OBJECT WRITING EXERCISE
WORD: Stage

Cold, hard, un-moving. 
Gargantuan, it stands in front of me like an ominous force. 
I feel small standing next to it. 
It almost feels as if it is moving towards me, though standing completely stone-still. 
It’s all dark. Black, metal, scuffed up. 
It smells of sweat and high-performance. 
The sound of my feet as I step up onto it echo all around me. Though I can’t see where it echoes, because the lights are blinding. 
It’s just one long echo with each step I take. 
I feel my pulse start to race. 
My palms start to sweat. 
I feel the back of my neck get hot. 
My mouth dries up. 
I open my mouth to sing, and the sound as it reverberates off the stage feels as loud as an army. 
I lie down on it, and I see the scuffs from leather-boots of a thousand performers that have worn parts of the stage down. 
I put my ear to the stage and I hear what sounds like the hum of electricity. Very quiet, Very low, but it’s there. 
Cables wind all around me. 
The lights are heating up my skin and I feel myself sweat even more. 
My heart races even faster. 
I stand up and jump once and it feel like the stage has a foot of give when I land, almost like a trampoline. 
But the stage stands still.