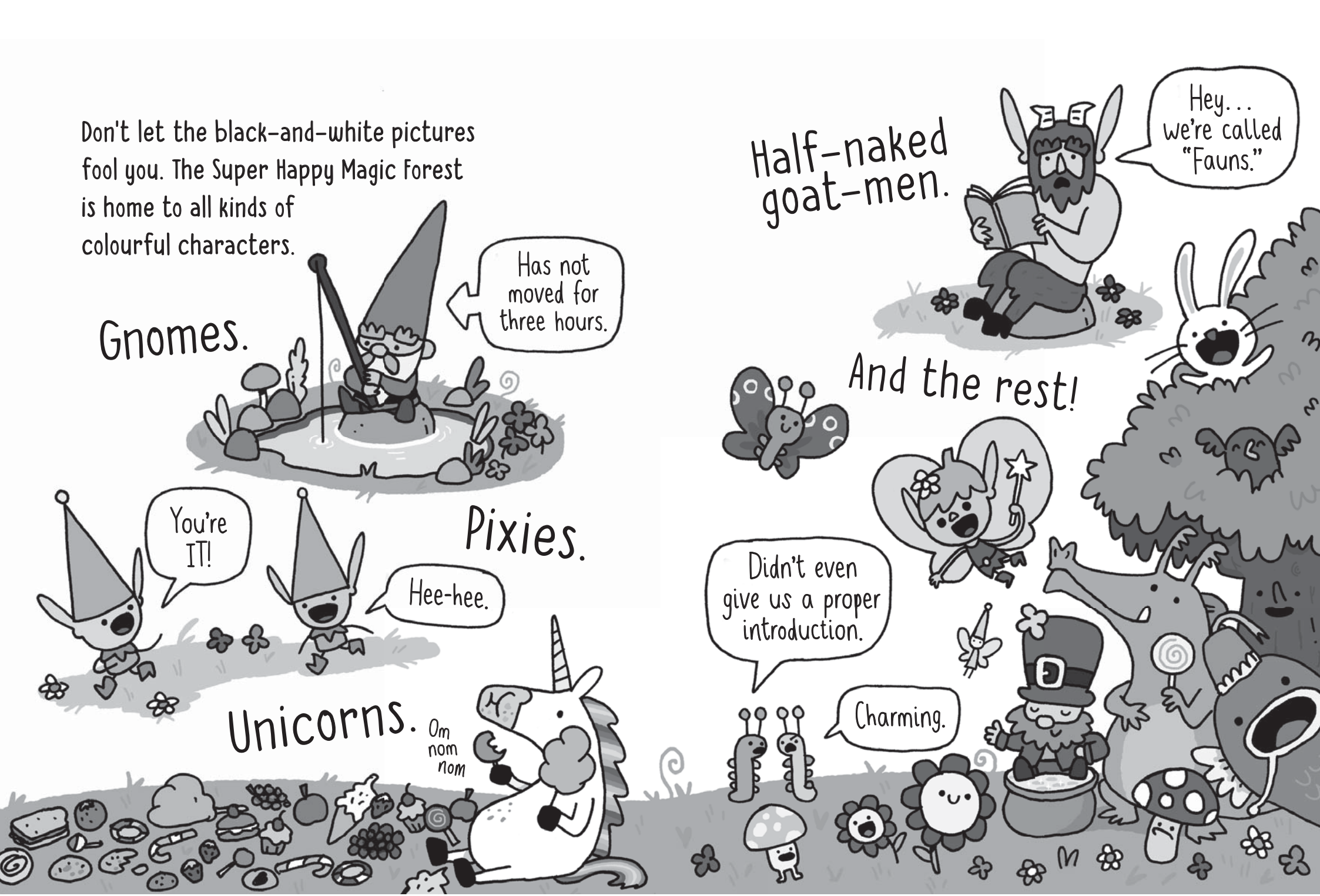
CHAPTER ONE

A LONG-EXPECTED FROLIC

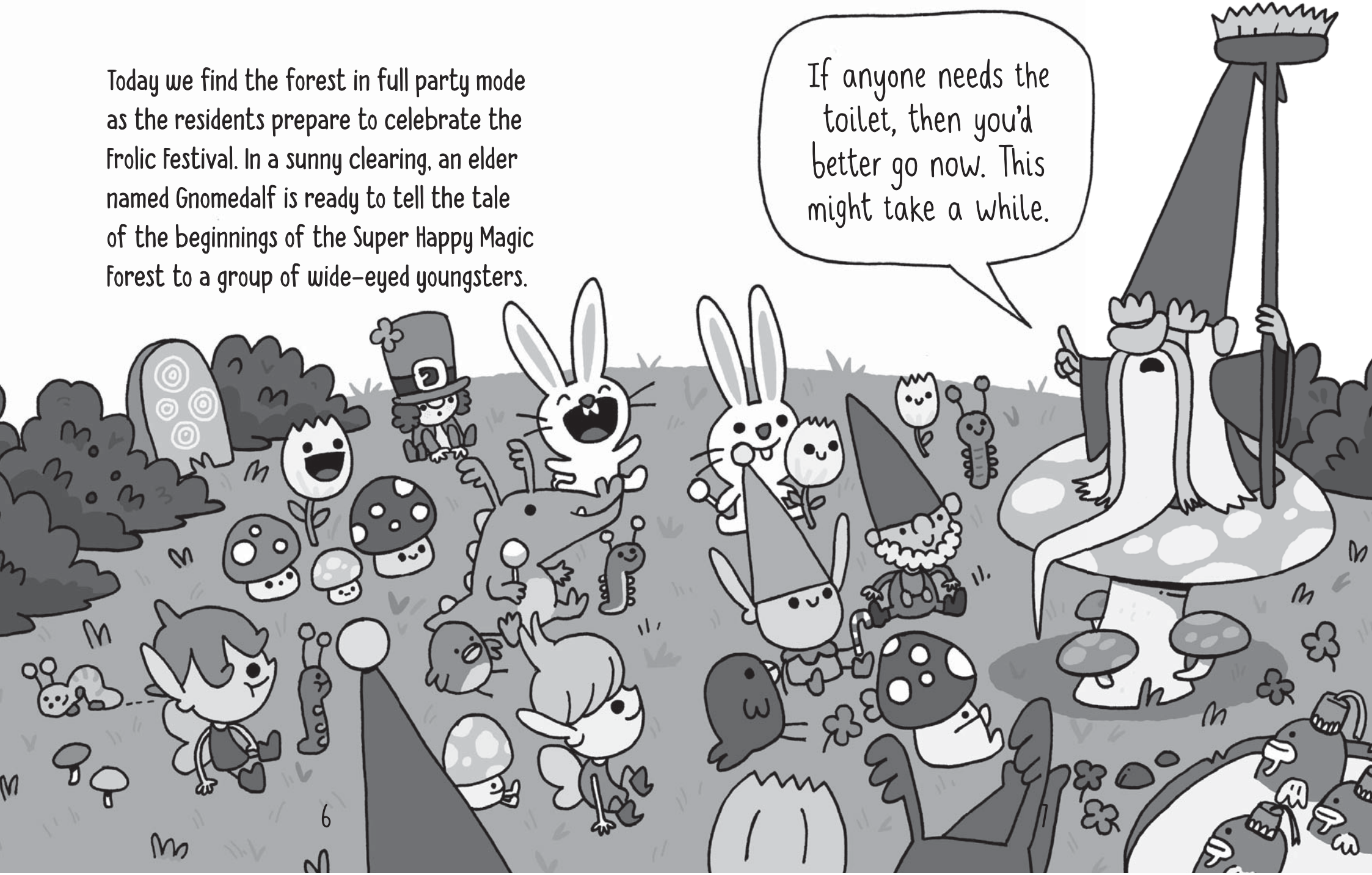
In the middle of nowhere in particular lies the SUPER HAPPY MAGIC FOREST. It is a place of fun and frolics, where rainbows sprout from the ground and ice creams grow on trees. That's right: actual ice creams, in a variety of flavours. Except mint. Nobody likes mint ice cream. You can also get sprinkles 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)
SACRED GLADE SOMEWHERE IN HERE
MYSTICAL CRYSTALS OF LIFE
EXTRA-LARGE MUSHROOMS
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.



