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SUPER HAPPY MAGIC FOREST

AND THE PORTALS OF PANIC





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AND THE PORTALS
OF PANIC



With thanks to the Super Happy
fiction team: Gillian Sore, Rob Lowe,
and Peter Marley

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THE SUPER HAPPY HEROES



Hoofius (faun)

A delightful mix of pointy and furry bits, Hoofius likes to take on the role of leader of the heroes. He takes questing very seriously and holds nothing but contempt for clothes and personal grooming.

Blossom (unicorn)

A champion frolicker, Blossom is impulsive and likes to live in the moment. His unpredictable nature surprises friends and enemies alike.

He also eats like a horse.





Twinkle (fairy)

The only airborne member of the group, Twinkle is a useful scout and surprisingly strong for her size. She's also easily distracted by anything cute or shiny.

Herbert (gnome)

Rake-wielder and packer of picnics. Questing without Herbert would likely see you lost, hungry, and unable to identify wild flowers.



Trevor (mushroom)

Small, squishy, and great in an omelette; what Trevor lacks in size and limbs, he makes up for in smart ideas and sharp one-liners.





CHAPTER ONE

THE BEAST FROM BEYOND

It all happened on a morning, just like any other, in the SUPER HAPPY MAGIC FOREST. Giant candy sticks shone in the sunlight as butterflies danced through flowerbeds. Gnomes fished. Fairies fluttered. Pixies played games of hide-and-seek that would sometimes go on for hours, or days. Unicorns frolicked in the meadows to the sound of pan pipes and birds singing in the trees. There was so much to see, and even more to do . . .



BUTTERFLY
HORSE

I'm glad
nothing bad
has happened
lately.

It won't
last.

Found
you!

It's been ...
three weeks.

But something was stirring
in the blue skies above.



Uh-oh

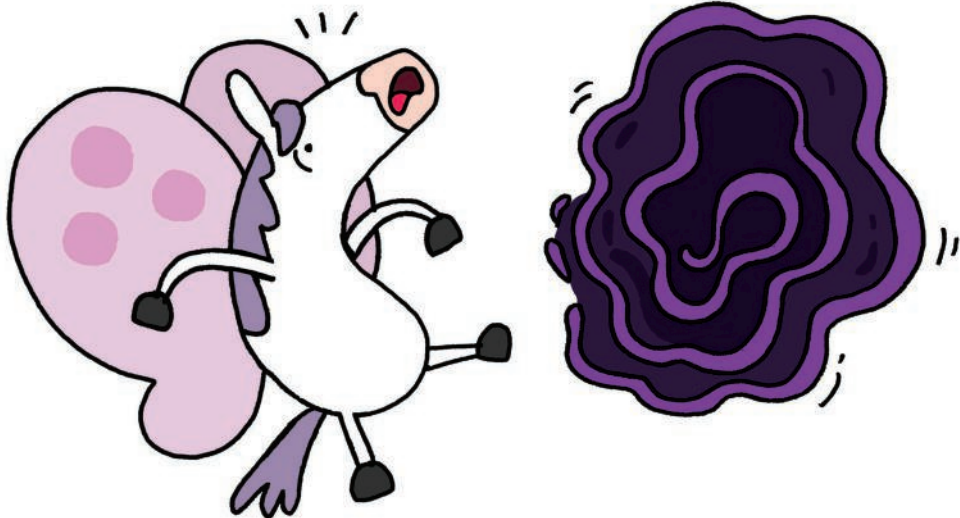
NON-STOP
FROLICKING



What started suddenly as a small ripple in the air . . .



. . . soon became a dark hole, large enough to disappear into, if you weren't careful.



It started to crackle, lit up by bolts of lightning from deep within.

