



Slowly at first, the carousel moves in a dream-like whisper. Then it spins faster and faster.

All about him the other horses dance—
Blaze and Spirit and Firefly.
But Flame stands waiting.



One day, a girl named Clara comes to the park.
She has always dreamed of riding on the turning carousel.



Clara looks at the horses, one by one.
She runs her fingers over their pearly paintwork.
She gazes up to the inside roof of the carousel.
Then she looks to the horses again...

and reaches for Flame.



‘You are my beautiful, golden horse,’ Clara whispers. ‘We are going to fly into the clouds, over the stars and even beyond the moon! We can go anywhere we please.’



As the carousel turns and magical melodies float into the twilight, Flame's big, strong heart lifts and dances in time with the music.

Clara and Flame spin past the stands of fairy floss,

