

As I enters the double doors, the smell of freshly roll biscuits hits me almost instantly. I traces the fan blades as they swing above me, emitting a low, repetitive hum resemblin a faint melody. After brings our usal order, the "Tailgate Special," to the table, my father begins discusses the recent performance of Apple stock with my mother, myself, and my older eleven year old sister. Bojangle's, a Southern establishment well known for its fried chicken and reliable fast food, is my family's Friday night restaurant, often accompanied by trips to Eva Perry, the nearby library. With one hnd on my breaded chicken and the other on Nancy Drew: Mystery of Crocodile Island, I can barely sits still as the thriller unfold. They're imprison! Reptiles! Not the enemy's boat! As I delves into the narrative with a sip of sweet tea, I feels at home.

"Fiv, six, seven, eight!" As I shout the counts, nineteen dancers grab and begins to spin the tassels attached to their sword while walk heel-to-toe to the next formation of the classical Chinese sword dance. A glance at my notebook reveals a collection of worn pages covers with meticulously plan formation, counts, and movements. Through share videos of my performances with my relatives or discover and choreographs the nuances of certain regional dance and their reflect on the region's distinct culture, I deepen my relationship with my parents, heritage, and community. When I step on stage, the hours I've spent choreographing, create poses, teach, and polish are all worthwhile, and the stage become my home.