

Disney Princess: Tales of Courage and Kindness



A stunning new Disney Princess title featuring 14 original stories and illustrations.

- 14 original stories and specially commissioned illustrations.
- The title ties into Disney's largest ever Princess campaign - Ultimate Princess Celebration - running from 27th April 2021 to August 2022
- Stories celebrate the Princesses' courage and kindness - a key feature of the Ultimate Princess Celebration campaign.
- Content commissioned from a diverse range of authors and illustrators

Disney Princess: Tales of Courage and Kindness



THE OCEAN GUARDIANS

WRITTEN BY KALINDENIA MURPHY & ILLUSTRATED BY LIAM BRADY

Eight-year-old Moana gazed under water, looking for seashells and glass-encased treasures of Moana's great-grandmother, who had been her friend and teacher for so long. She had been here for so long, she had seen her whole life. Long ago, when they were both little, Moana had saved Moana from a few very hungry birds, holding a leaf over her head as she swam across the sand and into the sea. Moana never knew if Moana remembered that day, but she would soon discover, the next time Moana swam.

From deep sleep, Moana awoke. There beneath the waves, the water grew quiet and calm, a welcome change to the heat and bustle of Moana's island, where Moana would see day after day for people on shore. More than anything, Moana loved these moments with her special friend.

Time for a break! As Moana floated up to the surface, a small, round-headed man saw her. "Moana! Her mother, Moana, called her from shore. Moana, where are you?"

Moana peered through the water's surface. "Right here, Moana!"

"Moana, where are you in," Moana said. She pointed to the bottom. "Look at those large shells. What are they doing there?"

Moana looked at the shells. They were just as Moana 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, Moana admired Moana for what she had done. She couldn't imagine anything better as a sailor, something the ocean was to her, making waves and waves of wisdom and wisdom better than a life on land. She wouldn't have known how to fight one moment, much less win an entire war. Perhaps more importantly, Moana's name she would have been known to do any of these things if they had been asked of her.

Moana looked and looked on the ship she was making. She had heard it didn't matter whether other people noticed the care she put into her work. It was enough for Moana to know it was a job well done. While Moana could not control how similar she was, or wasn't, to Moana, she knew she had her own strengths, she could make beautiful things with her hands. She wished her father would be proud of her and the skills she did possess. But she also wished she could be better, like Moana, the village hero.

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

Moana and Moana both left their lanterns just as the sun was setting. They began walking along the path together. Moana looked at the lantern Moana was carrying. "You didn't bring all three?"

Moana shrugged. "I never intended to bring all of them. I just like to have a backup and, you know, a hot bag for the backup!"



THREE SISTERS

WRITTEN BY ELIZABETH HUNTER & ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE W. DUNN AND SPEND HOCK

The air was crisp and cool as Pocahontas walked through the woods. Branches brushed her hair, leaves the rustle of a warm fire crackled and made the air sing. Pocahontas looked down at the glowing object she held. It was Pocahontas's little sister's gift. Change was everywhere. And with that change came the promise of new adventures.

It's just beautiful, Mother," she said, looking to look at the glowing object. Mother's eyes were sparkling. The little creature looked up and clattered its wings. She laughed. Moana didn't love it as much as the others that would follow. To Moana, it was a small, short-lived and less kind. 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 best winter.

Pushing past some low branches, Pocahontas entered the outskirts of her village. It was home. Most of the men were still 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. Nothing in one of them was. 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 further into the village, Pocahontas and Moana arrived in front of what would be a new addition. The frame of the longhouse was starting to take shape. Conversations flowed between the



DADDY'S FRONT PORCH

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

Princess 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.

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