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.

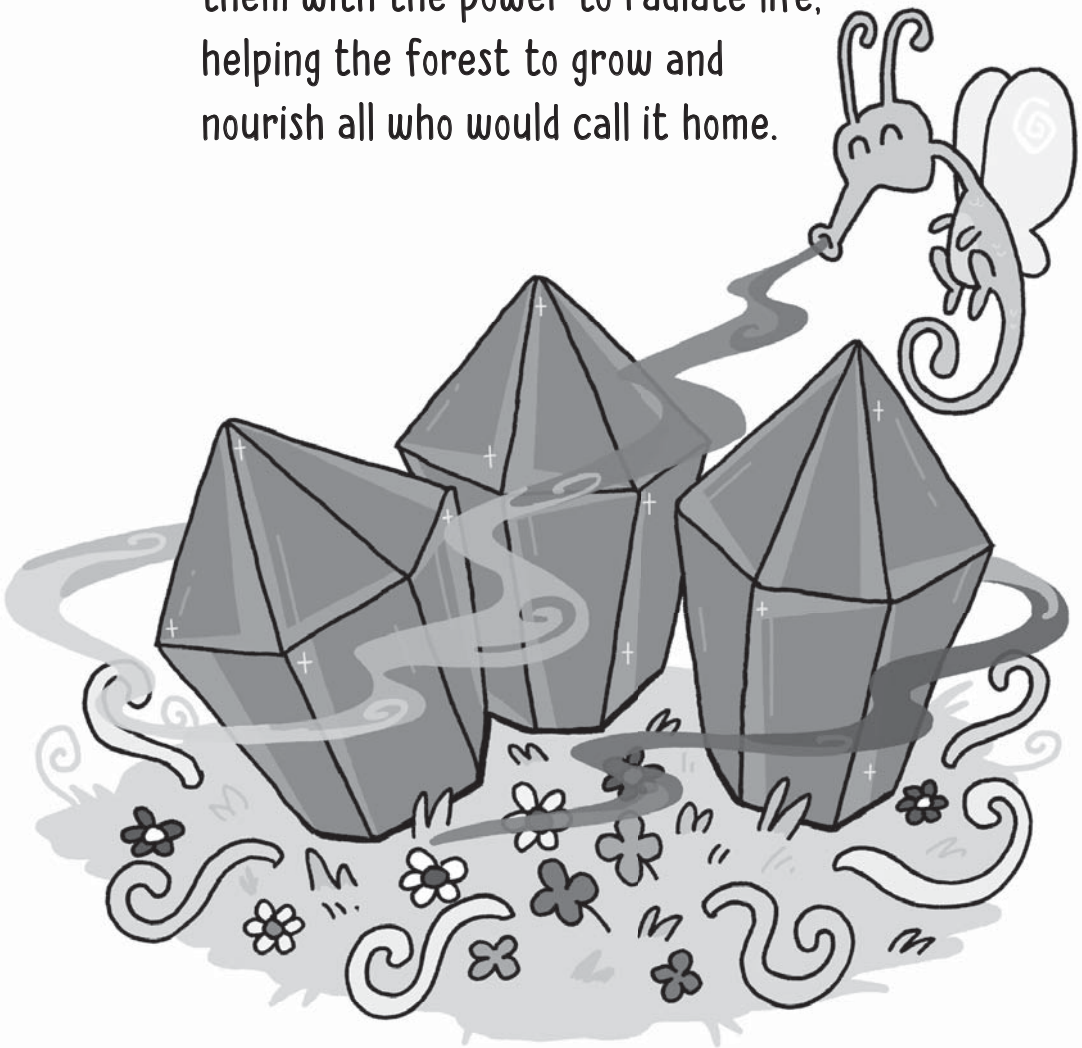


Gnomedalf cleared his throat. 'Long have I researched the beginnings of our beloved forest. A forest that came to be when an egg appeared at the end of a majestic triple rainbow. As it hatched, beams of light pierced the cracks and the shell broke away.

