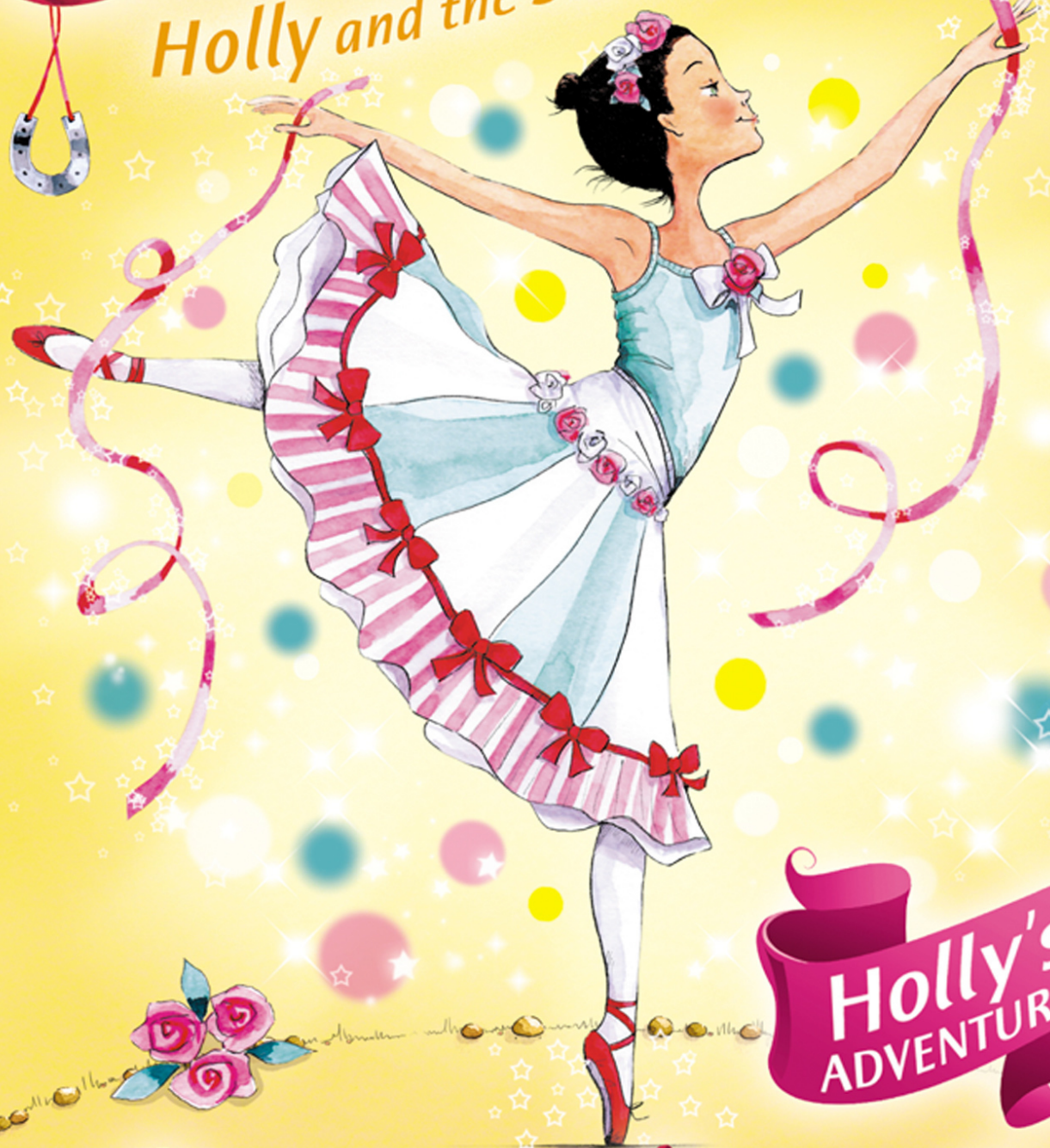


# Magic Ballerina



Holly and the Silver Unicorn



Holly's  
ADVENTURES

Darcey Bussell

Darcey Bussell

**Holly and the Silver Unicorn**

«HarperCollins»

