




## CHAPTER ONE

# A LONG-EXPECTED FROLIC

**I**n the middle of nowhere in particular lies the SUPER HAPPY MAGIC FOREST. It is a place of fun and frolics, where rainbows sprout from the ground and ice creams grow on trees. That's right: actual ice creams, in a variety of flavours. Except mint. Nobody likes mint ice cream. You can also get sprinkles and a flake, if you ask nicely. Which you will do because everyone does in the Super Happy Magic forest. But enough about ice cream! Turn over for a handy visual guide . . .



AN ICE  
CREAM TREE!  
(MAYBE)

EXTRA-LARGE  
MUSHROOMS

MYSTICAL  
CRYSTALS  
OF LIFE



SACRED GLADE  
SOMEWHERE  
IN HERE

BUTTERFLY  
HORSE

Don't let the black-and-white pictures fool you. The Super Happy Magic Forest is home to all kinds of colourful characters.

Gnomes.



Has not moved for three hours.



You're IT!



Hee-hee.

Pixies.

Unicorns.

Om  
nom  
nom



Half-naked  
goat-men.

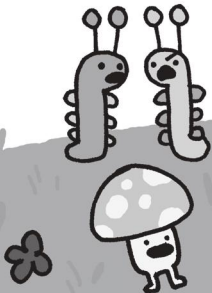
Hey...  
we're called  
"Fauns."

And the rest!

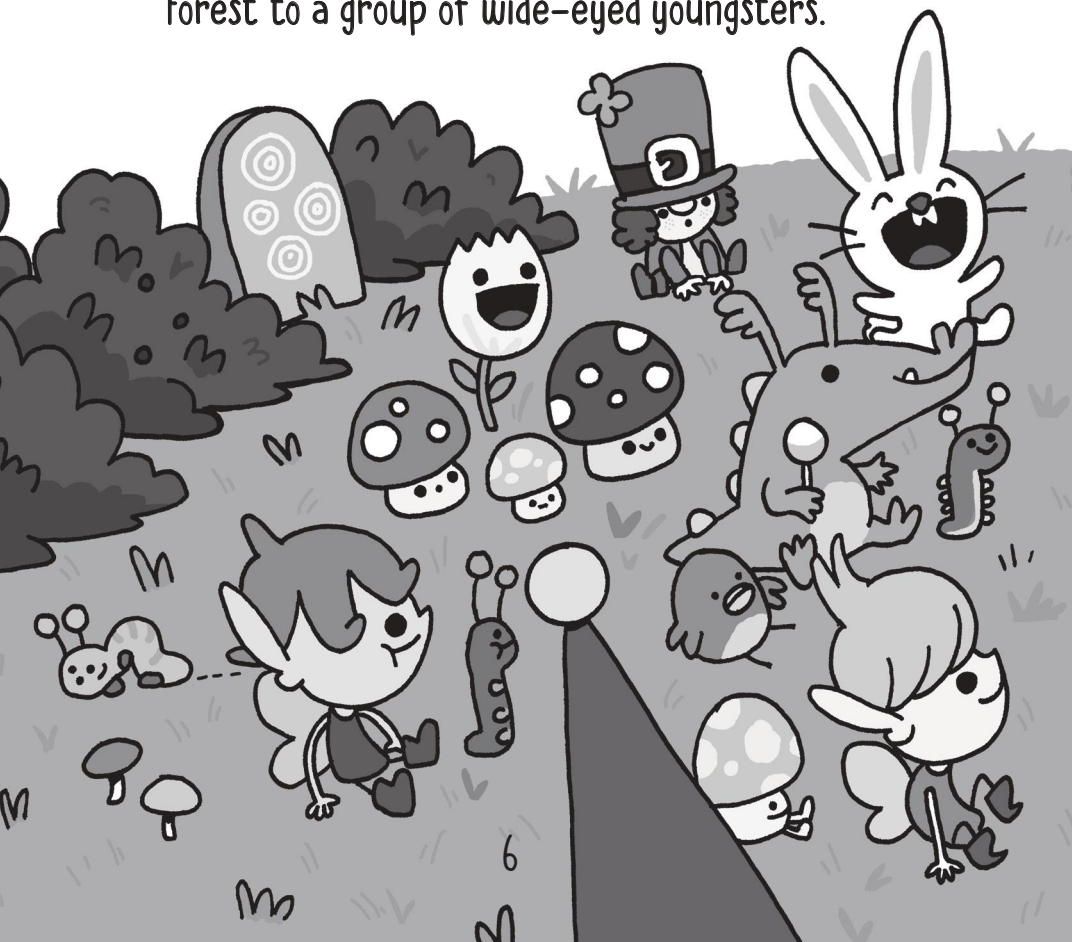


Didn't even  
give us a proper  
introduction.

