

# Description of a familiar place essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

They walk into a beautiful room, thick blood red, velvet curtains, soft. The floor is so exceptionally clean and shiny, they can almost see their own reflection in it. The bluebird like dancers can be seen through the gap in the curtains, floating gracefully around the room to the sound of the softly playing piano.

In the waiting area there is a smell of leather ballet shoes as everyone is getting ready for their class. Screaming, crying and laughter is all that can be heard for the first five minutes as the younger, less experienced children run excitedly out of the hall. Some have rips in their salmon pink tights, others are full of the joys of spring as they are told they have passed their exams.

As the noise quietens down the smell of oranges takes over the room as the students are drinking their refreshments before setting off home.

Ready and patiently waiting behind the beautiful, floor length curtains are the students for the next class. They are all dressed the same in their tights, navy blue leotards with waist and head bands in a beautiful sky blue.

As the class begins everybody is very enthusiastic about using the barre. The air is full of excitement and anticipation when the class begins it's like the feeling you get on Christmas Eve. They start the different exercises and are left feeling sensational. Moving on the class begins their centre work. For this they need to move gracefully across the floor to the centre where they need to turn into pink flamingo's standing elegantly on one leg. Some students find balancing comes naturally like a duck to water, others can find it somewhat challenging, they look like jelly wobbling on a plate.

Moving on to the next stage is the tricky part, this is when everybody tries to spin around, still trying to look as peaceful as a ballerina in a music box.

Occasionally this doesn't go to plan and the class goes home looking like they have fought ten rounds with Frank Bruno, A multitude of colours like in a tropical fruit basket. They fall landing face down only to see their own reflection in the mirror like floor. They try to get back up while the rest of the class stare at them like rabbits caught in head lights.

After their embarrassing moment and they lose the scarlet red colour from their cheeks, they return to being the delicate ballerina's they are, only slightly more colourful than the beginning of the class.

As the end of the class approaches they admire the luxurious curtains for the last time of that week. They perform their last exercise beautifully. Smell the sweet smell of freshly squeezed oranges. Then head for the changing room. Whilst changing into their soft, cosy clothes ready for the short journey home their muscles feel achy and sore but they leave taking one last look over their shoulder as they can't wait to come back and do it all again next week.