

# Magic Ballerina

Jade and the Surprise Party



Stickers  
inside!

Jade's  
ADVENTURES

Darcey Bussell

Darcey Bussell

**Jade and the Surprise Party**

«HarperCollins»

## **Bussell D.**

Jade and the Surprise Party / D. Bussell — «HarperCollins»,

Dance your way to the magical world of Enchantia in the delightful fourth series of Magic Ballerina by Darcey Bussell! It's the White Cat's birthday! Everyone in Enchantia is planning the perfect party but something seems to be going wrong – guests keep disappearing. And there's a mysterious photographer who might not be who she seems... Can Jade solve the mystery or will the party turn into a birthday disaster? A delightful Magic Ballerina story from Prima Ballerina and guest judge on Strictly Come Dancing, Darcey Bussell.

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Jade and the  
Surprise Party



Darcey Bussell

*Magic  
Ballerina* ™  
*Jade and the Surprise Party*



*Darcey Bussell*

HarperCollinsChildren'sBooks

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



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Acknowledgements

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About the Publisher



The title is written in a whimsical, cursive font. The word 'Magical' is on the top line, 'Ballerina' is on the second line, and 'Jade and the Surprise Party' is on the third line. The text is surrounded by decorative elements: a long, flowing ribbon that starts with a swirl on the left and ends with a bow on the right; several five-pointed stars of varying sizes scattered around the text; and a single ballet slipper with a small bow on the toe, positioned on the right side of the title.

# Magical Ballerina Jade and the Surprise Party

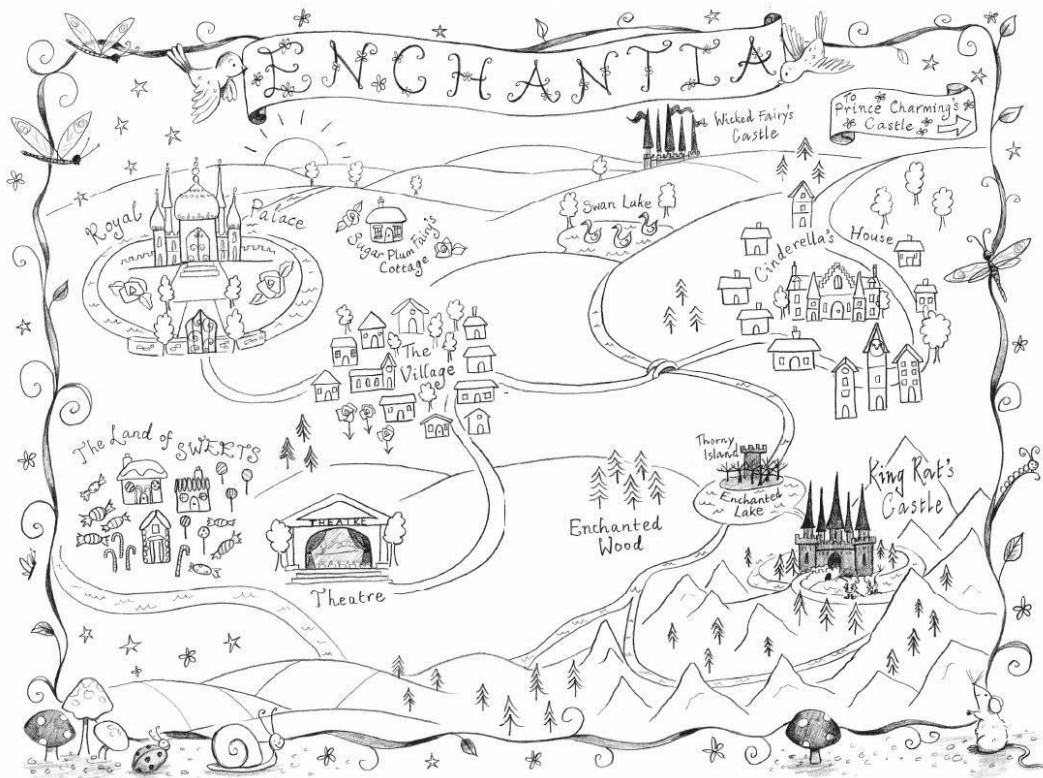
Welcome to the world of Enchantia!

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 Jade 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 on a light background. The signature is highly stylized and cursive, appearing to read "D. Bussell". It features large, sweeping loops and a horizontal line that crosses through the middle of the letters.

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

## 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...*



## Working Together



Jade could hear the music in her head. She did a skip kick, a lunge and two quick turns, then she sprung up high, landing in second position. “Yes!” she said, punching the air. “Did you follow what I did? Let’s try it together!”

Her partner, Chloe frowned. “Er... can you show me again, Jade?”

Jade looked puzzled. She glanced across at her ballet teacher to see if she was looking in their direction. Madame Za-Za’s eyes were on the rest of the class, watching as they made up their own short dances in pairs.

“OK, I’ll go back to the beginning. It goes flick, kick, flick, kick, arms up, turn to the right, arms down...” Jade gabbled.

Chloe tried to copy the moves, but she forgot what came after the first arm movements. “Sorry,” she said, biting her lip.



Jade tried to hide her disappointment. “Is it that there’s too much street dancing in the routine?” she asked. But she didn’t wait for Chloe to answer. “I can easily change it. Look, how about *pas de bourrée* instead of the flick, kicks, like this.”

Jade felt excited as she went on making up new steps. Eventually she stopped and turned to Chloe. “Try that.”



Chloe took a deep breath, but she'd only just managed the very first bit when Madame Za-Za said it was time for the end of the lesson. "You can finish off your dances next time, girls, and then perform them to the rest of the class."

