

Magic Ballerina



Holly and the Magic Tiara



Holly's
ADVENTURES

Darcey Bussell

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Holly and the Magic Tiara

«HarperCollins»

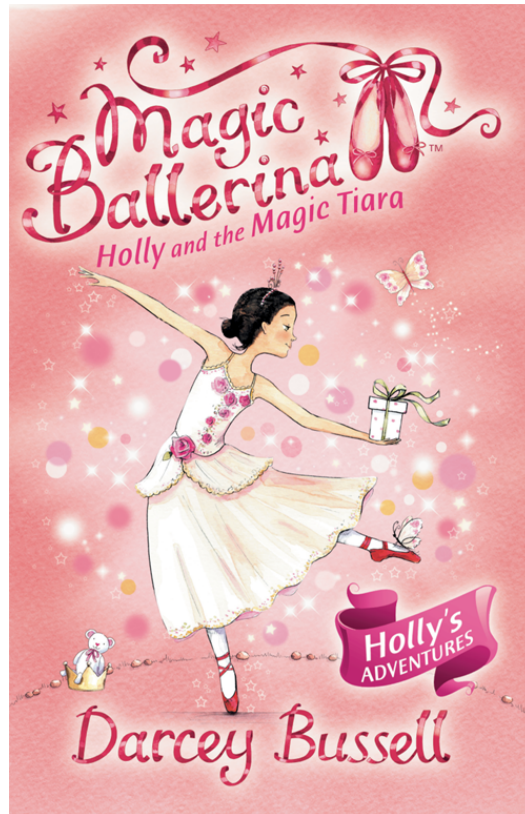
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Return to the magical world of Enchantia in the captivating third series of Magic Ballerina by Darcey Bussell! Holly has arrived in Enchantia just in time for the christening of Princess Aurora's baby. But one of the gifts isn't all that it seems. Princess Aurora's parents, King Tristan and Princess Isabella, have been so busy looking out for Sleeping Beauty's spinning wheel that they haven't seen what has been staring them in the face... in the magic tiara!

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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 cursive script, which appears to be "D. Bussell".

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



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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 ...



Ballet Class



Slowly Holly sat upright on the sofa, her eyes never leaving the screen. She was watching the end of the ballet of *Cinderella*, her favourite bit. She caught her breath as the Spring Fairy leaped softly into a *grand jeté*, almost floating in the air, before landing gracefully. Holly leaned forward, her hands clasped tight together as she watched the dancer flutter and move with the lightest of steps. Then the credits went up.

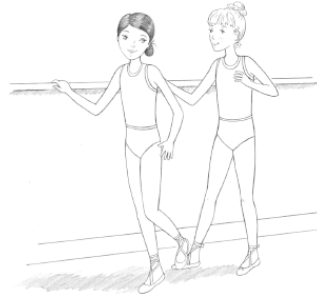


Her mother, a professional ballerina, had been dancing the role of the Spring Fairy. *She's just the best*, thought Holly, blinking back the tears. It had been so wonderful staying with Mum over the Christmas holidays and learning the steps to this very dance herself. But now it was January, and a new school term had started, so Holly was back living with her Aunt Maria and Uncle Ted while Mum was on tour with the ballet company. She liked her aunt and uncle, but it wasn't quite the same.

Still, it wouldn't be long till half term. Holly glanced at her watch and jumped up. She'd been so absorbed in *Cinderella* that she'd completely lost track of the time. She was due at Madame Za-Za's ballet school in five minutes. She'd have to hurry if she was going to make it in time for class.

Grabbing her ballet bag and throwing on her jacket, she rushed out into the cold air.

“And-one-and-two-and-keep-in-time ...” came Madame Za-Za's voice, crisp and clear, as the girls sank down in their *pliés*.



Holly felt a rush of happiness flood through her as she did what she loved most in the world.

“Push down into the floor as you straighten up ... Nice work, Holly,” called Madame Za-Za.

Holly's friend, Chloe, smiled at her as the class turned at the *barre* to do *pliés* on the other side. Holly smiled right back. It was lovely to have a new friend – up until last term, she hadn't really made any. Her parents had divorced over six years ago, and there had been a lot of moving around since. Her dad was a professional dancer as well, and, although Holly occasionally spent time with him, she was mainly with her mum or her aunt and uncle.

Holly concentrated hard, as Madame Za-Za instructed the class to move to the centre.



