

# WHEN I DANCED

Written by Wanita Martell

*Illustrated by Jaxon Greene*

We could dance like you would not believe. I don't want to brag but I was a really good dancer. All my family could dance. We did the jive and the twist. When they saw us coming it was just like they were seeing Jesus on the cross. People got excited to see us walk in the door. There were not too many who could dance like us. The crowd got excited.

At that time there was no pants, just dresses. We did all sorts of twirling. If my father would have caught me there would be no more dances for me. You didn't go looking for the rules. That would not be a joke. Yes, it was so fun. I'm not sure what they thought at Church but they never said anything to us, so I didn't care!

The dances were in the hall in Petit de Grat and when there were none there we went to the hall in Arichat. There was no price to go to the dances - you would just give them some coins and that was all, I think it was about 25 cents. And then there were all the house parties. Of course, I got up and danced at all of them. What did you want me to do?!

We had four sisters and four brothers in our family. And all the girls would have a brother there to dance with. We were all together at dances. If the youngest one was in trouble the older one was big enough to take care of them. The oldest one had a car and the youngest ones would get a drive with them.

The radio was on the shelf in the corner of the cupboard. It was never turned off. I would always listen to all kinds of music on the radio. Music is my thing. We ordered records through the mail, too. Oh, I remember my records. I can't forget that - they are my dreams. We listened to Paul Anka, Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly and Goodness, Gracious Great Balls of Fire! Patsy Cline was one of my favourites. She was too good, so she had to go.

THE END

