

Ballerino



By Matthew Hogg and Alice Lin

The Ranterino in...

Ballerino

A story for Middle to Upper Primary
Word Count: 758

www.theranterino.com

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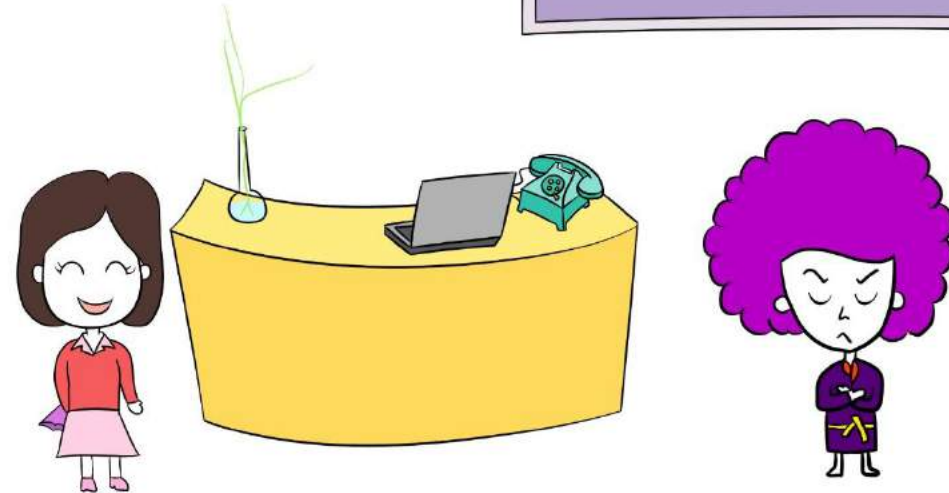
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The lady at the dance studio
Was surprised yesterday
When the Ranterino walked in,
And even more surprised
When she heard him say,
'Hello, I want to do ballet.'





The lady looked him up and down
As he stood there in a purple gown.
'Are you sure you want a ballet class?
You have to buy a ballet pass.'
The Ranterino shook his head.
'Can't I just take a trial lesson instead?'



The lady smiled and said OK.

'Do you want to take a lesson today?'

The Ranterino nodded his head.

'Well, let's get you an outfit,' the lady said.

She disappeared for a minute or two,

Came back and said 'This should suit you!'

'What is that?' The Ranterino replied.

'It's a tutu,' the lady said, surprised.

'Don't you know that's what we wear?

And this one matches your purple hair.'

