

Ava & Florence: A Dream Come True

Ava and Florence had only known each other for a year, yet it already felt as though they had been friends forever. Although they attended different dance clubs after school, they shared the same passion for performing, loved listening to Taylor Swift and could spend hours inventing dance routines together. Every lunchtime, while most of the other children hurried onto the football pitch or raced towards the climbing frame, the two girls headed for a quiet corner of the playground where they could rehearse their latest choreography.

It had become something of a tradition. As soon as the lunch bell rang, Ava would carefully balance her phone against her water bottle while Taylor Swift's music played softly from the speaker. Florence would count them in.

"Five, six, seven, eight!"

For the next twenty minutes, they practised with remarkable determination. They repeated every turn, every jump and every hand movement until they matched perfectly. If one of them made a mistake, they didn't complain or become frustrated. Instead, they simply laughed before starting again. Both girls believed that great dancers were not born talented—they became talented through patience, perseverance and plenty of practice.

One chilly Thursday afternoon, their teacher, Mrs Morgan, paused as she walked across the playground.

"I've been watching you two all week," she smiled. "You know, the most impressive thing isn't how well you dance."

Ava looked puzzled.

"It isn't?"

Mrs Morgan shook her head.

"No. It's how kindly you help each other improve."

The girls smiled at one another before continuing their rehearsal.

Neither of them realised just how important those words would soon become.

The following Saturday, Florence's mum dropped her off at Ava's house for their usual weekend get-together. The girls rushed upstairs, spread notebooks across the bedroom floor and immediately began planning another dance routine. They argued cheerfully over which Taylor Swift song would be best before finally agreeing on one they both loved.

Just as they were practising the chorus for the tenth time, Ava's mum called upstairs.

"Girls... could you both come down for a minute?"

The girls exchanged curious glances.

Had they been making too much noise?

When they reached the living room, both mums were standing together with enormous smiles on their faces.

"You'd better sit down," Florence's mum laughed.

Ava frowned.

"Why?"

Instead of answering, Ava's mum held up two colourful envelopes.

At first, neither girl understood.

Then they saw the familiar gold stars printed across the front.

Ava gasped.

Florence covered her mouth.

"No way..." she whispered.

"We've managed to get Taylor Swift tickets," Ava's mum announced.

For a moment, the room fell completely silent.

Then the girls screamed so loudly that the family dog ran out of the kitchen in alarm.

They jumped up and down, hugged each other repeatedly and began talking so quickly that neither could understand what the other was saying.

"It can't be real!"

"When is it?"

"What are we going to wear?"

"We have to finish our dance!"

The excitement was almost impossible to contain.

Over the next six weeks, the concert became the centre of their world. Every spare moment was spent rehearsing. They refined every movement, adjusted every formation and practised until they could perform the entire routine without making a single mistake.

Even when the weather turned cold and rain forced them into the school hall at lunchtime, they refused to give up.

"You know," Florence laughed one afternoon, wiping sweat from her forehead, "I think we might know this routine better than Taylor Swift."

Ava grinned.

"I hope so."

Finally, the long-awaited evening arrived.

As they approached the enormous stadium, both girls stared in amazement. Thousands upon thousands of excited fans streamed towards the entrance wearing glittering outfits and friendship bracelets. The bright lights illuminated the night sky, while music echoed through the surrounding streets.

"I've never seen so many people," whispered Florence.

"There are almost one hundred thousand here," Ava replied, her voice filled with awe.

When the concert began, the atmosphere was electric.

Every song was louder than the last.

The audience sang every word.

The stadium sparkled with thousands of lights held high in the air.

Then, halfway through one of Taylor Swift's biggest songs, something unexpected happened.

The music stopped.

Taylor stepped towards the microphone.

"I need your help," she announced, smiling warmly.

"Our two dancers backstage have both been taken ill. They've been amazing, but they simply can't continue tonight."

A murmur spread through the enormous crowd.

"So," Taylor continued, "I'm looking for two people who know this routine."

The giant screens began searching across the audience.

Ava looked nervously at Florence.

"Should we...?"

Florence nodded.

Without another word, the girls began performing the routine they had practised hundreds of times.

Every movement matched.

Every spin was perfectly timed.

Every smile reflected months of hard work.

People nearby quickly noticed.

Then more people turned to watch.

Soon, an entire section of the stadium had formed a circle around them, cheering as the girls danced.

Taylor spotted them almost immediately.

She pointed towards the crowd.

"You two!"

The cameras zoomed in.

One hundred thousand people erupted into applause.

Security guided the astonished girls through the crowd and towards the enormous stage.

Neither of them could quite believe what was happening.

The music began once more.

Standing beside one of the world's biggest pop stars, Ava and Florence performed exactly as they had done every lunchtime in their school playground.

Only now, instead of a handful of classmates watching...

There were one hundred thousand people.

The giant screens displayed every movement.

The audience clapped in time with the music.

When the song ended, the stadium exploded with applause.

Taylor hugged both girls.

"You've just saved the show," she smiled.

"No," Ava replied, still trying to catch her breath.

"We were just doing what we love."

Taylor laughed.

"And that's exactly why you were brilliant."

The following Monday, life at school returned almost to normal—apart from the fact that everyone seemed to know their names.

Teachers congratulated them.

Friends wanted to hear every detail.

Even Mrs Morgan smiled knowingly.

"I told you," she said.

"It wasn't your dancing that impressed me most."

The girls looked puzzled.

"It was the way you worked together."

Walking home that afternoon, Ava realised something important. Of course, standing on stage with Taylor Swift had been unforgettable, but that wasn't the reason everything had happened.

It had happened because of hundreds of ordinary lunchtimes spent practising in the playground, encouraging one another, correcting mistakes and refusing to give up.

Sometimes, the biggest dreams don't begin under bright lights in front of thousands of people.

Sometimes, they begin quietly... with two best friends, one school playground and the determination to keep dancing.