'The Rainbow Dragon was born!

'She flittered up into the air and opened her mouth, shooting forth not fire but breath of life in seven spectacular hues! The barren land beneath her was transformed with every breath. Mountains and giant mushrooms reached for the sky as flowers unfurled and the very first lollipops sprung from the earth.

'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.

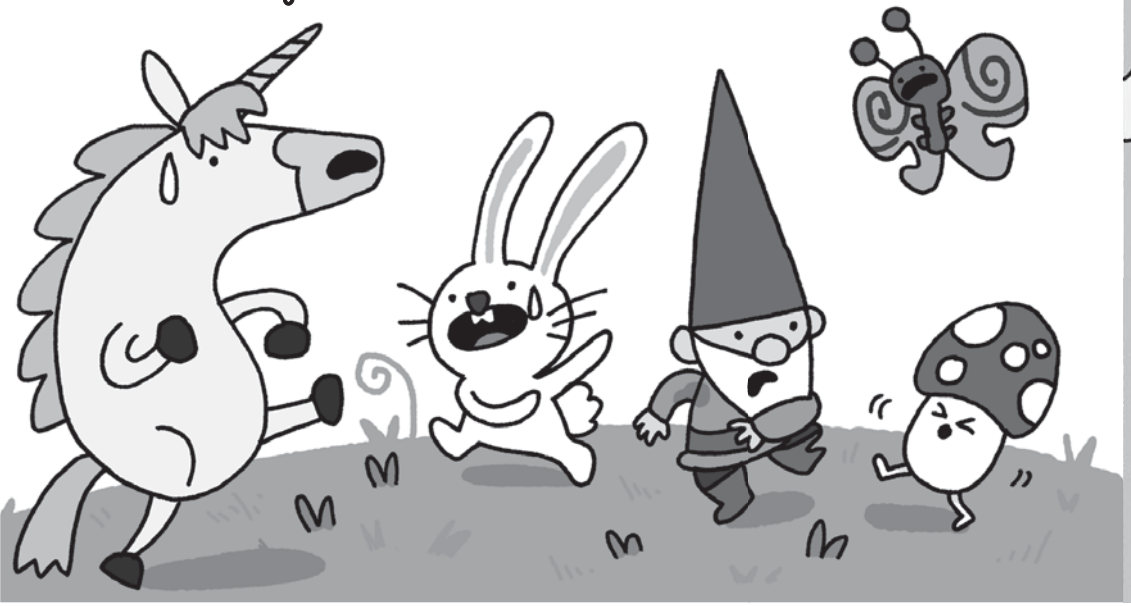
'She'll usually do a few twirls and spins in the air, just for effect, before imbuing the mystical crystals with new life. Which just helps to keep things ticking over for the next hundred years! Quite remarkable, I'm sure you'll agree. Now, any questions?'

Soon the Frolic Festival was in full swing,
and laughter and music filled the air.
Do the ROBOT!
Whoo!
Wahey!