The Ranterino held the tutu up

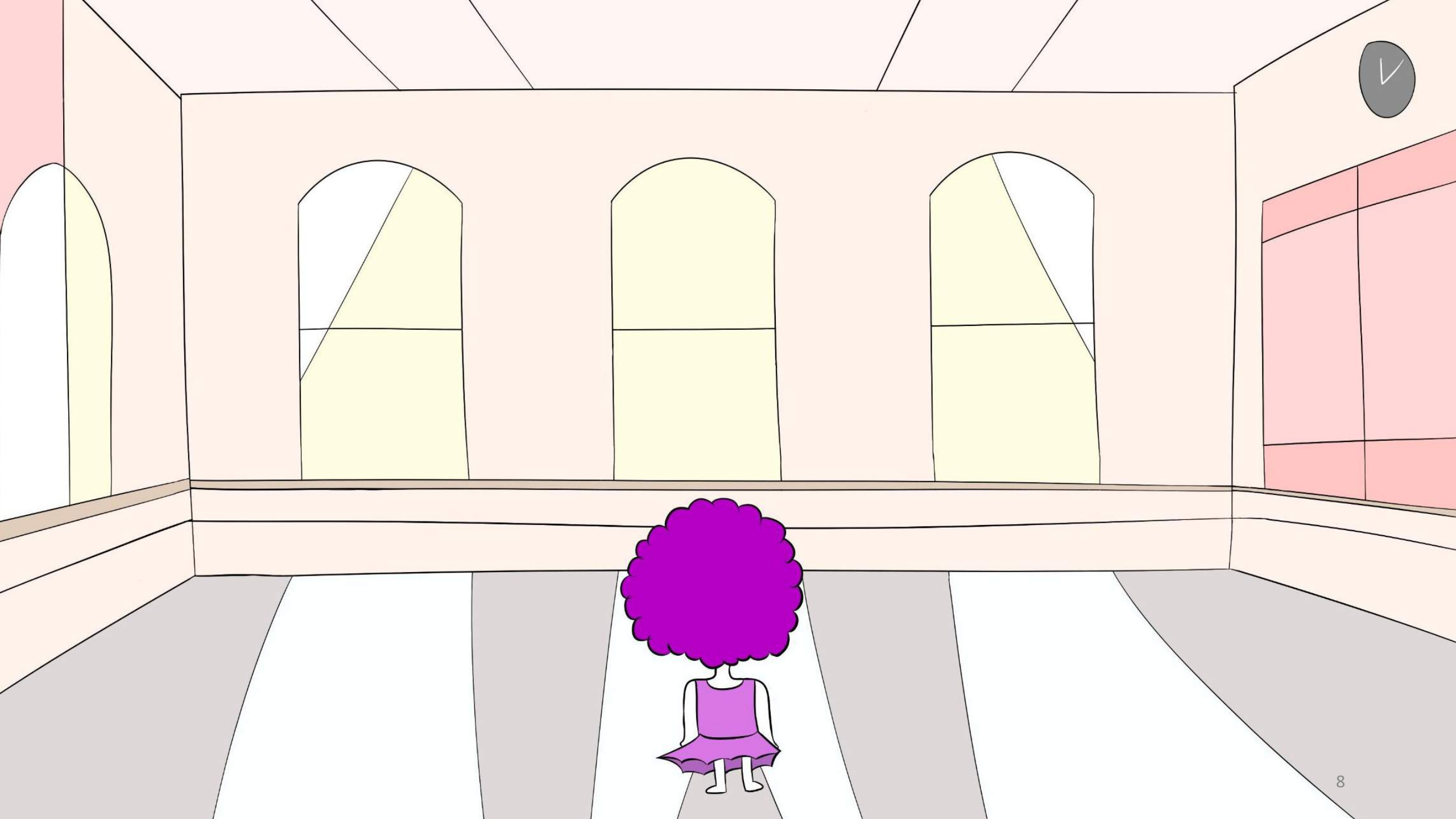
And gave it a funny look.

'Ok,' he said, 'If that is so,

I'll get changed... Where do I go?'



The lady pointed to the right and said
'Just round there, go ahead.'
The Ranterino went to change,
Thinking tutus were very strange.
When he was ready he walked on through
To the dance studio which was shiny-new.
He looked at the mirror, bar and varnished floor,
Then he heard the instructor come through the door.



'Just you today?' the instructor said.

The Ranterino nodded his head.

'I'm here for a trial class.'

'First time then?' The instructor laughed.

'Well, first we need to stretch at the '*barre*',

Which is French for bar.'

The Ranterino looked at the bar.

'*Bar, bar, bar.*'



The instructor lifted up her leg
Until it was higher than her neck.
The Ranterino's eyes opened wide
'I do that too?' he cried.
'*Avant!*' Shouted the instructor.
'That's French for forward.'
The Ranterino walked up to the bar,
'*Bar, bar, bar.*'



With one foot on his head,
The other painfully on the floor,
The Ranterino, weeping,
Heard people coming through the door.
Wiping the tears from his eyes
He saw to his surprise
A photographer and reporter
With a mother and a daughter.



