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# Dedication

**This book is dedicated to the readers. I hope you enjoy the remake of the book Me, Salsa Dance.**



My grandparents love dancing, especially salsa dancing. When dancing together, they smile a lot. One day my grandfather sees me watching them and says, "Roscoe, come over and salsa dance with your grandmother."

They don't know that dancing makes me feel nervous. Within minutes of asking me to dance, my shoulders shimmied and I left the room thinking me, salsa dance?







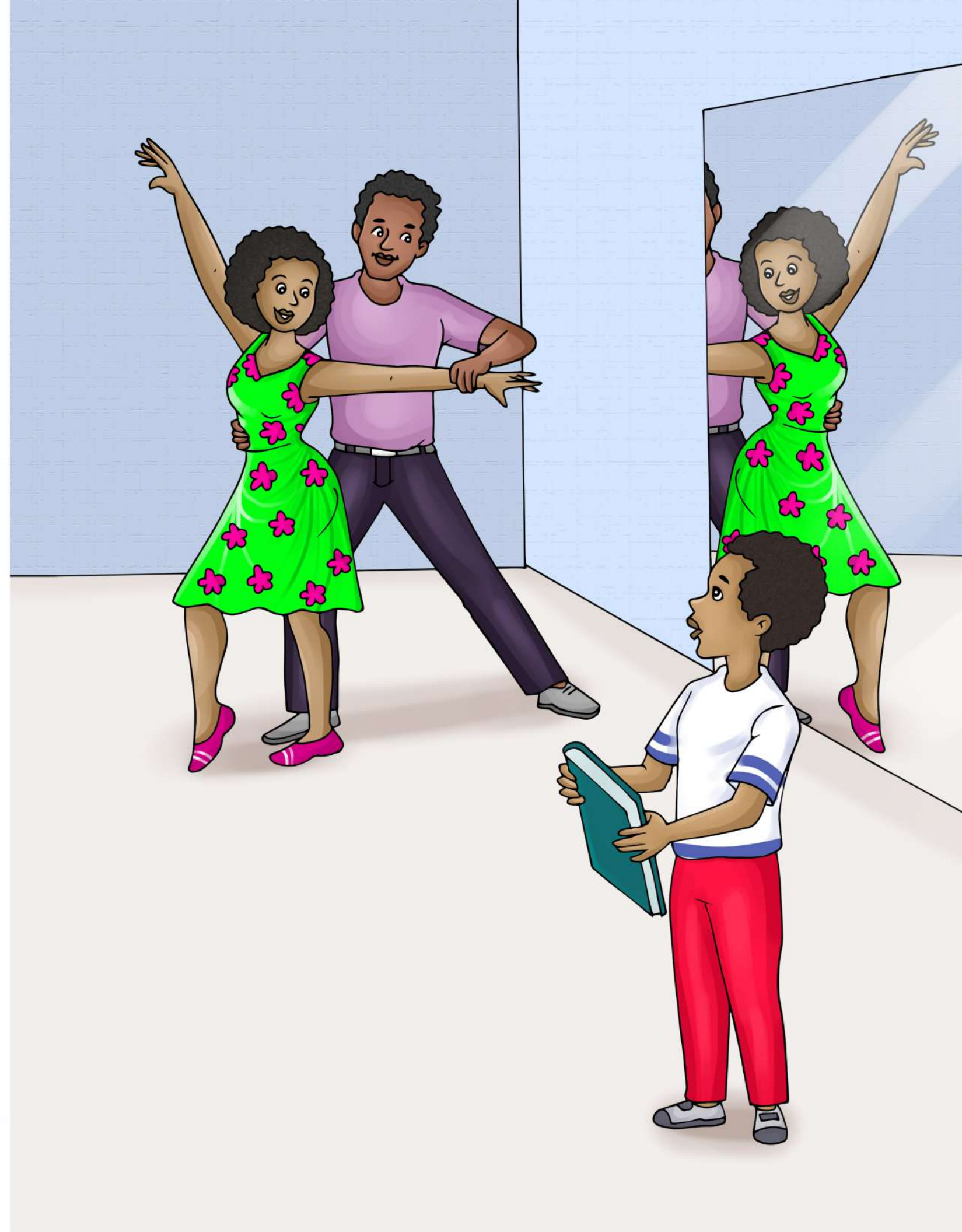
My mother likes salsa dancing in front of the mirrors in the big room. Her dance moves look like a queen bee buzzing around sweet-smelling flowers. She sees me in the mirror and says, "Come over here and salsa dance with your mother, Roscoe."

