

The Adventures of Princesse Pearl



*Journey into the Enchanted
Kingdom of Sugarwood*

Episode 1

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...



Princess Pearl smiled and waved goodbye to her grandparents. She'd had a wonderful summer with them. PopPop had taught her how to ride horses. Gramms showed her how to get magic out of lightning bugs. She'd even learned the shoe-fly dance with the royal trumpeter. But she

missed her mommy and daddy so much and wanted to go home.

"Are you ready?" She grabbed Barlow's big, white, fuzzy paw and looked up at him. He was so tall that Princess Pearl always thought he was going to bump his

head against the moon.

Her best friend didn't say anything, so she knew he was scared. This was unusual, because Barlow was a big, strong bear, who always took care of and protected Pearl. Yet, today was a little different. Today was the first day they would travel by themselves alone. Ever! Without mommy or daddy or Gramms or PopPop.

Before setting out, PopPop made sure Princesse Pearl knew her way. He had sat with her and drawn a map from his castle to Pearl's. He showed her the path she would walk, the turns she would make, and the things she would see.

Princesse Pearl had paid very close attention. Still, this was something she'd never done. She was a little nervous, but couldn't let Barlow see. Instead she said, "Come on, you funny fur ball! We have a map! I know where we're



going!" She tried to tug him forward, but he didn't move.

"Do you know what Gramms told me to do when I'm nervous?"

"No," Barlow said in a voice softer than normal.

"Ok, close your eyes and take a big breath." Barlow breathed in so deep that his stomach expanded out so far that it looked like a giant turtle had crawled in his belly. "Do it one more time. Now count to ten. One...two...three...four...five...six...seven...eight...nine...ten. Keep your eyes closed and say 'I can. I can. I can.'" After he did this, Pearl said, "Now open your eyes."

Barlow opened his eyes and smiled.

"Feel better?" she asked him.

"Let's go!" he said.

"Everything is going to be fine," Pearl said. We have the map PopPop gave us, and Gramms packed my backpack with lots of food," she tapped the bag. "We have everything we need." Barlow looked at Pearl, not frowning any more. "She even packed your favorite! Can you guess?"

"Peanut butter pickles?"

"No."

"Banana cheese?"

"Getting warmer."

"Ketchup and apples?"

"You got it!"

"Yeah!" Barlow smiled for the first time.



“They’re my favorite,” Barlow said, now really happy.

Princesse Pearl and Barlow walked over the bridge and called down to their friends below.

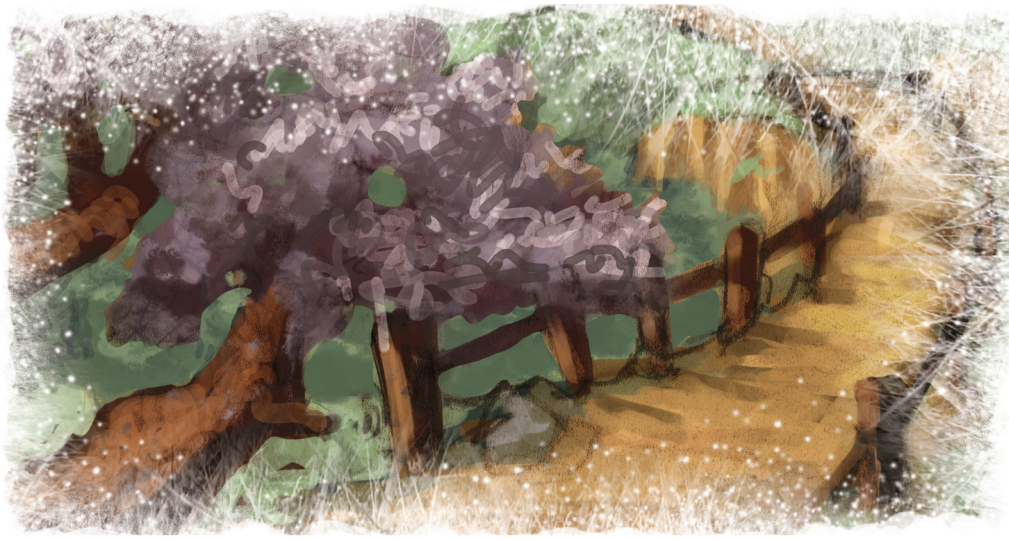
“Bye Mr. Big Mouth Bass! Bye Mrs. Big Mouth Bass! We’re going home!”

