

I went to bed at 1am last night. Awards for dance ended at 11. I had to take off my 8 layers of makeup and (crawl) into bed. This is hard. I woke up at 6 today. I danced for 7 hours. That's more than half the time I've been awake. I drove for four hours. I just got home. Everything hurts, but I have to plaster a smile on my face and act like it's ok. →

THEN, after everything

I just told you about dance
people act like dance is easy,
I'm complaining, dance isn't a
sport, etc. **If it helps:** think
of dance like running laps
while smiling and making it
look easy.