Charming.



Today we find the forest in full party mode as the residents prepare to celebrate the Frolic Festival. In a sunny clearing, an elder named Gnomedalf is ready to tell the tale of the beginnings of the Super Happy Magic Forest to a group of wide-eyed youngsters.



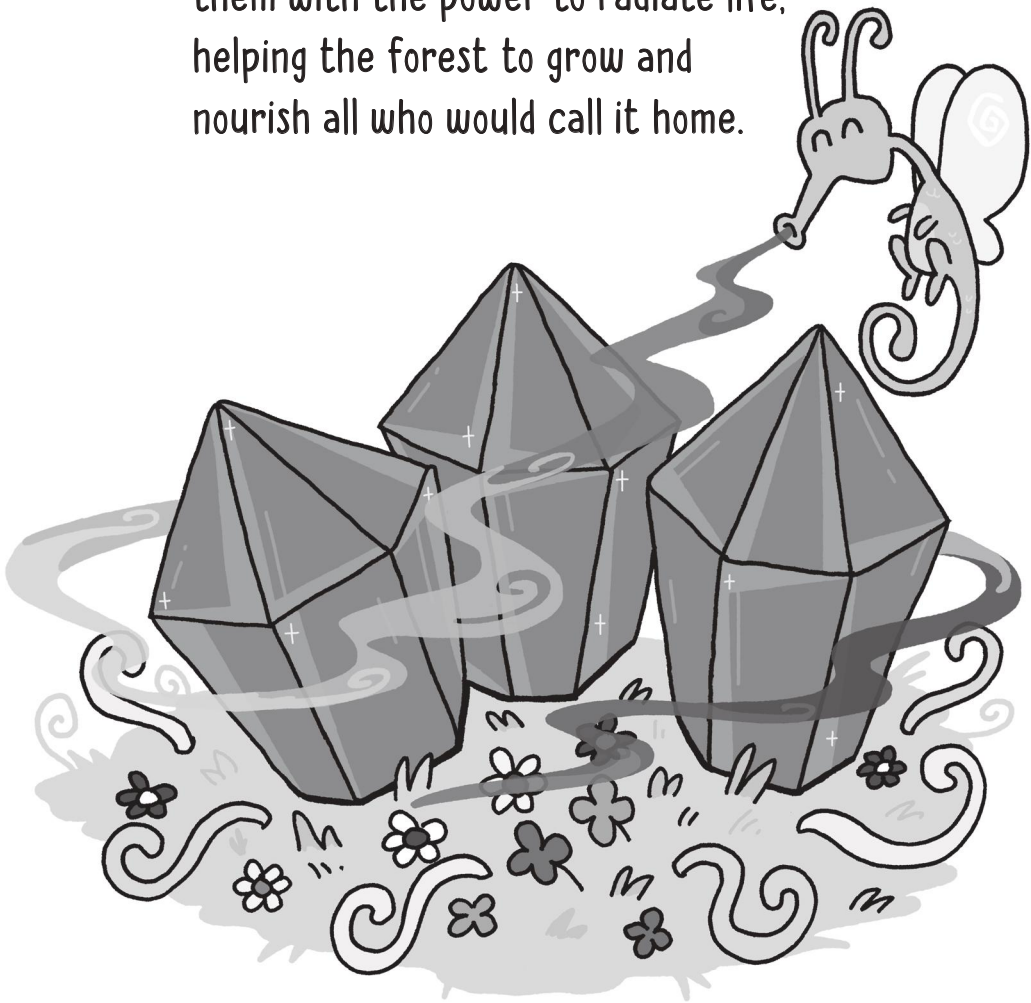
If anyone needs the toilet, then you'd better go now. This might take a while.







