

I love dancing. I love dancing **even more than** playing the violin. I love dancing at home in my bedroom, or with my friends at parties or at **weddings**. I dream of dancing but I cannot really dance. My legs cannot **move**. I will never walk. I will never run. I will never dance.



Today is Tuesday, my **worst** day of the week. On Tuesdays I go to **physical therapy** straight after school and come home late. After the therapy I am always so **tired**. I go home, eat supper, do homework and go to sleep. There is no time for violin on Tuesdays.

Soon it will be **summer vacation**. Next Tuesday I will be in **camp** with my best friend Ruth. I will have a **break** from therapy for a whole month. I can't wait.