

Personal reflection

Before

Monday: Ballet

Tuesday: Piano, Gymnastics

Wednesday: Ballet

Thursday: Dance

Friday: Ballet, Gymnastics

Saturday: Dance

Sunday: -

This was my weekly routine before I got injured. When I'm reading it now, it seems obvious to get injured, if you do sports 6 or 7 times a week. But during that time, I loved it. It was stressful, exhausting and there were many days where I just wanted to do nothing, but at the same time it was my way of releasing stress and I thinking about nothing while I am dancing. I needed it because it gave me the time to forget about other things.

After the autumn holidays in 2018, the pain in my right foot started. In the beginning, the pain was not that bad, so I decided to do all my sports and to ignore it. But of course, it did not get better, instead it got worse. Every normal person would have talked to his*her parents and they would have gone to see a doctor. But from former injuries I knew where this would lead to: A sports break. So, I danced with the pain for about two months and it was at its worst when I danced ballet. Even my ballet teacher recognized that it was painful for me and it is quite hard to ignore the pain when it even hurts while you're walking. So, I told my parents about it and we went to see the first doctor. An orthopedist. She only taped my foot and said that it should be better in two weeks otherwise we should make another appointment. During the two weeks, no sport. After two weeks I started with ballet and dance each once a week. The pain came back after one week. My mother asked, if I felt any pain and I couldn't lie. So, we went to see another doctor. This time a sports physician. She told me that my sacroiliac joint was blocked. She put it back in place and also told me to take a break from any sport for a month. It should go away, but if not, we should come back. At this point I was already exhausted. I have had the pain for almost three months now and I just wanted it to go away. One month later I slowly started dancing again and it seemed to be okay, but after two weeks it started to hurt, again. And we went back to see the doctor. She told us to do an MRT and we made an appointment. I was scared. But I wasn't afraid of the MRT, I was afraid of the results and their consequences. The results came in and they told me that something was inflamed and that I needed to do a sports break for half a year and that I probably won't be able to do that amount of sport ever again especially ballet. That was the point where I just lost it. I couldn't realize what they told me. I couldn't realize what I did to myself. I cried immediately when we arrived back at home. The half year started and, in the beginning, it was relaxing and I had a lot of free time. But with the time I became annoyed. I was in a bad mood almost every second day because I had no way to release my stress and everything else. After a while it got better and I adjusted myself to it.

First time back at dancing I was afraid and horrified, what if the pain came back? And yes, the pain came back. All my hope for nothing, I thought. Off to the next doctor. We went to an osteopath and I was pretty sceptical. But he worked wonders. He did a few movements with my foot and the pain was instantly gone. Back in the car I cried happy tears. After one year of pain and three doctors, one appointment with an osteopath made it to go away. The doctor told me that the pain could come back, because I had it for so long and my body slowly started to think that the pain was normal.

After

Monday: -

Tuesday: Dancing

Wednesday: Ballet

Thursday: Piano

Friday: Gymnastics

Saturday: Dancing

Sunday: -

Now, my weekly schedule is way more relaxed and I have a lot of free time. Sometimes I still feel a little pain in my foot, but it is definitely not comparable with the pain I had one year ago. Afterwards, I can say that I learned a lot through that. I need to listen to what my body has to say and if I feel pain, I need to take step back. Otherwise I'm going to have other injuries, which will stay with me for my whole life as well. I also learned that there is a lot more than sport. I started journaling and I meet more friends because now I have the time. I can't do that much ballet anymore because it strains the foot the most. It is a daily reminder and I still think a lot about the past year, sometimes I think about, what could have happened if I had told my parents right at the beginning. But it doesn't matter anymore, because I can't travel in time and change everything to the better, if there is something better?

I'm happy now and I think that's the most important thing.