

# Pearl

THE HAPPY UNICORN

For Imogen Grace. — SALLY ODGERS

For Tammy, Chelsea, Indiana, Tatum, Lenny,  
Bandit, Ivy and Basil. — ADELE K THOMAS

Scholastic Press  
345 Pacific Highway Lindfield NSW 2070  
An imprint of Scholastic Australia Pty Limited (ABN 11 000 614 577)  
PO Box 579 Gosford NSW 2250  
www.scholastic.com.au

Part of the Scholastic Group  
Sydney • Auckland • New York • Toronto • London • Mexico City  
• New Delhi • Hong Kong • Buenos Aires • Puerto Rico

Published by Scholastic Australia in 2019.  
Text copyright © Sally Odgers, 2019.  
Illustrations copyright © Adele K Thomas, 2019.

Sally Odgers asserts her moral rights as the author of this work.  
Adele K Thomas asserts her moral rights as the illustrator of this work.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, storage in an information retrieval system, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher, unless specifically permitted under the Australian Copyright Act 1968 as amended.



A catalogue record for this  
book is available from the  
National Library of Australia

ISBN: 978-1-76066-427-5

The illustrations in this book were created digitally.  
Typeset in Queulat Cnd Soft.

Printed in China by RR Donnelley.  
Scholastic Australia's policy, in association with RR Donnelley, is to use papers that are renewable and made efficiently from wood grown in responsibly managed forests, so as to minimise its environmental footprint.

10 987654321

19 20 21 22 23 / 1



SALLY ODGERS

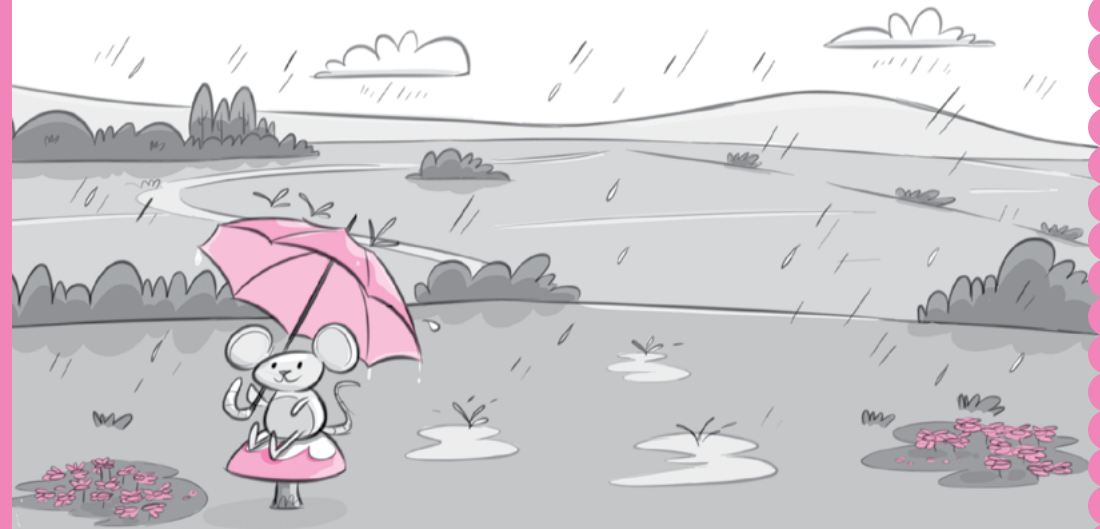


ADELE K THOMAS



## Chapter One

**P**earl the **magical** unicorn was feeling a little unhappy.



It was raining.

Pearl knew rain was good. It made the plants **grow** and it meant there was plenty of water in the pond. But did it have to rain **so much**? Did it have to be **so cold**? Pearl peered out from under her dripping mane. A **big** drop of water ran down her horn and **splashed** into her eye.





**‘Bumpy balloons!’** Is it ever going to stop?’ She **swished** her tail. Then she **shook** herself as hard as she could. Drops of water **flew** from her soggy fur. Then a pink **fluffy** towel fell out of the sky and **landed** on Pearl’s head.



