

The Sound of Magic 1

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Parts (8): Narrator, Grande Louise, Josie, April, Jump Roper, J.R. 2, Madame Laroche, Mr. Wilson

SCHOOL BELL

Narrator: I *sprang* to my feet at the sound of the dismissal bell and *raced* out of the classroom before the ringing stopped.

Narrator: Grande Louise, had asked me to be home on time.

Grande Louise: Right after school, *mumzelle*.

Josie: Whenever she used the sassy french word for “missy,” I *knew* she meant business.

Narrator: Grande Louise was from the Mother Isles, and she kept her traditions alive. This *was* Tropiville, after all. Every islander here brought their culture with them.

Narrator: As I darted to my locker, I passed bright, splashy posters in the hallway. The posters announced..

Josie: Auditions for my favorite Tropiville tradition-the Islanders’ Day Karnival.

Narrator: Karnival was a huge celebration where top bands played and squads of dancers dressed in masquerade costumes leapt and spun through the streets-but they had to audition first.

Josie: My dance audition was the next day, although my parents wanted me to try out as a musician. But / was a dancer. I even planned to wear a costume; Grande Louise would help me make it-if I was home on time.

Narrator: *Just* as I was about to exit, I saw my classmate April.

April: *singsong* What's the rush, Josie?

Narrator: She was a dancer, too, and she'd been treating me like her rival. Weren't we all Tropivillagers?

Josie: Getting ready for my dance audition. Good luck at yours.

Narrator: All of Tropiville rumbled with rhythm, and I fell right into step with it. My long, lanky strides gobbled up two blocks before I heard the *tuc-tac-tuc-tac* of double dutch ropes.

Josie: Can I get a jump?

Jump Roper 1: Hop in!

Josie: *Squeeee!*

Narrator: I knew that Grande Louise was waiting but this wouldn't take long. It felt like dancing, and it sounded like... *April's voice??*

April: Don't mess up!

Narrator: In a heartbeat, my steady *one-two-one-two* pace became *one-two-ouch!* I stumbled and landed all wonky on my ankle. I swallowed the cry of pain..I didn't want to give smug April the satisfaction.

Josie: Thank you! *wave to ropers*

Jump Roper 2: Are you sure you're okay?

Narrator: I nodded and forced a smile. I didn't make eye contact with April as I headed out. I walked much slower thanks to my aching ankle.

Josie: If walking made me wince, how much worse would dancing feel? Would this heal by tomorrow? What if it didn't? If I missed my dance audition, my parents would want me to try out for the band. I would never get to prove myself as a dancer.

Narrator: My heart sank under the weight of my thoughts. The only positive thing I could think of was that Grande Louise would take one look at my limp and forgive my tardiness.

honk honk

Narrator: My neighbor Madame Laroche was behind the wheel and shouted out to me

Madame Laroche: *Josie, Josie, with so much flair*

Narrator: she sang, crooning one of Grande Louise's most famous hits.

Josie: *Throw a big party, and she'll be there*

Narrator: I sang in response, even though I was way off pitch on the second line. I didn't inherit my grandmother's angelic voice, I loved music—but the way I expressed that love was by dancing to it.

Narrator: The green light ended our street duet, and I continued my slow walk home. When I saw Mr. Wilson just ahead, I took a quick glance at the clock tower.

Josie: It's 3:20, Mr. Wilson!

Mr. Wilson: **tip fedora** Thank you, Padna

Narrator: In the english-speaking part of the Mother Isles, that meant "partner" or "pal."

Narrator: I continued limping down the sidewalk until I heard something... new. There was a rhythmic thumping that drew me down the street. I winced and picked up my pace, eager to find out where the sound was coming from. There, drumming on the corner of Marley and Hines, was the new kid in my class.

Josie: I didn't know he was a musician

Narrator: I stood there watching his fast moving hands, and instantly forgot that I had somewhere else to be.