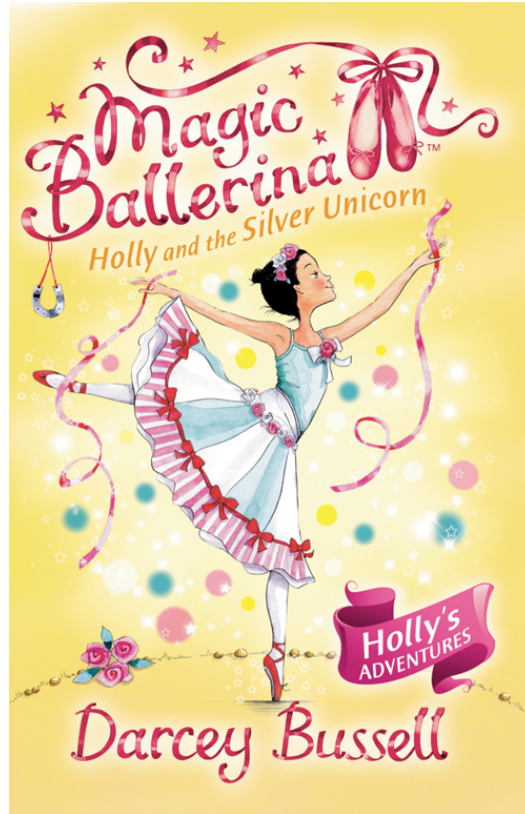
## **Bussell D.**

Holly and the Silver Unicorn / D. Bussell — «HarperCollins»,

Return to the magical world of Enchantia in the captivating third series of Magic Ballerina by Darcey Bussell! In Enchantia, Holly discovers a carousel of mythical creatures. They have been enchanted and trapped on the carousel by Wicked Fairy. She wants to capture the Silver Unicorn to complete her menagerie. Can Holly and the White Cat warn the unicorn in time? Or will he also be trapped on the carousel forever...

# Содержание

Table of Contents	8
Map	9
Prologue	10
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	11
	16



Magic  
Ballerina<sup>TM</sup>  
Holly and the Silver Unicorn



Darcey Bussell

HarperCollinsChildren'sBooks

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



*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 Holly on her magical adventures in Enchantia, where the stories of dance will take you on a very special journey.*

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "D. Bussell".

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



## Table of Contents

<a href="#">Cover</a>
<a href="#">Title Page</a>
<a href="#">Dedication</a>
<a href="#">Author's notes</a>
<a href="#">Map</a>
<a href="#">Prologue</a>
<a href="#">1 Dancing on Stage</a>
<a href="#">2 The Enchanted Carousel</a>
<a href="#">3 In the High Mountains</a>
<a href="#">4 Dancing Magic</a>
<a href="#">5 Captured!</a>
<a href="#">6 Breaking the Spell</a>
<a href="#">7 Saying Sorry</a>
<a href="#">Darcey's Magical Masterclass</a>
<a href="#">Acknowledgements</a>
<a href="#">Copyright</a>
<a href="#">About the Publisher</a>

## Map



## 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*



## Dancing on Stage



Holly Wilde stood with her class, waiting to go on stage, as beautiful music filled the theatre. Her teacher, Madame Za-Za, had choreographed a forest ballet for their Christmas production and this dress rehearsal was the first time the girls had danced properly in their costumes. “Oh, I hope we don’t get anything wrong,” whispered Chloe, Holly’s friend.

The other girls nodded anxiously.

“I’m so nervous!” said Alice.

“Me too,” agreed Lily.

Holly tucked a loose strand of brown hair back into her bun and moved a few steps away. She didn’t feel nervous. After all, they were only dancing the part of the *corps de ballet*.



The *corps* were supposed to dance together with no one standing out or being different. A small sigh escaped Holly. She would have loved to have got a main part, but she had only been at Madame Za-Za for six months and all the bigger roles had gone to the older girls.

She looked around at her classmates like her, they were all wearing long white dresses to dance the parts of sylphs fairy-like creatures with wings who led people astray. But, unlike her, the other girls were whispering nervously together. It made her feel very different.

*But things are different for you,* Holly reminded herself.

Her mum and dad were both professional ballet dancers and whilst that was exciting, it didn't make for the easiest of lives. Holly had spent most of her early years travelling around with either one or the other of them. Six months ago, they had decided that she needed to put down roots in one place, so she'd been living with her aunt and uncle ever since. She was getting used to it and now, at least, she'd made a friend in Chloe. Her first proper friend. *Well, in this world,* she thought.

An image of a dancing white cat flashed into Holly's mind and she smiled. For she had a secret a pair of magic red ballet shoes that whisked her away to the land of Enchantia, where the characters from all the different ballets lived. Holly couldn't wait to go back, but so far the shoes hadn't sparkled with magic since her first visit.

