

The Adventures of
Princesse Pearl



*The Magical Mishaps
at Mrs. Scuttlebug's*

Episode 3

The background is a repeating pattern of pink floral and vine motifs on a light pink background. The pattern includes stylized leaves, small flowers, and swirling vines. A semi-transparent white rectangular box is positioned in the center-right of the image.

Our story begins...



After breakfast and saying goodbye to the entire porcupine clan, Hutch kept his promise to get Princesse Pearl, Barlow, and Rosie to Mrs. Scuttlebug's house. Rather than just giving directions, he insisted on taking them himself.

"There are a lot of twists and turns, so I'd hate it if you

got lost," he had said. And there were! When they finally stopped, they were standing in front of a white picket fence that wrapped around a large yard, where a small blue cottage sat under towering flowers, and a chimney puffed pink smoke rings.



“It’s a good thing you brought us,” Barlow said. “I know we would have gotten lost at least once.”

“No problem. And I’ll keep a lookout for your sister, Rosie,” Hutch said.

“Thank you,” Rosie said.

“If anything, you can tell her we will end up at the castle, so she doesn’t get lost trying to find us,” Princesse Pearl said.

“I’ll do that.”

Mrs. Scuttlebug came up to the gate. She was a large ladybug with thick glasses that took up her whole face and a green hat with daisies sticking out of it. “Well, hey there, Hutch, dearie. Who are your friends?”

Hutch introduced everyone, and Mrs. Scuttlebug said, “Oh yes, I’ve been expecting you. Welcome. Welcome. Are you staying too, Hutch?”

“No, ma’am. I have to get back for a bit.”

“Well, while you’re here, would you mind giving me one of your quills?”

“Of course not.” He handed her one of his quills very carefully.

Everyone said their goodbyes, and Mrs. Scuttlebug hurried them to the house.

As they walked through the yard, the three friends realized that not all of the plants were flowers. In one section, rows of green and blue peacock feathers sprouted from the ground and stretched like trees to the sky.

“You can grow peacock feathers?” Rosie asked.

“Why of course, dearie,” Mrs. Scuttlebug looked at her as if that were a silly question. “Where do you think I get half of my recipes from? They are invaluable to my work. Come along,” she hurried them down the path.

“What exactly is your work?” Barlow asked, while tapping Pearl and pointing to a field of cacti.

“Come, come. No time to dawdle,” and that was all she said until they got to the front of the house. What they saw, they couldn’t believe. Every wall from floor to ceiling was covered with bottles, pots, and boxes. Each one had a black rectangle label with white writing that said things like, “Mastodon Strength,” “Moon Dance,” and “Octopus Smarts.”

Strands of shells draped cabinet corners, dried flowers hung in window frames, and candles lit even the darkest corners with a warm flickering. “Close the door, please! Can’t let anything out.”

Pearl and Barlow looked around, at each other, and then to Mrs. Scuttlebug. “What’s going to get out?”

“Best if we don’t find out, dearie.” If she saw the puzzled looks on the faces of her guests, she didn’t show it. She moved on talking, as though what she said required no explanation at all.

“This,” she spread her arms out wide and twirled slowly. “This is my laboratory, where all the magic happens.”

“Real magic?” Sophie asked.

“Is there any other kind?” Mrs. Scuttlebug asked, rubbing a purple rabbit’s foot. She went to a long table that stood in the middle of the room. It was covered with fall leaves, conch shells, glass tubes filled with yellow liquid, boxes with twine and ribbons sticking out, feathers, forgotten flower petals, and contraptions that seemed more dangerous than a tool used to make magic.

“What do you use all this for?”

“Why, to help heal injured and sick animals.”

“Where do you get all of this stuff,” Barlow poked at a tooth as big as his fist.





“Here and there.” Mrs. Scuttlebug poured a thick black liquid that looked like mud into a pot, followed by a shark tooth, and Hutch’s quill. She stirred the pot with a long wooden spoon.

“So, dearie,” Mrs. Scuttlebug looked at Pearl. “Yesterday, I was at the castle tending to one of the doves there. Your grandfather told me that you’re on a journey back home.”

Pearl nodded.

“Well, he asked that you stay here tonight and help me on the farm. I have to run to the fair. Seems that two kids ate fried gummy bears before going on the Tilt-and-Twirl. You know goats, they’ll eat anything.” The three friends perked up when they heard about the fair.

“I forgot about that,” Barlow said.

“Me too,” Rosie chimed in.

