

My New Best Friend

There I was watching my wonderful sister doing a perfect back flip on beam. My sister's name is Brooke, and my name is Kate. It seems kind of fun doing gymnastics, swinging round and round on bars, flipping on floor, and jumping off the springboard flipping in the air on vault. I never tried it before because I was so scared. But somehow today, I got over my fear.

I went to my mom and asked, "Mom, when I watch Brooke and the other kids do gymnastics, it seems so fun. So can I take classes?"

My mom paused staring at me in silence. Then she finally said, "Well, you can do it if you quit dance. I mean you think it's a tiny bit boring."

"Quit dance, but why? I mean sure it is a tiny little eensy weensy bit boring, but I still love dance a lot," I said annoyed that in order to take gymnastics classes, I had to quit dance.

"We don't have enough time to do both. With Brooke doing gymnastics and you doing dance, we simply don't have any place to squeeze in more gymnastics," she said.

"Brooke, Brooke, Brooke ... she totally ruins my life!" I thought

"Think about it a little before you decide. Okay, honey?" Mom said.

After that, the whole rest of the day nobody talked about it. When we got home, we ate supper. It was chicken noodle soup. My favorite.

My mom and dad are divorced. I hate it. I was so mad when I found out. I thought I would never forgive them, but I got over it. Brooke and I just live with my mom. She is very organized.

The next morning, my mom brought it up. "So what did you decide Kate?"

"Um, I'll try gymnastics, but if I don't like it, I'm doing dance for the other part of the year," I answered still not really sure.

"Good choice honey. I'll sign you up today," My mom replied.

On the first day of class after school, I was really excited, but scared the kids would laugh at me. When we got there, I was more scared than excited. When we stepped into the lobby, I said bye to my mom and sister, and went to the bathroom to change into my leotard that my mom got the day before. I stepped out and went where everyone else in my class was.

"First you must do cartwheels one at a time," my teacher said. She looked really nice and patient.

I was super bad at those, and pretty much everything else. When it was my turn, I did a terrible cartwheel. Everyone roared with laughter. I was really embarrassed. The rest of the class went the same. I did a couple more classes that went no different.

My mom finally asked, "Do you want to go back to dance?"

I nodded miserably, but I forgot a lot of the dance moves. Would my best friend Sophie laugh at me because I forgot everything?

When I got to dance, I said bye to my mom. Then she and Brooke went shopping.

“Welcome back! How was gymnastics?” Sophie asked me looking excited I was back in dance. When she found out I was quitting, she wasn’t upset at all. That’s just the wonderful kind of friend she is.

“Terrible, all the kids laughed at me,” I groaned. I didn’t want to talk about those kids who were laughing at me, but I knew Sophie would understand what I was going through.

“Ignore them Kate, give it another try,” Sophie reasoned with me.

At dance, I realized two things. Number one: All the moves in gymnastics are similar to the ones in dance. Number two: Dance was a lot more boring than I remembered. I was still signed up for gymnastics in case I wanted to try again. Then after a while if I didn’t do it, I would just quit. So I went to practice again. I just pretended it was dance because the moves were so similar, and I was more comfortable with dance. I actually did pretty well. My mom got an email about a meet after a couple classes. I decided it would be a good challenge to try it.

On the day of the meet, we rotated in a circle doing different moves. Each move that I did wasn’t that bad, but at the same time it wasn’t that good.

I kept saying to myself, “Imagine it’s dance. Imagine it’s dance.” I got third place! I was so happy! I didn’t care that I did not get first. I was still on the podium!

The class after that, a new kid was coming to the class. At first I didn’t recognize her, but then I realized she was in my dance class! Her name is Lillian. I never paid much attention to her in class. She looked shy and scared. When she tried a handstand, everyone laughed and was saying she sucked. She blushed. It looked like she was about to cry. I went over to her and said exactly what Sophie said to me when I was about to give up.

“Just ignore them. Try again. A lot of the moves are similar to dance, so imagine it’s dance,” I told her.

“Thanks for the advice,” she replied. It made me feel really good to know that I was helping someone.

Whenever someone teased her, that is what I would say to Lillian. We soon started talking to each other. We weren’t exactly friends though.

One day, Lillian asked me, “Would you like to come over to my house? I know we aren’t exactly friends yet, but um, we could become friends.”

“Sure!” I responded. I really wanted to become friends with her too.

“How about 3:00 to 6:00 on Saturday?” she asked.

“Well, I don’t really know yet. I’ll have to ask my mom,” I replied, really hoping I could

go.

“Right, my mom lets me invite any friend over on Saturday from three to six. I can invite friends over a lot because it’s just me, my mom, and my dad,” she informed me.

“What! You’re an only child? LUCKY!” I exclaimed.

When gymnastics was over, I asked my mom. “Mom, can I go to Lillian’s house on Saturday from three to six?”

“I’m sorry honey, but Brooke is having her gymnastics meet,” she replied in a truly sorry voice.

“So, why do I have to go?” I asked.

“The rule,” she replied.

Oh yeah, I forgot about the rule that I have to go to all of Brooke’s gymnastics meets, and she has to do the same. I have no idea why she is so strict about that one rule. I went up to my room and called Lillian to tell her I couldn’t go. She didn’t answer my call, so I decided that I would tell her at gymnastics.

After school at gymnastics, I told her. “Lillian, so my mom has this really strict rule that I have to go to all of Brooke’s gymnastics meets. And Brooke has a meet, on Saturday from three to seven, so I can’t go.”

“That’s okay, maybe next Saturday. Oh, and same time,” she replied.

“My mom said I could go next Saturday too, so see you there!” I exclaimed really excited.

When I got to Lillian’s house on Saturday, I rang the doorbell. Lillian answered the door. “Hi, come on in. I’ll show you my room okay?” she asked looking nervous but way way way more excited. I stepped in. She had the nicest house I’ve ever seen. Oh, and when I saw her room, it was even nicer.

When my mom came to pick me up, she asked me how it was. “It was great!” I exclaimed. And it was, best time ever!

And from that day on, Lillian and I were best friends forever.