



Let's Dance!

In New York, we have a saying that "white girls can't dance!" There is nothing racist about this statement. It's just a given fact. Of course there are some exceptions to the rule, but I am not one of them. This cliché was pretty much invented for me.

Thank the heavens, for techno, house, electro and their easy beats. Even I can **bounce** my way across the dancefloor. For a while, I thought "I got this!"

Fast forward to my first trip to Reunion Island, to meet my husband's family. We'd gone out dancing before, in Mainland France, and that had worked out fine. The atmosphere and music was similar enough to New York's, to make me feel at home. However, our first family event in Reunion, equipped with a DJ, made me very humble. I stood there with my mouth **gaping**, watching women and men **twirl** and **shake** their **bottoms**, effortlessly. There were specific dance steps involved, not just bouncing to a beat. Complicated, **tie your feet up in knots** moves, that I was convinced were taught since birth.

I will admit, that I tried studying the way Creole women were **swaying** their **backsides**, wanting to understand how to get that Maloya **boogie** into my step. My only saving grace is that **mostly**, Maloya, is a dance you do independently or with a group of friends. I couldn't make anyone fall or **stumble** with my **mishaps**. I look even more like a pro, when I get invited to parties, where the dress code is the traditional Maloya dress. A little skirt waving and the local look is **pretty much** guaranteed, for the most part. I still have a **way to go**, until I **get** those **booty** shakes **down** right. It's just not part of my **genetic make-up**. But I'm getting there. The right partner can help too. **Wink Wink**.

But nothing could prepare me for Sega dancing, for couples. This requires a tempo that was beyond me, for nearly ten years. I just couldn't get the footwork or the hip synchronization down. In fact, I was quite certain that I was going to break an ankle trying. It made me remember watching my parents, doing their **nifty**, 50's dancing, at weddings, when I was younger.

Luckily, once I gave up trying, like lots of things in life, I finally succeeded or **sort of**. I found that by closing my eyes, looking only at my 1.90M, husband's chest, I could **give up** following the steps and just be **led** around the dancefloor. Sega is a dizzying but wonderful dance to me now and I no longer **beeline** it **out of there** when I hear it.





Vocabulary

to bounce - rebondir

fast forward - avancer

gaping – bouche ouverte

twirl - tourner

shake - secouer

bottoms, backsides, booty - popotin

tie up in knots – faire des nœuds

swaying - balancer

boogie - danse

mostly, pretty much – la plupart

stumble - trébucher

mishaps - mésaventures

way to go – de la route à faire

to get something down - perfectionner

genetic make-up - constitution génétique

wink - clin d'œil

nifty - coquette

sort of - presque

to give up - abandonner

to be led - être mené

beeline - ligne droit