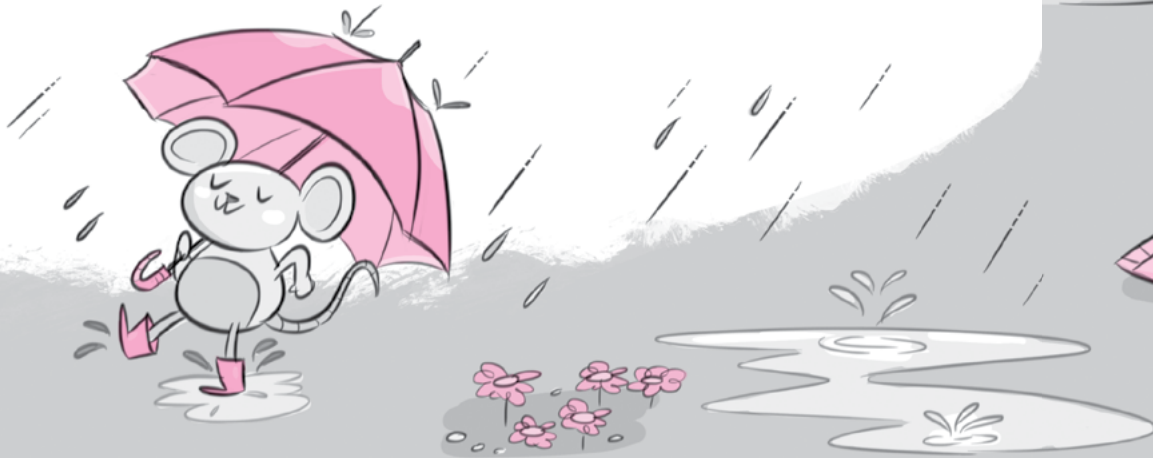
Pearl was **surprised**. She’d made just the thing she needed. ‘Perfect! Now I have **something** to keep me dry!’ Pearl did a little **dance** of triumph.





But then it started  
to rain **harder**.  
Pearl and her pink  
towel were soon  
**soaking** wet.

**‘Tumbling toads!’** Pearl  
sulked. She **shook** off the towel and  
found a tree. She stood under it, but the  
raindrops just **slipped** off the leaves and  
**landed** on her head.



Pearl wished she had her **best** friends to talk to.

Her friend Olive was an **ogre**. And she was probably **snug** and **dry** in her ogre-lodge, **roasting** apples on a stick.

