



Pearl and the Nothing-to-Do Day

An Oodleloo story

2-5

Made with Oodleloo

It was a quiet afternoon at the calm pink pond. The clouds were not making shapes. The frogs were fast asleep.

Pearl rested her chin on a lily pad and sighed a long sigh.
"There is nothing to do," she said. "Nothing at all."

A good friend came to the edge of the pond. "Nothing to do?"
said a good friend. "Then let's imagine something."

Pearl looked around. A lily pad. A pebble. A little drifting leaf.
"Those are just ordinary things," she said.

But then she looked again. The drifting leaf could be a boat. A
boat sailing off to a faraway island!

The pebble on the bottom could be treasure. The lily pad could be the island, green and round and waiting.

"All aboard!" giggled a good friend. Pearl swam alongside the leaf boat, steering it gently with her nose.

They sailed across the whole pond, found the treasure, and
had a picnic on Lily Pad Island.

By the time the frogs woke up, Pearl was smiling. "There was nothing to do," she said, "until we imagined it."