Moving like I'm about to miss my bus to the amusement park, I said, "Oh-oh Mom, I can't today. I'm binge reading books today." Still, I'm thinking me, salsa dance?



My father loves dancing too, especially with my mother. With sweat rolling down his face and onto his t-shirt, he asks, "What is binge-reading, Roscoe?"

"It's the craze going around school, everyone is reading this book. I have to finish this book, Dad." But I was thinking whew, me, salsa dance?







This summer my parents are planning a vacation that includes the beach and dancing. I love the beach.

My mom said, "Let's go to Florida."

"Yes, we'll have the sunshine, the ocean, and salsa dancing. Yeah, Florida!" said my Grandma.

My father said, "We will go to Florida this year and Bogota, Columbia next summer."

Grandpa said, "Yes."

Quietly, I whispered, "Me, salsa dance?"



As the days went by, my family gave me great suggestions for dancing salsa. Grandma asked, "Roscoe, do you like my apple pie?"

Grinning, like a happy-looking pumpkin and with a slice of her pie in front of me, I said, "Yes Grandma, your apple pie is the best."

"Your grandpa thinks so, too. You smile just like him, Roscoe. The next time you dance salsa, Roscoe, think about my apple pie and smile, son."

"Yes ma'am."







**My mother said, “Roscoe, when I’m salsa dancing my whole body wakes up. My feet are moving slow and sometimes fast and my arms sometimes punch the air.”**

**“What are you saying, Mom?” asked Roscoe.**

**“Wake up your body, Roscoe.”**

**“Yes ma’am.”**



While my dad worked on the car, the salsa music boomed from his cellphone. My dad saw me wobbling back and forth like a robot.

“That’s not bad, son, not bad at all. Don’t forget to count the basic numbers to the dance - one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.”

“Ok Dad.” I wobbled along.







That day I found myself staring at the lad in the mirror thinking about the upcoming vacation. He looked very familiar. I imagined that he said, "El nombre de mi abuelo es Roscoe y baila salsa. My grandfather's name is Roscoe and he dances salsa. El nombre de mi padre es Roscoe y baila salsa. My father's name is Roscoe and he dances salsa. Mi nombre es Roscoe y voy a aprender a bailar salsa. My name is Roscoe and I'm going to learn how to dance salsa."