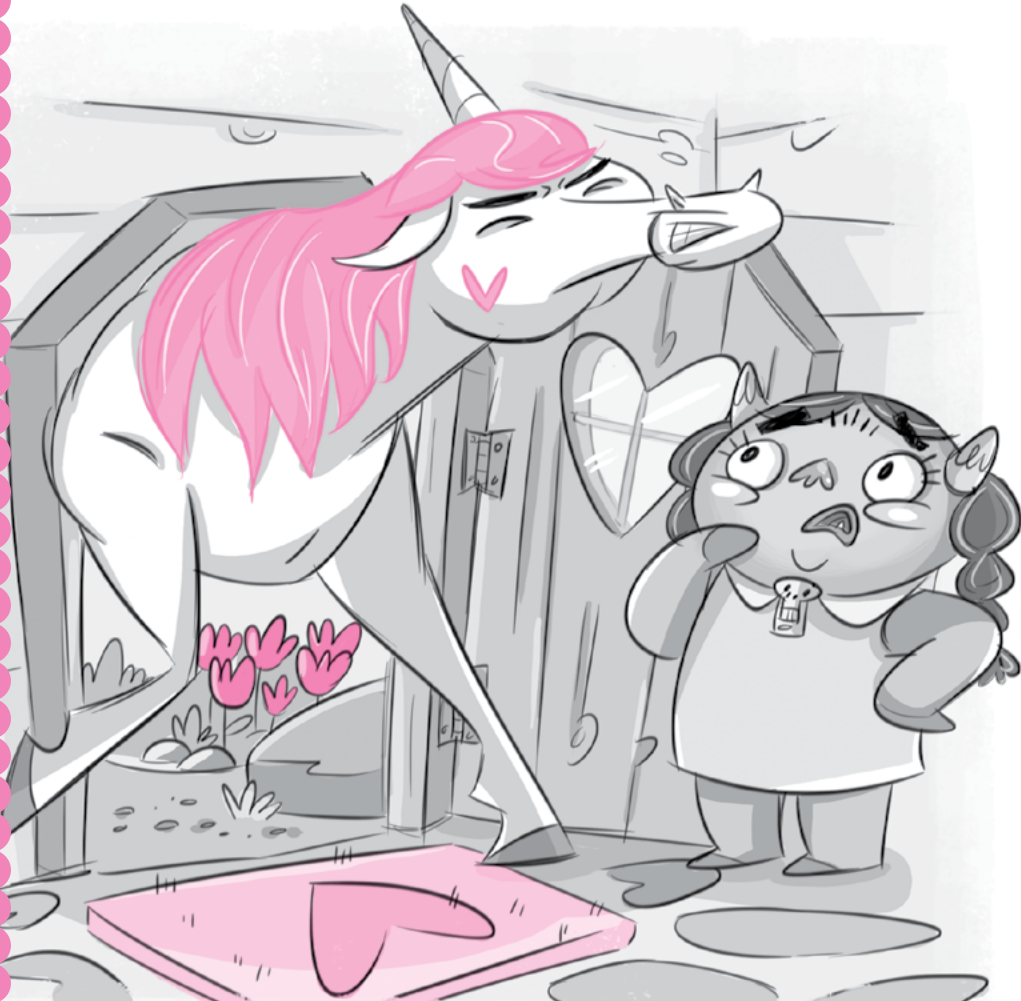


Her friend Tweet was a **firebird**. She was probably sheltering from the rain in the **warm** firebird caves.





Pearl **couldn't** shelter with Olive,  
because she was far too **big** to fit in  
her ogre-lodge.



And she was far too **tall** to fit into the  
**warm** firebird caves with Tweet.



Sometimes being a **magical** unicorn  
wasn't so **magical**.

‘I wish I was an ogre,’ Pearl muttered.  
‘They’re **always** happy.’

Then Pearl had an idea. She was a **magical** unicorn! Maybe she could do a bit of **magic** to make the rain stop?

‘Let’s see,’ Pearl said. She’d never done this kind of **magic** before. But how hard could it be? She **swished** her tail, **tapped** her front hoof and **wiggled**. Then she did it again, faster.

Swish-tap-wiggle-swish-tap-wiggle.

Nothing happened, so she added a **flick** of her mane.

Swish-tap-wiggle-swish-tap-wiggle-flick!



Pearl **looked up** into the sky. **DRIP, DRIP, DRIP, DRIP.** She **snorted** crossly. It was **still** raining, and she was **still** wet. The only difference was now the rain was pink.



**'Rattling roses!'**

cried Pearl.

She was about to try again when she **heard** an enormous

**ROOOAAR!**

Then there was another.

**ROOOAAR!**

Pearl **pricked** up her ears and **flicked** pink rain off her mane.

That **sounded** like Olive. What was Olive doing out in the rain?

Pearl **trotted** off to find out what was going on.





Olive was on the other side of the pond.  
Pearl **watched** as the ogre **clenched**  
her fists, **stomped** one ogre-foot on the  
ground and **roared**.

A twitter of **giggles** came from a **huge**  
hat **sitting** on a rock nearby.

