

Magic Ballerina

Delphie and the Birthday Show



Darcey Bussell

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Delphie and the Birthday Show

«HarperCollins»

Bussell D.

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Prima Ballerina Darcey Bussell takes you on a captivating journey to a faraway land of ballet and magic, the wonderful world of Enchantia! The sixth of sparkly new series for all young girls who dream of being a ballerina, or simply love to dance! Delphie's magic red shoes are suddenly feeling too tight, and she really doesn't want to give them up! But before she has time to worry, her friends in Enchantia need her help. King Rat is trying to spoil the Queen's birthday show; can Delphie help undo his mischief?

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*Magic
Ballerina
Delphie and the Birthday Show*



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To Phoebe and Zoe, as they are the inspiration behind Magic Ballerina.



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Map



**Magic
Ballerina**TM
Delphie and the Birthday Show

Author's Note

Welcome to the world of Enchantia!

I have always loved to dance. The captivating music and wonderful stories of ballet are so inspiring. So come with me and let's follow Delphie on her magical adventures in Enchantia, where the stories of dance will take you on a very special journey.



p.s. Turn to the back to learn a special dance step from me...



Prologue

In the soft, pale light, the girl stood with her head bent and her hands held lightly in front of her. There was a moment's silence and then the first notes of the music began. For as long as the girl could remember music had seemed to tell her of another world – a magical, exciting world – that lay far, far away. She always felt if she could just close her eyes and lose herself, then she would get there. Maybe this time. As the music swirled inside her, she swept her arms above her head, rose on to her toes and began to dance ...



1 In Class



Delphie sprang lightly into the air, crossing her feet over before she landed. Little jump, little jump, *pas de chat*, she thought as she sprang to the side like a cat. Stretch, bend and *pas de chat*. She landed without a single wobble, her shoulders down and her arms graceful, a smile on her face.

“Excellent, Delphie!” Madame Za-Za, her ballet teacher, exclaimed, clapping her hands together.

Happiness rushed through Delphie as she relaxed and ran back to take her place beside the others in the class. Madame Za-Za hardly ever said “excellent”.

Delphie had been having lessons at Madame Za-Za’s ballet school for seven months now. Madame Za-Za had caught her watching outside the dance studio window one evening and asked her in. When she had seen Delphie dance she had offered to teach her for free – and had given her the clothes she needed and a pair of old red ballet shoes.

Delphie looked down at her shoes. They were getting very tight but she didn’t want to have new ballet shoes because the red ones were magic! Every so often they would sparkle like rubies and whisk Delphie away to Enchantia, a magic land where all the characters from the different ballets lived. Delphie had had lots of adventures there.



If I have new shoes then I won’t ever get to go to Enchantia again, she thought. She was also sure that the shoes helped her to dance really well.

Trying to ignore her cramped toes, she focused on the girl who was dancing now. It was Rosa. She had only joined Madame Za-Za’s ballet school a couple of months ago. She was the youngest in the class but a really good dancer and she was quickly catching up with everyone else. Delphie watched as Rosa completed the sequence. There was a wonderful energy about her dancing that Delphie really admired.

Delphie smiled and put her thumbs up as Rosa hurried back to the group. Although Rosa grinned, most of the time she kept herself to herself and Delphie didn’t feel she knew much about her. *I should get to know her better*, she thought.

When the class finished they all went back to the changing rooms, chatting amongst themselves.

Delphie caught up with Rosa. “Poppy and Lola are coming back to mine on Saturday after class. Would you like to come too?”



Rosa immediately shook her head. “I can’t.”

Delphie was a bit surprised at Rosa’s abrupt reply. “Oh. Oh, OK, well, you’ll just have to come round another time then.” She expected Rosa to nod but Rosa didn’t.

“No. I... I really can’t,” she said firmly.

“What? Not ever?” Delphie frowned.

“No. Not ever. I’ve left my cardigan in the ballet studio!” Rosa said suddenly. “I’d better go and get it.” And with that, she hurried off.