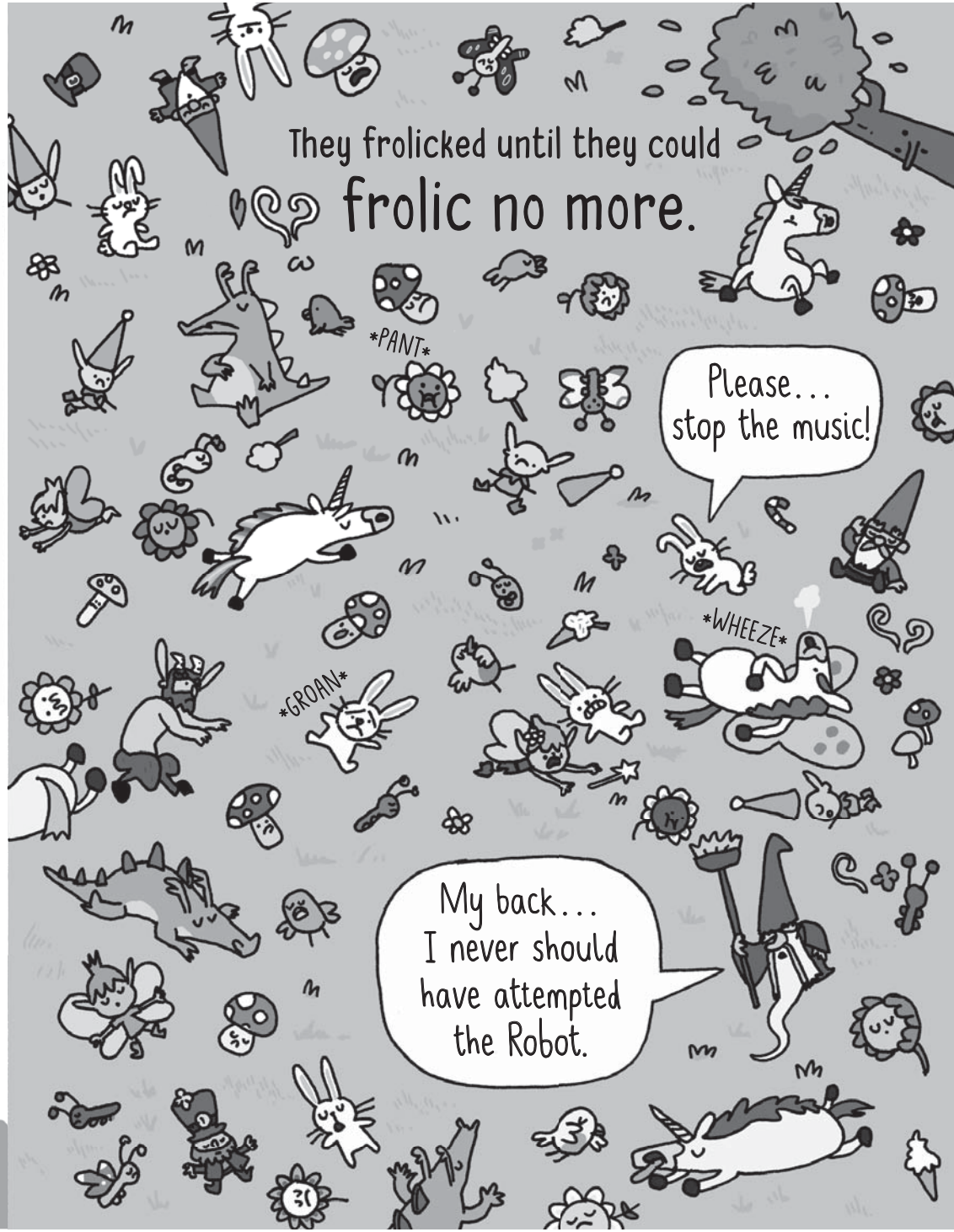
But the Rainbow Dragon was nowhere to be seen.

The band played harder.

And everyone frolicked faster.



They frolicked until they could frolic no more.



