

Parade Day

I will never forget what happened on Saint Patrick's Day. I got up so early that morning I could hear the birds starting to sing outside my window. My extravagant parade outfit was sitting proudly on the radiator. I couldn't eat breakfast as I was filled with nervousness and anticipation to star in today's parade.

I meet up with the other Irish dancers and we laugh and chat as we wait for the parade to begin. We form a line with me at the front since I am the best dancer in our group. I'm going to be doing a solo dance. Not to sound full of myself or anything but I'm a hundred times better than the rest of my group. I think that I am the best dancer in the county. We weren't going on until after the Irish trad group. As they practised their music piece a few feet away from us, we decided to have a quick practice dance. I knew our group routine off by heart with months so I decided to have a practice of my solo dance. As I began my routine I tripped over a stone. I caught myself before I hit the ground but I banged the side of my head on a fence. My ankle twisted in an unexpected and awkward way. My dance teacher rushed over looking concerned. He asked me if I was going to be able to dance after my fall. I told him I was fine even though I was beginning to get a pain in my head and my stomach was growling and rumbling calling out to be fed. I couldn't eat anything as I thought I'd get sick and I didn't want to risk getting a stitch during my solo dance.

Everyone was getting restless. We had a big group hug and everyone wished me luck. The streets were quiet but as we got closer to the town square, the more packed they became. Everyone was so happy all huddled together laughing and cheering at the sides of the streets. I was starting to feel a bit dizzy. We got to the square and everyone was shouting and cheering as we made our way onto the stage. The group routine couldn't have gone better. As I walked to the front of the stage my vision blurred and that's all I can remember.

I woke up early Saint Patrick's Day morning. My stomach was doing cartwheels with nerves and excitement. I got in the shower and then put on my parade outfit. I forced myself to eat a bowl of cornflakes while listening to the radio. The next words I heard as I sat at my kitchen table shattered my heart. The corona virus had spread to Ireland. The parade I had been dreaming about every night with the last few months was cancelled and the whole country was being put in to lockdown. My Saint Patrick's Day was ruined.