

The background of the entire image is a collage of various Disney Princesses, each depicted within a diamond-shaped frame. The princesses shown include Ariel, Pocahontas, Belle, Snow White, Cinderella, Tiana, Mulan, Jasmine, and others. The central diamond frame is a solid teal color and contains the main title and logos.

Disney
ULTIMATE
PRINCESS
CELEBRATION

TALES of
COURAGE
and
KINDNESS





TALES of
COURAGE
and
KINDNESS

CONTENTS

4

TIANA



DADDY'S
FRONT PORCH

Written by Kelly Starling Lyons
Illustrated by Tara N. Whitaker

80

CINDERELLA



A SWEET SALON

Written by Aubre Andrus
Illustrated by Alina Chau

156

POCAHONTAS



THREE SISTERS

Written by Elizabeth Rudnick
Illustrated by
Alice X. Zhang and Studio IBOIX

194

AURORA



THE MISSING WANDS

Written by Erin Falligant
Illustrated by Liam Brazier

22

BELLE



NEW FRIENDS

Written by Kathy McCullough
Illustrated by Ann Marcellino

100

MERIDA



UNBEARABLE

Written by
Sudipta Bardhan-Quallen
Illustrated by Sara Kipin

176

JASMINE



THE PRINCESS
POLO GAMES

Written by Kitty Richards
Illustrated by Nabi H. Ali

214

ARIEL



SHINE OF THE SEA

Written by Eric Geron
Illustrated by Nicoletta Baldari

42

MOANA



THE OCEAN
GUARDIANS

Written by Kalikolehua Hurley
Illustrated by Liam Brazier

120

SNOW WHITE



AFTER THE STORM

Written by Erin Falligant
Illustrated by Nathanna Érica

62

MULAN



THE VILLAGE HERO

Written by Marie Chow
Illustrated by
Alice X. Zhang and Studio IBOIX

138

RAPUNZEL



STARRY-EYED QUEST

Written by Kathy McCullough
Illustrated by Nicoletta Baldari

236

ELSA



THE UNHAPPY FOREST

Written by Suzanne Francis
Illustrated by Nathanna Érica

254

ANNA



CLOUDBERRIES
FOR A QUEEN

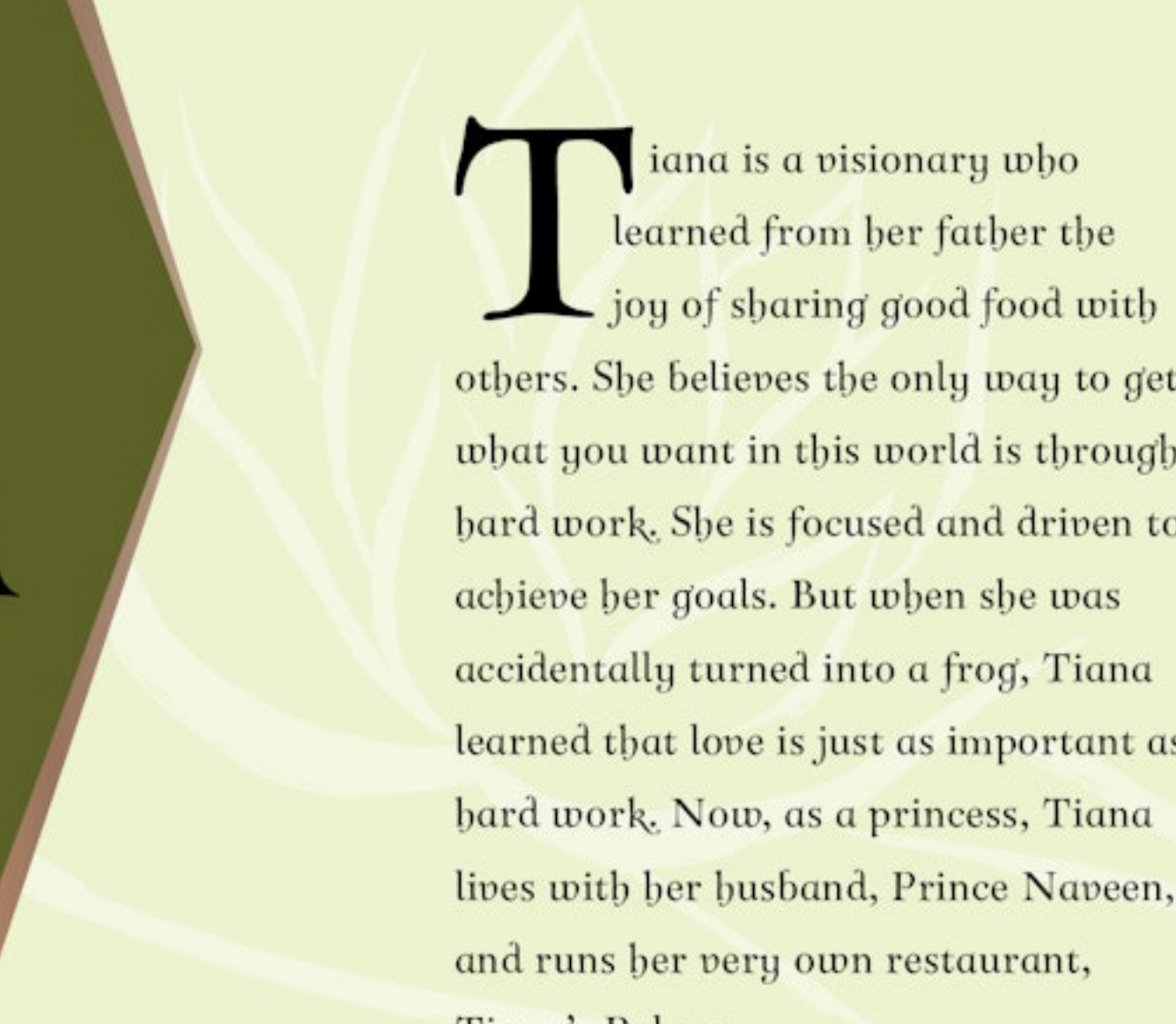
Written by Suzanne Francis
Illustrated by Alina Chau




FROZEN BONUS STORIES



TIANA



Tiana is a visionary who learned from her father the joy of sharing good food with others. She believes the only way to get what you want in this world is through hard work. She is focused and driven to achieve her goals. But when she was accidentally turned into a frog, Tiana learned that love is just as important as hard work. Now, as a princess, Tiana lives with her husband, Prince Naveen, and runs her very own restaurant, Tiana's Palace.





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.

TIANA IS...

AMBITIOUS
HOPEFUL
SELF-RELIANT
FOCUSED
RESILIENT
HARDWORKING

TIANA'S DREAM:

To open her own restaurant

HEROIC MOMENT:

Braving the bayou to break the Shadow Man's curse

SIDEKICK:

Ray

FAMOUS QUOTE:

'The only way to get what you want in this world is through hard work.'

'I want to do something extra special to honour Daddy this year,' she said.

'*Achidanza!*' Naveen said in his native Maldonian. 'That's a great idea. Count on me to help out.'

But what should she do?



The next morning, Tiana was on a mission. When she set her mind to something, watch out. Her daddy's birthday was only a week away. She had to come up with something just right.

Tiana knew exactly where to go first – to visit her mama, Eudora. As she entered her childhood home, Tiana marvelled at the ruby gown her mum was making. In her hands, tulle, lace and ribbons were more powerful than a magic wand. She was the best seamstress in all of New Orleans.

'Mama,' Tiana said, kissing her

on the cheek, 'you outdid yourself. The First Lady and the Queen of Maldonia would be jealous.'

'Aw, thank you, honey,' she said. 'But you didn't come all this way to compliment this dress. What's on your mind?'

Tiana picked up the picture of her dad in his Army uniform that sat on her mum's table. His distinguished service cross for heroism during the Great War lay nearby.

'Daddy's birthday is coming up. I want to do something that shows people who he was.'

'You honour him and me every day,' her mother said, 'by just being you.'

'I know, Mama,' she said, 'but I *want* to do something. You remember how Daddy used to give *us* presents on his birthday. He would insist on making gumbo and inviting everyone over to share. We would eat on the front porch and laugh. He gave to others all his life. He deserves a tribute to him.'

'Yes, your father, James, was a good man. I won't try to talk you out of it. Lord knows you're hardheaded just like him,' she said, chuckling. 'You won't stop until you make it happen.'

Tiana left her mum's feeling good but just as unsure about what to do. On her way back to her restaurant, she saw a man and a woman who were asking people for money to buy lunch. Their faces were pale. Their clothes were old and torn. It hurt Tiana that they were hungry. Her daddy had always said a pot of gumbo does more than fill your stomach; it fills your heart with love.

'I'm Tiana,' she said. 'What are your names?'

'I'm Fleur,' the woman said, 'and this is my husband, Jean. We fell on hard times and could use a little help getting back up.'



'Y'all come on into the Palace,' Tiana said, 'and get something to eat. Don't worry about paying. The meal is on me.'

They looked at each other like they weren't sure she was serious. Then they followed her inside. Their eyes bugged as they took in the arched ceiling and grand chandelier. They stared up at the skylight and gaped at the intricate designs of the wrought-iron balconies. They admired the tables covered with linens that looked like lily pads.

'Make sure Fleur and Jean get whatever they want,' Tiana told Naveen, who welcomed everyone as they arrived.

She winked at them.

Ever since Tiana had opened her restaurant, she'd made sure to look out for people who didn't have as much as she did. If someone wanted to eat, she would accept whatever they could pay and give out food for free to those who couldn't.

'Tia!' called her best friend, Charlotte LaBouff, as Tiana entered the main dining room. 'Tia, didn't you hear me?'

'Sorry, Lottie,' she said, giving her a hug. 'I guess I was lost in my thoughts. I want to do something special to honour Daddy, but I don't know what to do.'

They sat together at a table. Charlotte stared into space like she was thinking through options.