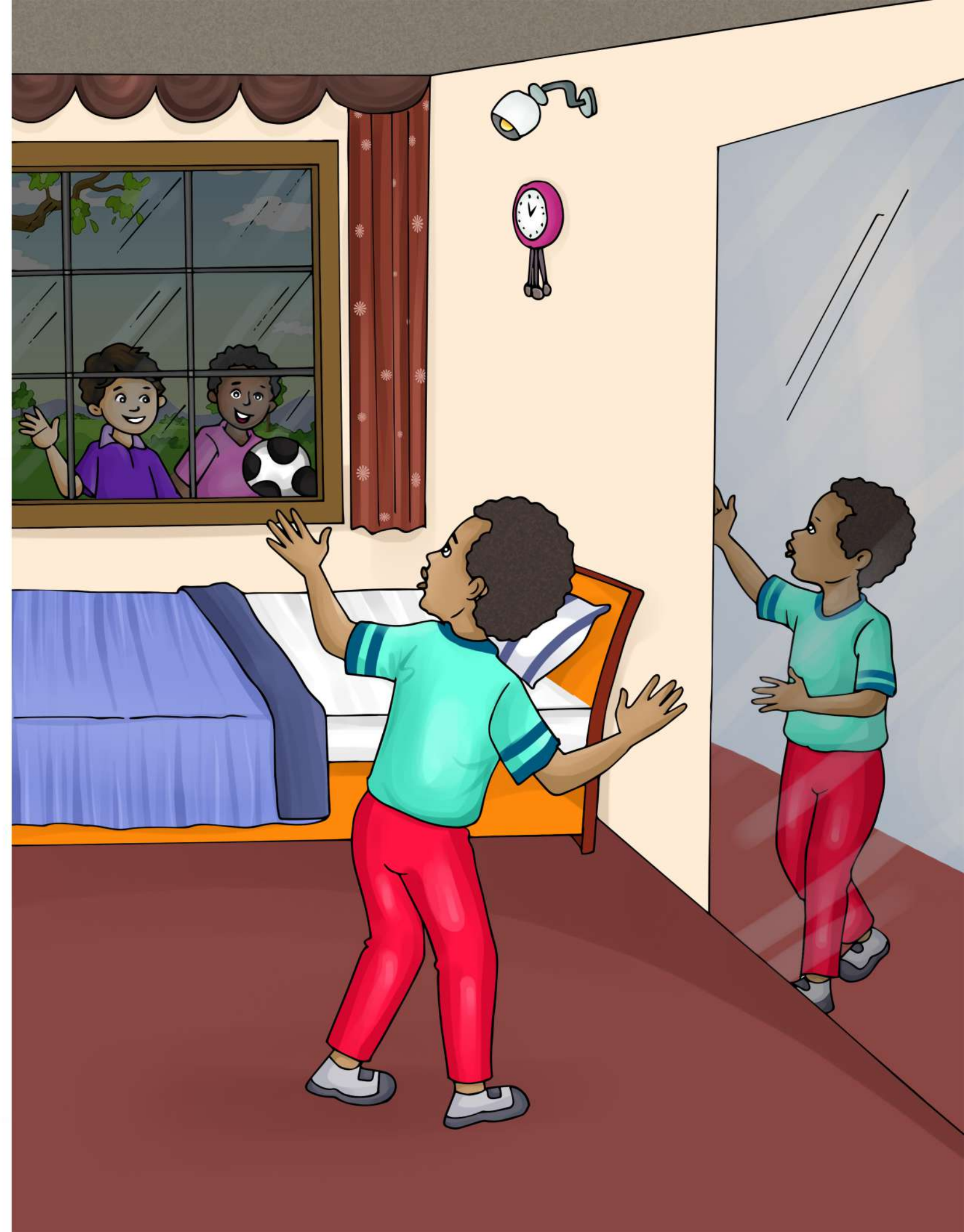


For the next ninety days I stopped playing football with Timmy and Kenny to practice salsa dancing in front of my bedroom mirror. Sometimes they would sit outside my window laughing, sounding like two cooing pigeons.

“Coo, coo, coo! Hey Roscoe, we need you on the football field,” said Timmy.

Kenny added, “Coo, coo, coo! Come on Roscoe.”

I would always say, “Not today guys, I have practice.”







One Saturday while on the porch, I was dancing using everything my family suggested to do. In my mind, I was hearing the music. My body was alive, arms and feet moving. Like my grandpa, like a fish out of water, I shimmied my shoulders, spun around, and....



**Ker-plunk. "Ouch!"**

**Down on the ground I looked up into the eyes of my best friend, Sara.**

**"Oh hi, Sara. Were you watching me salsa dance?"**

**"Yes."**

**I asked, "Sara, what do you think about my dance moves?"**

**"You were slightly off-balance, Roscoe. But I have something to share with you."**







Sara added, "Mr. James Goodfeet Johnson is showing people how to salsa dance at the library. Come along with me and my mother to take the class. Mr. Johnson promises to get people dancing salsa in sixty minutes."