Delphie stared after her. She had the feeling Rosa had been trying to escape from talking to her. But why? She went into the changing rooms feeling very confused.

“Are you OK?” Lola asked, seeing her face.

“Mmm.” Delphie sat down beside her. “I just asked Rosa if she wanted to come round on Saturday but she said no, and then she said she couldn’t ever come round.”

Lola and Poppy stared. “That’s weird,” said Poppy. “She’s usually quite friendly.”



Delphie spoke in a low voice, keeping one eye on the door in case Rosa came in. “I know. It’s odd. I wonder why...”

But just then the door opened and Rosa came in. Delphie quickly changed the subject. “Madame Za-Za didn’t say anything more about us wearing pointe shoes today, did she?”

The others shook their heads.

A few days ago, Madame Za-Za had told them that she thought some of the class were ready to start dancing on their pointes. It meant wearing special ballet shoes then that had blocks in the ends so that they could stand right on their toes just like proper ballerinas. Delphie knew that it was important for people not to start using pointe shoes until their muscles were strong enough. Madame Za-Za hadn’t said who in the class was almost ready but ever since she had mentioned it, Delphie, Poppy and Lola had been desperately hoping she meant them.

“My mum spoke to her when she collected me yesterday,” said Lola. “Madame Za-Za said she was going to tell us more about it soon.”

“Oh, I hope she says we’re ready,” said Poppy.

Delphie nodded. She imagined what it must be like to dance lightly on the tips of your toes and sighed longingly. She couldn’t wait to have pointe shoes. *But I’ll still keep my red ballet shoes,* she thought. *I’ll still need normal shoes so I’ll wear them too.*



But they're too small, a little voice said in the back of her mind.

No, they're not, Delphie thought firmly. She took them off and tried very hard to ignore the pain in her aching feet.



2 New Shoes



When Delphie arrived at the ballet school the next day, the first person she saw was Rosa, walking down the road from the opposite direction. Most of the girls were dropped off by their parents but Rosa always came on her own. Delphie always walked on her own too because she only lived a little way down the street. She waited for Rosa by the gate. “Hi!”

“Oh, hi,” Rosa replied.

“Where do you live?” Delphie asked curiously.

“In Hawkins Avenue,” Rosa replied quickly. “It’s only a few minutes away.”

“It’s cool being able to walk here, isn’t it?” said Delphie as they went up the steps and opened the big front door. “I think my mum and dad are pleased they don’t have to bring me. They’re not really into ballet although they do love coming to see me in shows. Do your parents like ballet?”

“There’s only me and my mum,” Rosa said, shutting the door behind them. “Mum loves ballet but...” she hesitated. “Well, she can’t really bring me here.” She changed the subject. “So, do you think Madame Za-Za will tell you that you can wear pointe shoes soon?”

“I hope so,” replied Delphie

“I’d love it if she said I could,” Rosa said longingly. “But I know she won’t. My mum says I’m not ready yet.”



“Your mum?” Delphie echoed in surprise.

“Yes, she was a...” But Rosa broke off as Madame Za-Za came out of her office.

“Ah, Delphie. Can I have a word with you?” her teacher asked.

Delphie exchanged startled looks with Rosa but Madame Za-Za was already walking back into her office. Leaving her friend to go on to the changing rooms, Delphie hurried after the teacher. Her heart pounded slightly. Maybe Madame Za-Za was about to say something about pointe shoes.

Madame Za-Za sat down in her office and patted the sofa, her bangles jingling as she did so. Delphie sat down beside her.

“Delphie, I want to talk to you. I am delighted with the progress you are making,” Madame Za-Za said, smiling. “When you first came here I could see you had talent, but as well as talent you have proved you have dedication. You work very hard, you are always here to practise before class, and this shows in your dancing.” Her eyes met Delphie’s. “I believe it is time for you to start working on your pointes, so here you are...”

Delphie gasped in delight as Madame Za-Za handed her a cardboard box. Inside it was a new pair of pink satin pointe shoes, nestling in white tissue paper. “These are for you.”

“Oh, wow!” Delphie touched the beautiful shoes.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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