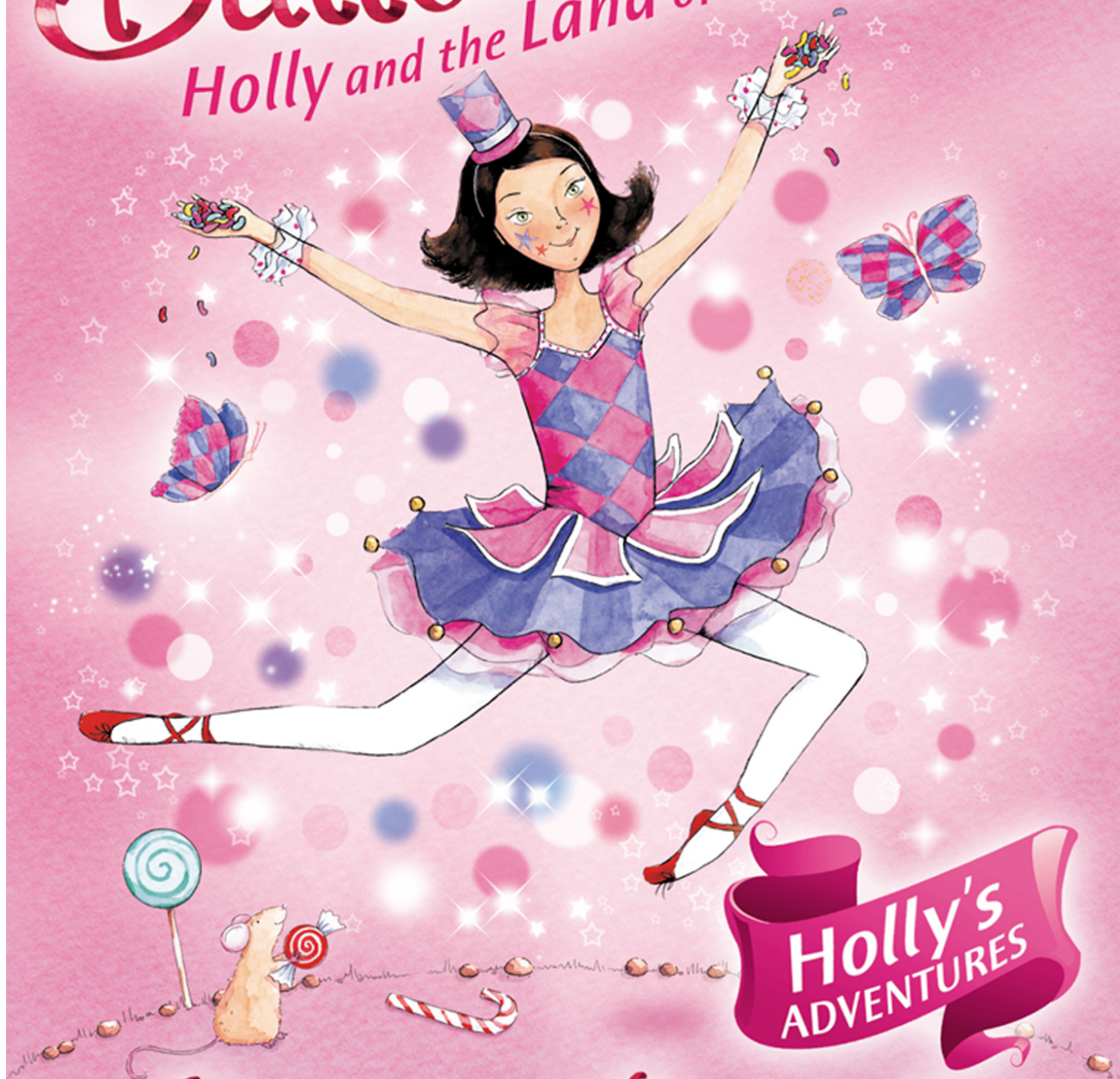


Magic Ballerina™

Holly and the Land of Sweets



Darcey Bussell

Darcey Bussell

Holly and the Land of Sweets

«HarperCollins»