'I know, I know!' Lottie squealed, and took Tiana's hands in hers. 'A celebration! My father loves those. That would be a great way to honour the memory of your daddy. Let's have a ball and name it after him.'

While Lottie chattered about silk gowns, dances and fine china, Tiana thought about her dad. He had loved bringing people together



but he didn't care about fancy. He liked simple and sincere more than fuss.

'Can't you see it, Tia?' she said. 'Tia?'

Tiana noticed a man peering into the front window of her restaurant. Something about him looked familiar. Where did she know him from?

'Sorry, Lottie,' she said, standing up and heading to the door. 'I'll be right back.'

'Excuse me, sir,' she said, once outside. 'Do I know you?'

'Are you Miss Tiana?' he asked. 'I heard that James's little girl opened a restaurant. I had to come see it for myself.'

'You knew my daddy?' she asked with wide eyes.

'Sure did. Your daddy was something special,' he said. 'I was in the war with him. He would give anyone the shirt off his back and laid down his life to keep others safe.'

As her eyes brimmed with tears, Tiana smiled. That was her dad. And she remembered who this was – Mr. Larkin, the friend of her father's she'd seen in so many pictures.

'Wasn't easy,' he said. 'Just like now, some people only cared about the colour of our skin. They didn't see us as heroes. But your daddy stood up for anyone who needed it.'

Tiana thought about that. She and Lottie were best friends but not everybody liked that. Her restaurant was a magical place where all people could be together but at most places, Black and white people had to be separate. That was the law. Tiana hoped for a day when segregation and injustice would end. She wanted everyone to be treated equally, not just at her restaurant but everywhere.

'Won't you come inside?' she said. 'I'd love to show you around.'





'Not today,' he said. 'But it sure is good to see you. James talked so much about his wife and little daughter who had a gift that gleamed brighter than a star. Feel like I already know you.'

Tiana thought about what Mr. Larkin had said as she walked back inside.

'Who was that, Tia?' Charlotte asked.

'A friend of my daddy's,' replied Tiana.

'That's nice,' Charlotte said. 'Now what do you think about the ball?'

'I don't know, Lottie,' Tiana said, sighing. 'Daddy was humble. Not sure that fits who he was.'

Just then Louis, the star of the band Firefly Five Plus Lou, came over.

'Hey, Tiana and Charlotte,' he said, flashing his toothy smile. Newcomers to Tiana's Palace were always startled to see an alligator playing trumpet. But once he started to swing, they forgot all about that as toe tapping and finger snapping took over. 'Y'all want to hear what I'm working on?'

'Of course,' Tiana said.

His tail bouncing as he bopped, their friend played a solo that would put Louis Armstrong to shame. Lottie cheered and clapped. Tiana stood and gave the big alligator a hug.

'Amazing,' she said. 'I'm trying to think of something special for my daddy's birthday. Got any ideas?'

'Your daddy liked jazz, right?' Louis said. 'How about a jam session in his name? The guys and I could play something special.'

'Did someone say jam?' Naveen said, walking up while strumming a ukulele. 'Don't forget about me.'



Tiana smiled. Her daddy had loved music. Having Louis and Naveen play in his honour would be special. Maybe that could be it.

'Thanks,' she said. 'I need to think it through.'

She hugged Lottie goodbye and headed to her cosy office. That's where she came up with new recipes and made plans for the future. She stared at the poster her daddy had created for the restaurant he hoped they'd open. She remembered when it was just a twinkle in his eyes.

She wrote down the ideas her friends had shared for his birthday celebration – a ball, a concert. Did those show who her daddy was?

Before she knew it, evening covered the French Quarter like a blanket. It was time to get ready for bed. In her room, Tiana paced, her mind still racing. She needed some air. She walked up to the rooftop, the city of New Orleans sparkling below her. She stared again at Evangeline, glittering like a beacon. Next to Evangeline was her dear friend Ray's star. Tiana closed her eyes and made a wish.

'Please help me think of something special for Daddy's birthday,' she said.

Tiana opened her eyes and took a long last look at the twinkling stars before returning to her room and turning in. No sooner had she fallen asleep than a flickering light appeared.

'Naveen,' she called sleepily. 'Did you leave the light on?'

'You got a light inside, cher,' someone said. 'You just got to let it lead you.'

Tiana sat up straight. She knew that voice. She looked around and saw Ray, her firefly friend from the bayou, circling her head. She loved seeing his face again.





‘Me and Evangeline heard your wish. But you got all you need right there,’ he said, landing near her heart and shining bright.

Tiana thought about her daddy saying that good food brings people together. It makes their hearts glow just like Ray was showing her. She could almost hear his voice telling her to never forget what’s most important.


When she woke up the next morning, she realised Ray hadn’t really visited her. It had all been a dream. But a name blazed in her head like a sign trimmed with lights – *Daddy’s Front Porch*. That had been a place full of love and laughter. She remembered how a pot of gumbo and a place to gather had brought everyone together in hard times and good. No one had gone without food when her daddy was around.

She had her idea. It would be a lot of work. Tiana would need everyone to pitch in, but they could do it. She hopped out of bed, ready for the challenge. Tiana could already see her dream taking shape.



Along with being the best seamstress around, Eudora was the manager of Tiana’s Palace. Tiana couldn’t wait to tell her the news.

‘Mama,’ she said when she saw her,

‘ I know how to  HONOUR Daddy. ’



Her mother stretched out her arms and wrapped her in a hug. 'That doesn't surprise me one bit.'

Tiana filled in her mama and Naveen. Then she asked Lottie, Louis and members of her staff to come to a planning meeting at the restaurant. She looked at everyone gathered at the tables and smiled. Bringing people together was what her daddy had been all about. Having them help with the tribute would celebrate who he was.

'Thanks, y'all, for being here,' Tiana said. 'My daddy had a heart for helping whoever needed it. That's the spirit I want to show on his birthday. We're gonna open our doors each week and invite everyone to eat for free. I'm gonna call it Daddy's Front Porch.'

Tiana's Palace didn't have a front porch like her childhood home. But Tiana knew how to re-create the feeling. People could walk right in, no reservation needed, no bill to pay. Laughter would ring as forks and spoons sang. Riffs of friendship would float in the air. And Daddy's Front Porch wouldn't just offer food; it would spread hope. If anyone had extra clothes or food, they could share it with others.

As everyone clapped, Tiana's mama nodded and wiped a tear from her eye. Tiana knew how she felt without Eudora saying a word.

'Oh, Tia,' Lottie said. 'This is just the most special thing I have ever heard. Sign me up for the decorations.'

'Me too,' Tiana's mother said.

'You know we gotta have music,' Louis said, flashing his toothy grin and tapping out a beat with his foot.

'Yeah,' Naveen said. 'I can help with that.'

'The food is the most important part,' Tiana said, looking at her chefs.



They promised the dishes would be the best they'd ever made. Tiana beamed. It was all coming together.



On the big day, Tiana could hardly stand still. She paced around the restaurant making sure everything was ready. Her stomach fluttered like the day Tiana's Palace had first opened. She stood in the centre of the ballroom and admired the big picture of her dad that Lottie and her mama had set up near the stage. If only he could be here to see this.

Tiana stepped outside and smiled at the sign whose glowing letters spelled out *Daddy's Front Porch* just like in her dream. But it was missing something. Tiana stared and stared. What did it need? Then it came to her. She raced into the kitchen and got her daddy's gumbo pot. She lined it with paper and put it right by the sign. That would be a way for people to leave donations if they wanted to help others who needed it.

Finally, it was time to start the celebration. She gathered everyone together to thank them for making this happen. Naveen kissed her cheek.

'Everything will be perfect,' he said.

Tiana took a breath and beamed her brightest smile. Lottie blew her a kiss.

'Okay, everyone,' she said. 'Showtime.'

Fleur and Jean were the first ones inside. A stream of people flowed in behind them. Old and young, Black and white, some had never been to a place like this. Lights lit up the room like fireflies. After being escorted to their tables, guests were told to order anything they wished. Gumbo, étouffée, beignets – all on the house.





'Thank you, Evangeline and Ray,' she whispered as she closed her eyes.

'Tiana,' Naveen said, walking up behind her and putting his hands on her shoulders, 'look!'

When she opened her eyes, she saw a third star glowing near the other two. Its brilliance made her think of big dreams and sparkling eyes. Tiana could almost hear a booming laugh and deep voice saying she'd done all right. She wiped away the tear that rolled down her cheek, and smiled.

'Happy birthday, Daddy,' Tiana said, laying her head on Naveen's shoulder.



Tiana's tale of courage and kindness is dedicated to **LIA**, who at age six asked her birthday party guests for donations to help children in her community instead of presents.

Her act of comfort and inspiration is supported by
Albert-Schweizer-Kinderdörfer.

Read more about **LIA'S STORY** at
thewaltdisneycompany.eu/princesscelebration.

How
can you
HELP your
COMMUNITY?





BELLE



Belle adores reading. Different stories bring her to new places, introduce her to new people and allow her to see new perspectives. She is confident and comfortable being herself. In fact, Belle's mind is one thing she is very sure of and she is not afraid to share her opinion with anyone. But her status as the town outsider taught her to look past what is on the surface and see the best in people.



NEW FRIENDS

WRITTEN BY KATHY MCCULLOUGH & ILLUSTRATED BY ANN MARCELLINO



Belle relaxed in a nook of the castle library, rereading one of her favourite books. The Prince had gifted her the library when he was still the Beast, and she spent as much time as she could in it, usually with a book on her lap. She was amazed at the way inked symbols on a page could bring a whole story to life. It was magical how letters formed words and words formed sentences that could transport her to other places, teach her about new things, and introduce her to people who seemed so real, it was as if they were right there with her.

The door to the library flew open and a very real person burst into the room. 'Belle! Your father has returned!' cried Monsieur Cogsworth, the castle's majordomo.

Belle hurried down to the castle's grand entranceway. 'Welcome home to the castle, Papa!' she said, giving Maurice a warm hug.

