



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."

Rory came to the edge of the pond. "Nothing to do?" said
Rory. "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 Rory. 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."