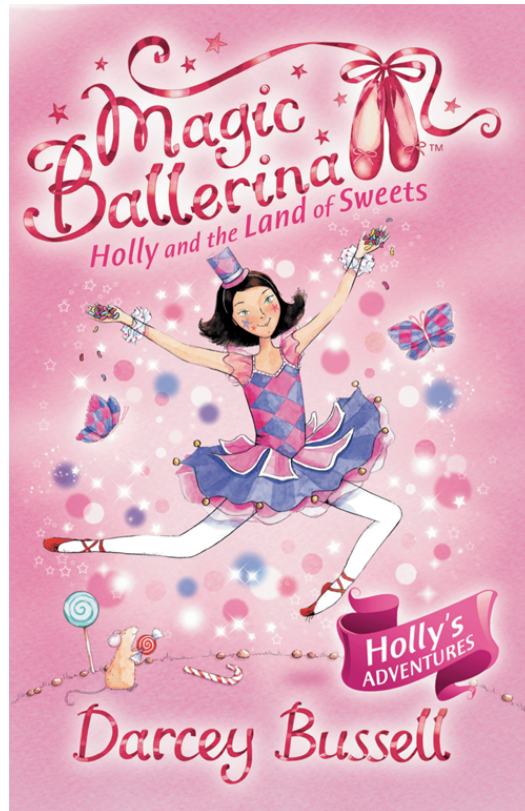
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Holly and the Land of Sweets / D. Bussell — «HarperCollins»,

Return to the magical world of Enchantia in the captivating third series of Magic Ballerina by Darcey Bussell! Its carnival time in Enchantia! Everyone is looking forward to having a wonderful time. But when Holly and the White Cat make a surprise visit to the Land of the Sweets, they find that EVERYTHING is topsy-turvy! How can they put things right before the Lollipop Carnival begins?

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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.



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



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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 ...



Breaking the News



Holly's eyes widened as, slowly, she took in what her mum was saying. "You mean ..."

"Yes," smiled her mum. "I'm giving up professional ballet!"

Holly couldn't believe her ears. She'd been living with her aunt and uncle during term time because her mum and dad, who were divorced, were away on tour with their ballet companies. Only now her mum was coming home for good! It was the best news she'd heard in ages.

"But won't you miss dancing?" Holly asked quickly, thinking how awful she'd feel if she couldn't go to her own ballet school, Madame Za-Za's.



Her mum looked thoughtful. "You know in your heart when the time is right to give something up, Holly." She paused and sighed, then broke into a smile. "Anyway, I'm not giving it up completely, I'm going to teach instead."

"Really? But that's brilliant!" said Holly.

"It certainly is," her mother smiled. "The only downside is that the ballet school I'm going to work at is a bit of a distance from here, so we'll be moving again. I'm sorry, love," she finished, seeing

the look in Holly's eyes and giving her a quick hug. "I know you've settled in well here, and Auntie Maria and Uncle Ted have loved having you but, well, you'll have me as a teacher from now on!"

Holly nodded. She felt over the moon that her mum was going to be back, but it would mean she could no longer go to Madame Za-Za's ballet school. And that meant giving up all sorts of things – including her best friend, Chloe. She felt a lump in her throat, but smiled so her mum wouldn't realise she was sad. She didn't want Mum to think she was upset about her coming home, because she wasn't. She was really pleased.

"I'll just get my ballet bag, Mum. It's time for class."

On her way to Madame Za-Za's, Holly went over in her mind all the things that her mum had said and all the changes it would bring. And when she thought about leaving Chloe, her heart felt like lead. She hadn't exactly been good at making new friends when she'd first joined Madame Za-Za's, but Chloe had been so patient. It would be dreadful breaking the news to her. Why did everything have to change? If only they weren't moving so far away.



Still, there was one special, secret thing in Holly's life that definitely wouldn't have to change, no matter what – the beautiful pair of red ballet shoes that she owned. She'd been given them by another girl when she'd arrived at the ballet school. She hadn't realised quite how special they were at first, but she'd soon found out.

When they glowed, they whisked her away to the magical land of Enchantia, where all the characters from the ballets live, and that's where Holly had met her friend, the White Cat. They'd already had all sorts of incredible adventures together.

A lovely surge of excitement at the memories made Holly leap up the steps to Madame Za-Za's two at a time.

At the top, she stopped and turned round. She and Chloe had started a new game of seeing how many steps they could jump down in one go, and it was tempting to have a go right now. But Holly knew that she was just trying to put off the moment when she had to tell Chloe her news. She sighed and pushed back the door.