'Just a brief stop for the night, sweetheart,' Maurice replied. 'Before I head north.' Belle's father spent the spring travelling to festivals and fairs to sell his inventions. 'But look what I have for you!' He handed Belle three wrapped packages. 'Books from Spain, Portugal... and Morocco!'

The castle library had plenty of books on the history and geography of nations other than France, where Belle lived. But while atlases and history books offered facts, Belle believed storybooks could show what the people in those lands were really like – how they

BELLE IS...

INTELLIGENT

GENEROUS

A LIFELONG LEARNER

LOYAL

PASSIONATE

AUTHENTICALLY HERSELF

BELLE'S DREAM:

To never stop learning

HEROIC MOMENT:

Sacrificing her freedom to
save her father

SIDEKICK:

Lumiere

FAMOUS QUOTE:

'I want adventure in the great,
wide somewhere.'

lived, and what their hopes and dreams were. A few collections of fairy tales and folktales from around the world dotted the castle library's shelves, but Belle longed to have newer stories about these places. When Maurice had set off on his journey the month before, Belle had given him a stack of French books to take along to offer to foreign travellers he met in return for books from their countries.

Belle eagerly unwrapped the top package and opened the first book. 'Oh, no...' she said. She held up the book to show Maurice. 'It's in Spanish. I don't know that language!' Belle shook her head with a laugh. 'I should have guessed the books would be in their countries' languages.' She flipped through a book from Portugal which was, of course, in Portuguese. She then opened the first Moroccan book. 'This must be Arabic!' she said, marvelling at the beautiful cursive letters.

'There are wonderful stories on these pages, I know it!' She ran her fingers over the Arabic words. 'But they're hidden from me – even though the words are plain to see.'



'I searched the whole library,' Belle told Maurice and the Prince at dinner that night. 'Twice. But we don't have *any* foreign-language dictionaries.'

'There are dictionaries that translate French into other languages?' the Prince asked.

'I'm sure there are,' Belle said. 'But I've never seen one. Those types of dictionaries are probably kept in places like university libraries.'

'Oh! That reminds me!' Maurice searched through the many pockets in his vest until he found a small envelope. He handed it to Belle. 'I was given this with the books from Morocco.'

Belle opened the envelope. Her eyes widened as she read the note inside. 'A librarian from a university in Fès, Morocco, is coming *here*!' The librarian's name was Fatima Baddou and she'd heard about Belle's quest to expand the castle library from the Moroccan merchant who had given Maurice the Arabic books.

'We haven't had guests at the castle since I was a little boy,' the Prince said, worried. 'I wouldn't know what to do or how to behave.'

'You have *so* had a guest since then,' Belle reminded him, gesturing to herself. 'That turned out pretty well.' She smiled.

The Prince blushed. 'That was different. That was... *you*.'

Belle took his hand and squeezed it. 'Just be yourself,' she said. 'Your new friendly self.' The Prince laughed.



He wasn't the only occupant of the castle worried about the visit, however. 'They're arriving in a week?' Cogsworth exclaimed when he heard the news. 'No, no, no. That's too soon!' Cogsworth's job was to make sure everything at the castle ran smoothly. A week would not be *nearly* enough time to get everything ready. 'How do we prepare the rooms?' he asked. 'Do they prefer tea at bedtime, or warm milk? Do they wake up early, or do they like to sleep in?'

'*Exactement!*' said Lumiere, the castle maitre d'. 'We don't know what time they prefer to dine! Are the meals to be big or small? Do they like entertainment *with* their meal, or after – or both?'

Even Mrs. Potts the cook, who was usually so cheerful, clutched her apron nervously. 'Oh, dear me! We don't know what kinds of fruits and vegetables they like, or what their favourite desserts might be,' she said. 'I want them to feel at home – but I have no idea where to begin in choosing which recipes to make!'

'Do we have to learn Moroccan?' asked Chip, Mrs. Potts's young son.

'In Morocco, they speak Arabic,' Belle explained to Chip. 'Mademoiselle Baddou is bringing an interpreter with her, along with a driver and a cook. The interpreter will be able to translate Arabic into French for us and vice versa.' Belle smiled at the others. 'As for the answers to the rest of your questions, I know just where to look.'

Belle invited the group to the library and brought out all the books she could find about Morocco. 'If you still have questions when the visitors arrive, we'll just ask!'



When the visitors arrived, however, the first questions were for Belle. In the drawing room, as Lina, the interpreter, translated Fatima's words into French, Fatima asked Belle about growing up in the village and about how she had ended up a princess. Fatima listened, rapt, as Lina translated Belle's answers into Arabic. After Belle finished the story of her adventures in the castle, Fatima responded in a voice filled with awe. 'It's like something out of a fairy tale!' Lina said, translating.

Belle smiled in agreement, although she thought Fatima's life sounded even more magical. 'To be a librarian at the oldest library in the world!' Belle said. Belle had researched the University of al-Qarawiyyin, where the library had been built centuries before.

'Fatima is named for Fatima al-Fihri, the woman who built the university,' Lina said, translating for Fatima. 'Because her parents chose this name, she says it was her destiny to grow up to be a librarian there. Luckily, it was her dream, as well!'

‘ It’s so WONDERFUL
to meet someone who
LOVES books like I do, ’

Belle said. She and Fatima exchanged smiles as Lina repeated Belle's words in Arabic. Belle wished she and Fatima didn't have to wait for their words to be translated. They had so much to talk about!

Fatima spoke again. 'Fatima wants to ask you more about your



project to expand your library with books from other cultures,' Lina said. 'This is something they have been doing at al-Qarawiyyin for many years – and translating them as well.'

Before Belle could reply, Mrs. Potts and Chip entered with a tea cart. 'Moroccan almond briouats,' Mrs. Potts said proudly, holding out a tray of triangular pastries.

'Briouat!' Fatima said with a smile. She and Lina each took one of the flaky treats. When they bit into them, however, they both winced and exchanged glances.

'Oh, dear me,' Mrs. Potts said. 'The book only had a picture, no recipe. So I had to guess what was in it.'

Fatima spoke to Lina in Arabic. 'Our cook could teach you the recipe, if you like,' Lina told Mrs. Potts, translating for Fatima.

'That would be wonderful!' Mrs. Potts replied. She gestured to the tea cart. 'In the meantime, we have plenty of bread and jam.'

'Mulberry!' Chip said, lifting the jar. He didn't have a good grip on it, however, and it tipped over, spilling thick purple jam onto Lina's lap.

'Sorry!' Chip, near tears, bit his lip.

'It's perfectly fine,' Lina reassured him. 'I have many lively nephews and nieces – I am used to things getting a little messy now and then. I can go to my room and change.' She turned to Fatima and they exchanged a few words in Arabic. Fatima smiled and nodded in response and Mrs. Potts led Lina off to the guest quarters.

Belle and Fatima were left alone in the drawing room and the silence between them grew awkward. The guest quarters were at the opposite end of the castle, so Belle expected it would be some time before Lina returned. Knowing Fatima loved books as much as she

did, Belle decided they'd both feel more comfortable surrounded by them. She stood and gestured for Fatima to join her. They left the drawing room and made their way through the halls of the castle, exchanging shy smiles. When they passed Cogsworth, Belle asked him to tell Lina where they'd gone.

Finally, they arrived at the castle library. Fatima let out an exclamation of delight and said something in Arabic. Although Belle didn't understand the words, she could tell they were a compliment – then she remembered hearing one of the Arabic words before, during their earlier conversation.

Belle pulled a book off a shelf and held it up. '*Kitab...*?' she asked.

Fatima nodded. '*Kitab!*'

Belle smiled and handed the book to Fatima. '*Book.*'

'*Book,*' Fatima repeated. She crossed to the shelves. '*Kitab, kitab, kitab,*' she said, tapping the spines of the books. She then gestured towards all the shelves. '*Maktaba!*'

'*Maktaba...*' Belle said. She remembered hearing Fatima say this word earlier, too.

'*Al-Qarawiyyin,*' Fatima said and pointed to herself. '*Maktabti.*' She gestured around the room again. '*Maktabat Belle!*'

Belle knew al-Qarawiyyin was the library where Fatima worked. And right now they were in Belle's...

'*Library!*' Belle said.

'*Library!*' Fatima repeated, clapping her hands in delight. She gestured from herself to Belle and then to the books.

Belle was pretty sure she understood the gesture. 'Yes!' she said. 'Let's find more words to learn!' Belle gathered several books





with illustrations, to help them teach each other. They then paged through the books, sharing the French and Arabic words for each item.

'*Wardah*,' Fatima said, pointing to a painting of a pink rose.

'*Wardah*,' Belle repeated. 'Rose.'

'Rose!' Fatima said.

As they continued, Belle learned *qamar* meant 'moon' in Arabic and *fil* meant 'elephant.' Belle brought out paper and pens so they could draw pictures of items they couldn't find in the books. They acted out movements like walking and sitting down, sharing the words in each language. They made faces to show emotions.

'*Saeeda*,' Fatima said, adopting a joyful smile.

Belle repeated the Arabic as Fatima nodded in approval. 'Happy,' Belle said, translating the word to French.

'Happy,' Fatima said. She and Belle exchanged warm smiles.

It became harder when they attempted more complicated ideas, however. Belle tried to ask Fatima about her journey from Fès to the castle, but Fatima just shook her head, not understanding. Belle opened a map and used her fingers to mime walking from Fès to her village. Fatima replied in Arabic, gesturing with her hands as she spoke, but Belle was unsure what she was saying.

Belle tried to think of another way they could teach each other, something they hadn't yet tried. Her eyes scanned the titles on the shelves for a book that might help them and landed on a collection of folktales. She brought down the book and paged through to a tale from Morocco. She held it out to Fatima.

Fatima took the book and studied the illustrations on the different pages. A smile came over her face as well. '*Al-Tair Al-Azraq*!' she

said. She flipped back to the first page of the story and pointed at the title, repeating the words.