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

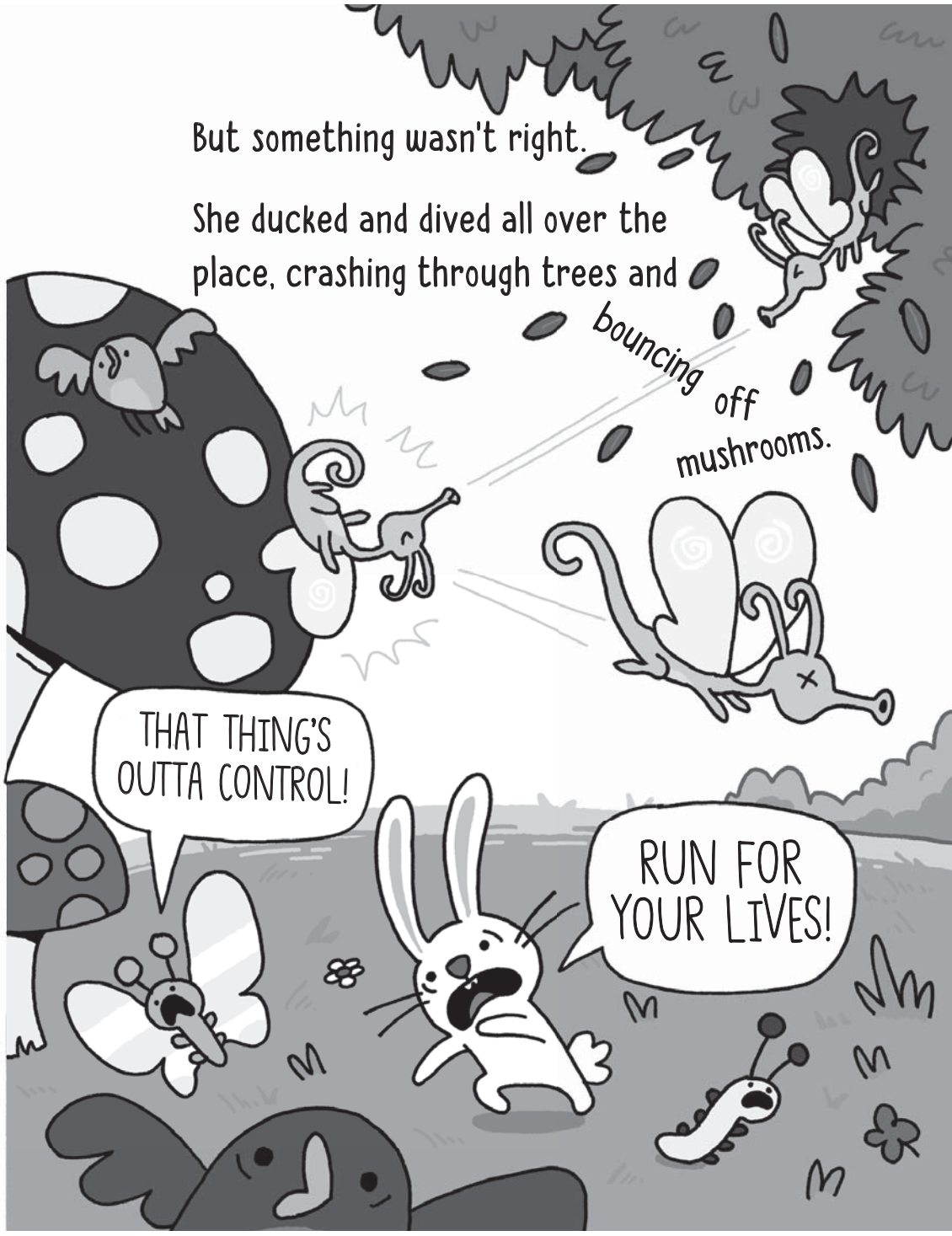
It had a long neck and a coiled tail, with unmistakable butterfly wings.

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 'AaaaCHOOOO!' (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.



'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.

CHAPTER TWO

ENTER THE HEROES

Now, it's not as if a sick dragon was the only drama the Super Happy Magic Forest had ever faced. Luckily, for every hiccup, there have always been five brave heroes who have answered the call. Five heroes who always stand together in the face of evil. Five heroes who will always make their voices heard . . .

One way or another, these five friends have always triumphed over any evil afflicting the forest. So they tend to be the go-to choice for all your questing needs.

. . . and Trevor the mushroom.

Today they've been given an urgent task by the Council of Happiness.

'Where are we going?' asked Blossom, in-between big mouthfuls of candyfloss.

'To the Sacred Glade to find out what made the Rainbow Dragon so sick,' replied Hoofius.

