



ULTIMATE  
PRINCESS  
CELEBRATION

TALES of  
COURAGE  
and  
KINDNESS





## DADDY'S FRONT PORCH

WRITTEN BY KELLY STARLING LYONS & ILLUSTRATED BY TARA N. WHITAKER

**P**rincess Tiana walked onto the rooftop of her restaurant and gazed at Evangeline, the Evening Star, shimmering in the satin sky. When she was little, her daddy told her to believe in the power of wishing but to always remember to put effort into making her dream come true.

'Isn't she beautiful?' Tiana said as her husband, Prince Naveen, joined her.

'Yes,' he said, looking into Tiana's eyes. 'She is.'

Tiana smiled at Naveen. She wished her daddy could have met him. He had passed away before so many amazing things happened in her life. She still couldn't believe she had been turned into a frog, married Naveen and become a princess. And then there was the restaurant she'd opened in honour of her father. It had always been her daddy's dream that they would open a restaurant together.

Transforming a beat-up sugar mill into a place for good food and good company was a vision that had passed from his heart to hers. Naveen had helped her change that falling-apart building into Tiana's Palace, known for miles around. People lined up to get a taste of her daddy's famous gumbo and her mouthwatering beignets. He would have been so proud.

Tiana had been thinking a lot about her daddy, like she did every year around his birthday.



## THE OCEAN GUARDIANS

WRITTEN BY KALIKOLEHUA HURLEY & ILLUSTRATED BY LIAM BRAZIER



**E**ight-year-old Moana glided underwater along the amber- and gold-speckled seafloor of Motunui beach, admiring a string of sparkling seashells, when suddenly she came face to face with two large deep-green eyes. Her heart soared – it was Fonu, a sea turtle she had known her whole life. Long ago, when they were both little, Moana had saved Fonu from a few very hungry birds, holding a leaf over the turtle as she scampered across the sand and into the sea. Moana never knew if Fonu remembered that day. But as she would soon discover, the turtle never forgot.

Fonu dived deeper, and Moana followed. There beneath the waves, the water grew quiet and calm – a welcome change to the hustle and bustle on Motunui island, where Moana would one day lead her people as chief. More than anything, Moana loved these moments with her special friend.

Time for a breath! As Moana fluttered up to the surface, a muffled sound tumbled into her ears. *'Moana!'* Her mother, Sina, called her from shore. *'Moana, where are you?'*

Moana pierced through the water's surface. 'Right here, Mum!' 'Almost time to come in,' Sina said. She pointed to the horizon. 'Look at those faraway clouds. What are they telling you?'

Moana treaded water as she studied them, just as Sina taught her to do and just as her ancestors had for generations. Signs from



‘That girl can do anything,’ he continued. ‘I hear she rides a horse better than any man in our village.’

Like the rest of the villagers, Mei admired Mulan for what the girl had done. She couldn't imagine disguising herself as a soldier, summoning the courage to join the army, training among warriors or wielding any weapon heavier than a kitchen knife. She wouldn't have known how to fight one enemy, much less win an entire war. Perhaps more importantly, Mei wasn't sure she would have been brave enough to do any of these things if they'd been asked of her.

Mei blinked and focused on the quilt she was making. She told herself it didn't matter whether other people noticed the care she put into her art. It was enough for Mei to know it was a job well done. While Mei could not control how similar she was, or wasn't, to Mulan, she knew she had her own strengths: she could make beautiful things with her hands. She wished her father could be proud of her and the skills she did possess. But she also wished she could be brave, like Mulan, the village hero.



A week later, the night of the Lantern Festival had finally arrived. The whole village was abuzz about the night's festivities, when everyone would walk up the hill to the newly constructed temple and place candles in their lanterns, sing songs and tell riddles.

Mulan and Mei both left their homes just as the sun was setting. They began walking along the path together. Mulan looked at the lantern Mei was carrying. ‘You didn't bring all three!’

Mei shrugged. ‘I never intended to bring all of them. I just like to have a backup and, you know, a backup for the backup.’





## THREE SISTERS

WRITTEN BY ELIZABETH RUDNICK & ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE X. ZHANG AND STUDIO IBOIX  
SPECIAL THANKS TO CULTURAL CONSULTANT DAWN JACKSON (SAGINAW CHIPPEWA)



The air was crisp and cool as Pocahontas walked through the woods. Beneath her feet, leaves the colour of a warm fire crunched and made the air sing. Pocahontas smiled. Autumn had arrived. It was Pocahontas's favourite time of year. Change was everywhere. And with that change came the promise of new adventures.

'Isn't it just beautiful, Meeko?' she said, turning to look at the grey-and-black raccoon scampering by her side. The little creature looked up and chattered in answer. She laughed. Meeko didn't love autumn, or the winter that would follow. To him, it meant cold nights, short days and less food. But Pocahontas wasn't worried. She and her people had been working and living on this land for generations. They knew the best way to make it through the hard winter.

Pushing past some low branches, Pocahontas entered the outskirts of her village. It was busy. Most of the men were off hunting or fishing in order to stock up for the coming months. A few of the younger men had stayed behind to protect the village. Nodding at one of them now, Pocahontas called out a greeting. The young man tried to keep his face serious but as Pocahontas passed, he broke out in a wide smile.

Moving farther into the village, Pocahontas and Meeko arrived in front of what would be a new *yi-hakan*. The frame of the longhouse was starting to take shape. Conversations flowed between the