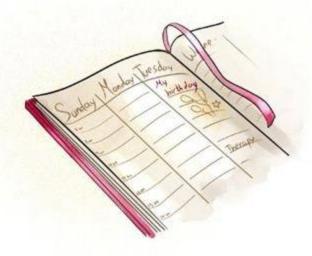
I love dancing. I love dancing even more than playing the violin. I love dancing at home in my bedroom, or with my friends at parties or at weddings. I dream of dancing but I cannot really dance. My legs cannot move. I will never walk. I will never run. I will never dance.





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.