“Bye guys! Have fun and be safe!” They called. “Don’t

forget, if you need help, and you’re by water, just call out ‘Baloop, Bloop, Lloop.’ We have lots of relatives in the river!”

“We will.”

As they walked, Princesse Pearl and Barlow passed his favorite Magnolia tree, where he liked to sleep. They passed the pasture where Pearl would sit for hours watching the horses chasing each other, looking like



dancing storm clouds.

When they got past the green stone gate, a dirt path spilled before them, lined on each side with daisies, just like her grandmother said.

“See,” Princesses Pearl said, “This is going to be easy!”

They walked and walked and walked. They walked until the sun burned off the morning clouds and sat high in the sky.

“Are you excited to go home?” she asked her best friend. Barlow nodded excitedly.

“What do you want to do the most?”

Barlow scrunched up his face and thought really hard for a minute. “Um...I want to go night fishing. Yea! I haven’t done that in a really long time!”

“Me too! We can do that together!”

“What do you want to do?”

Pearl didn’t need to think. She knew the answer right away. “I want to go swinging with daddy, and then I want to make Fairy Cookies with mommy!”

“Mmmm. Fairy Cookies. I love Fairy Cookies!”

“Me too, and I already know how I want to decorate them. Purple dresses with pink wings.”

“Talking about food makes me hungry,” Barlow said.

Pearl laughed and patted his belly. “You’re always hungry.”

“But now I’m really hungry.”

Before them, the path split.

“Me too. Let’s stop here and see what Gramms packed for us. Then we can figure out if we go right or left.” Pearl took off her bookbag and sat down.

“What’s in the bag?” Barlow asked in a hurry.

“Let’s see.” The first thing she pulled out was the map. Princesse Pearl put the brown paper on her lap. “We can look at this while we eat.”

“Good idea. Are my ketchup apples in there?”

“Yup. Right on top. Gramms knows you too well.”

Barlow gave her a big smile, as he dropped one in his mouth. “MMMMMMMMMMMMmmmm. Ketchup apples are so good, I need to do my happy dance!” Barlow stood up and waved his hands in the air, tapped his feet, and rolled his belly in big, wide circles like he had a hula hoop around



*“When my belly starts a’growling,
morning, noon, or night, there’s just
one thing that makes it feel alright.*

Uh huh, uh huh.

*You can offer me cookies, steak, or honeydew,
But sorry, my friend, none of these will do.*

Uh huh, uh huh.

*I want my ketchup and apples, so tasty and sweet,
They make me want to sing and move my feet.*

Uh huh, uh huh.”

his waist.

Princess Pearl laughed at her friend and reached in the bag to see what else they had. She pulled out a compass.
“This will come in handy.”

Then she pulled out a blanket, followed by goggles and a snorkel.

“Goggles and a snorkel? What do you think that’s for?”

“I don’t know, but Gramms thinks we need it.”

“That’s silly. We aren’t going swimming.”

“I know. Gramms is silly.” They laughed.

“Is there more?”

We have some cheese and crackers, juice boxes, and

some sandwiches.”

Barlow got excited. “What kind, what kind?”

“Ham and cheese for me. Ketchup and white bread for you.”

“Wahoo! My other favorite! Gramms is the best!” And he snatched the sandwich from her hand.

“All you eat is ketchup.”

Barlow looked up, already half finished with ketchup running down his white fur. “That is because ketchup is SOOO tasty. Didn’t you hear my song? TAST-Y.”

Princess Pearl unwrapped her sandwich and opened the map.

“Here’s Gramms’ house,” she pointed to the big green castle. “And here’s our house.” She pointed to a white castle on the other side of the map.

“That looks far,” Barlow said.

“Yeah, maybe,” Pearl said. “But that’s OK, we have lots of things to see and do on the way.”

“Like what?”

“First, it looks like we’re going to stop at the Pinwheel House.”

“Then we have to pass the Bubble Field, Mrs. Scuttlebug’s, the Magic Willow, and the Chuckling Brook.”

“What is a Chuckling Brook?” Barlow asked.

“I have no idea,” Princess Pearl said. “But we’re going



to find out.”

Pearl finished her sandwich and stood up. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a huge black bird with red eyes and sharp, pointy claws swooped down and snatched the map right out of Pearl’s hands.

“Hey!” She jumped up and tried to snatch the map back. “Hey! We need that!”

Barlow tried to grab the bird. “Give that back!” But the bird just laughed and flew away to the tippy top of the farthest tree.