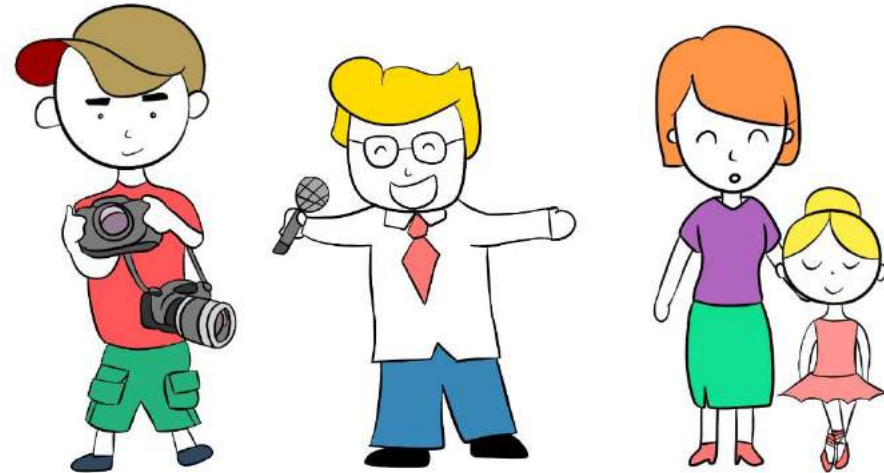
They all said hello and howdy do
And looked at the Ranterino
On one leg, in his purple tutu.

'We are here to take some photos,'
The photographer called out.

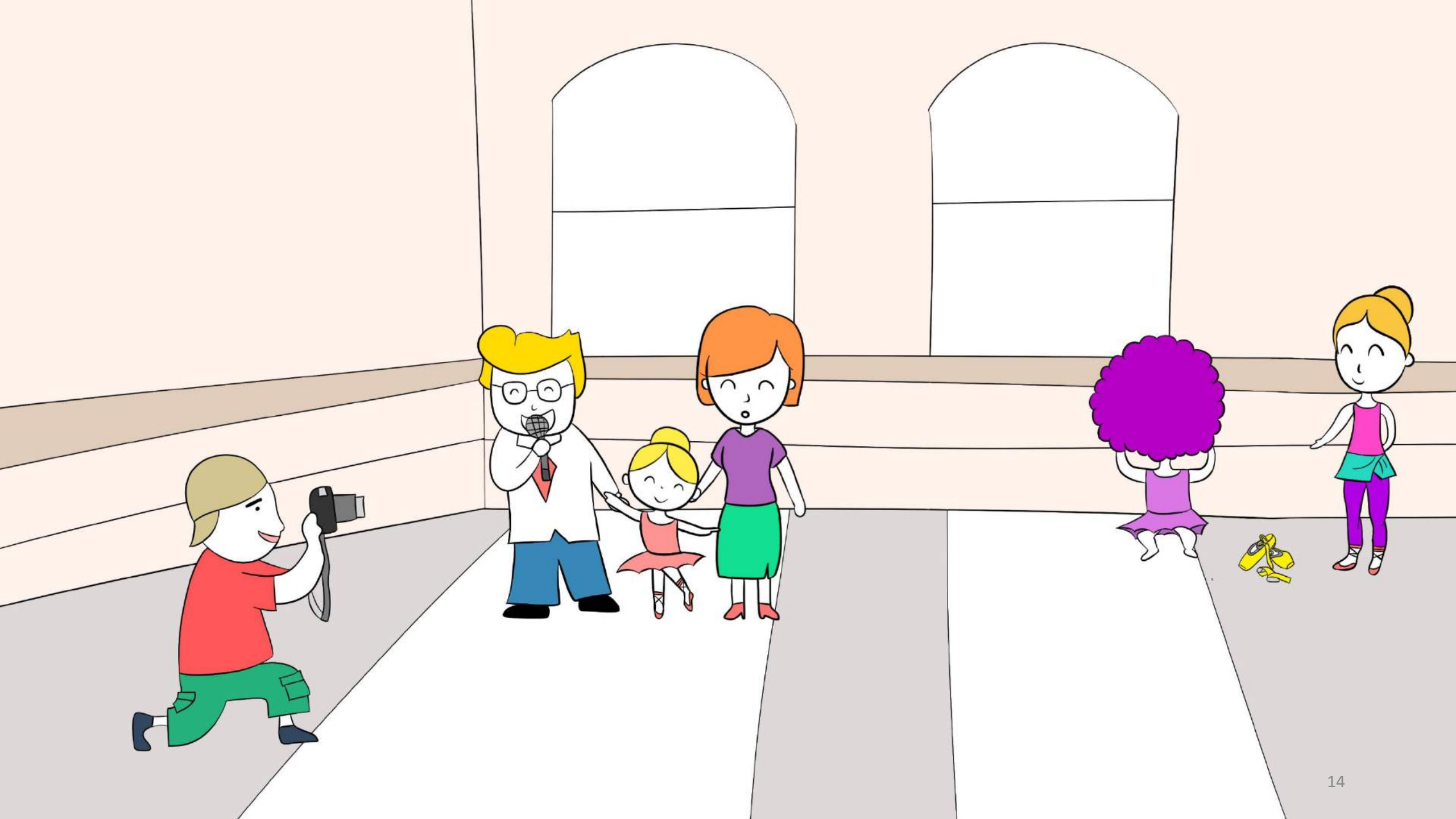
'This little girl won a ballet competition last week.'