‘The Blue Bird!’ Belle said. ‘You know it?’ Belle grabbed some paper and drew a blue bird. She showed it to Fatima, who nodded happily.

Together, Belle and Fatima acted out the story, about a princess who was visited every evening by two blue birds. The birds were actually men who had been placed under a spell. The princess developed a fondness for one of the birds and after the spell was broken, she and the man fell in love.

Belle and Fatima each recited the words in her own language as they went along. They then repeated the passages, with Belle doing her best to match the Arabic words to her actions and Fatima doing the same with the French words. Their actions grew silly at times, causing them both to dissolve into laughter. When either got something wrong, the other would shake her head and they’d try again. It was like solving a puzzle, each new word or phrase they learned adding another piece to help bring the bigger picture to life.

After they reached the story’s happy ending, Fatima picked up a picture book they’d looked at earlier, about two bears who meet in the woods and become friends. Fatima opened it to the final illustration, of the bears holding hands. ‘*Asdiqaa*,’ she said. She pointed to herself and then to Belle.

‘*Asdiqaa*,’ Belle repeated. She was pretty sure she understood what the word meant. ‘Friends,’ she said.

‘Friends,’ Fatima repeated just as the library door swung open and the Prince entered.

Belle rushed over to him and grabbed his hands. ‘Fatima and I



have been teaching each other our languages!’ she told him. ‘I can’t believe how much I’ve learned!’

‘I’m glad things have been going well here,’ the Prince said, looking grim. ‘I’m afraid that’s not the case in the rest of the castle.’

‘Why?’ Belle asked. ‘What’s happened?’

‘It’s a disaster!’ Cogsworth cried as he raced in behind the Prince, wringing his hands. Lumiere and Mrs. Potts entered next, each talking over the other.

‘Calm down!’ Belle urged them. ‘Tell me what happened – one at a time.’

Belle soon learned that the attempts by the Prince and the others to communicate with their visitors without an interpreter had not gone as well as it had with Belle and Fatima. The Prince had tried to invite the driver to go riding in the woods but was confused when the driver pointed to himself and then to his horses as he spoke. ‘He smiled while he was talking,’ the Prince said. ‘But then he shook his head! I wasn’t sure if he was saying yes or no.’

Fatima’s cook had joined Mrs. Potts in the kitchen, where she showed him the picture of the almond briouats. The cook had pointed out the ingredients and the measuring utensils for each, but Mrs. Potts didn’t understand his instructions and the result had tasted even worse than her first attempt.

‘And I’m afraid it will be *impossible* for me to perform this evening!’ Lumiere declared in despair. He explained that the cook and the driver had passed by the room where he had been practising his evening music selection. He had just finished a cabaret song when they both said something in Arabic. Assuming they preferred a different type of music, Lumiere switched to opera but they spoke



again, using the same words. 'I tried many other music styles,' Lumiere told Belle. 'But they kept saying the same thing. I couldn't work out their favourite.' Lumiere sighed sadly. 'Because the entertainment for guests must be the best or *nothing*...' Lumiere hung his head. 'It will have to be nothing.'

Belle glanced at Fatima, who had been listening closely. Fatima may not have understood everything that was said but Belle could tell the librarian had guessed there had been some misunderstandings between the visitors and castle residents. The eyes of the two new friends met and a message passed between them – they didn't need words or even gestures to understand each other. Fatima nodded and left the room.

'Fatima will find Lina,' Belle told the others. 'I'm sure we can sort this all out and you can try again.'

'But the interpreter can't be everywhere at once!' the Prince said. 'I'm worried we'll make our guests' stay worse!'

'I must agree,' Cogsworth said.

'I *don't* agree,' Belle said. 'Fatima and I found a way to understand each other. It wasn't always easy but we didn't give up. And now we're friends!' She glanced around at the others. 'It can be scary to get to know new people but *all* friends are people you didn't know when you first met them.' She shot a meaningful look at the Prince: Belle and he had once been strangers, too.

'I guess it *would* be nicer for us to become friends with our visitors,' the Prince admitted. The others nodded.

Fatima entered the library with Lina, now in fresh clothes, followed by the driver and the cook. With Lina's help, the residents and guests worked out their misunderstandings. 'The driver thought



you were showing him how to saddle a horse,' Lina explained to the Prince. 'He was trying to explain that he already knew how.' She smiled. 'He would be honoured to go riding with you.' The Prince grinned at the driver, relieved and pleased, and the driver nodded.

Lina turned to Mrs. Potts. 'Our cook knows how protective other cooks are of their kitchens but if you would allow, he could *show* you the steps and you could make the briouats together.'

'Oh, yes! That would be perfect!' said Mrs. Potts, beaming at the cook.

Lina then told Lumiere that the cook and driver were asking him if he would teach them some of his music. 'In return, they would love to share their favourite Moroccan songs with you.'

'I would be delighted!' Lumiere said, thrilled. 'I am always eager to add to my musical repertoire.'



By the end of their stay, the visitors and their hosts had become friends. The cook taught Mrs. Potts the true recipe for briouats and she taught him how to make chocolate croissants. The Prince and the driver explored the land around the castle and translated the names for different horse breeds for each other, using an illustrated book from the library.

After their final dinner together, Lumiere serenaded the group with a selection of his favourite songs, along with the new Moroccan ones he had learned. The guests joined in for these last songs, filling the castle with music.

The next morning, as the visitors got ready to leave, Fatima, with Lina, took Belle aside. Fatima spoke and Lina translated. 'Fatima

would love for you to write to each other, and work together on a plan to make more language dictionaries, for libraries everywhere.'

'Yes! Definitely!' Belle said. 'And I'll come visit *you*. And see *your* library.'

Lina translated and Fatima nodded with enthusiasm. Fatima exchanged whispers with Lina and then Fatima spoke. 'Yes, please visit!' Fatima said in French. 'Please visit *soon*!'

'Do you want to take a trip to Morocco?' the Prince asked after the visitors had left.

'What better way to learn Arabic?' Belle said with a grin. 'And then we can plan our other travels!'

'*Other* travels?' the Prince said, looking intrigued.

Belle took his hands and smiled up at him. 'There are so many lands to visit and people to meet – and languages to study!' she said. 'Isn't it wonderful to know we'll never, *ever* run out of new things to learn?'



Belle's tale of courage and kindness is dedicated to EMA,
who at age seven created videos to tell inspirational stories
in sign language and raise awareness about deaf rights.

Her act of comfort and inspiration is supported by
the Listen Up Foundation.

Read more about EMA'S STORY at
thewaltdisneycompany.eu/princesscelebration.

What is
your MOST
inspiring
STORY?





MOANA



Moana is a sea-loving, strong-willed girl. Though she has moments of self-doubt, she has great pride in who she is and does not back away from challenges. She approaches new experiences and tasks with the utmost seriousness and will stand her ground to fight for what she values, even when all seems lost.





THE OCEAN GUARDIANS

WRITTEN BY KALIKOLEHUA HURLEY & ILLUSTRATED BY LIAM BRAZIER



Eight-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



'It's lovely!' Ariel's entire tail was shining and sparkling! Her fingernails twinkled! Even Flounder's stripes looked more dazzling than ever. Once his eyes stopped rolling around from dizziness, he did a happy little loop-de-loop.

'Now you're ready! Come on!' Zeek plummeted, his friends whooping as they followed.

A smile washed across Ariel's face. Then, with a sinking feeling, she recalled the squabble with her sisters and wished they were as welcoming to her whims as her new friends. Shaking off the thought, she flicked her fins, folded over and dived down after them.

'W-wait for me!' Flounder called.

The water grew darker and colder. Before Ariel knew it, they were down at the ocean floor, a deserted part of the seabed with bleached bone-white coral and wisps of tall black grass.

This couldn't be the 'deep sea' Zeek had spoken of. There were few places left in Atlantica she had yet to explore, including the evil sea witch's lair that she'd heard so much about, but she'd already been down to *this* part of the ocean many times. It was nothing new or remarkable...

But then she saw the merfolk slip into a dark fissure running along the ocean floor. She followed them, twisting her body to enter the crack. Inside, she could see it was a trench leading downwards.

'Ariel, not to sound like a guppy, b-but I have a bad feeling about this,' Flounder said.

But the chance to delve somewhere new filled Ariel's stomach with butterfly fish of excitement. She pumped her fins, eager to explore the unknown.



'Come on,
FLOUNDER.
There's nothing
to fear.'

Just then, a huge glowing sea creature reared up out of the dark. 'MONSTER!' Flounder screamed. 'WE'RE GONNA DIE!'

Ariel spiralled out of its way, slamming back against the trench wall. As Flounder cowered in her hair, Ariel caught her breath, peering down at the horrifying beast. It had long tentacles like a hideous giant squid and large glowing eyes that stared them down. The creature hovered in place, blocking Ariel and Flounder from following the rest of the merfolk down into the trench.

'Zeek! Are you okay?' Ariel called down.

As Zeek emerged into view below, the fearsome glowing sea creature... *scattered?* Its menacing eyes and terrifying tentacles seemed to break apart in a flurry of little dots of light.

Ariel blinked hard. It hadn't been a fearsome creature at all, but a group of tiny glowing shrimp. They'd come together to... to *scare* her. And it had worked! 'Flounder,' she said, fishing him out of her hair, 'we're okay!'

Zeek gestured to Ariel. 'Come on. We're nearly there.'



'Y-you mean we're not there yet?' Flounder stammered.

'Is someone getting cold fins?' And with that, Ariel plunged.

Flounder followed. 'Ariel, wh-what's that saying about how curiosity killed the catfish?'

'Flounder, will you relax?' she whispered back.

Down, down, down they swam. The trench grew narrower, the water even colder.

Finally, a current spat Ariel out into a dark realm of glowing coral and fish: the deep sea.

'Oh my gosh!' she said, taking it all in. Every creature was aglow – from bobtail squid and comb jellies to dragonfish and lantern sharks – lighting up the dark space like a starry night sky. Her eyes followed a vivid starfish, then a glowing anglerfish. She playfully prodded a jellyfish with tentacles of rainbow lights and got a closer look at tiny fish flashing like lightning. 'Have you ever seen anything so amazing?' Ariel asked.