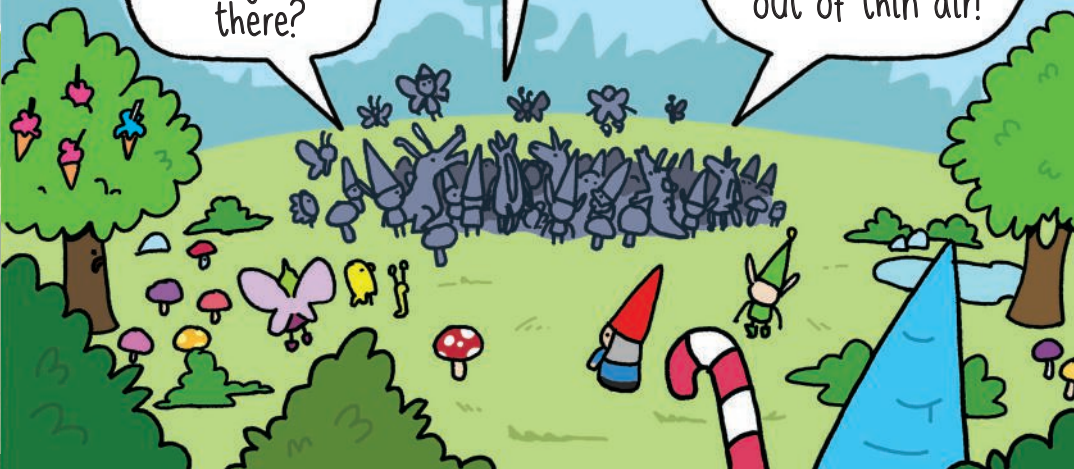
The hole was getting harder to ignore.



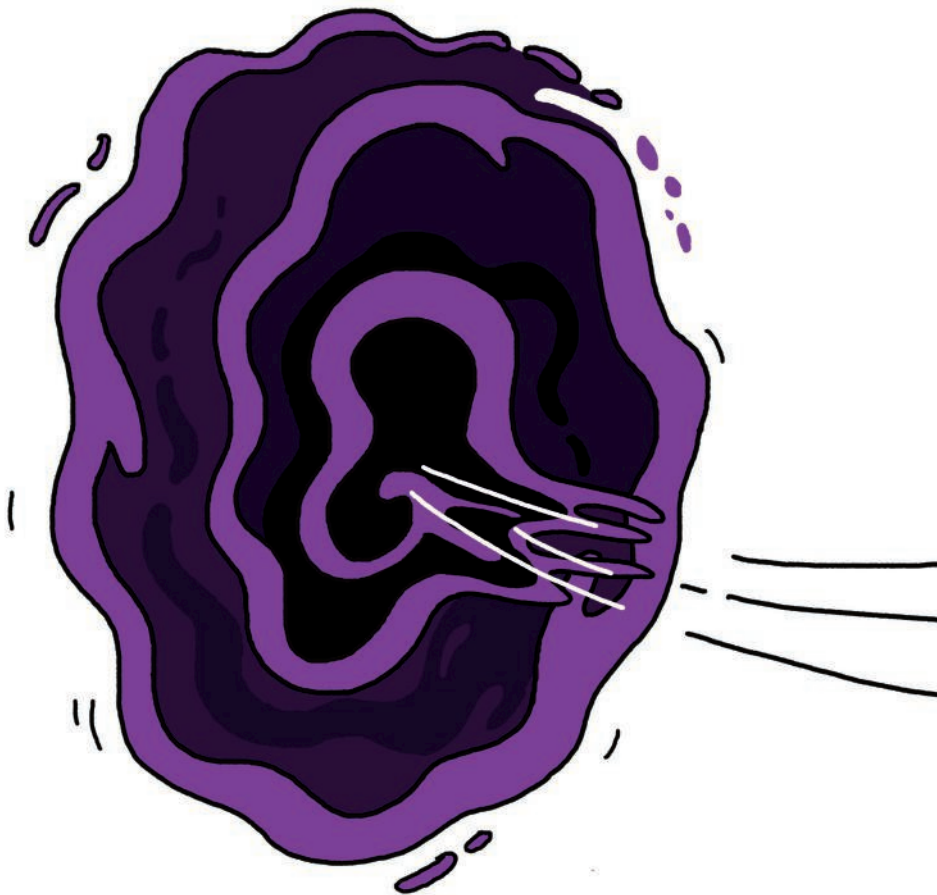
Has that ...
always been
there?

I think so?
Maybe?