'She's amazing, amazing,' the mother started to shout.

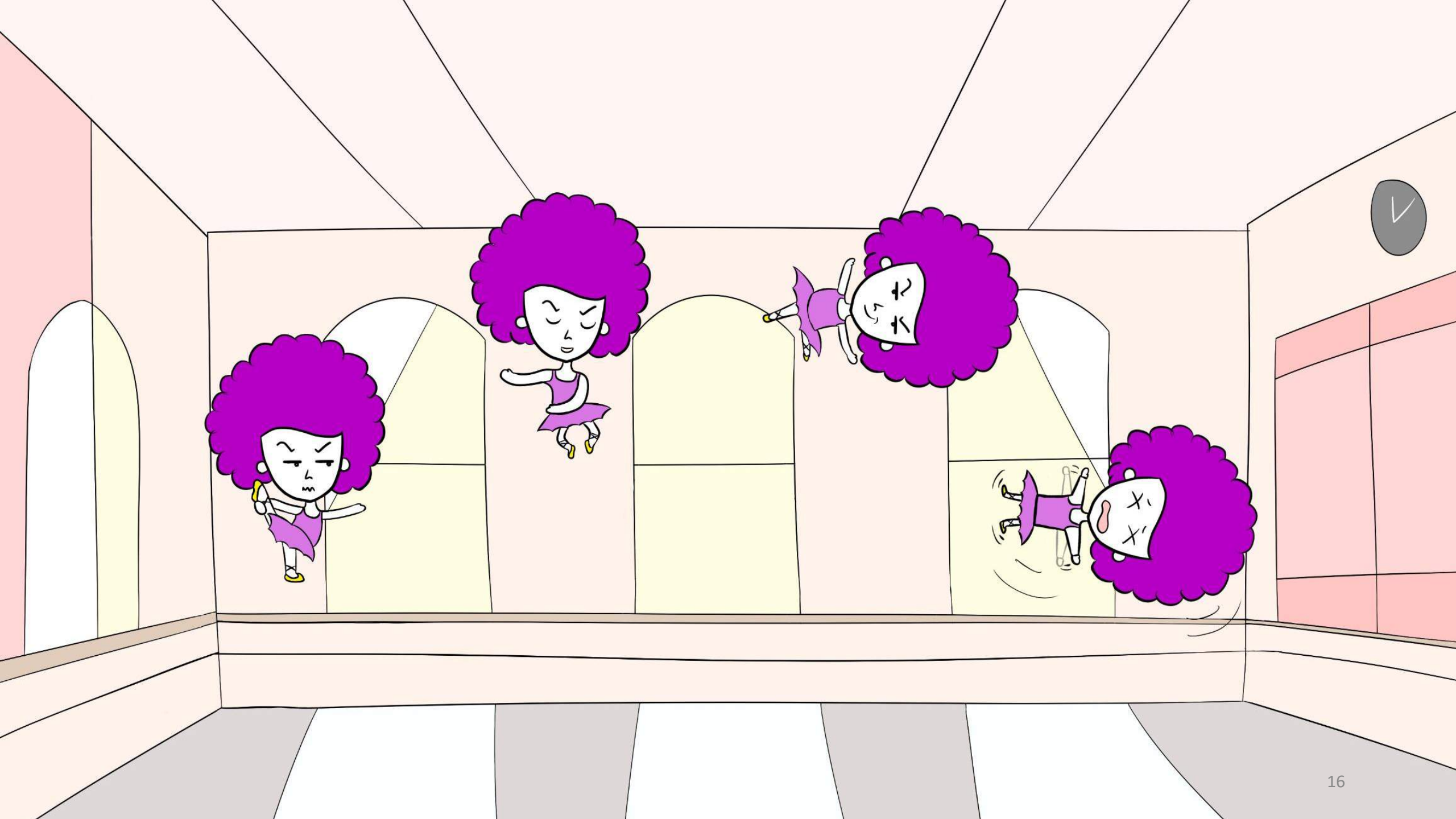
The Ranterino continued to weep.



