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The Audition

By: Ruby Smith

“Ruby Smith.”

I stood up and slowly walked to the table, she was already standing, waiting for me. *Why was I so nervous? Just remember what Laural told you. It's a small audition, and you're almost certain to get it.* I tried to calm myself, without success.

Earlier that day, when I arrived at North Coast Dance, I had felt as small and nervous as a mouse in a room full of hungry cats. I was there to audition for a musical theatre group called YPC (Young Performers Company). There were a bunch of girls of different ages, but only one that I knew. Della, she was probably about three years older than me, and was already engrossed in a conversation with her friends. I didn't know her that well, I'd only talked to her a few times and I sure didn't know her well enough to feel comfortable interrupting her.

“Hey,” my dad asked, “doesn't she go to your school?”

I nodded.

“That's Della,” I replied.

“Hi Della.” Like I said, I was too nervous to say anything. My dad however, was not. She turned around.

“Oh, hi.”

“Are you nervous?” my dad inquired.

“No, not really,” Della told him,

Clearly she had done this type of thing before. I, on the other hand, had absolutely no experience. After they had talked for a little while my dad turned back to me.

“Would you be okay if I left for a little bit?” he asked. “I could get a couple of things done and then come back to get you.”

“Sure,” I said with a weak smile.

“You’ll do fine,” he reassured me.

“Okay,” I said, although I didn’t really believe it myself. “Bye, Dad. See you soon.”

He gingerly walked out of the building. I just sat there for a while, waiting. What else could I do? I just sat there listening to people talking and laughing all around me. *Was I the only one here who felt nervous?* Throughout the while time, I only saw one other person who seemed nervous. She was a girl about one or two years younger than me and was crying to her mom. I felt bad for her, even I wasn’t that scared. The only people who paid much attention to me were two girls, about seven years old based on their height. They wanted me to play with them, but I wasn’t really in the mood.

“Hi, my name is Madison,” one of the girls told me.

“Nice to meet you,” I replied, “I’m Ruby.”

“Do you want to play with us?” Madison asked.

I wasn’t really in the mood, but how could I say that without sound rude?

“Not right now, maybe later,” I responded.

They then scampered off talking and laughing. I just sat there in that hot stuffy room, waiting, watching, and listening for my name. It seemed like everybody knew everybody else, except me. I didn't know anyone, and nobody knew me. As I sat there, I noticed small, unimportant details like how there was only one boy, or how there was this one girl who went around trying to annoy other people she knew.

“Ruby Smith.”

Time seemed to slow as I stood up and walked toward the table, and it nearly stopped as she began to lead me down the hall. She was tall, about eighteen years old with blond hair, a little past her shoulders. I never did learn her name.

As we walked down the long hallway she turned to me, “How are you feeling? Are you nervous?”

“I'm pretty nervous,” I replied.

Then suddenly, I found myself blabbing everything to her, I guess that's just what happens when you get too nervous.

“This is my first audition. I'm really scared and I feel like I 'm going to forget the words to my song...,” I trailed off, embarrassed.

We passed many doors. Each time I thought, *this is it!* But, we kept walking until we reached a door near the end of the hall. She opened the door to a big, nearly empty room there was a piano in one corner with the accompanist sitting on the piano bench. One wall was almost entirely made up of a huge mirror, and in it I could see myself, standing in the doorway looking as feeble as a kitten face to face with a large dog.

Near the mirror sat three women in wooden chairs. I recognized one of them as Daphne. I had met her once a long time ago. The other two I had never seen before. The one in the middle (who I would later recognize as Jessie), had blond hair about the shoulders, and she was shorter than Daphne with kind eyes and a nice smile. The last judge was tall with brown hair, she looked more stern than the other two, but not mean.

My throat suddenly felt dry, and my heart was beating so loud I was sure they all could hear it.

“Good luck,” the woman who had led me down the hall said with a smile.

A million thoughts flashed through my head. *What if I couldn't remember the words to my song? What if I messed up so bad that they wouldn't let me in?*

With that, she closed the door. This was it, I couldn't turn back now, and even if I could I would never forgive myself.

“Are you nervous?” Daphne asked kindly.

I responded with a slight nod, a weak smile and a shrug. I seemed to slow with every step as I walked over to the accompanist. She had short dark brown hair and she smiled at me as I handed her the music. Then I showed her where I wanted to start and stop and what tempo I wanted the music to be. Almost unwillingly, my legs carried me to the center of the room.

“My name is Ruby Smith. I am ten years old and I will be singing, *How Does a Moment Last Forever.*”

The judges smile encouragingly to me. I was about to look back and give

the accompanist a nod to tell her I was ready, when almost as if she had read my mind, she started playing. I had to calm down, “*You can do this!*” I told myself. Finally, I took a deep breath and began to sing. I started quietly at first, but got gradually louder as I gained confidence.

Later that day, as I sat in the sun on my porch, I thought about how the audition had been a good experience whether I got in, or not. I have been more confident and sure of myself ever since that day. Sure it was scary, but it helped shape me into who I am now. Not only that, but I did get in, and that was the best part. I made new friends, and improved my musical theatre skills. The fall class ended, but I am looking forward to doing the next class when it starts.