



# Darby and the Dance of Truth

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Darby was a bright-eyed girl with a love for all things colorful and creative. She often found joy in drawing and painting, but sometimes, a tiny fib would slip out, making her world a little less clear.



One sunny morning, her teacher announced an exciting art competition! Darby's eyes lit up like fireworks. "Mam, pick me, pick me!" she shouted, bouncing with excitement, her hand shooting into the air.



The night before the competition, a knot of worry tightened in Darby's tummy. She remembered a little lie she had told earlier, and a shadow of doubt clouded her usually cheerful face. "Oh no," she thought, "what if my lies come back to haunt me?"



At school, instead of painting, Darby went to her teacher with a sad face. "Mam," she said, holding her hand, "I hurt my hand, I can't do art today." Her kind teacher nodded, understanding the fib, and let Darby sit quietly while others painted.



A few days later, a new announcement filled the classroom with buzz: a grand dance competition! Darby forgot her past worries instantly, leaping from her seat. "Mam, pick me, pick me! I love to dance!" she exclaimed, her heart full of rhythm.



But this time, her teacher looked at her with a serious expression. "Darby," she said gently, "last time you said you practiced, but you told a lie." Darby's heart went thump-thump, and she hung her head, feeling a pang of regret.



"Please, Mam, I'm so sorry!" Darby whispered, her voice barely a squeak. "I know I lied, but I promise, this time I will be honest." Her teacher paused, then gave Darby one last chance, a hopeful smile gracing her lips.



That evening, Darby sat on a park bench, deep in thought. A colorful parrot squawked from a tree, "Squaaq, squaaq, lying is bad!" Then, a friendly dog barked, "Woof! Woof! Truth makes us strong!" Darby giggled, but their words began to echo in her mind.



On the day of the dance competition, Darby stood backstage in a shimmering gown, her heart fluttering like a butterfly. As her turn approached, she took a deep breath. "I lied before," she told herself, "but now, I will be honest with myself."



With newfound courage, Darby stepped onto the stage. She closed her eyes and danced, not with fancy moves, but with genuine truth, honest effort, and a brave heart. Her simple, real dance filled the room with a special magic, earning thunderous applause and the first-place trophy.