While the daughter and the mother
Posed for photos by the mirror,
The instructor said to the Ranterino,
'*Salutes, soubresauts, echappe, adagio!*
That's French for some ballet moves.
It's time to put on our ballet shoes.'
The instructor went out through the door,
Came back and tossed some ballet shoes on the floor.



Ballet shoes on, feet in pain,
The Ranterino tried in vain
To jump and move as he was told
'Sissone! Aplomb!'
But when he got to *'entrechat,'*
Well, that was that!
He floated up, so gracefully....
Then landed on his back.



'Are you ok?' the instructor said.

The Ranterino shook his head.

'I think I've gone and broke my back.'

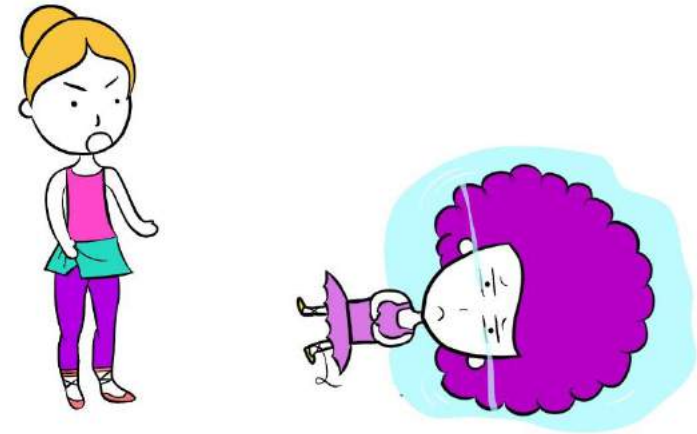
The instructor shook her head,

'I'll go call an ambulance, stay where you are!

I will be straight back.'

'You say "Stay where you are"?!?'

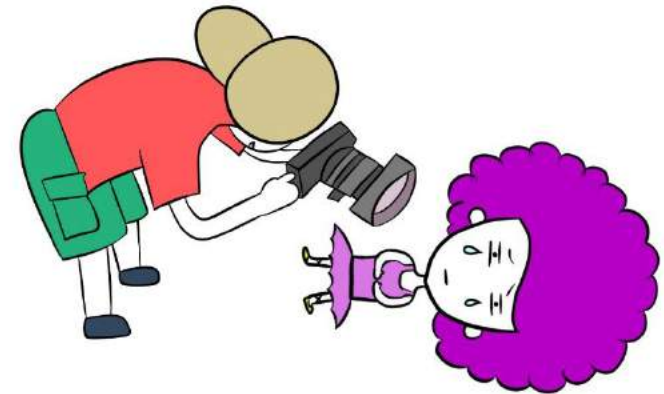
I can't move! Blah, blah, blah!