"Hmm," said Roscoe.

"Will you go?" asked Sara.

"I'll ask my mom. Anyone with the nickname 'Goodfeet' must be a good dancer," said Roscoe.



Roscoe and Sara hurried down the street to her house. They saw their mothers standing in front of Sara's home.

"Hi Ms. Shelia, hi Mom," shouted Sara.

"Hello Sara," said Ms. Shelia.

"Hi Mom, hi Ms. Renee. Can I go to the library with Sara and her mom?" asked Roscoe.

Ms. Shelia said, "Sure, we are going to the library."







In minutes, Sara, Roscoe, and their mothers arrived at the library and went straight to the community room. Standing among the students in the room was Mr. Smith, the librarian. Mr. Smith was known for leading a reading club that read encyclopedias.

He said, "I'm sorry everyone, Mr. James 'Goodfeet' has taken ill and..."



Before he could finish talking he was interrupted by the man looking like he'd lost his dog. "I was looking forward to getting lessons from Mr. Johnson, a master dancer. A man with the name 'Goodfeet' must be a remarkable dancer."

"Oh no," said Sara.

"What now, Sara?" asked Roscoe.







Mr. Smith's next words changed the expressions on the people's faces. "I will teach the class."

One boy raised his hand in the air and shouted, "Yes! I'm ready."

The girls giggled and said, "We are ready, too."

Standing near, a voice said, "Hi Mr. Smith, my name is Ms. Penelope. Can I be your dance partner?"

It was almost as if Mr. Smith couldn't find the right words. "Yes, Ms. Pen-Penelope."



A big cheesy smile appeared on Mr. Smith's face and with three clicks on the remote, the room changed. The party lights came on, the fireplace light flickered, and the salsa music played above the oohs murmured by students.







Mr. Smith said, "Welcome to the salsa dance class. Ladies stand in front of a guy. Guys take hold of the lady's hand."

As Mr. Smith continued instructing us on how to hold our partner's hands and how to position our feet to start the dance, the girls couldn't stop giggling. The boys snickered as if a secret was uncovered by holding hands with a girl.

Sara asked, "He-he-he, are you ready Roscoe?"

Roscoe said, "I'm ready Sara."



Mr. Smith looked at his students and said, "This class will learn how to dance salsa in sixty minutes. I along with Ms. Penelope will demonstrate the movement and use the magic words: one, two, three, dance with me. Then you will do the same movement. Ok?"

The class responded with a low tone. "Yes, Mr. Smith."







For the next ten minutes, Mr. Smith surprisingly led the dance class, showing us many dance movements. He and Ms. Penelope danced to the music and the chorus of student voices “one, two, three, dance with me.”



Then on the next instruction by Mr. Smith, it happened for the class. "Class, on the next one count begin moving your feet like us."

The class said, "....Dance with me. One...."







**“Wow Sara, I’m dancing like Mr. Smith,”  
said Roscoe.**

**“I’m dancing, too, Roscoe, like Ms.  
Penelope,” said Sara.**

**Everyone in the class was dancing like  
Mr. Smith and Ms. Penelope. All over the  
room students were dancing, smiling,  
laughing, and repeating the magic  
words.**

