

The dance recital

Anonymous

It was just another dance recital for Fred, who didn't come out of his own free will, to maybe catch up on much needed zzz's or perhaps be spotted by someone he knew so they would think he was a lot more cultured and sophisticated than they gave him credit for. In any case, Fred didn't look forward to it.

So the lights came down and the show was underway. The stage was empty and out came a lone male figure sporting the traditional leotard which signified the snoozfest was about to begin. 'Come on Fred get into it' Roger chided, but inspiration was not to be found for someone who just there for moral support. Roger's sister was a supporting dancer and, well to put it frankly, to not see anybody she knew come to her performance would have been soul crushing. Whether or not anyone would admit to such a thing is entirely another matter.

The show carried on as normal when all of the sudden, the male dancer lunged up into the spotlight, did a spin and in the brief instant a portion of him was obstructed from the audience's view, he grew thirty feet and a body full of orange hair. The stage completely disappeared and in its place an enormous funnel of water appeared underneath the audience who now found themselves inside the roman colosseum, as in the actual one. However that was not the strangest part.

What really did their heads in was how they themselves ended up transforming. A very wealthy banker became opossum and now found herself diving head first into the giant funnel-shaped colosseum filled with water. He thought perhaps maybe his check to the red-cross bouncing had something to do with it. Fred wasn't an exception and he also transformed, into something which was somewhat poignant given this philistine's resistance to the performance

arts. As the giant's brightly luminous side kick they would find solace with each other as they navigated this new world which had an official name 'the republic of be careful what you wish for'. If you don't believe me, asks Roger's girlfriend who was now a barely noticed immigration officer guarding the gates to the kingdom. Her dreams of stardom had not panned out the way she imagined, it could be said.

Roger was really the one responsible for this whole mess. He wasn't looking to get into trouble as is generally the case with people who attend dance recitals chiefly in order to be in the good graces of those close to them. However in this actual physical manifestation of a Damocles sword waiting to be stumbled upon, how sympathy is granted goes according to a different set of rules.

The structure of the colosseum was built with carcasses. But these weren't just any carcasses. These carcasses belonged to those who didn't do things out of genuine interest, rather to please people. Roger was such a pretender. Their numbers were so vast that there were more than enough of them to hold up their fellow brethren who were just as uncommitted to living their lives.