

The Day I Was In A Performance by Lonica – Year 7

I am going to write a story to tell you all about the day I was in a Performance.

When I was in Upper IIA (Year 6 – Class A), we had our annual performance in February 2010. The play this year was a musical called, 'We'll Meet Again.' The play was set in a World War II evacuation centre and was based on different people's lives. Our performance was to be performed in the school hall.

I had one of the main roles; my role in the play was a strict Billeting Officer called Mrs Barffoot. My job was to collect all the Londoners and deliver them to a safe home in the village.

We missed many lessons in order for us to practise our play in front of the teachers. Other classes in the school came to watch us perform, the reason being was so that we had a chance to see what it was like to perform in front of an audience.

The performance date was getting closer, but I was getting on quite well when I was trying to remember my lines.

We were to act in front of our parents and family friends; this was a play for all ages. We had to perform for two nights; this doesn't mean that we did one half of the play on the first night and the other half on the next night; it meant that parents had a choice on what night they wanted to watch the play.

On the night of the performance the way I got to school was by my Mum driving me there. I wore red lipstick, and I had my hair curled. I wore a black dress, which had floral patters on it.

After seeing how many people had come to see our performance, I did start to get quite nervous. As we were waiting for all the audience to be seated, I went to my friend and started to chat to her to clear away my boredom.

"Are your parents coming to watch you tonight or tomorrow night?" I asked my friend Holly-May.

"They are coming to watch me tomorrow night," she replied.

"How do you feel about them watching you perform?" I asked.

“I’m not sure, I guess I would probably feel quite nervous,” said Holly-May.

“Same,” I agreed.

When it was my turn to come on stage, I was about to burst out laughing from embarrassment, but thank God I ended up smiling. To cover up my hideous smile I used my clipboard. As I gradually got into the acting mood, I had forgotten that the audience was even there.

Thankfully I didn’t forget my lines and I was quite pleased by the way I performed. The refreshments made me quite happy. We enjoyed these when the performance had ended.

At the end of the day, my Mum was very pleased with me. I was pleased that I had taken part in the play. During refreshments, I was chatting to my friend, Holly-May and then we were given a basket to collect money for charity. We went around collecting money, and there was a parent talking to the Headmistress, we got money off the parent, and as I turned around, the Headmistress said to me, “You performed very well.”

“Thank you,” I said quite happy to have heard this compliment.

“Did you have to do extra practice for this performance?” she asked.

“Yes we did, we missed some lessons to rehearse our play,” I replied.

“Well here is some money for your charity basket,” she said, whilst placing a five-pound note in the basket.

“Thank you,” I said and the Headmistress continued talking to the parent.

When I got home, I was very tired, but happy that after all that it really paid off. I went straight to bed where I thought about the time I was in a performance.