



HAPPY DANCE by D. Davis {Rated G}

Synopsis: A Photo Challenge story for March 2012 based on the adjacent photo.

Susan and Wendy are original characters also seen in [Female Troubles](#).

[All X-men characters belong to 20th Century Fox & Marvel]

There's thumping overhead. Slouched in my easy chair in the family room, I watch the light over the kitchen table sway. I hear squeals of, "Yyeess! Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! I don't believe it--"

I grumble, "What in blazes is goin' on?" to my wife.

I just got home from saving the world for the umpteenth time. I'm worn out and beat up. My healing factor's working overtime trying to compensate from a run-in with a nasty bunch of Sentinels.

My daughters' bouncing on the floor and screeching's making my headache worse. The last thing I'm in the mood for is a hysterical seventeen year old - don't care if it's happy hysterics.

Sensitive to my mood, Sue keeps her voice soft. "Just a couple minutes before you got home an envelope came for her in the mail."

My shrug says I don't connect the dots.

My wife tosses a clue. "An envelope from Julliard."

Sentinels must've knocked a few brain cells out of my head, because I really don't get it. My wife rolls her eyes and gets busy pouring me a beer.

The thumping over head ceases and I hear urgent padding of bare feet on carpet in the upstairs hall. Wendy hollers, "Sue, is dad home yet?"

Every cell in my body warns of imminent healing sleep. Ignoring it, I groan, haul myself out of my chair and shuffle to the bottom of the stairs.

Good Lord! So long legged, slender and graceful, she takes my breath away. Almost waist length, cocoa brown hair and the ultra feminine pale yellow dress she wears adds to her charm. When did she grow up? Witnessing her billion watt smile makes me forget my aches and pains.

"Daddy!" She flies down the steps and bear hugs me around neck. "I did it. I got in."

Suddenly, I get the clue, but I bet it's not a convent school she got into. Beautiful as she's turning out, I'd just as soon sequester her away 'til she's about thirty. Fat chance, old man.

"Julliard? Your first choice?" A little bit of her spirit infects my tone, tempered only slightly as see

dollar signs burning up in the back of my mind. “Way to go, Angel.” I swing her around, break our clutch and meet her palm in a high five.

She practically sings. “Yes, yes. I’m so happy, I can’t stand it.”

Even as Sue captures it on her cell phone camera, I do my darnedest to snap a mental picture of her leaping and tossing that untamable mane of hers. Fluttering and waving, the flimsy fabric of her dress and the ribbon at her neck seem to mirror her joy.

No way can I manage her kind of jubilant animation – not with a hundred extra pounds of adamantium weighing me down and a growly reputation to maintain, but I do manage to smile like the proud papa that I am.