'Uhhh...' Flounder replied, but his eyes were wide with wonder.

Zeek and the others made their way through a school of glimmering fish. As she followed the merfolk, Ariel could only make out their overglow-streaked tails, which shone neon in the pitch-dark water. The same went for Flounder, whom she recognised purely from the glow of his distinct stripes, fins and tail. Her own tail was lit up like magic, along with her fingernails and hair.

'So what do you think?' Zeek asked Ariel.

'I love it!' She gestured at the glittering creatures that swam around them. 'Are they all covered in overglow, too?'

Zeek shook his head. 'Creatures down here make their own light.'



'MONSTER!' Flounder shrieked, darting behind Ariel.

'Flounder, not again—' But Ariel froze. There, at the edge of the trench, appeared a glowing giant squid – not a bunch of shrimp disguised to look like one, but a *real* giant squid. It opened its beak and let out a terrible screech, sending the creatures swimming off to hide among the coral. The hungry giant squid was heading right for Ariel and her friends!

'I-I thought you said the overglow would keep us safe from predators!' Flounder squeaked.

'Stay back,' Zeek ordered. He slathered a piece of coral with overglow and tossed it with all his might.

'The squid will go after the decoy,' one of the merfolk explained. 'Works every time!'

Ariel held her breath as the squid halted and watched the coral drifting past.

But then the squid snapped the coral decoy in half with its beak! It continued towards them, screeching hungrily as it closed in.

'It didn't work!' Ariel cried. 'Now what?'

'Glowscreen!' Zeek shouted to his friends, who emptied their satchels so the overglow burst out in a cloud of light. 'This will surely distract it. Now swim!' The merfolk turned tail as the monstrous squid got lost in the billow of overglow.

'I think it worked!' Flounder piped up as they followed the merfolk around a corner.

They came to a stop inside a cavern. The merfolk felt along the walls for an exit, but there was no escape.

Zeek whirled around. 'It's a dead end!'



'What are we going to do?' squealed Flounder.

'I have an idea!' Ariel exclaimed. Recalling how the shrimp had come together to form a frightening monster, she quickly rounded up the merfolk and gathered them together to create the shape of a large glowing shark. Their luminous fins formed its jagged teeth.

The squid appeared in the cavern's entrance, looming out of the darkness.

Flounder, playing the shark's eye, whimpered. 'Ariel, I d-don't think it's w-working!'

The squid spread its massive deadly tentacles and opened its sharp beak, preparing to swallow them whole.

'Flick your fins and don't stop!' Ariel instructed all the merfolk. They did as they were told, making it appear as if their shark was opening its mouth wide and chomping its huge teeth.

The squid recoiled with a shriek – and suddenly retreated. Together, Ariel and her friends had scared it off. Her bright idea had worked!

'That was some quick thinking!' one of the merfolk told Ariel.

'You totally saved our tails!' another agreed.

'It was a team effort!' she replied. If only her sisters had been there to see how well she had worked with others.

'You sure know how to put on a good show, Ariel!' Flounder chimed in.

She gasped. 'Oh my gosh! The concert with my sisters! I've gotta go!'

Zeek handed his satchel to Ariel. 'Please take this as a parting gift.'

She peeked inside. There was still a lot of overglow left. 'Oh,



thank you, Zeek! But... don't you need this to continue on your way through the deep sea?'

'The algae bloom is still up there,' he replied. 'We can always get more. What's important is that we're able to give back to someone who helped us out.'

Ariel beamed. 'It was wonderful meeting all of you. I hope our currents cross again someday!' As the other merfolk cheered in agreement, Ariel and Flounder started towards home.



An excited chatter filled the water around the palace. The concert was about to begin. Ariel found her sisters putting on their makeup in the dressing room mirrors.

'Look what the catfish dragged in.' Attina glared at her. 'Late again, I see.'

Arista ran a conch comb through her hair. 'At least she didn't leave us high and dry this time!'

'I still can't fathom what was more important than yesterday's concert,' Aquata said with a sneer.

Ariel cleared her throat. 'I'd... I'd like to say something to all of you.'

Attina snorted. 'This should be good.'

'I'm sorry for being late and missing out,' Ariel started. 'And I promise to sing in harmony so that we all shine together as a team... that is, if you'll have me back.'

Attina looked at her other sisters.

'I understand if I'm too late and you don't want me to perform with you,' Ariel continued. 'But even if I'm not singing with you tonight, I



wanted to give this to all of you.' She opened the satchel to reveal the overglow.

Attina peered inside. 'Eww! What is that shiny slime?'

'Overglow.' Ariel applied a fresh coat to her lips, eyelids and hair. Her sisters hovered around, curious. When Ariel snapped her fingers, a huge cloud of tiny shrimp entered the room, gathering around the dressing room lights and plunging the room into darkness – just as Ariel had asked them to do.

The sisters gasped.

'Ariel, you're glowing in the dark!' Aquata observed.

'I'm impressed,' Attina admitted. 'Where'd you get this stuff?'

'That's not important, is it?' Ariel teased. 'I knew you'd all like it.'

Attina rested a hand on Ariel's shoulder. 'We like *you*. And we need *you*. Don't we, girls?'



A little while later, the daughters of Triton took their places inside their clamshells under the stage in the crowded concert hall. After the fanfare from the trumpet fish and after Sebastian the crab started up the orchestra, King Triton waved his trident so that the stage lights went out, just as Ariel had requested.

Suddenly, the concert hall was as dark as the deep sea itself. Whispers rippled up from the audience.

The orchestra trilled and swelled as the glowing clamshells rose onto the stage. One by one, each clamshell snapped open to reveal a mermaid whose tail and hair were covered in shining streaks of overglow. The last to emerge was Ariel, sparkling green and purple as she let her solo notes bubble out. Then Ariel let her voice slip into





harmony with her sisters as they swam together to form a single glowing rainbow.

When the sisters hit their final, perfect note, the twinkling shrimp floated in right on cue to illuminate the water around them like starlight. The crowd roared with the loudest applause the sisters had ever received.

The concert had gone off swimmingly. It was a performance Ariel would cherish forever as her shining musical debut.

Attina squeezed her hand. 'Ariel, we couldn't have lit up the stage without you.'

'I promise never to let you down again,' Ariel said. Glowing with affection, Ariel pulled her sisters into group a hug. 'From now on, we shine together.'

Ariel's tale of courage and kindness is dedicated to LILAH, who at age seven helped hospice families shine by planning and raising funds for a beach-themed party. Her act of comfort and inspiration is supported by Shooting Star Children's Hospices.

Read more about LILAH'S STORY at thewaltdisneycompany.eu/princesscelebration.



How do
you HELP
others
SHINE?

The background is a light blue gradient with a large, faint, stylized snowflake in the center. Swirling white lines and numerous small white stars are scattered across the scene. Various decorative elements are placed around the page, including purple maple leaves, gold pine needles, white diamond shapes, and a small pink flower. A large, detailed snowflake is in the top right corner, and another is in the bottom left corner. A small dandelion seed head is visible near the bottom center.

FROZEN

BONUS STORIES



ELSA



Elsa was born with a special gift: the power to create snow and ice. Her power used to make her feel like she didn't belong in the kingdom of Arendelle and she struggled to understand how to use her magic to help others. But she has learned to accept and love herself – and her power. Elsa now lives in the Enchanted Forest, where she joins the spirits of earth, fire, water and wind as the Snow Queen.



THE UNHAPPY FOREST

WRITTEN BY SUZANNE FRANCIS & ILLUSTRATED BY NATHANNA ÉRICA



Elsa paused on the forest path and closed her eyes to listen. The stream bubbled across smooth stones. A nearby squirrel's nails clicked as it scurried up the rough bark of a tree in search of an acorn. A chorus of birds chirped noisily. But Elsa didn't hear the one thing she was listening for: Bruni, the Fire Spirit.

'Hmmm,' Elsa said, opening her eyes. 'I wonder where Bruni could be. Any luck, Gale?'

The invisible Wind Spirit whirled over and wrapped around Elsa twice, then zipped upwards in search of Bruni. Elsa watched as Gale gently rustled through the arching branches of a tall tree. Dry brown leaves fluttered to the ground while the Wind Spirit wove in and out, trying to find Bruni's hiding place. Then it breezed over a fallen oak, making the tree's branches creak and groan. Giving up, Gale returned to the forest floor, forming into a tiny tornado of dust.

'No sign, huh?' said Elsa.

Gale dashed over and circled Elsa's hands a few times.

'Good idea,' Elsa whispered. Then she raised her voice to make sure Bruni could hear her. 'I think we should take a break and make a little snow.' Elsa knew that Bruni couldn't resist snow. She smiled and waved her hands, calling on her icy magic. 'I'll just make a little pile right here.'

The Fire Spirit's big eyes peered out from its hiding place inside

ELSA IS...

CONFIDENT
WARM
GRACEFUL
POWERFUL
CREATIVE
PROTECTIVE

ELSA'S DREAM:

To keep her family safe

HEROIC MOMENT:

Saving the kingdom of Arendelle from a flood

SIDEKICK:

Bruni, the Fire Spirit

FAMOUS QUOTE:

'I never knew what I was capable of.'

a moss-covered hollow log. It watched as Elsa created a small mound of fluffy white snow. After a moment, Bruni burst out of the log and leapt into the snow pile. Gale whipped around joyfully.

'Found you!' Elsa said with a laugh. She enjoyed watching the fiery little salamander roll around in the snow, clearly enjoying its cool touch. She sprinkled some snowflakes into the air and Bruni lapped them up.

Elsa suddenly noticed a distinct shift in the air. She froze in place as an uneasy feeling stirred inside her. She looked down at Bruni, who looked startled. She could tell the Fire Spirit felt out of sorts, too.