But before they could get excited, Mrs. Scuttlebug held up her hand. “Sorry, dearies, but I need you to look after things here while I’m away. There’s a lot of work that has to be done.” She pointed at Barlow. “Your job is to give this pot a good stirring every two hours. Not one. Not three. Every two. Can you do that?”

Barlow nodded. “Yeah. Easy peasy.”

“Are you sure?” This is very important,” she said. Without waiting for an answer, she set a timer for two hours and handed it to Barlow. “Every two hours.”

“Is that all you need us to do?” Rosie asked.

“Here is the list.” The old ladybug handed Pearl a piece of paper. Pearl’s eyes widened when she saw all the tasks.

“All of these?”

“I did say I need lots of help,” Mrs. Scuttlebug laughed for the first time.

“I’ll say.”

“Oh, dearie, look at the time. I’ve got to be going.” With that, she climbed a ladder so that she could reach the very

top shelf and brought down a tin labeled “Iron Gut.” She poured little, yellow squares into a cloth bag and added some grass cuttings.

“Help yourself to any food, but whatever you do, absolutely do not open these jars and tins. They’re very powerful, and if you don’t know how to use them...well... let’s just say you don’t want to find out.”

“OK,” everyone said together and with that Mrs. Scuttlebug was gone.

Pearl turned to Barlow and Rosie. “We’d better get started. There is a lot to do.”

“Like what?” Barlow asked.





“Well, first, we need to care for the peacock feathers by pouring honey on them. Next, we need to feed the Venus flytraps. After that, we need to exercise the jumping beans. And there’s more, but let’s just get started with these.”

“That sounds easy enough,” Rosie said.

Barlow found jars of honey lined up against the shed behind the house. He stuck his paw in and licked off the blob. “Just testing it,” he said. He handed one jar to Pearl, and they walked up and down every row, pouring honey on the bases of the peacock feathers, like the directions said. Right before their eyes, the feathers grew a whole foot.

“Whoa,” said Pearl. “Have you ever seen anything like that before?”

“Uh uh,” Rosie said.

Next they fed the Venus flytraps. The note said to be very careful to not get too close, but to roll the food in front of the plant and when it was ready, it would eat. The note also suggested not to look and see what was inside of the grass wrapping, unless they wanted to be grossed out. No one looked.

When they got to the bean pen, Barlow nudged Pearl. “How are we going to exercise them?”

They thought for a moment, and then Pearl said, “I know.”

She went into the house and returned with the backpack Gramms had packed for her. She dug to the bottom of the bag and pulled out a jump rope. “Gramms must have known we’d need this.”



She and Barlow turned the rope, while Rosie lead the group in songs, and each jumping bean jumped until it was all jumped out.

“What are you doing,” Lefty called, walking up the path towards them. Pearl gave him a big smile and hugged him, which surprised him. “We’re helping Mrs. Scuttlebug by exercising her jumping beans. Want to play?”

“I’m good, but thanks.”

“We missed you at the party,” Rosie said. “We had so much fun!”

“Where did you go,” Pearl asked.

“Around,” Lefty said, and then changing the subject asked, “Mrs. Scuttlebug here?”

Rosie said, “No, she went to the fair.”

“Seems like we should be there,”
Lefty said.

“We’ll go tomorrow, on the way,”
Pearl said.

“What is all this stuff?” Lefty asked,
eyeing the Venus flytrap that had just
snapped up the snack in front of it.

Rosie’s eyes got big, and she got
excited. “Mrs. Scuttlebug knows magic!
You should see her house.”

“Well, then let’s go see,” Lefty said.

Barlow quickly said, “We’re not
supposed to touch anything.”

“Wow!” said Lefty when he saw the
walls of potions. “What does all of this
stuff do?” He pulled a box off the shelf
labeled “Leopard’s Leap.” He opened
the lid and pulled out a giant cat claw
with a red ribbon tied around it. He held
it up in the air.

“What is this bizarre thing?”

“Just put it back,” Barlow was
getting angry. “She told us not to
touch anything.”



“Oh, come on. Aren’t you the least bit curious about what ‘Rhino Rhythm’ is?” Lefty held up a green vase. “Or how she uses ‘Sunrise Shakes?’”

“I am,” Rosie said, and Pearl nodded.

“And if they were dangerous, do you really think that she’d have all of those just lying around together? Not locked up?”

Barlow said, “It doesn’t matter if I’m curious. Of course I’m curious, but she asked us not to.”

“Well, suit yourself.” Lefty turned and climbed up the ladder to the third shelf. “Let’s see, let’s see.” He came down with four jars in his arms. When Barlow made a face at him, Lefty just smiled and shrugged, “I have to know.”

