

The Magic of Dance

"No!" said The Magic of Dance

"No!" said Perrie.

"No way!" said Eleanor.

This was the reaction when Jean-Pierre (their ballet teacher) told them that they would have to perform together at the audition for the Grand Ballet 2014 Concert at Madison Square Garden. They were both excellent ballet dancers in their last year in the art school.

And they hated each other.

They had been rivals in everything since the first day they met at the Jeffrey Ballet School in New York. Perrie was a blonde sixteen-year-old teenager and Eleanor was a brunette of the same age. Perrie had beautiful blue eyes - Eleanor had almond-shaped brown eyes. They were both slim and good-looking.

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One day when Perrie was walking to school through Central Park she saw a group of people constructing something on the lawn. It was the foundation of something that looked like a statue. She also saw a tall handsome young man who was obviously in charge of the work. He had green eyes. His hair was brown and curly. There were dimples on his cheeks. He looked at her and smiled, and she immediately fell in love with him.

A few minutes later Eleanor, passing the same way to school, was hurrying for her first class. She also noticed the group of workers and their handsome boss. He looked at her and smiled, and she fell in love with him right away.

The young man was the famous French sculptor Martin Renaults, whose sculpture project Ballerinas had won the first prize at International Festival of Arts and was well-deserved given a place in Central Park in New York. Martin had already forgotten about the two beautiful girls who passed by and continued working because his team had to finish the statue as quickly as possible.

In the meantime Perrie and Eleanor got to school and started getting ready for their first class. They put on their ballet shoes, their tutus and leotards. They tied up their hair and were ready for the rehearsal. Without saying a word to each other they started warming up at the bar. Their teacher came and showed them the outline of the dance. It was a part of the Swan Lake by Tchaikovsky – the white swan Odette and the black swan Odile - the good and the evil. Usually both were performed by one person. But Jean-Pierre introduced a new approach. That was also a way to make the girls work together. They both wanted to be the good swan but it was not up to them to decide. Their teacher had a surprise for them. They were stunned when Martin Renaults, the French sculptor they had met in the park an hour ago, entered the room, smiled and greeted them. This was the last thing they expected to go through that day. Martin was a member of the jury. He was also one of the sponsors of the event. He was the one who would decide which of them would be Odette and which one Odile. It was not an easy thing to do. Perrie and Eleanor danced as they had never danced before. Martin's task got even harder. They were perfect - both of them. So he called them and said he couldn't make the decision.

Then, the girls looked at each other and said that fate would have the last word. They gave Martin a coin and asked him to choose “heads or tails”. Martin tossed the coin in the air and caught it. It was tails. Eleanor won. She would be the white swan.

“Pure luck!” said Perrie. “Anyway, I didn’t want it so much.”

“You wish!” said Eleanor. “You’re just jealous.”

“No, I’m not! Simply white colour doesn’t match with my complexion. Black fits me better,” answered Perrie.

“OK then. I don’t want to start a fight,” Eleanor exclaimed.

Martin looked from one girl to the other and started laughing.

“You are weird! You dance like two goddesses and you quarrel like fish mongers,” said he.

The girls looked at him in surprise. Nobody had ever called them fish mongers before. They started laughing too as well the ice was broken.

“I have to go now” said Martin. “I have a lot to do.”

“Ok. Bye now,” answered Eleanor.

“Bye. See you soon,” exclaimed Perrie.

Both girls went to the locker room to change. They felt uncomfortable because for the first time they were in the same room together and were not fighting. The laughter they shared with Martin was so refreshing and exhilarating that it did the wonder.

“Hey, Perrie ... How did it start?” asked Eleanor. “What made us hate each other so much?”

“Well ... I don’t know. From the moment I saw you I felt threatened and insecure,” answered Perrie.

“I felt the same way. You looked so perfect that I thought you were the greatest rival I’ve ever been dealing with.”

“Oh, gosh!” exclaimed Perrie. “We have been so silly! Look at us! We are such a good team and we have wasted so much time quarrelling over nothing!”

“Yes, you are right. Let us stop fighting and start doing our job. We have a dance to rehearse and prepare for the great day!”

“I agree. See you tomorrow at school. Let’s go. Bye,” said Perrie and took her bag.

Finally they were ready with the dance and Jean-Pierre was satisfied with their performance and of course the two “swans” won the audition. They were going to present their dance at Madison Square Garden.

The great day came. After a week of exhausting rehearsals they were more than perfect. The big hall was full of elegant people. Women were wearing long dresses and men were in tuxedos. There were performers from all over the country. Every art school had its representatives there. Perrie and Eleanor were scheduled to close the concert. They had enough time for make-up, hairdo and costumes.

Behind the stage there were many reporters and TV cameras. They were interviewing the dancers when Perrie and Eleanor showed up. They felt like stars when all the reporters and TV cameras turned to them. The media already knew that these would be the stars of the night.

When their turn came, the girls ran to the stage and waited for the orchestra to start. In a minute the sounds of the “Adagio” filled the hall and the two swans – white and black, good and evil floated into the spot lights. The audience held their breath as if they were watching the magic performance of the girls.

When the dance was over the spectators were on their feet and applauded the future prima ballerinas. Suddenly Martin Renaults appeared on the stage with two enormous bunches of red roses and presented them to Perrie and Eleanor. "Which one did he prefer," the girls wondered. On their way home the two ballerinas were walking together through Central Park. There a was full moon in the sky. The mystic moonlight reflected in the nearby lake and they saw two swans – black and white swimming in circles. They also saw Martin's statue which had already been finished.

"What do you think? Did we inspire him to make Ballerinas? asked Perrie.

"Or did he inspire us to do so well at the concert, and what is more important, to become friends?" said Eleanor.

Based on the sculpture BALLERINAS,
by Metin Yurdanur

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