Still, there was plenty of time for that, she told herself and snapping out of her reverie, she practised a *plié*, finishing by rising up on her toes, her free arm moving out gracefully to the side.



Chloe came over. *How are you feeling?*

Holly looked at her in surprise. *Fine.*

*Really?* Chloe whispered. *You're not nervous?*

*There's nothing to be nervous about, is there?* Holly said, as she heard a change in the music. *Come on, it's almost time to go on. We'd better join the others!*

They hurried over to get ready.

When they danced on to the stage, the lights were so bright, Holly couldn't see anything in the darkness of the auditorium, but she knew Madame Za-Za would be out there, watching them. Holly did just as the others were doing, moving forward with tiny running steps, sweeping her arms down, and then up and turning round, before continuing onwards again.

But gradually the music took hold and the urge to dance as well as she possibly could started to build inside her. She tried to ignore it at first, but it grew fiercer and stronger. When the others stood on their toes, their arms in the air, Holly held her position for a moment longer, and as they moved into a circle and stood on one leg, she lifted hers higher than anyone else's. She wanted to be different. She didn't want to be just the same. She wanted to dance her very best!



At the end of the dance, the girls all ran offstage in their line. Holly stopped in the wings and took a deep, happy breath. She felt wonderful!

She vaguely noticed a few of the other dancers giving her cross looks as they headed off to the changing rooms, but she didn't really take them in until Chloe came over to her. "Holly! How could you?" she said.

"What?" said Holly in surprise.

"Dance like that. You were showing off like crazy!"

"No, I wasn't," Holly protested.

"But you were!" Chloe went on. "You know we're supposed to be dancing together, all doing the same thing. But you were dancing differently. Madame Za-Za's going to be really mad."



Holly felt a flash of anger as the buzzing happiness she had been feeling after the dance was abruptly extinguished. "I was only dancing as well as I could," she said, aware that a certain amount of haughtiness had crept into her voice. "What's wrong with that?"

"It's not what you do when you're dancing in the corps," Chloe said. "You know it's not." Her voice softened. "We're meant to act like a team."

Holly felt angry and she marched away, grabbing her old red ballet shoes from where she had left them at the side of the stage. How could Chloe tell her off like that? They were supposed to be friends. How dare she say she was showing off!

*But you were, weren't you?* a little voice in her head pointed out.

*I was just dancing the best I could,* Holly thought defensively. *We're supposed to do that.*

*No,* she realised, her temper finally calming. *In the corps we are supposed to dance together.*

As the anger drained out of her, she started to feel bad. What was Madame Za-Za going to say? And it wasn't just that. She'd snapped at Chloe. And the other girls, how must they be feeling?

Holly swallowed hard and stopped. She had reached the large scenery hall and the backstage entrance to the theatre. The stage-door keeper sat in a little cubicle letting the dancers and stage crew in and out.



“Are you OK, sweetheart?” he asked. “You look rather flushed.”

“I’m just hot,” lied Holly.

“You should be glad of the warmth. It’s snowing outside,” he commented.

“Snowing!” gasped Holly, her own problems momentarily forgotten. “Can I go and see?”

The stage-door keeper frowned. “You’re not really allowed outside the theatre when you’re here with the school.”

“But it’s the interval in a minute. I’m not needed on stage. I’ll only be a few seconds. Oh, I could really do with some fresh air. Please? I won’t do anything stupid,” Holly begged.

“Oh, all right,” he gave in. “But don’t go too far and if you’re not back inside in one minute, I’m coming to get you. Deal?”

“Deal!” said Holly, quickly hurrying outside.

The stage door opened into a quiet back street. The sky was dark and the only light came from a nearby golden street lamp. Snow was falling in big silent flakes, settling on the ground like a white carpet.



“Oh, wow!” Holly breathed, putting her hand out and feeling the flakes land icily on her fingers.

She watched them swirl down and suddenly was filled with the urge to dance in the snow. She couldn’t in her performance shoes – she would be in even more trouble if she got those wet and dirty. Pulling off her white shoes, she put on her old red ones, tied up the ribbons and jumped to her feet. She could hear the music faintly from inside the theatre as the first act finished and she began to twirl and dance.

Suddenly she became aware that it wasn’t just her hands and arms that were tingling where the snowflakes were landing, it was her feet too.



She glanced down and saw the shoes were shining as if they were covered with bright jewels.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.