It must have
been! Things
don't just appear
out of thin air!



But as soon as it had fully formed, it began to shrink.



And just before it totally vanished . . .

.... something
flew out!



A flappy blur of claws and teeth lashed out at the panicked onlookers, who started to run for cover.

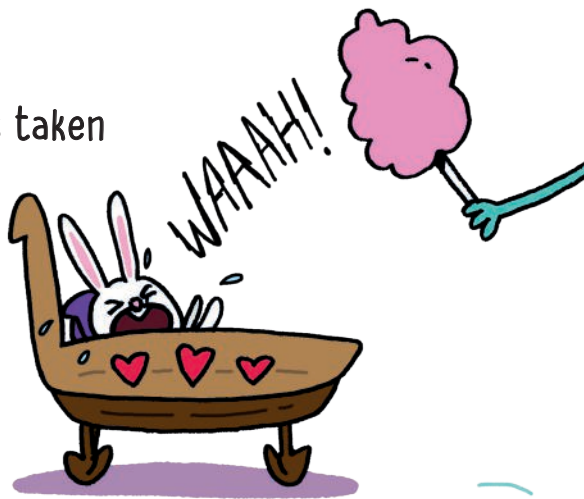
Ice creams were wrenched from hooves.



Lollipops were plucked from mouths.



Candy floss was taken
from babies.



No sweet treat was
safe within the
whirlwind of sticky
destruction.



After the beast had gulped down the last morsel, its huge wide eyes looked frantically around for the next bite.

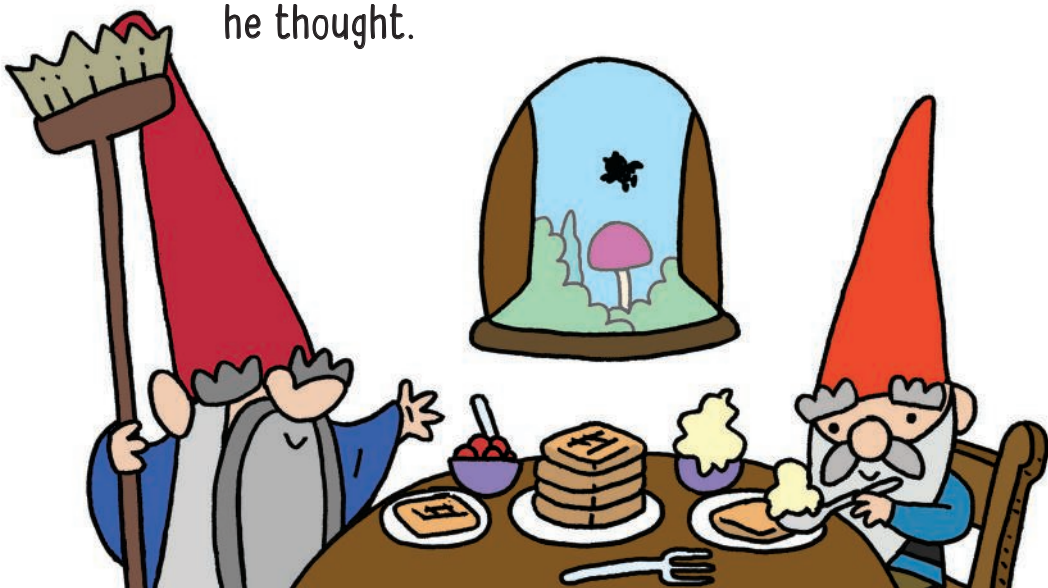
'That thing will eat its way through the whole forest!' cried one pixie. 'To the candy floss cave! Protect it with your lives!'

But the beast had caught the scent of something else. Its nose twitched, as a mouthwatering treat beckoned. It beat its wings and took to the air in search of the smell.



Meanwhile, in a cottage nearby two gnomes sat down to breakfast.

'I haven't baked waffles for years!' said Gnomedalf, as he ambled from the kitchen, his trademark broom in one hand and a full plate in the other. The aroma filled the room and drifted out of the open window. His guest was Herbert, a younger gnome who had made a name for himself as something of a heroic adventurer, though dolloping berries and cream on to fresh waffles was Herbert's only quest for this morning. Or at least, that's what he thought.