'Something isn't right,' she said, lowering her hand to the ground. Bruni scampered up into Elsa's palm and she raised it towards her face. 'What is it?' she asked.

Flames ignited on Bruni's back and Elsa quickly created a small

flurry, attempting to settle the spirit's fire and fear. 'Don't worry. We'll figure it out,' she said. 'We just have to stay calm.'

Gale whipped around anxiously and Elsa knew the Wind Spirit sensed something amiss, too.

The Water Nokk rose out of the creek, appearing beside them in the form of a horse. The Water Spirit shook its mane and pounded its hooves against the forest floor, ready to face whatever was causing the disturbance. Elsa pressed her forehead to its nose and it seemed to relax a bit. Her touch turned its watery body to ice and she climbed onto its back.

'Let's go find out what's wrong,' she said to the spirits.

Gale followed and Bruni sat on Elsa's arm as she rode the Water Nokk through the forest. They made a point of checking in on all of the forest creatures as they continued down the path. Hawks soared above, beavers chomped at tree trunks and a few reindeer trotted by. They heard the occasional *tap tap tap* of the woodpeckers knocking on tree bark, searching for bugs. The spirits paused in an open field and watched a few fox cubs wrestling in the tall brown grass.

'All the animals seem happy,' said Elsa. 'But something just isn't right.' She rolled her shoulders, trying to shake off the bad feeling that crept up her spine.

When the group reached the riverbank where the Earth Giants normally slept, they saw that the rocky spirits were wide-awake and restless. The giants shifted, as if trying to get comfortable, causing the earth to tremble slightly. Then they slowly stood and began stomping their feet. Small stones tumbled from their shoulders and splashed into the water.

'We feel it, too,' said Elsa, looking up at the Earth Giants. 'We're





going to figure out what's going on. Just remember to stay calm. We'll fix it together.'

Elsa knew the Water Nokk wanted to check on the creatures in the river and sea. She climbed off its back. 'Go on,' she said. 'And let us know if you find anything.'

As the spirit disappeared into the water, Elsa looked up at the Earth Giants and said, 'We'll signal you if we need you. It will be okay.' They nodded and shifted uncomfortably onto their sides in the river.

Bruni sat on Elsa's shoulder and Gale gusted overhead as they wound their way through the forest. It wasn't long before the Fire Spirit jumped down and scampered to inspect a cairn – a small tower made of stacked stones – that had been built next to the path.

'Where did that come from?' asked Elsa. 'Perhaps it's a clue.'

Bruni scurried ahead and sniffed at another cairn. As they continued through the forest, they saw more little works of art: there were tiny houses made of sticks and leaves and some small designs scratched into the earth.

Elsa inspected the designs, her senses heightened. She still felt uneasy, but no more so than before. 'These are interesting, but I don't think they're causing our discomfort, do you?' She knew the spirits agreed. 'There is something else going on.'

Just then, they heard a noise. Someone was humming.

They followed the path as it curved around a thick line of oak trees.

Elsa breathed a sigh of relief. 'Olaf!' she said, pleased to see the little snowman.

'Oh, hi, Elsa!' said Olaf. 'And hello to you, Bruni!' He grinned as



Bruni leapt up onto his twig arm, then scampered across it and onto his snowy head.

'Are you the one who's been leaving the little nature sculptures along the path?' Elsa asked.

Olaf nodded. 'I read a book about making art in nature and thought I'd give it a try,' he said. 'I made rock towers and stick drawings and leaf designs—'

Suddenly, a red squirrel scurried down the side of an oak tree toward Olaf, reaching for his carrot nose. The little snowman dodged him and giggled. 'This is my new friend,' Olaf told Elsa. 'I call him Agnes.'

The squirrel tried once again to grab Olaf's nose. He shook his head back and forth, keeping his carrot just out of reach.

'It's a game we've been playing,' said Olaf. 'Agnes tries to take my nose and I turn my head to keep it away.'

Elsa squinted thoughtfully as she watched the squirrel climb back up the tree. She was certain Olaf's presence in the forest wasn't causing her uneasy feeling but she wondered about the squirrel's behaviour. Why was he so determined to steal Olaf's nose?

'Olaf, have you noticed anything strange going on?' she asked. 'There's something creating an imbalance in the forest.'

'I don't think so,' Olaf replied. 'What could this *something* be?'

'That's just it,' said Elsa. 'We don't know.'

'Ooh!' said Olaf. 'I love a good mystery. Maybe I can help.'

'That would be great,' said Elsa.

As the group started down the path, Agnes the squirrel chased them, jumped onto Olaf's shoulder and lunged for his carrot nose again.



'Another game?' Olaf said with a giggle and turned his head to the left. 'I win!' The squirrel scampered to his other shoulder and Olaf turned to the right. 'I win again! I'm getting good at this game.'

After a few minutes, Elsa noticed that more squirrels were following them down the path.

'Do you guys want to play, too?' Olaf asked the squirrels that were now circling him.

'Uh, Olaf? I'm not sure they're playing,' Elsa warned him as the squirrels closed in.

Just then, they heard voices in the distance. The squirrels startled before scampering up into the surrounding trees to hide.

'Hey, guys, where are you going?' Olaf called to the squirrels.

The voices grew louder and Elsa saw a man and a woman on the trail ahead. The man pulled a small covered cart behind him.

Before Elsa could say anything, Bruni and Gale took off towards the strangers. Bruni's back burst into flames and Gale whipped through the trees' branches, rattling the leaves.

'Fire!' the man cried as flames suddenly whooshed around them.

'It's the magical spirits!' shouted the woman. 'Run!'

'Bruni, stop!' shouted Elsa. She chased after the Fire Spirit, using her ice power to put out the fire before it got out of control. From the corner of her eye, Elsa spotted the strangers running deeper into the woods. They both looked frightened as Bruni and Gale caused windy and fiery chaos around them.

'Please wait!' Elsa called to the strangers. When they didn't stop, Elsa waved her arms to create a sheet of ice beneath their feet, slowing them down. Scared and confused, the strangers clutched





each other for support as they slipped and slid on the ice. The cart slid right along with them.

Gale circled Elsa as she put out Bruni's last fires. 'Scaring them isn't going to help,' Elsa whispered to the spirits. 'We can figure this all out if we stay calm. We just need to speak with them.'

The spirits withdrew but stayed on guard, Gale taking the form of an angry dark tornado and Bruni rearing up, all ablaze.

Terrified, the strangers stood still as Elsa approached.

'Please,' said Elsa, holding her hands to her heart as a gesture of peace. 'We didn't mean to scare you, but we need to talk. Something is happening in the forest and we think you might know what it's about.'

Just then, Olaf appeared, having finally caught up. 'Wow, you guys are so fast,' he said.

The strangers screamed at the sight of him.

'Is that a talking snowman?' whispered the man.

'I think so?' the woman replied.

'Oh, hello,' said Olaf. 'I'm Olaf and I like warm hugs.'

The strangers smiled awkwardly, not sure how to react.

'Why don't you have a seat?' Elsa offered. She waved her arms, and the two watched, amazed, as she created an ice bench.

They cautiously sat down and the woman said, 'Thank you. My name's Reina. And this is Magnus.'

'Hello,' said Magnus, giving a shy wave.

Elsa smiled and introduced herself, Bruni and Gale. 'Can you help us understand why you're here?' she suggested.

'Now that the curse has lifted, we've been coming to explore the forest,' Magnus explained.



Elsa nodded. Until recently, an impenetrable mist had shrouded the forest, allowing no one to enter and no one to leave for over thirty years.

'We were happy when we could finally come in and see it,' Reina continued. 'And it's even more beautiful than we imagined.'

Elsa smiled again. 'We're happy you're here to enjoy it but we need to work out what went wrong.'

Gale whipped by the cart, pulling the cover up. Magnus awkwardly tried to keep it down. Elsa peered at the cart curiously.

'We like to forage,' explained Reina with a nervous chuckle. 'So we were just collecting a few acorns—'

Gale blasted the cover right off the cart, revealing an enormous heap of acorns. The Wind Spirit whirled around the cart excitedly. Bruni scampered to the top of the acorn pile, then looked at Elsa with wide eyes. Right away, Elsa knew that they had discovered the source of the imbalance the spirits had been feeling.

'We thought these acorns might have a little magic in them,' Magnus explained. 'This being an enchanted forest and all.'

'We didn't want to cause any trouble,' Reina added. 'We were hoping to grow an enchanted forest of our own.'

Elsa gently explained that the forest depended on the things it produced to stay balanced. 'If too much gets taken, the living things here can suffer,' she continued. 'Red squirrels, for example, rely on these acorns to help them survive the winter. They spend the entire autumn gathering them up so they will have something to eat in the colder months.' She looked at Olaf. 'And I think we know at least a few that were on a desperate search for food today.'



'Agnes was trying to eat my nose!' exclaimed Olaf. He grabbed his carrot to make sure it was still there.

'You may not realise it, but the forest has feelings,' Elsa told Magnus and Reina. 'It actually misses the acorns you have taken.' Then she turned to the spirits. 'That's what we were feeling. We knew the forest was sad.'

'We're very sorry,' said Magnus. Reina nodded in agreement.

Olaf picked up an acorn. 'But you were right about one thing,' he said. 'These things *do* have magic in them.'

'I knew it!' said Magnus.

Elsa gestured to the leaves fluttering from the tree branches and said,

‘Everything from
NATURE is
MAGICAL.’

Magnus and Reina looked confused.

'True fact,' said Olaf. He held up the acorn. 'Something this teeny-tiny can grow into *that*!' He pointed up to a towering oak tree nearby. 'If that's not magic, I don't know what is.'

'Says the talking snowman,' Reina said with a smile.

They all gazed up at the tree, admiring it for a quiet moment



together. The summer sun made the tree sparkle with silver light. Gale gently curled through the leaves and branches, causing them to dance and sway.

'We found the acorns in nooks and crannies all over the forest,' said Reina. 'If we put them all back, will that fix the balance? Will that make the forest happy again?'