“Oh no!” cried Barlow. “Now, what are we going to

do? Without the map, we’re lost!”

He plopped down on the ground and frowned. “We should just go back to Gramms’ and PopPop’s. We will never find our way home!”

Pearl turned her back to Barlow, so she could think. We could, she thought. Going back would be easier. The map was the key to finding our way home. Without it, all we have is ourselves, and we’ve never done this. Then Princesse Pearl remembered the first time she climbed onto her pony, Bluebell. She was so scared. But she listened to PopPop, who told her exactly what to do, as they walked around the ring. She’d done a great job, and it was the best she’d ever felt. Ok, she said to herself, I can do this. Princesse Pearl turned around and hugged her friend. “Come on, Barlow, don’t be scared! We’ll find our way home.”

As she was hugging Barlow, Pearl looked off into the trees where the crow had gone and got an idea. “Do you remember all the places on the map?” She asked.

Barlow nodded. “A few.”

“What are they?”

“I remember the Chuckling Brook, and I remember seeing a really big purple tree.”

“Good job, Barlow! I remember that our first place to stop is at the Pinwheel. So, see, we aren’t lost. We just have to figure out where that is.”

“And how do we do that?”

“We have to see what the trees and birds see.”

“What does that mean?”

“We have to climb.”

Barlow looked at her confused, but Princesse Pearl had already started moving. She looked around and saw a huge Oak tree with bright red leaves. She jumped to grab the lowest branch. Instead of staying strong, the limb bent down towards the ground, and a door in the tree trunk opened to reveal a spiral staircase made out of cupcakes and licorice and lit with light.

Pearl looked inside. The staircase reached up to the very top of the tree, and she could see the sun. Still, she was unsure. Taking Gramms’ advice, she sucked in three full, deep breaths. One...two...three. By the time she got to four, Princesse Pearl was walking up the spiral. “Come on,” she called back to Barlow, as if it were the easiest thing she’d ever done. The two climbed up and up and up inside the tree to the sky.

When they reached the end of the stairs, they were standing at the top of the branches, looking out over The





Enchanted Kingdom of Sugarwood.

“It’s so beautiful!” Barlow whispered, as if it were a secret.

It felt like a secret to Princesse Pearl, something only for her and Barlow. She could see everything. She saw the mountains. She saw Gramms’ castle. She saw

the Pinwheel on the right. “Barlow! Barlow! I know where to go! It’s on the right, in that direction over there.”

“And look!” she cried. “Look! Look over there!” She pointed to pink and blue clouds far off in the distance that wrapped around a gold and bright white castle. “Home!”

Pearl threw her arms around Barlow. “We’re going home!”

They climbed down, collected their things, and had been on their way for just a few moments when they saw a small animal sitting on a rock. She was crying. Pearl went up to the brown creature, who was no bigger than a chipmunk, and stooped down.

“Can I help you?”

The animal shook her head.

“Why are you crying?”

“I can’t find my sister,” the little squirrel-like creature



sniffed. “I’m lost.”

“You’re not lost anymore,” Pearl said.

“We were just lost too,” Barlow said. “But, we aren’t any more,” he added quickly.

“Really?” The little animal looked up.

“Pearl nodded. “We were lost. Then we found us. Now we’ve found you. And soon we will find your sister. Come on.” Princess Pearl reached down.

“I’m Rosie,” said the animal, as she climbed onto Pearl’s hand. “I’m a Sugar Glider.”

“I’m Pearl. This is my best friend in the whole world, Barlow.”

To try to make Rosie smile, Barlow did what he always does when someone’s upset, he told her a joke. “What sort of animal is a slug?” He asked.

“Um...I don’t know,” she said. “A snail with a housing problem! Bwahaha.” Rosie laughed, and Barlow bowed. “Laughter fixes everything,” he said. As they walked, Barlow asked, “How did you get separated from your sister?”

“We were playing hide-and-go-seek. It was Sophie’s turn to find me, so I found the best spot inside a log, and I waited and waited and waited. When she didn’t show up, I started looking for her and calling out her name. I couldn’t find her, and I didn’t know what to do, so I went to that rock, where we play sometimes. That’s when you came.”

“Don’t worry. We’ll find her, too,” Barlow smiled and



proceeded to tell stories that would make Rosie laugh and take her mind off her sister.

They turned a corner and saw a well.

“Boy am I thirstyyyyy,” Barlow said.

“Me too,” said Rosie.

“Me too,” said Princesse Pearl. But when they got to the well, the bucket was laying on the ground and the rope was too short to reach into the water far below.