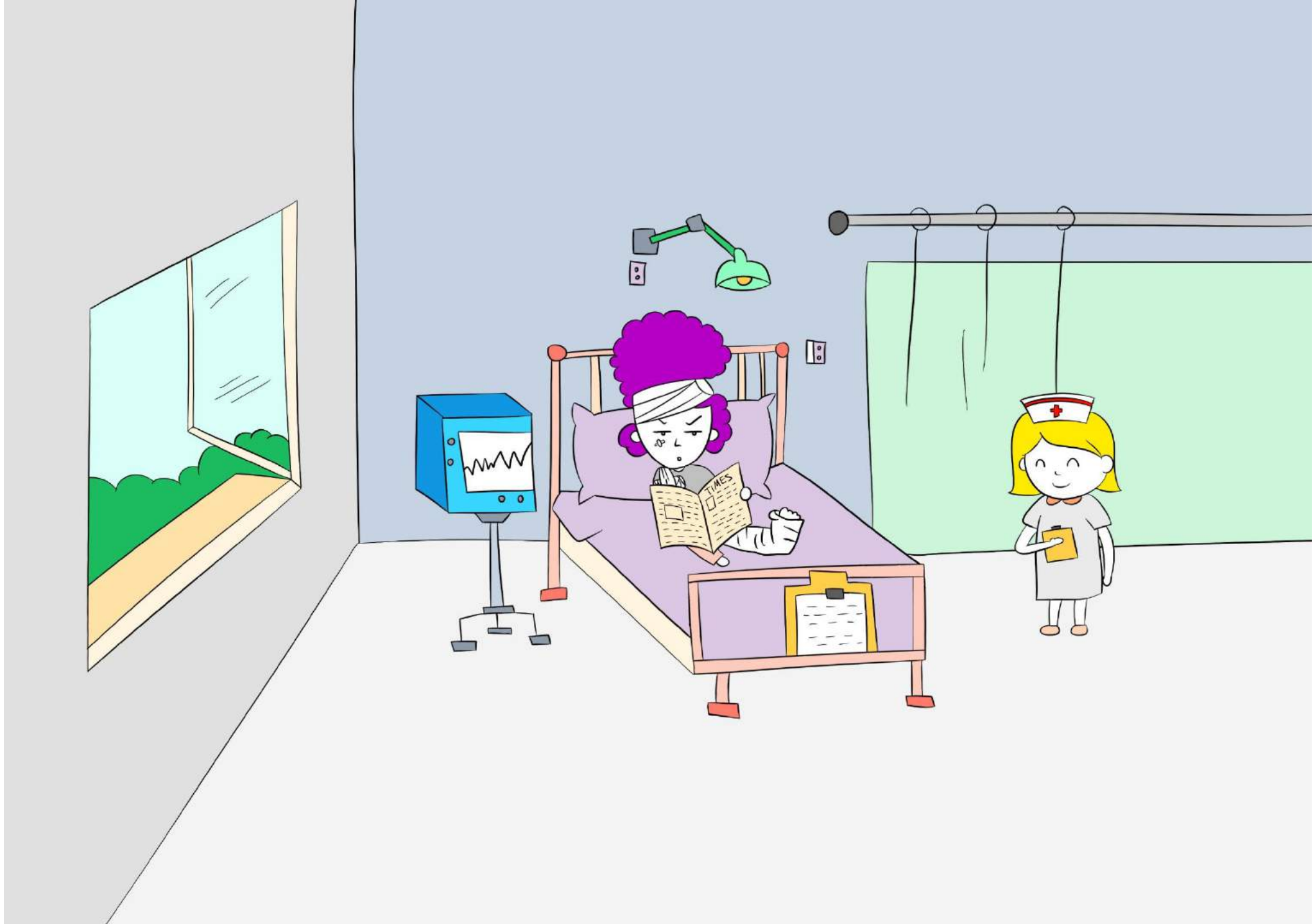
The mother and the daughter,
The photographer and reporter,
All came over and said 'Are you ok?'
The Ranterino looked up and said,
As he tried to lift his head,
'I'm not feeling so good today.'
He looked up to the heavens and sighed.
Soon the ambulance arrived.



As he was being stretchered out,
The photographer called out,
'Do you mind if I take a photo?'
The Ranterino, meaning *Yes, I do mind!!!* said 'No!'
But the photographer misunderstood.
He thought he meant he could.
He snapped a shot and then one more before
The paramedic closed the ambulance door.



The next morning as he lay there
In the hospital bed
A nurse came in and said,
'I know you can't move but you can read.
Here's the morning paper.
Ring the bell if there's anything you need.'
In bandages from head to foot
He lifted up the paper and took a look.



On the front page there he was
Being put into the ambulance,
Stretchered, looking grim.

The title on the front page said:

THIS IS WHAT BALLETT DID TO HIM

The Ranterino dropped the paper to the floor
And said to himself as he looked at the wall.

'I don't want to do ballet anymore.'

THE DAILY STAR



THIS IS WHAT BALLET DID TO HIM

Bibbity Bobbity Boo -

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By: John

The End

Have fun reading
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