And before Barlow could stop him, his timer went off, forcing him to go tend to the black potion. When he was done stirring, Lefty was already making his own recipe. “What happens, Princesse, when we combine Butterfly Butter,” he dumped out an orange ooze into a bowl, “With Pine Cone Paste.” He dropped the contents of the second jar into a bowl and stirred it. At first, nothing happened.

Then all of a sudden, a loud POP cracked from the recipe. Smoke filled the room, and three baby rabbits appeared on the table.

“Whoa!” Pearl gasped.

“Holy cow!” said Rosie.

“Oh no,” Barlow said and hid his face in his paw. After that, everyone except Barlow had forgotten



Mrs. Scuttlebug’s rule. They ran around the room collecting jars and boxes to see what would happen.

They combined Sun Ashes with Beeswax Milk, and stars shot out of Pearl’s fingers, and the light was so bright that it could be seen from the distant mountains.

“Oh, let me try.” Rosie poured eggshells and acorn tips together and mixed them with a glittery cattail that had been sitting on the table. Immediately, all the dried flowers were new and fresh, as if they had never died.



“That’s so cool! Here, what about this?” Pearl opened a jar marked “Rainbow Lines” and dumped crumbles of all different colors into a cauldron. She mixed in some, “Sunday Light.” A beam of light shot up out of the pot,

bounced off of an overhead hanging pot, then off of a ticking clock hand, then off of a door handle, and landed right smack on Barlow, turning him a bright red.



“Hey!” He moved his arms to look at himself, and he turned green. Every time Barlow moved, he turned a different color. At first, everyone thought it was funny, especially when Barlow danced, and he looked like a dancing rainbow.

But after the fun wore off, and the color hadn’t, Barlow got upset.

“When does this stop? I don’t like this anymore.” Of course no one knew the answer.

Pearl felt so bad. “I’m so sorry, Barlow. Here, let’s see if we can’t wash it off.”

When washing it off didn't work, they tried scrubbing. When scrubbing didn't work, they tried brushing. Nothing worked, and Barlow got even sadder.

"Don't worry, buddy. I'm sure Mrs. Scuttlebug will be able to fix it," Rosie said.

"That's even worse," Barlow said. "Now she's really going to know what we did."

"We'll just tell her that someone accidentally bumped the ladder, and the jar fell onto the floor right in front of you," Lefty said.

"But that's not true," Barlow said.

"Who cares? She'll never know the difference."

"I don't like that," Barlow frowned.

To make him feel better Rosie said, "Barlow, why don't you tell me a funny joke."

Barlow thought for a minute. "Fine. What do cows like to dance to?"

"What?" All three asked.

"Any kind of MOOSIC you like!"

Everyone laughed, Barlow especially. "I do feel better."

"Good," Pearl hugged Barlow and went to the table.

"We need to start cleaning up."

They were just finishing up when Mrs. Scuttlebug walked through the door.

"Hi dearies! How did we do?" Her smile quickly turned to a frown when she saw Barlow.

"Everything went fine," Pearl said.

"Then why is your bear friend here all different colors?" Mrs. Scuttlebug asked.

Lefty started to tell his lie, but Pearl cut him off. "That's not true. Mrs. Scuttlebug, I'm very sorry, but we were very curious. We were playing, and things got out of hand." Then Pearl told her the whole story.

"Thank you, Pearl, for being honest," Mrs. Scuttlebug said. "I know that was difficult, but it also was very important. If you hadn't told me the truth. I could have turned Barlow into a snail, if I didn't know what really happened and what potions you used. But since you were honest, this is an easy fix."





Mrs. Scuttlebug moved quickly, pulling items from the shelves and a hair from Barlow's arm. She stirred and stirred and stirred, until bubbles rose up out of the pot, and another light shot out. Only this time it went right directly

onto Barlow, turning him back into his fluffy white self.
"I'm me again!" he shouted.
Rosie and Princess Pearl cheered. "Yeah!"

Princesse Pearl felt proud of herself for telling the truth. It wasn't easy, but she knew it was the right thing to do. Her magic pearls must have agreed, because later that

night, before Pearl fell asleep, a third appeared on her necklace. "Remember to be honest in all that you do," it whispered to her.



The background is a light pink color with a repeating pattern of dark pink floral and vine motifs. The pattern includes stylized leaves, small five-petaled flowers, and swirling vines. A central white rectangular box with a subtle drop shadow contains the text.

The End

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