



**Series:** The Dance Fairies

**Book:** Jessica the Jazz Fairy

### **Jessica Makes an Entrance**

"I'm so-o-o excited!" Kirsty Tate said happily, smoothing down the satiny skirt of her long purple dress. "I've never been to a really *grown up* party before!"

"Me neither," Rachel Walker, Kirsty's best friend, agreed. Like Kirsty, she was dressed in one of her favourite outfits, a floaty ivory-coloured dress with sequins around the hem and neckline.

Along with Kirsty's parents, the girls were on their way to a party at the home of Alexander Willow, who was a friend of Mr and Mrs Tate's.

"It's not far now," Mr Tate replied, steering the car down the narrow, dark country lane. "You're going to have a great time, girls. Alexander's a producer of West End musicals, and he always throws *fantastic* parties!"

"Yes, there's going to be a jazz band and lots of dancing!" added Mrs Tate.

In the back of the car, Kirsty and Rachel exchanged an anxious glance.

While Rachel was staying with Kirsty over the half-term holiday, the two girls had been helping their very special friends, the Dance Fairies, find their missing magic Dance Ribbons.

The ribbons were very important because their magic made sure that all kinds of dancing were fun, in both Fairyland and the human world, and also that dance performances went well.

Jack Frost had stolen the ribbons for himself because he wanted their magic powers to help his goblins learn to dance.

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When the King and Queen of Fairyland had demanded that the ribbons be returned to the Dance Fairies, Jack Frost's icy spell had sent seven of his goblin servants tumbling away into the human world, each goblin clutching one of the magic ribbons.

The goblins were supposed to keep the ribbons hidden, but so far Kirsty and Rachel, with the help of the Dance Fairies, had managed to get four of them back.

"Jessica the Jazz Fairy's ribbon is still missing," Kirsty whispered eagerly. "Maybe the goblin who has her ribbon will be at the party tonight!"

Rachel nodded. The girls knew that the magical ribbon was attracted to its own type of dance. "I hope so too, Kirsty," Rachel whispered. "We must get the ribbon back otherwise the party will be ruined!"

"What kind of dancing will there be, Mum?" Kirsty asked as Mr Tate drove between two wrought iron gates and up a long, winding driveway. "Rachel and I don't really know what jazz dance is!"

Mrs Tate nodded. "Jazz music is quite modern, and so is jazz dance," she explained. "In fact, you've probably both seen lots of jazz dancing in musicals."

"Oh, great!" Rachel exclaimed happily, "I *love* that kind of dancing!"

Kirsty was peering out of the car window, her eyes wide. "I've never seen such an *enormous* garden!" she said.

"Rachel, look at that pond with the mermaid fountain in the middle." Rachel looked out of the window. "And *look* at the house!" she added, pointing.

The manor house in front of them was huge and very impressive with lots of windows and a large wooden door that stood ajar, flanked by flaming torches. Rows of cars were already parked outside, and people were climbing out of them. The women were dressed in long, elegant ballgowns in a rainbow of colours and the men all wore smart suits.

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As they entered the hall of the manor house, the girls looked around eagerly.

The house was lit by tall, pillar-shaped white candles whose flickering flames filled the hall with a warm yellow glow. Golden chocolate coins had been scattered over the antique tables and large gold platters piled high with bejewelled cupcakes had been placed here and there.

“Oh, this is *gorgeous!*” Kirsty sighed.

Everyone else was making their way through the house towards the back garden, so the Tates and Rachel followed. The garden was even more spectacular than the house.

Kirsty and Rachel stared open-mouthed as they walked past exotic plants in huge china pots, a rippling aquamarine swimming pool and an intricate maze constructed of neatly-clipped hedges.

A white marquee had been erected in the middle of the garden for the party. As the girls walked in, they could see that gold sparkling stars decorated the roof of the marquee, and tables and chairs had been set up for the guests.

A jazz band sat on a platform at the back, playing a catchy tune that quickly had Kirsty and Rachel tapping their toes.

“Nobody’s dancing yet, thank goodness!” Rachel whispered, noting the empty dance floor in the middle of the marquee.

“Everyone’s too busy eating and talking,” Kirsty whispered back, watching the waiters who were carrying around trays of drinks and offering them to the guests. “But there are lots of places for a goblin to hide!”

Rachel nodded. “We’ll just have to keep looking,” she said determinedly, scanning the marquee.

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“That’s Alexander over there, girls,” said Mrs Tate, pointing to a tall, fair-haired man who was chatting with other guests. “We’ll introduce you later, but I can tell you’re longing to explore. Why don’t you go and have a look around now?”

“Thanks, Mum,” Kirsty said. And she and Rachel wandered off, winding their way between the chairs and tables.

“Would you like a fruit juice cocktail, girls?” asked a waiter. He was holding a tray on which stood two tall crystal glasses decorated with pretty paper umbrellas. “They’re delicious.”

“Yes, please!” Kirsty and Rachel chorused, each taking one of the glasses.

Rachel took a sip. “Yum!” she exclaimed as the waiter hurried off. “It *is* delicious!”

Kirsty raised the glass to her lips to take a sip herself. But then she gasped aloud, because, there, sitting on the rim of the crystal glass, twirling the umbrella and smiling up at her, was Jessica the Jazz Fairy.

**Read the rest of Jessica the Jazz Fairy and discover what magic happens next!**

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