Elsa nodded.

'Well,' said Magnus, turning to Reina, 'we can retrace our steps and return them all. I'll bet we can do it before dark if we start now.'

'Let's do it together,' Elsa suggested.

Reina and Magnus led the way through the forest as they returned handfuls of acorns to tree hollows and leaf piles. Olaf helped, protectively holding on to his nose while tossing acorns to hungry squirrels that scurried down from the trees.

When the group reached the riverbank, the Water Nokk appeared, rising from the river. Elsa greeted the Water Spirit and introduced it to Magnus and Reina. As she stroked its watery mane, she could tell that the Water Nokk was relaxed and happy, knowing balance was restored.

The Water Spirit joined them as they returned a few more piles of acorns to hidden spots along the river. By the time the cart was empty, the sun was starting to set.

Elsa held her finger to her lips. 'Shhh,' she said. 'Look. The Earth Giants are just waking up from a nap.'

A pair of enormous nostrils poked above the river's surface, sending air across the water and causing it to ripple. Reina and Magnus watched, amazed, as one of the giants opened its eyes and looked directly at them.



As the Earth Giant slowly rose out of the water, Gale whipped and whirled around the giant's body. The Earth Giant opened its fist to reveal three smooth rocks in its palm.

Bruni scampered onto the giant's hand, then looked up at the group.

Elsa smiled. 'These are for you. Gifts from the forest. With our deepest gratitude.'

'Whoa,' said Olaf, peering at the rocks. 'They're beautiful.'

'Go ahead, Olaf,' said Elsa. 'You do the honours. There's one for each of our guests.'

The little snowman picked up the rocks. 'One for you,' he said, handing one to Reina. 'And one for you.' He gave one to Magnus. 'And one for... Who's this one for?'

Elsa smiled. 'For you, Olaf. For helping to take care of the forest.'

'Me?' said Olaf. Elsa nodded and the little snowman giggled joyfully. 'Thank you, thank you, thank you!' he said. He gave the rock a hug and then looked down at it adoringly. 'Aren't you the cutest little rock there ever was?' he said.

Before parting ways, Reina and Magnus thanked Elsa and the spirits. They said they would visit often and vowed always to take care of the forest.

'We won't be bringing our cart again,' promised Reina.

'From now on, we will leave only footprints and take only memories,' said Magnus.

Elsa and the spirits said goodbye to their new friends and watched them head back down the forest path.

'Look! There's Agnes! Hi, Agnes!' Olaf said.

The squirrel turned and darted towards the little snowman. Olaf





cowered, trying to hide his carrot nose. The squirrel stood up on his hind legs, holding one perfect acorn up to Olaf.

Elsa smiled. 'I think Agnes is apologising.'

'Aw, that's so sweet!' Olaf said. He popped the acorn into his mouth and tried to chew. 'Thank you, Agnes. It's delicious,' he said, though the grimace on his face said otherwise.

Elsa followed Olaf and the spirits back down the path, feeling content and proud. She and the spirits had made the forest happy again and everything was good and right in the world.


Elsa's tale of courage and kindness is dedicated to ADI, who at age fourteen used his passion as a counsellor and comedian to inspire others to fulfill their hopes and dreams, and raise money for children with disabilities. His act of comfort and inspiration is supported by Krembo Wings.

Read more about ADI'S STORY at
thewaltdisneycompany.eu/princesscelebration.

How do
YOUR passions
INSPIRE
others?



ANNA



Anna's greatest gift is her ability to make a personal connection with everyone she meets.

Despite her lonely childhood, Anna remained caring and optimistic, leading with her heart and staying true to herself. Whether she's befriending a talking snowman or defending her misunderstood sister, Anna always looks for the best in everyone. Newly crowned as queen of Arendelle, Anna looks forward to giving back to the community she loves.



CLOUDBERRIES FOR A QUEEN

WRITTEN BY SUZANNE FRANCIS & ILLUSTRATED BY ALINA CHAU

Queen Anna of Arendelle pushed her bicycle out in front of the castle and breathed in the fresh air, which smelled of peony blossoms and freshly cut grass. Summertime had arrived and it showed all around. The sky was big and blue, and a bright sun lit the way for long, warm days bursting with outdoor fun.

Ever since she was crowned queen, Anna had been so busy with her royal duties that she'd hardly had a moment to enjoy her favourite outdoor activities. But today she'd made sure to keep her schedule clear so she and Olaf could visit the market together.

'Good morning, Olaf,' Anna said as her snowman friend approached. 'Ready to head out?' She patted the small platform behind her bicycle seat that she had built especially for him.

Olaf nodded. 'But before we go,' he said, 'there's someone special I want you to meet.'

Anna looked around but didn't see anyone. 'Who?'

The little snowman held up his hand and revealed a smooth, speckled rock. 'My pet! I named it Rocky.' Olaf leaned in and whispered, 'I figured a rock was an appropriate starter pet.'

'Cute,' said Anna.

Olaf held the rock up a bit higher, letting Anna take a closer look. He waited expectantly, looking at her with big eyes. 'Don't you want to say hello?' he asked.

ANNA IS...

SPIRITED
LOVING
OPTIMISTIC
ENERGETIC
OUTGOING
CARING
DETERMINED

ANNA'S DREAM:

To be surrounded by
friends and love

HEROIC MOMENT:

Choosing to do the right thing to
save Arendelle and
her sister, Elsa

SIDEKICK:

Olaf

FAMOUS QUOTE:

'I believe in you, more than
anyone. Or anything.'

'Um...' Anna looked around,
feeling self-conscious about
talking to a rock. 'It's very nice to
meet you, Rocky.' She awkwardly
tapped the rock as if petting a
tiny mouse.

Olaf giggled and said, 'Rocky's
already making friends.' He
looked down at the rock and
whispered to it, 'You ride in the
front.' He reached down and
yanked a chunk of nearby grass
out of the ground. Then he placed
it in the bicycle's basket, making a
cosy spot. 'There you go,' he said,
gently setting the rock on top of
the bed of grass.

Anna sat on the saddle and
planted her foot firmly against
the cobblestone to balance. 'Okay,
Olaf, hop on,' she said.

Olaf climbed up to the platform
and wiggled back and forth,
getting comfortable.

'Ready!' he said, holding on to
Anna's waist with his twig arms.

Anna began pedalling towards
town. As she picked up speed,

Olaf let out a long 'Ahhhhhhh,' enjoying the sound of his voice
wobbling along with the bumps in the cobblestone. Anna smiled,
remembering when she used to do the same as a little girl. She
joined him and the two sang a chorus of vibrating 'ahs' until they
arrived at the market.

Anna parked her bike and Olaf hopped down and leaned towards
the basket. 'We'll be right back, Rocky,' he said. As he and Anna
walked towards the market entrance, Olaf whispered, 'Rocky's
birthday is in a couple of weeks.'

Anna nodded. 'Really?'

'Yup,' said the snowman. 'And I want to throw a surprise birthday
party. I was hoping you, Kristoff and Sven would help. We can make
paper crowns and delicious food and decorations.'

'That sounds great, Olaf. Of course we'll help. I can make
kransekake if you like.'

'Yes!' exclaimed the snowman. 'What celebration would be
complete without your famous wreath cake? This is going to be the
best party ever!'

The two entered the market, where many villagers were chatting
as they shopped for supplies. When they saw Anna and Olaf, they fell
silent, turned and bowed, formally greeting their queen.

'Good morning, everyone,' said Anna warmly.

'Morning!' sang Olaf.

As Anna and Olaf began shopping, people greeted them with
eager smiles and hearty handshakes. Others stood on tiptoe to catch
a glimpse of them walking through the market.

Olaf leaned over and whispered, 'Why is everyone staring at us?
Do I have something on my face? Or is something *missing* from my



face?' The little snowman reached up and checked his carrot nose to make sure. 'Nope. All there. What's going on?'

Anna had noticed that since she had taken her place as queen, the villagers seemed to treat her a little differently. Instead of asking about her day, they dutifully curtsied and bowed. Instead of asking for a helping hand, they offered to do things for *her*.

Anna turned to Olaf and said, 'Why don't you go grab the almonds? We'll need them for the kransekake.'

'Oh, yes! I *will* grab the almonds,' said Olaf. 'This is so exciting. The party planning has begun!' he added as he hurried through the stalls.

When Anna stepped near Mrs. Latham, who was shopping for strawberries, the woman stopped what she was doing and bowed. 'Your Majesty,' she said.

'Hi, Mrs. Latham!' said Anna cheerfully. 'Are you getting ready to make some of your famous fruit soup? I'd love to help you again this summer.'

Mrs. Latham thanked Anna, but respectfully declined. 'I'm happy to make it myself this year,' she said. 'It would be an honour to bring it to you at the castle.'

'Oh, that's very sweet,' said Anna. 'But I'll stop by your home for a bowlful whenever it's ready.'

As Anna continued shopping, people stopped what they were doing and paused their own conversations to greet her and ask if she needed anything. She missed the vibrant chatter of the townspeople and the sounds of the merchants announcing their daily specials. She wanted to say something to move the attention away from her.



A sly grin crossed her face and she said, 'So... almost time for the cloudberrries. Right?'

The cloudberrries.

The very sound of the word put gasps in the air and dreamy expressions on every Arendellian's face.

The Cloudberry Festival was one of Anna's favourite annual traditions. Every summer, everyone in the kingdom journeyed into the woods, armed with baskets. Together, they would search for the golden-yellow berries, gently pulling them from their stems. All day the Arendellians would linger, filling their baskets – and their bellies – until the last berry was picked. Then everyone went home with stained and sticky fingertips, feeling happy and tired. Throughout the days following the event, villagers would share their cloudberry creations, jams, tarts, cakes and more – swapping samples and stories of recipe successes and failures.

In a flash, every person at the market was telling cloudberry stories and dreaming of the tart, sweet fruit.

'I heard they're going to be extra sweet this year,' said one of the villagers.

