CONFIDENCE

I paced back and forth in my dressing room, feeling as if my world was spinning.

"Where are you? Hey-" I heard a voice say, but they stopped once they saw me.

"Hi," I greeted once I noticed someone with long brown hair and bright green eyes standing in my doorway.

"I'm the costume designer. I just came to check on how the costume fit." They explained.

"Oh." I responded, brushing a strand of my black hair behind my ear.

They walked over to me, patting me on the shoulder.

"You know," They started, "you shouldn't be so nervous."

I looked back at them, brushing their hand off my shoulder.

"That's easy to say, but when you're faced with all of those people looking at you and judging you, what are you supposed to do?" I blurted, not even taking time to breathe.

Their green eyes softened as they let their hand fall to their side.

"Just be yourself." They encouraged me. "I think that's the best part of you."

I rolled my eyes. "Like that's gonna help." I muttered.

They started to reach for my hair, and started to move some strands of my hair to different places, as if fixing it.

"How can you change the world?" They asked.

I blinked. "Huh?" I replied.

"That's what my teacher always told me before I started working." They replied, moving their hands back to their side.

I noted what they had said blindly, not really giving much thought to it.

"You're on in two minutes!" I heard someone shout from a room down.

I nodded and walked away, towards the stage and stood there, waiting for the call.