“Use your eyes, girls! Feel the magic!” said Madame Za-Za, walking down the rows of students, tilting a head here or raising an arm there.

As Holly checked her position in the ceiling-to-floor mirror of the studio, her eyes fell on her old red ballet shoes. They might look shabby, but they were really special. When she'd first been given them, she'd never imagined quite *how* special. *They looked so ordinary, but they were a million miles from that*, thought Holly, as she opened her arms from first to second position.

For Holly had a special secret. Her ballet shoes were magic! Twice already they had whisked her away to the land of Enchantia, where all the characters from the ballets lived, and where Holly had the most incredible adventures.

The class were working on a new position now, one that the Fairy Godmother held in the ballet of *Cinderella*. As Holly raised her leg behind her, trying not to wobble, pictures of the characters she'd met in Enchantia whizzed through her mind, finishing with the White Cat.



She couldn't help breaking into a smile at the thought of him.

"Holly, are you daydreaming?" Madame Za-Za's sharp voice cut into Holly's imaginings. "Your hand is drooping. You've lost your extension!"

Instantly, Holly snapped back to attention. How could she have let her position slip like that? She really needed to pay more attention.

"Rise up through your spines, girls."

Holly's legs and arms were aching with the effort of holding the position, and she noticed a few girls letting go and sighing as they flopped forward.

"Lower the leg and close in fifth," instructed Madame Za-Za, then after a few seconds she added, "and relax."

There were sighs of relief from all around the studio and someone even mumbled, "It's impossible."

But Madame Za-Za didn't take any notice. "It is important to keep the hip down," she went on, demonstrating the balance. "Not like this ..."

Even in the wrong position, Madame Za-Za still looked wonderful and graceful.

"And now, girls, I shall give you a sequence of steps that the Fairy Godmother dances in *Cinderella*. Get ready to pay close attention. *Pas de chat, pas de chat, chassé, degagé ...*"

Brilliant, Holly thought, pleased there would be another opportunity to hold the balance at the end of the sequence. *I'll try really hard to do it well*. She started picturing herself with a nice straight supporting leg, but then realised Madame Za-Za was talking again. "Right, one row at a time, and we'll start with the front row ..."

Holly went forward to take her position, feeling a flutter of panic in her stomach. She'd only taken in the first few steps that Madame Za-Za had set, and now she had to dance the whole sequence.



The music started and her eyes darted to the right as she tried to copy Chloe, but it was no good. She was falling behind the beat and her face was getting hotter and hotter under Madame Za-Za's intense gaze. Her row didn't even finish the exercise before Madame Za-Za clapped her hands and told them to stop.

“Holly, I won’t tell you again about daydreaming in class.” For a moment, Holly felt a flash of irritation, but she fought it off. Madame Za-Za was right to tell her off. She should have been concentrating more.

As the other rows each took a turn at the steps, Madame Za-Za’s corrections seemed to ring out more and more. Then she took a deep breath and said, “Take a short break, girls. We will try again in a few moments.”

Some of the students went off to the toilets and others to the changing rooms. Holly hung back a bit because she wanted to try out the steps again, but Chloe took her hand and the two girls went outside into the corridor.

“I’ll catch up with you in a sec,” Holly told her friend, as she bent down to rub a dirty mark off her pale pink tights.

As Chloe hurried off lightly, Holly suddenly noticed her ballet shoes. Was it her imagination or were they a brighter red than usual? They were sparkling! And now her feet had begun to tingle too. That could only mean one thing – it was happening again. Right here. Right in the middle of class! She was on her way to Enchantia ...



A Special Gift



A rainbow of colours began to swirl around Holly's feet and rose higher, lifting her up till she was spinning. She felt as though she was swirling through the air, until quite suddenly, she landed. The rainbow dissolved into sparkling silver and gold and she found herself inside a palace, at the edge of a grand hall.



It wasn't the Royal Palace belonging to King Tristan and Queen Isabella, that she had visited before. This one was quite different.

The hall was buzzing with activity and there seemed to be all sorts of preparations going on. Servants were rushing back and forth from the kitchen to the hall carrying china dishes, silver cutlery, lacy napkins, elegant mats and sparkling glasses.

Holly's eyes flickered to the wide archway that led through to the white and gold ballroom. The floor looked so shiny and the crystal chandeliers were glistening and twinkling. Flowers were being arranged in enormous vases fixed to the walls. What was going on?

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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