

Pas de Deux

Mikhail was walking down Eighth Avenue to the studio to begin his daily ballet practice. But it was such a nice day! Why couldn't he practice outside in the sun and the trees? So he turned into Central Park and found a clearing with an empty park bench and started in. After finishing stretching and several pliés and relevés, Mikhail began a series of grand battements, pointing his toe to the top of a beautiful cypress tree nearby. It was only then that he noticed that he had an audience, a scruffy guy standing several feet away. "Hey, twinkie! You a dancer?" Mikhail gave an almost imperceptible nod and continued his glorious kicks to the heavens. "Twinkie! Maybe you're scaring away the squirrels. Do you think you could kick a football instead?" After a few minutes of this, Mikhail had had enough. He danced around the guy and planted a toe in the backside of his tormenter, who thereupon executed a perfect grand jeté over the park bench. Mikhail wanted to show him that when the toe-ing gets guff, the guff gets toe-ing.