'Don't you remember anything that happened at the Frolic Festival?' said Herbert.

'Or afterwards, when we were summoned before the Council of Happiness and given this quest?' continued Twinkle. Blossom was too busy pulling splinters out of his tongue to respond.

'You really shouldn't eat the stick as well,' said Trevor.

The Sacred Glade lay deep within the Super Happy Magic Forest. Here the trees grew tallest, enough to keep out the sunlight except for a few cracks in the canopy where the beams burst through. As nobody was usually allowed to enter, it was eerily quiet. And dark.

But the first thing they noticed was the

smell.

'It wasn't me,' said Blossom, worried that the others might jump to conclusions.

'This isn't natural,' said Herbert, covering his nose.

They wandered, a bit lost, through the dense undergrowth of the forest floor, when the quietness of the place was broken by a low gurgling sound, followed by what might well have been a loud belch.

'It came from over there,' whispered Twinkle, pointing towards a mossy verge.

They heard another belching sound, louder this time.

'Sounds like a relative of yours, Blossom,' quipped Trevor.

They clambered up the bank. Whatever was making those noises was on the other side. And judging from the smell, it was probably to blame for making the Rainbow Dragon sick.

Very slowly, they peeked over the top.

Ummm . . . it looks more like a relative of yours, Trevor.

Normal mushrooms could grow to be **huge** in the Super Happy Magic Forest, but not mushroom folk, like Trevor. This one was **bigger** than any of his kind. And it smelt a lot worse, too.

Trevor leaned over the ridge to get a closer look. As he stared at the super shroom, he lost his balance and toppled over the edge. Mushrooms rolling down hills wasn't an uncommon sight in the Super Happy Magic Forest. Fun is fun, after all. But this was not exactly the time or place.

When Trevor finally came to a halt, two **giant** red eyes flicked open and stared at him.

'Welcome, puny mushroom! My name is FUNGELLUS. And who might you be?'

'T . . . Trevor.' His voice came out a lot squeakier than he'd hoped.

'T-Trevor is it? Hmmm. I have mushrooms bigger than you growing out of my rear end!' Fungellus chuckled and then coughed, the growths on his side wobbling.

'Listen here. I'm in charge now. The boss! The big cheese! Your forest will wilt under my control. You are pathetic and weak . . . but I could make you POWERFUL. How would you like to join me? We mushrooms could—BELCH—rule all!'

Trevor took a couple of hops back as the monster mushroom began to cough and wheeze.

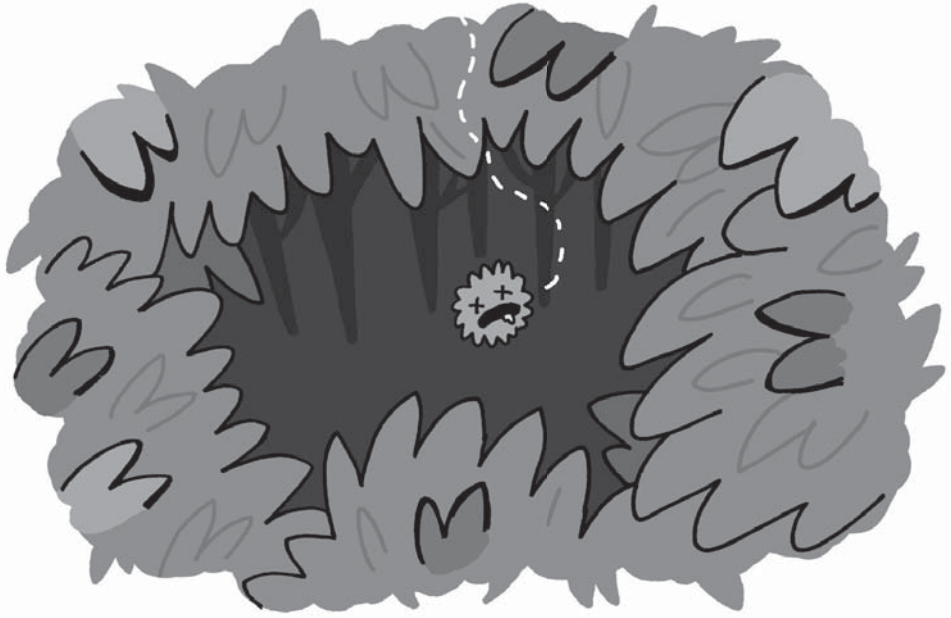
'Did someone say there was big cheese?' enquired Blossom, as the others caught up with Trevor.