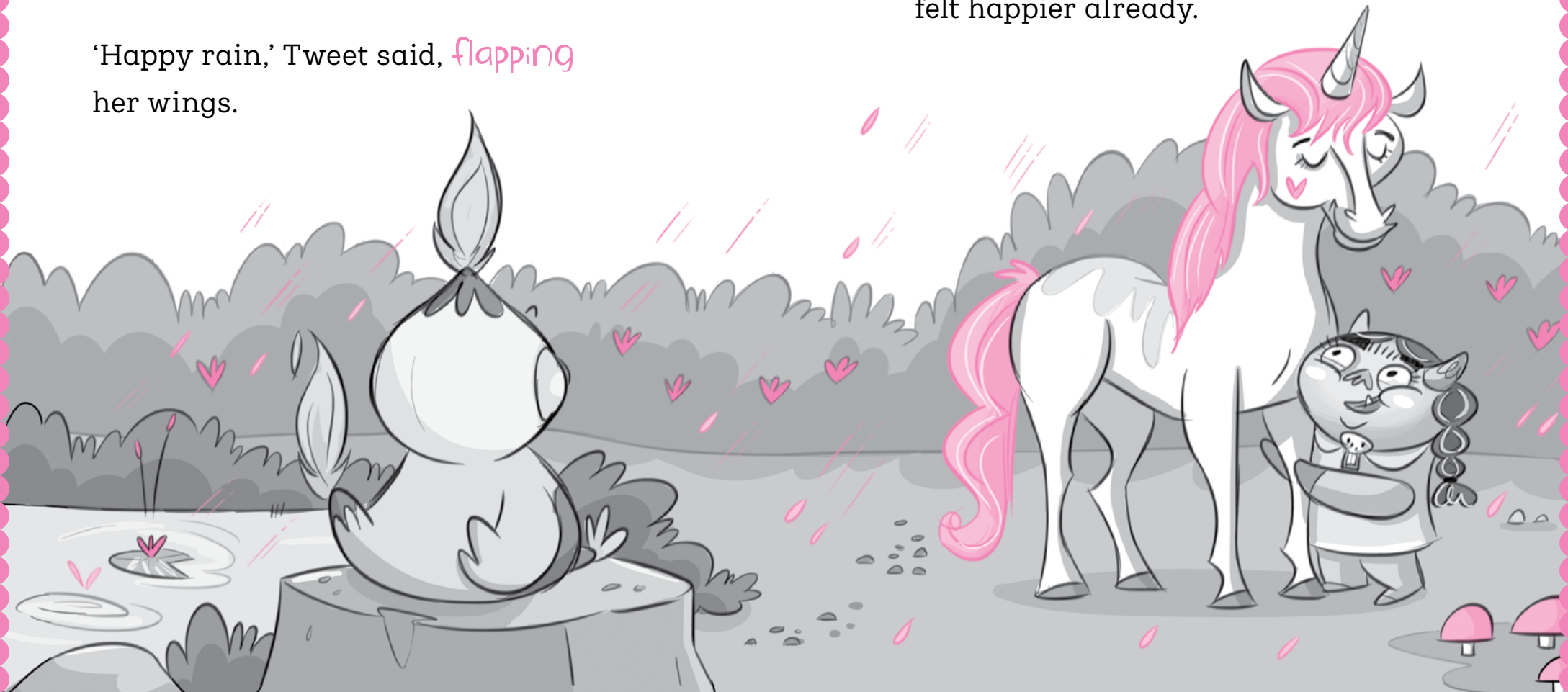
Her friend Tweet the firebird **stuck** her  
beak out from underneath. 'Pearl!' she  
said excitedly.



Olive **looked** around with a grin.  
She **flung** her arms around Pearl in  
a **squelchy**, wet hug. 'Did you **make**  
the pink rain?'

'Happy rain,' Tweet said, **flapping**  
her wings.

Pearl didn't **tell** her friends she was  
**trying** to make the rain stop. Then Pearl  
no longer felt the **DRIP, DRIP, DRIP** of  
raindrops. The rain had stopped! Pearl  
felt happier already.



‘What are you doing?’ Pearl asked.

‘Ogre-roar!’ Tweet said. The firebird came out from **under** the hat, **stomped** one claw and **stuck** out her tail.

‘I’m practising for the **roar** contest at Ogrefest. It’s going to be **so** much fun,’ Olive said.

Pearl **wished** she had a Unicornfest to go to, but she was the **only** unicorn in the Kingdom, so it wouldn’t be much fun at all.







‘I’m going to enter **lots** of contests. There’s the ogre-stomp, the cake-eat, the campfire, the mud-roll . . .’

‘The mud-roll?’ Pearl asked. ‘That sounds like fun.’

‘We **roll** around in mud and then we **shake** it off. I’ll show you.’

Olive **flung** herself down and **rolled** across the ground. Then she **bounced** back to her feet, **dripping** with mud.

‘Now we **shake**.’  
She **shook** herself and mud **splattered** all over Pearl.