At that moment, a fox came out from behind a nearby rock.

“Hello,” Pearl waved. “What is your name?”

He smiled, “Lefty. Are you trying to get a drink?”

“Yes, but the line is torn,” Pearl pointed.

“I can help you,” he said.

“That’s very nice of you.”

“But, I am very hungry. I haven’t eaten all day, you see. How about I trade you some water for your lunch?” He pointed at Rosie.

Barlow stepped between Rosie and Lefty. “Rosie is NOT lunch,” he said. “She’s our friend.”

“This is very strange to be friends with your food. But ok, I’ll take your friend.”

“I don’t think so,” Barlow said. “Come on, guys,” he motioned to Pearl and Roise and started to walk away.

“Guys! Guys! Come on! I was kidding. Can’t you take a joke?”

The three of them looked back.

“Here,” Lefty handed Barlow the bucket. “Hold this. I’ll be right back.”

Lefty ran to the nearest tree and bit through a vine that was wrapped around the trunk. He tugged it to make sure it was secure, and then came back and tied it to the bucket. “Ok, now just lower me down, and I’ll do all the work.”

Barlow lowered the bucket down, down, down into the dark hole of the well. After a few seconds, Barlow felt a tug

on the vine and heard Lefty shout, “Ok!”

Hand over hand, Barlow pulled the vine, until Lefty appeared, sitting proudly on top of the bucket, full of water.

“Thank you, Lefty,” Princesse Pearl said and patted him on the head. She dipped an Elephant Ear leaf into the bucket and took a drink of water.

Once they all had enough, Barlow said, “Well, thanks, but we need to get going before the sun sets.”

“What direction are you heading?” Lefty asked.

“We’re going to the Pinwheel,” Pearl said.

“Oh really?” Lefty asked, eyeing Rosie. “It just so happens that’s where I’m going too,” he said. “Mind if I walk with you for a while?”

Barlow shook his head no. There was something he





didn't like about Lefty. He didn't trust him around Rosie. He didn't trust him at all. But Pearl, being so nice, said, "Of course! Is it very far?"

"No, not at all," Lefty said. "We're really close."

And he was right. In only two flips of a shutterbug, they

were standing in front of a red, wood tower with a rainbow-colored Pinwheel on the front. It spun slowly in the breeze.

"Wow," said Rosie, "I've never seen anything like that before. Is that someone's home?"

Behind the building, the sun slipped low and colored the

sky in orange.

“Let’s hope so,” Princesse Pearl said.

There was no answer when Barlow knocked on the door.

“Is it locked?” Lefty asked.

Barlow tried the doorknob, and the door swung open to a beautiful wood cottage that smelled like pumpkin pie and sugar cookies. “Hello!” called Pearl. “Is anyone home?” There was no answer. Barlow stepped into the room, followed by Pearl, with Rosie still on her shoulder. “Hello!”

“Look, there’s a note on the table,” Barlow said.

Pearl read it out loud. “Gone to the Honeycomb Hills Fair. Be back in a week. Make yourself at home.”

“Great!” Barlow said, “And just in time,” he pointed to the windows filling with night. He saw some wood stacked against the fireplace. “I’ll make a fire.”

“I’ll make some food,” Pearl said.

“I’ll help,” said Rosie. “What about you, Lefty?” she asked. But when she looked around, Lefty was no where to be found. “Lefty?”

“I guess Lefty left,” Pearl laughed.





“More food for me,” Barlow said, obviously not upset to see Lefty go.

Princesse Pearl laid out a blanket in front of the fireplace. In the kitchen, the girls found all kinds of food. Grapes, cheddar cheese, milk, ham, and chocolate pie.

After such a long day, all three friends were so tired, they fell asleep right after dinner. Pearl had crawled in the crook of Barlow’s arm, and Rosie nestled in Pearl’s lap. As the fire died, and they were drifting off to sleep, a magic pearl appeared on a necklace around Princesse Pearl’s neck.

A soft glow filled the otherwise dark room, and a friendly voice whispered to Princesse Pearl, “You believed in yourself today, even when it was hard. That’s not always easy to do. I’ll be here to remind you of today. Whenever you feel unsure, just touch me, and you’ll feel better.”

A half-asleep princess whispered, “Thanks,” as she drifted off into her dreams.

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. In the center-left of the image, there is a white rectangular box with a subtle drop shadow. Inside this box, the words "The End" are written in a dark pink, elegant cursive script.

The End

Presented by