'So . . . you've brought some friends,' said Fungellus. 'And I suppose you're here trying to find out what—BURP—happened to that adorable creature that called this glade home.'

'What did you do to the Rainbow Dragon?' demanded Twinkle. She could be quite threatening, for a fairy. But Fungellus seemed amused.

'It all started when I was a tiny toxic spore,' he said, 'floating on the breeze from a rather different forest not far from here . . .

'. . . I found my way through the cracks in the trees . . .



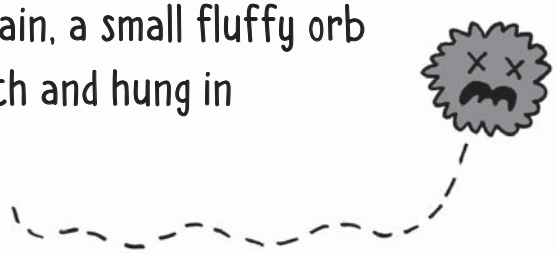
'. . . and settled on a damp mossy patch not far from the Rainbow Dragon.

'As it slept, I grew bigger and more toxic.'

'Sheesh. We didn't ask for your life story,' said Trevor, feeling a bit bolder with his friends beside him.

'SO YOU SEE,' boomed Fungellus, talking over the interruption. 'Your precious dragon was breathing in my—BUUURP!—toxic fumes while you fools were dancing in the meadows and making daisy chains!'

As he belched again, a small fluffy orb escaped his mouth and hung in the air.



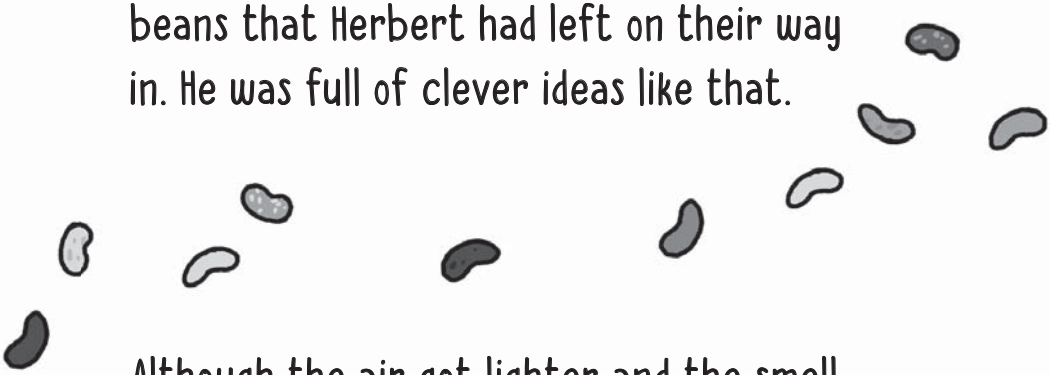
'Ahhh. Did you see that? The first spore. Soon they will spread my corruption throughout your forest, and you will all bow to my power!'

'Bahaha! You have two choices: you can all leave the forest forever . . . or, you can stay here and rot along with it. One thing is certain: Fungellus is in charge now.'

'Who's Fungellus?' asked Blossom, not quite keeping up.

'I AM FUNGELLUS! Now go. And think about what I've said. Especially you, T-Trevor.'

The heroes made their way out of the Sacred Glade, following a trail of jelly beans that Herbert had left on their way in. He was full of clever ideas like that.



Although the air got lighter and the smell began to disappear, the words of Fungellus lingered in their heads.