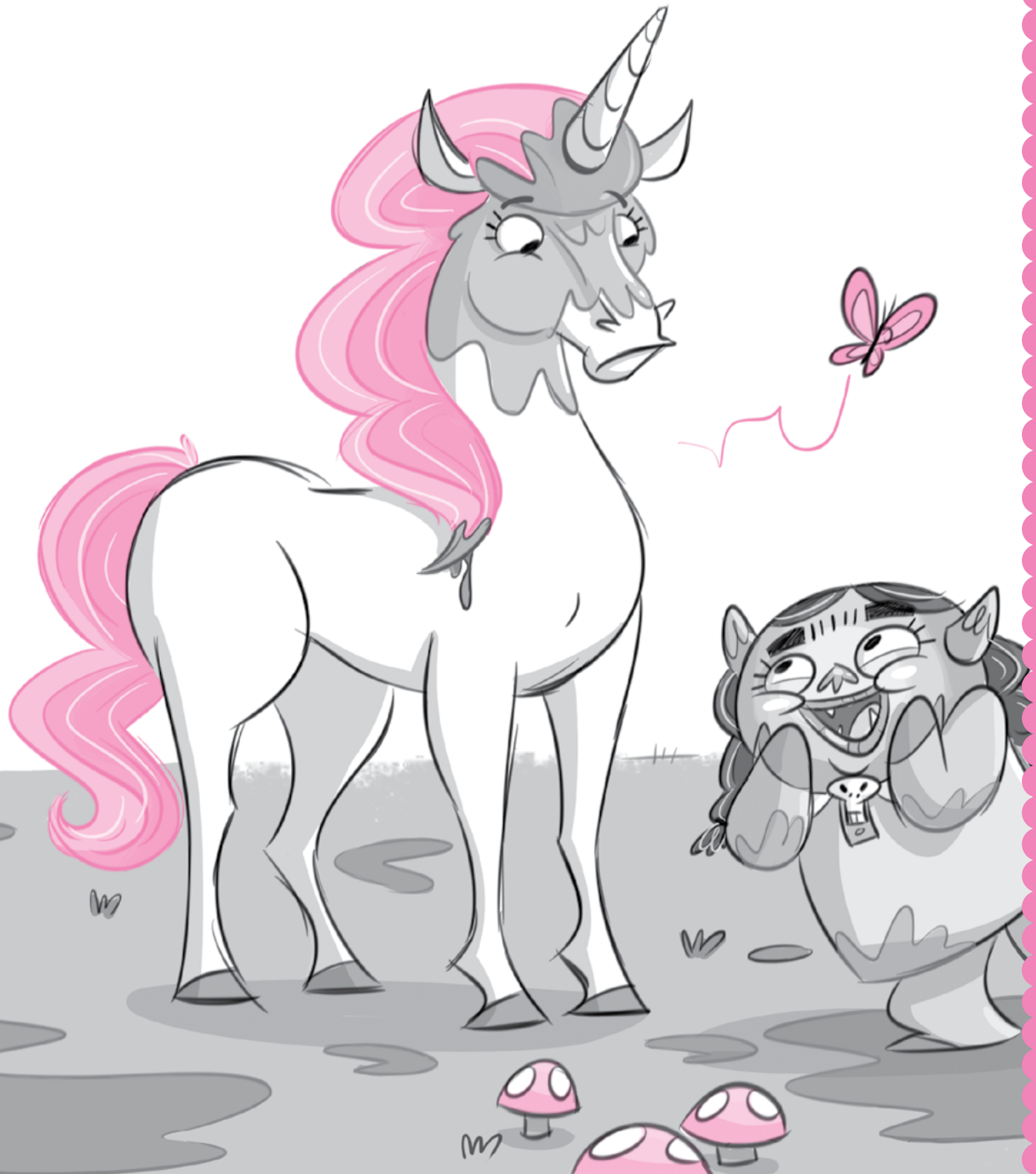


‘Oops,’ Olive said. ‘You don’t **look** like a **magical** unicorn anymore.’

Pearl **shook** the mud off and managed to **splatter** Tweet. ‘Oops.’

‘Ogreicorn and ogrebird!’ Tweet **giggled**.

‘I know!’ Olive **clapped** her hands. ‘Let’s **ALL** go to Ogrefest!’



**MORE MAGICAL  
ADVENTURES  
COMING SOON!**

