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SUPER HAPPY MAGIC FOREST

AND THE HUMONGOUS FUNGUS





SUPER HAPPY MAGIC FOREST

AND THE
HUMONGOUS FUNGUS



For CP, who always wanted
to read the next bit



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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. Trevor doesn't seem like your typical hero. Perhaps there is more to this mushroom than we think?





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)

EXTRA-LARGE
MUSHROOMS

MYSTICAL
CRYSTALS
OF LIFE





SACRED GLADE
SOMEWHERE
IN HERE

BUTTERFLY
HORSE

The Super Happy Magic Forest is home to all kinds of colourful characters.

Gnomes.



Unicorns.



Half-naked
goat-men.

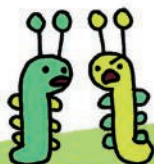
Hey...
we're called
"Fauns."

And the rest!

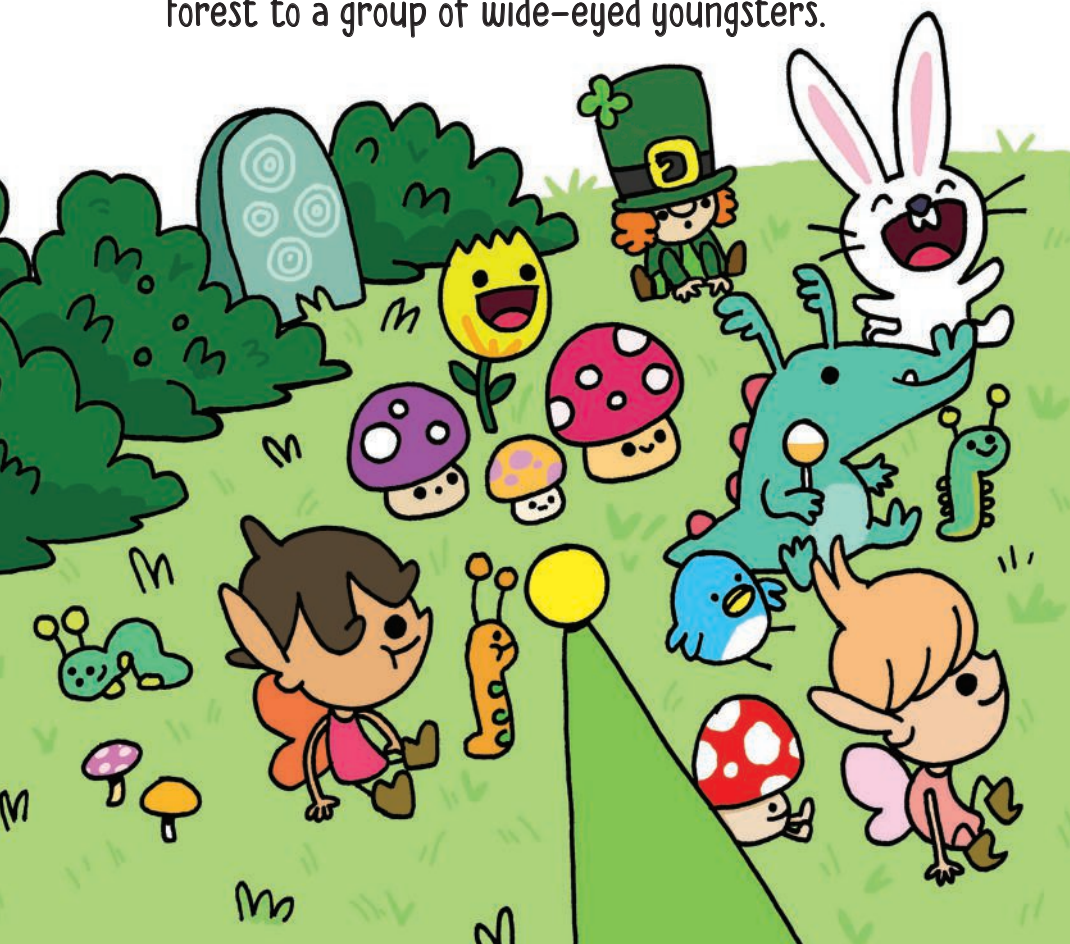


Didn't even
give us a proper
introduction.

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.



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!**

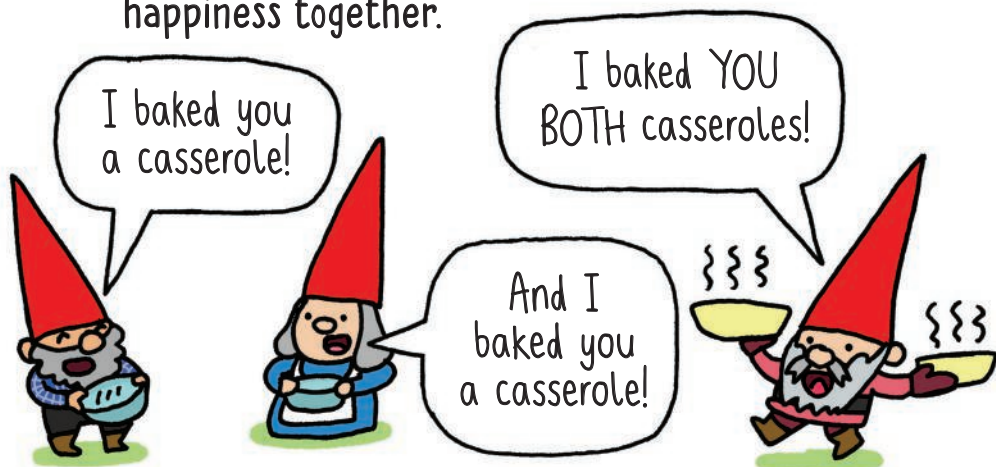
'She flittered up into the air and opened her mouth, shooting forth not fire but breath of life in seven spectacular hues! The barren land beneath her was transformed with every breath. Mountains and giant mushrooms reached for the sky as flowers unfurled and the very first lollipops sprung from the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



But the Rainbow Dragon was nowhere to be seen.

The band played harder.



And everyone frolicked faster.



frolic no more.

Please...
stop the music!

My back...
I never should
have attempted
the Robot.

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 '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.