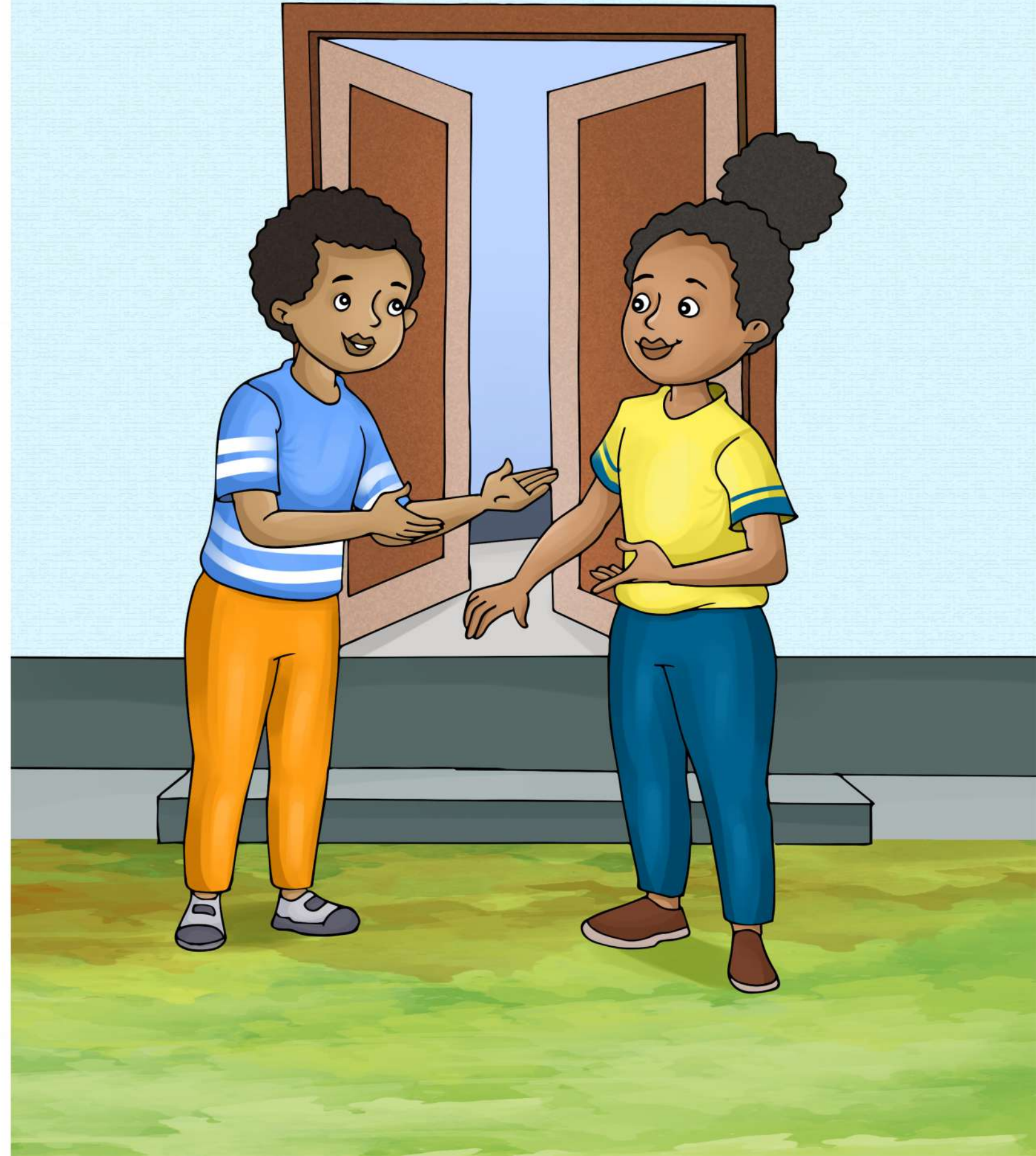


Then the music stopped playing. Mr. Smith said, "That's it class."

The class cheered and clapped. We learned how to dance salsa in sixty minutes.

Between the applause, Roscoe said, "Thank you, Sara, for telling me about this class."

"You're welcome!" said Sara.







That summer during our vacation, my family was no longer asking me to dance.

My mom said, “Look at Roscoe in the middle of the dance floor. His body is speaking the language of dance. It’s lively.”

Grandma said, “Like you, dear, he’s smiling and hamming it up.”

“Yes, and his feet are moving like he’s running in place,” said Grandpa.

Roscoe’s father added, “That’s my boy.”



Later during the school year, when Kenny and Timmy asked Roscoe if he still dances salsa, Roscoe had a great answer. "Me, salsa dance? Absolutely."

The end

