember clearly every single second of that event... But let me cut to the chase. As I previously said, I didn’t give up trainings (even those which required lots of sacrifice from me). That special workshop was one of them. What I mean using a word “sacrifice” is that I needed to leave my small hometown cruelly early in the morning. I remember that it was before the sunrise when I was on the way to the railway station. It was completely dark outside and I was awfully sleepy and tired. Moreover, I had to lug quite heavy baggage. On the whole, it was not only demotivating but also an unpleasant experience. To be honest, these are the moments when I often have dark flashes of doubts and I feel underrated. I wonder if I am gifted or outstanding enough to make a career in such difficult and demanding world of art... Oh my God, I’ve missed the point of my writing, as usual. I promise that I will try to avoid this annoying habit which is losing a sense of expression.

So the workshop took place in Glasgow and I reached the target at about 9 a.m. The classes started at half past ten a.m. so I had some spare time. Fortunately, I immediately got the idea how to spend it. A couple of blocks from the railway station there was a charming cafe. They had there the best latte macchiato in the whole universe. The carrot cake with nuts and whipped cream was also irresistible. Without hesitation, I caught the bus and went to that fancy place. When I arrived I noticed that my favourite place to sit was taken by a hunched guy wearing a grey hoodie and a navy blue cap, focused on chatting on the phone. I must admit that I was quite disappointed ‘cause the seat was really enchanting - in the corner, next to the shelves filled with entertaining books and magazines. I looked around and picked another place which seemed fine to me. Then I made an order and started reading an article about benefits of chia seeds. Before I knew it, an hour passed and I had to hurry up in order to be on time at the dance school. I quickly picked up my stuff and ran out of the cafe. The boy who had previously taken my place, bumped into me as I was near to the exit. He apologized to me politely but I didn’t even look at him because of my being almost late. When I got through to the dance studio, it was 5 minutes left to the beginning of the classes. Formerly, I didn’t realize that I could get changed so quickly, but I managed. I barged in the training hall at 10.29 A.M. The room was overcrowded and everybody was preparing for the class - stretching and warming up. I found a convenient space, began some exercises and... saw something that stopped me dead. On the main floor, where always the choreographer stands, there was someone in a grey hoodie. I easily recognized the boy from the cafe. I was totally dumbfounded cause I would swear blind that the lesson was to be with Maggie... Luckily, my astonishment didn’t last for long. Scarcely had I finished my warm up when Maggie walked in. She introduced the guy as her assistant. She said that he would be showing the demanding moves cause due to her contusion, she was not able to execute all of steps. “Hi, I’m Liam” - he gave his name with a rakish smile. It was the first time that I saw his face in all its glory and suddenly a striking thought came to my mind. He was the most handsome man I had ever seen. During the class I also found out that the way he moved was incredible and his silhouette looked just gorgeous! Frankly, it was hard for me to keep focused on the whole lesson. I’m sure that I was blushing most of the time (particularly when Liam was performing). I couldn’t handle the fact that I treated him so rude in the cafe...

When the workshop ended and there was the hustle and bustle in the changing room, I was sitting lost in thought. Never have I been so mad at myself. Abruptly, somebody accosted me. “Did you enjoy the class? I was so stressed out, you know... That was my debut as an assistant.” I froze for a second but then I let myself a grin. “Really? You looked professional. I was sure you had a long experience in the role of assistant.”- I coughed up. I was treading on air - Liam had a small chat with me!

At the end of our conversation, he asked me whether I wanted to hang out with him the following day. With a degree of reluctance, I revealed that I was from a little town so it was impossible for me to reach Glasgow at the appointed time the next day. Liam figured out the problem swiftly. He arranged the meeting at the weekend at similar to workshop time hours. “How about this café where we bumped into each other in the morning? That’s probably one of my favourite spots in Glasgow.” A faint smile appeared on my face and I went along with his offer.

The meeting was marvelous. We felt as if we’d known each other forever. I even confided in him about my quarrels with mom. He heard me out and cheered me up. Furthermore, Liam told me I was the best dancer at the workshop and offered me taking part in his new dance project. It is a totally fresh concept with loads of potential. My excitement is indescribable and I’m looking forward to the first rehearsals. I’m up to snuff and full of hope! It is now the only time of true happiness in my life!

I only worry about how to tell my mum... I’ll think about it tomorrow.