



Bharatanatyamin Ballet Shoes



words by

pictures by Mahak Jain Anu Chouhan



Bharatanatyam in Ballet Shoes

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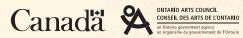
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This book is dedicated to the hereditary dancers of the South Asian subcontinent.

-M.J. & A.C.



Paro was excited to learn a new dance, but on the first day of ballet class, she was worried.

"What if I'm terrible?"

"You won't be," Paro's mother said. "You come from a dancing family."

"But we don't dance ballet. It's not the same."

Paro peeked inside. Dancers were twirling and swirling like little fairies. Her tippy-toes started tingling. Her toes weren't nervous!

Paro watched two dancers show off their moves.

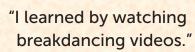
Marco said he learned ballet as a baby. He could already pirouette.

"My mother taught me."





Dana said she never learned ballet.
She could helicopter, though.



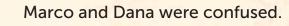




Paro's mother was a dancer too, and Paro hadn't learned ballet either.

She showed Marco and Dana what she could do.

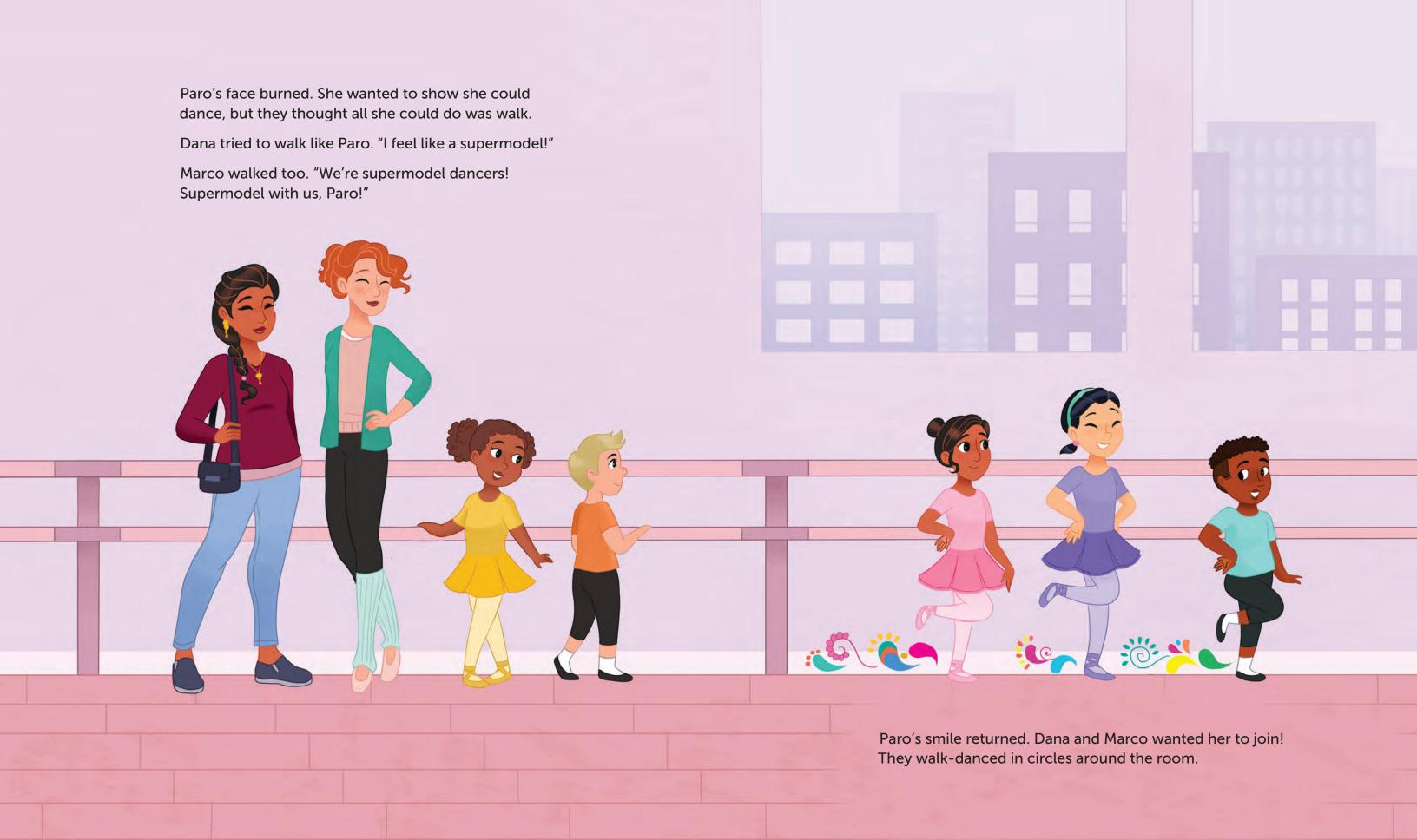
She walked, like a Bharatanatyam dancer.



"What's the dance move?"

"I think she was walking."

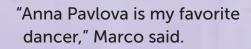












"My mom likes to eat pavlova," Dana said.

"You can't eat Pavlova!"

Dana giggled. "It's my mom's favorite dessert."





"My favorite dancer is Rukmini Devi," Paro said.

"Who's that?" Marco said.

"Can you eat it?" Dana said.

Paro blushed and shook her head. She wanted to show she knew dancers too, but Dana and Marco had never heard of Bharatanatyam dancers.





"A pudding," she said, because her worries were puddling all around her.

There was so much about dance she didn't know.