Jade didn't even try to hide her disappointment this time. She knew it wasn't Chloe's fault, but dancing in pairs was frustrating. As soon as class was finished, she left the studio, quickly changed out of her red ballet shoes and grabbed her things. Everyone else was chatting away, but Jade didn't feel like talking. "Bye," she said quietly, then slipped out of the building and set off for home, feeling a little guilty that she hadn't said goodbye properly to Chloe.



In her bedroom later that day, Jade put on her red ballet shoes. She hugged her knees and stared at the shoes remembering how they'd come to be hers. She'd found a parcel posted through her letterbox with the shoes inside. At first Jade hadn't been sure about ballet dancing and she was still surprised to find that she, Jade Winters, now loved ballet!

And as for the shoes – well they had turned out to be the most special thing of all – not just because they'd brought her to ballet, but because they were magic too. They could whisk her away to the land of Enchantia where all the characters from the ballets lived. There she'd met the White Cat and had such an incredible adventure.

Jade stood up and began to go over the dance she'd made up in the class, but somehow it wasn't working. She tried to hear the music in her head, but it was impossible with her twin brothers and two little sisters making so much noise around the house. There wasn't much room to move in her tiny bedroom either. But in her heart Jade knew that those things weren't the problem. The real problem was with the dance itself. It was just too frantic. Perhaps that was what had made it so hard for Chloe. The steps didn't... flow.

Immediately, Jade set to work, trying to improve the dance. But she'd no sooner got started than her mum called out to ask her if she'd mind reading her sisters a bedtime story. "While I bathe the twins, love."



Jade rolled her eyes, but then felt a leap of excitement as she grabbed a book of fairy tales. She would read them *Sleeping Beauty and* that would remind her of Enchantia.



Her sisters, Lottie and Hannah snuggled up in their beds and listened as Jade began the story. Their eyes grew big and round when she came to the bit about the Wicked Fairy storming into the Princess's christening party in a boiling rage.

"Show us the picture, Jade!" said Lottie.

"Sorry?" Jade blinked a few times, realising that she hadn't been concentrating on the story at all. She'd just been reading the words mechanically while the rest of her brain had been miles away, thinking about Madame Za-Za's.

"Jade! Show us the picture!" This time it was Hannah.

"Sorry." Jade turned the book round so they could see the Wicked Fairy, then went on to read about the Lilac Fairy. She didn't lose concentration now because she loved this part of the story so much. But she didn't get very far.

"Phone, Jade!" came her mum's voice, calling up the stairs. "It's for you!"

Lottie and Hannah frowned.

"I'll be back in a moment," Jade told them as she hurried out of the room.

However, she didn't get downstairs because as she stepped on to the landing her red shoes began to glow. In no time at all the glow turned to a sparkle, and Jade's heart began to race. *Was this really happening again?* she asked herself excitedly as she was lifted up in a blur of swirling, whirling colours and twinkling sparkles.





## The Lilac Fairy



As Jade was set down in a village square the magical haze cleared and she stared around her. “I’m back!” she breathed happily. “This *is* Enchantia!”

“Jade! Jade!” called a familiar voice.

The White Cat was running up to her. “Lovely day!”

Jade hugged her friend. “It’s great to see you again. You look happy, Cat!”

“Well, thank you!” her friend replied with a chuckle, sweeping off his hat in a grand gesture and bowing low. Then he straightened up smartly, leaned forwards and spoke in a low voice. “I think there’s er... something rather... odd going on, though, Jade.”

“Odd?” said Jade, feeling curious.

“Yes, very odd!” replied the White Cat, looking a bit embarrassed. “You see, I keep coming across people standing in huddles and talking in whispers. But the moment I ask what’s going on, they just say, ‘Oh nothing!’ and leave me none the wiser!”

Jade wrinkled her nose. “That does sound a bit weird,” she agreed. And straight after she spoke, as if from nowhere, there was a tiny flash. “Oh! What was that?”



“Exactly!” her friend replied, sweeping the air with his paw. “I *knew* I hadn’t been imagining those little flashes I keep seeing! And yet whenever I mention them to anyone, they look at me as though I’ve gone mad!”

The White Cat shook his head, baffled, and Jade laughed.

A moment later her laughter stopped and her hand flew to her mouth. From out of a hazy mist, before her very eyes, appeared the most beautiful ballerina. And not just any ballerina – it was the one Jade had just been reading about, the Lilac Fairy from *Sleeping Beauty*.



“Hello,” said the fairy in a tinkly voice. “I’m Lila.”

“Hello... Lila.” Jade couldn’t help staring at the fairy’s sparkling lilac tutu and her beautiful wings that fluttered and shimmered with the palest shades of the rainbow. On her head a diamond tiara sparkled, and in her hand she held a delicate wand.

“Lila, meet Jade!” the White Cat introduced her. Then he turned with concern to the fairy. “What is it, Lila? You look worried.”

“We need your help, White Cat. One of the gingerbread children has climbed too high in the tree beside the green, and now she’s completely stuck and getting upset.”

“Don’t worry! I’m on my way!” said the White Cat and he bounded off lightly and quickly.

Jade felt a bit tongue-tied in the presence of the Lilac Fairy, but she didn’t need to say anything. Lila had already taken a small step closer and was talking urgently.

“It’s true there *is* a gingerbread child up a tree, but she’s a very good climber and is only pretending to be stuck so I could talk to you alone.”

Jade’s eyes widened. “Oh!”

“You see, it’s the White Cat’s birthday today...”



“The White Cat’s birthday! That explains why he looks so happy!”

The date popped into Jade’s head. “Oh, but it’s the twenty-ninth of February!” She felt a little pang of sadness for her friend. “Poor old cat only gets a birthday once every four years – whenever it’s a leap year.”

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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