Something flashed through the window and the breakfast table erupted before Herbert's eyes. A creature was thrashing around, gobbling waffles and ignoring any idea of table manners. It was Herbert who ended up covered in berries and cream.

'Shoo! Away with you! I know how to use this!'

Gnomedalf was swinging his broom at the beast, like a gnome possessed.



Herbert grabbed the last waffle and slowly backed towards a cupboard, opening the door and flinging the waffle inside. The beast leapt in after it and Herbert slammed the door shut, trapping it.

'What's going on in there?' huffed the unmistakable voice of Tiddlywink the Pixie. He and the rest of The Council of Happiness (a group that deals with all the big forest matters) were stood outside, where a crowd had started to gather.



'Everything is under control!' said Herbert, as a chunk of cream dripped from his nose onto the ground. Tiddlywink's eyes narrowed in suspicion.

The rest of Herbert's questing group—fondly known by all as The Heroes—had also arrived at the scene.

Twinkle the fairy had seen the mayhem unfold and rounded up Blossom the unicorn, Hoofius the faun, and Trevor the mushroom straight away.

Blossom immediately set about helping to clear up the mess.



Tiddlywink was running out of patience.

'We're hearing reports of candy-based-carnage! Winged beasts! Swirling black holes! What in the name of cheesecake is going on here?'

'You'd best come in, councillors,' said Gnomedalf. 'And you too!' he added, pointing at the heroes. 'I fear something foul is afoot.'

They entered his cottage and closed the door.

Oh, I guess we're not invited.

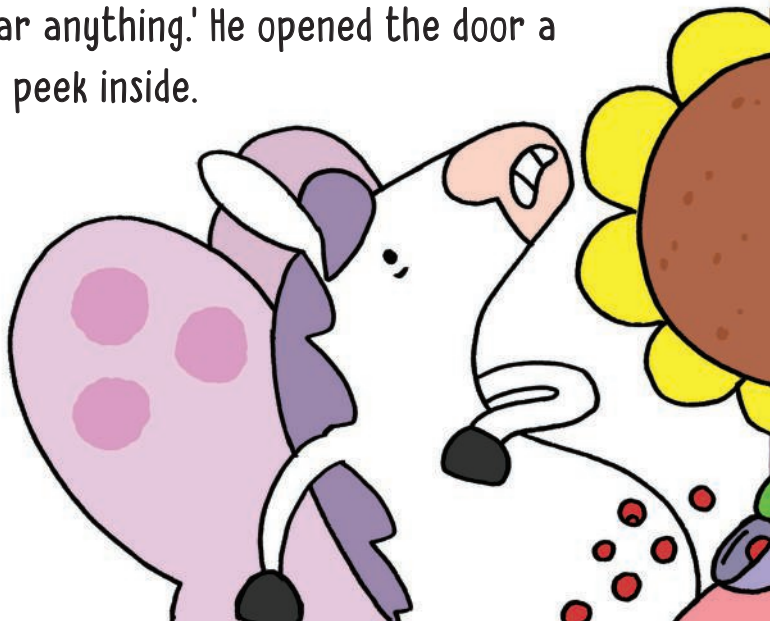
Typical.

'... and so now the beast is locked in the cupboard.' Gnomedalf finished filling everyone in on his breakfast nightmare.

Trevor glanced at the cupboard and then at Herbert, still covered in cream.

'Is this how you treat all your breakfast guests?' joked the mushroom.

Tiddlywink walked over and pressed his ear to the door. 'Are you sure it's in here? I don't hear anything.' He opened the door a crack to peek inside.



The kitchen descended into chaos.



Trying to escape, the panicked beast ducked and dived among them, finally coming to a halt on one of Gnomedalf's hanging saucepans.

It fell to the ground, out cold. They all gathered around.



'THAT'S IT!?' cried Tiddlywink. 'This flying gremlin thing is the cause of all this hullabaloo?'

'I fear this is no mere gremlin,' sighed Gnomedalf, using the handle of his broom to examine the creature. 'If this is what I *think* it is, then we could all be in great danger.'