The Saturday morning class was always full, so the changing rooms were buzzing with chatter as Holly sat down in a corner with Chloe.

Holly kept glancing at her friend as she got changed. She was trying to pluck up the courage to tell her she was leaving. But every time she thought she'd found the right words, she imagined herself saying them and then she saw Chloe's face falling. The thought of that was so unbearable, she couldn't bring herself to speak.



Then, as Holly put on her ballet shoes, another thought flitted across her mind, like the tiniest cloud passing the sun and blocking it out for a second. Maybe the shoes would be better off here with one of the girls at Madame Za-Za's, when Holly moved away. After all, they'd always belonged to

someone at the ballet school. But Holly shook the thought out of her head. She was just being silly. Of course they wouldn't have to stay behind. They'd been given to *her*, hadn't they?

As the girls from the last lesson came out of the studio, Holly's class formed a line in the corridor, with Chloe just in front of her. If only she could find the courage to speak. *Just say it!* she told herself sternly. *It'll be fine.*



“Chloe,” she blurted out, before she had time to change her mind, “my mum is giving up dancing professionally and I’m going to live with her all the time from now on!”

“Hey, cool!” said Chloe, her face lighting up. “That’s great news, Holly!”

“Yes,” Holly went on, knowing she was gabbling. “But the thing is ... you see, um, well ... we’re moving away ...”

There. She’d done it. She’d got the words out. “So I won’t be coming here any more ...” she finished.

“But ... but ...” Chloe looked shocked. “What do you mean? You’re my best friend. You can’t just go and leave me.”

Holly hung her head, feeling her throat tighten. It was just as she’d imagined it. Chloe’s eyes welled up with tears and she looked so sad. Then, without another word, she had rushed from the corridor. Holly felt terrible.



Changing Moods



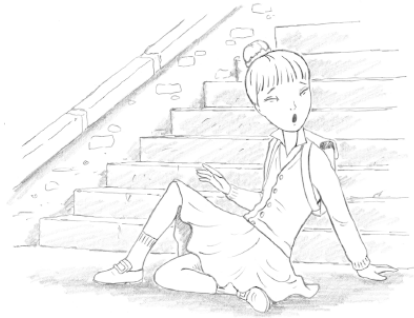
Class was awful. Holly had been expecting Chloe to be upset, but she was quite the opposite. She kept smiling at Holly, as though she was trying to make up for her outburst earlier. But that didn't cheer Holly up at all, because she could tell that Chloe was only putting on a brave face. Madame Za-Za was as patient as ever, correcting their positions, describing to them the feelings they should have. She was such a good teacher, but even so, Holly could barely concentrate. All she could think about was Chloe.

Back in the changing rooms afterwards, Holly was desperate to talk to her friend properly, but she couldn't get a word in because Chloe just kept chattering away brightly, as though there was nothing the matter at all.



Right, now's my chance, thought Holly in relief as they went outside, but again it was no good. Chloe ran to the steps of the ballet school and took a big jump down from the sixth one, which neither of them had ever done before. Then she ran back up and told Holly brightly that she was going to try all eight steps.

“No!” said Holly urgently, feeling her heart race with worry. Chloe was clearly being reckless because she was upset. “It’s dangerous, Chloe. You mustn’t ...” But it was too late. Holly gasped as Chloe launched herself from the top step.



Then the next minute there were many more gasps from other girls and parents too, because Chloe had landed badly. Her legs seemed to buckle under her and she sank down to the ground, clutching her ankle, her face screwed up in agony. Without a second’s hesitation, Holly ran as fast as she could to get Madame Za-Za.

“Can we phone and see how Chloe is getting on at the hospital, now, Mum?” Holly asked for the tenth time as she and her mum helped Aunt Maria make lunch that afternoon.

“I’ve told you, love, Chloe’s mum will be sure to phone us as soon as she can.”

“Why don’t you watch telly?” suggested Uncle Ted. “Take your mind off it.”

Mum smiled. “Or what about your *Nutcracker* DVD?”

“OK.” Holly’s shoulders slumped as she put the DVD in the player.

Even the dancing couldn’t take her mind off poor Chloe, and it was such a relief when the phone finally rang and Chloe’s mum explained that Chloe had broken her ankle and it was in a plaster cast. Apparently, she was at home, feeling sorry for herself, but had asked if Holly could come and see her, and bring her ballet things.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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