The forest grew and grew. With her work nearly complete, the Rainbow Dragon crafted three mystical crystals, granting them with the power to radiate life, helping the forest to grow and nourish all who would call it home.



The power of the crystals reached far and wide, and attracted creatures pure of heart to the forest, to live in peace and happiness together.



'When her work was done, the Rainbow Dragon slept in what we know as the Sacred Glade. After all, it was tiring work. You ever tried breathing a forest? I get tired just tying my shoes. Anyway, where was I? Ah, yes! Every hundred years we honour the Rainbow Dragon with the Frolic Festival.

'We sing and dance and play music until the Rainbow Dragon wakes from her slumber and graces us with her presence.

'She'll usually do a few twirls and spins in the air, just for effect, before imbuing the mystical crystals with new life. Which just helps to keep things ticking over for the next hundred years! Quite remarkable, I'm sure you'll agree. Now, any questions?'



Soon the Frolic Festival was in full swing,  
and laughter and music filled the air.



Do the  
ROBOT!



Whoo!

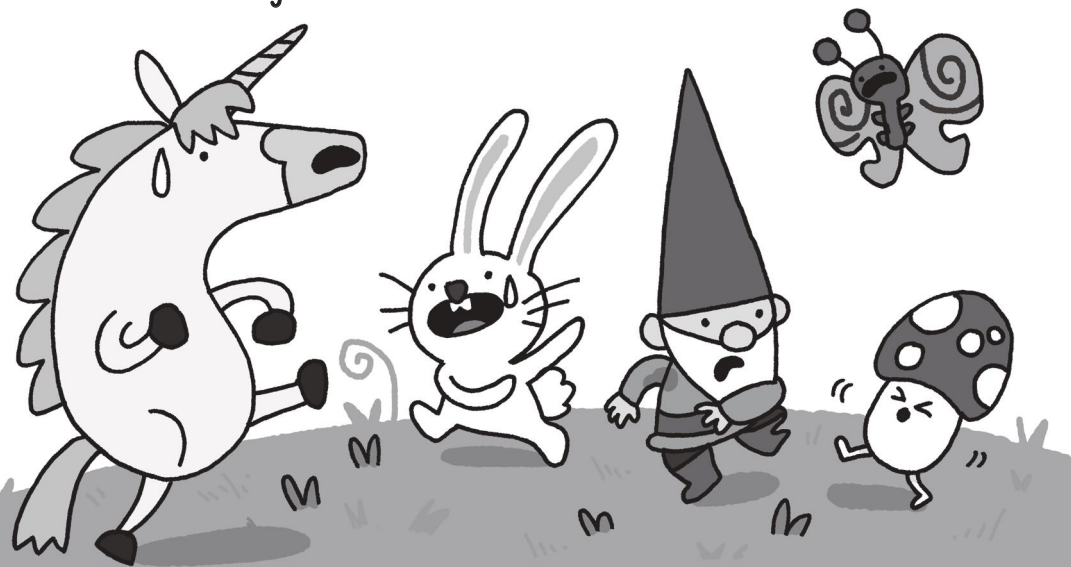
Wahey!

But the Rainbow Dragon was nowhere to be seen.

The band played harder.



And everyone frolicked faster.





Just as it looked like they might have frolic through lunchtime, something appeared in the distance.

It had a long neck and a coiled tail, with unmistakable butterfly wings.

The Rainbow Dragon!



She flew towards the revellers, who cheered her arrival with what little energy they had left. The Rainbow Dragon twisted and spun in the air as the band played, and everyone greeted her movements with a chorus of 'Aaaah!' and 'Ooooh!' and 'AaaaCHOOOOO!' (because it was hay fever season).



But something wasn't right.

She ducked and dived all over the place, crashing through trees and

bouncing off mushrooms.



THAT THING'S  
OUTTA CONTROL!

RUN FOR  
YOUR LIVES!

'NOBODY RUNS FOR THEIR LIVES  
UNLESS THE COUNCIL OF  
HAPPINESS SAYS SO!'

shouted Tiddlywink the pixie, a member  
of the council, but it was too late.  
The frolicking fields were emptying  
faster than a gnome's watering can  
on a hot summer's day.

They all turned and watched  
with mouths open as the dragon  
gave one last dizzy twist  
before spiralling into  
the ground.