'With all the rain we've had, there will be oodles of them,' said another. 'The woods will be covered!'

As Anna listened, her heart warmed. She felt that sense of connection with the villagers she had been missing and that made her happy. She could hardly wait the few days until the Cloudberry Festival, when she would get to enjoy her favourite tradition as Arendelle's queen for the first time.



On the morning of the festival, Anna awoke early and rushed around to get ready. She hurried downstairs with her baskets and met Kristoff and his reindeer, Sven, outside.

Kristoff had hooked Sven up to the wagon and they were waiting, ready to go. 'There she is,' said Kristoff, smiling at Anna. 'I knew you wouldn't oversleep for this!'

Anna beamed at him.

‘Yay, I’m
SO EXCITED!’

'So am I,' said Olaf, approaching the group. 'And so is Rocky.' He jumped into the back of the wagon, carefully cupping his twig hands around his pet rock. 'You haven't forgotten about Rocky's surprise party, have you?' he whispered to Anna.

'Of course not!' Anna said, though if she was being honest, she hadn't been able to think about anything but the Cloudberry Festival since market day. 'We'll start planning as soon as we get back to the castle.'

'All right, Sven,' said Kristoff as Anna and Olaf settled in next to him. 'Let's go!' Sven pulled the wagon and the friends rode towards the bridge.

Anna looked around at the empty streets. 'It's so quiet,' she said. 'Are we early? Are we going to be the first ones there?'

Kristoff shrugged. 'Doesn't seem that early,' he said.

As they continued, there was still no one in sight. 'Where is everyone?' asked Anna. She gasped. 'Are we late? No. Was it yesterday? No. What's going on?'

Kristoff laughed. 'Deep breaths,' he said. 'Maybe everyone got there early? I don't know, but we'll find out soon enough. It's not a very long trip.'

When the group made it into the woods, Kristoff pulled the wagon over. They grabbed their baskets and eagerly climbed out.

'I don't get it,' said Anna walking ahead. 'It's never this quiet...'
Anna led the group down a slender, curving path. They turned a corner to an open field and gasped at the sight before them: all the villagers smiling proudly and standing beside a smorgasbord of cloudberry tarts and cloudberry treats. There were cloudberry tarts, sweets and jars of jam wrapped in beautiful bows alongside bowls of cloudberry juice.

'Surprise!' the villagers shouted.

Olaf held up his rock and whispered, 'I don't think we are going to pick berries today, Rocky.'

Mrs. Latham stepped forwards presenting Anna with a tray of cloudberry tarts dusted with sparkling sugar. 'We picked every berry at its perfect ripeness and prepared them all as a gift for our beloved queen!'

'We wanted your first cloudberry season as queen to be extra special!' said another villager.

'Extra special for our extra special queen!' shouted another.

'To Queen Anna of Arendelle!' they cheered.

Anna took in the expressions of pride on the villagers' faces.

'I don't know what to say,' she started. 'I'm so moved by this surprise. Thank you.'

She thanked Mrs. Latham again as she took a tart from the tray. But as she tasted her first delicious bite, she couldn't help feeling a little sad. Even so, she kept a smile on her face while the villagers continued to offer her the treats they had prepared.

When they returned to the castle, Kristoff took Anna's hand. 'I know you were excited to pick the berries,' he said.

'Their surprise was so thoughtful,' started Anna. 'But...'

'You missed the experience. That's part of the fun,' Kristoff said. 'I get it. I enjoy pulling ice out of the fjord myself and would be disappointed if someone did it for me.' He wrapped Anna in a hug.

Anna wondered if he was right. Was that what she was feeling? Sadness over not picking berries? She couldn't put her finger on it. She felt so grateful... but why did she also feel disappointed?

'They had the best of intentions,' added Kristoff. 'They did it because they love you so much.'

Anna knew this was true. 'Things have been different between the villagers and me and I've been trying to fix it, but...' She let out a sigh. 'Well, I guess I haven't.'

'You'll figure it out,' said Kristoff. 'You always do.'

She grinned, grateful for Kristoff's encouragement. Then a realisation hit. 'Oh, but now I have to wait another whole *year* before I can pick a berry!' she said.

'Is that so?' Kristoff asked with a sly smile. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small green sprig. A perfect amber cloudberry dangled from its end. 'I don't know how they missed it. It only took me a couple of hours to find,' he said with a laugh. 'I know it's not the same, but it's the best I could do. Go ahead.'



'Awww, Kristoff,' said Anna. She plucked the berry off its stem and popped it into her mouth. 'Thank you,' she said, giving him a hug.



Over the next few days, Anna was so busy with her royal duties, she hardly had a moment to think. When she wasn't writing decrees or fielding requests from the villagers, she helped Olaf prepare for Rocky's surprise birthday party. Together with Kristoff and Sven, they came up with ideas for the celebration and Olaf wrote out a list to stay organised. Then they spent time together making paper crowns, decorations and confetti. She enjoyed the planning so much that she almost forgot about how lonely she'd felt after the Cloudberry Festival.

But every time Anna left the castle, she was reminded how much her relationships with the villagers had changed since she became queen.

Before she was queen, Mr. Hylton would often ask her to help him find his lost false teeth, but these days, she noticed that his daughter followed him around everywhere, making sure they stayed in his mouth.

She used to help Ms. Blodgett with her bread deliveries. They would have so much fun, racing to bring warm bread to the villagers. But lately, Ms. Blodgett insisted on doing the deliveries herself.

And whenever Anna went by the schoolhouse, no students ever seemed to need her to tutor them.

As happy and honoured as Anna was to be queen, part of her missed the way things used to be. It was almost as if the villagers

saw 'Queen Anna' as someone different: someone who was not 'Anna' anymore. She feared the distance between her and the villagers was growing and she knew she had to do something to fix it.



On the day of Rocky's surprise party, Olaf helped Anna decorate the kransekake, drizzling frosting onto each ring-shaped cookie and stacking them until they made a perfect tower. After Olaf placed the final cookie on top, the two carried it into the dining room, where Kristoff and Sven were waiting. Kristoff loaded confetti into the confetti cannon and the group put up the decorations they had made. Finally, they looked around the room, pleased with the festive atmosphere they'd created together.

'Okay, everyone,' Olaf said. 'Put on your crowns and hide. I'll go get Rocky.'

Anna and Kristoff shared a smile and hid behind the curtains while Sven barely managed to squeeze himself under the table.

When Olaf returned, the group jumped out and yelled, 'Surprise!' Kristoff set off the confetti cannon and colourful bits of paper blasted through the air.

'Your throne,' said Olaf as he placed the rock onto a small bed of soft, green grass he had set up on the table. Then he put the tiny crown on top of the rock and sang, 'Happy birthday, Rocky!'

The group cheered and looked at the guest of honour sitting motionless on the table.

Then Olaf turned to his friends and said, 'Thanks, guys. That was fun!'

Anna and Kristoff exchanged a confused look. 'Is the party over?' asked Kristoff.



'Rocky's just a rock, remember?' the little snowman said with a giggle. 'The real fun was planning the party with you guys. Working together to make all this.' He gestured at the colourful room. 'That was the best part.'

'It was fun,' said Anna. She thought about Olaf's words for a moment. 'Planning the party and working together *was* the fun part... wasn't it?' She turned to Kristoff. 'I think that's what I've been missing. The fun of working *alongside* the villagers.' She gave Olaf a warm hug. 'Thank you, Olaf. You're the best!'

The next day, Anna went out and talked to the villagers. She found Mrs. Latham and said, 'I really enjoyed helping you make fruit soup last summer. Can we do it again this year?'

Mrs. Latham paused before saying, 'I would be more than happy to make some for you today and bring it over to the castle.'

Anna explained that she enjoyed being with Mrs. Latham and making the soup together. 'I like spending time with you in your kitchen,' she added. 'Besides, your fruit soup is always delicious – but it tastes even better in your company.'

A smile spread across Mrs. Latham's face. She and Anna set a date for fruit-soup making.

Anna found Mr. Hylton and his daughter next. She reminded him how much fun they had searching for his teeth. 'It was like a treasure hunt and I miss how we'd work together to solve the mystery!' she said. Soon enough, Mr. Hylton promised to tell Anna the next time he lost his teeth – and his daughter promised to let them go missing every once in a while.

Anna went to the bakery and told Ms. Blodgett that she missed racing around in the morning, helping her with her bread deliveries.

‘Nothing beats the smell of your fresh bread, and I love seeing the joy on your face when people take their first bite.’

Anna continued talking to different villagers, explaining how she had been missing working alongside them the way they had before she was queen. And in the following months, Anna and the villagers grew closer as they enjoyed working together again. It became clear to all of Arendelle that Anna wanted to be a different kind of queen: one who stood beside them, not apart from them.

The following summer, as the cloudberry ripened and the festival approached, Anna felt a distinct change in the air. On the day of the festival, with all of Arendelle gathered in the woods, every juicy berry was still waiting to be picked when Anna arrived with her basket.

‘We would like to honour our queen,’ Mrs. Latham announced, ‘by inviting her to pick the very first cloudberry!’

The villagers cheered.

‘And we expect her to fill that basket,’ said Mr. Hylton.

‘And have stains on her fingers by the end of the day!’ added Ms. Blodgett.

‘Thank you so much,’ said Anna, delighted.

For the rest of the day, Anna enjoyed laughing, chatting, searching and picking cloudberry alongside the people of Arendelle. She could tell the distance between her and the villagers had been replaced by a new togetherness. ‘Queen Anna of Arendelle’ was still ‘Anna’, and Arendelle loved her for it.

Anna's tale of courage and kindness is dedicated to **VALERIA**, who at age nine became a leader and positive role model for other children with acquired brain damage. Her act of comfort and inspiration is supported by Fundación Sin Daño.

Read more about VALERIA'S STORY at thewaltdisneycompany.eu/princesscelebration.

What kind of
LEADER
will YOU be?



First published in the UK in 2021 by Studio Press Books,
an imprint of Bonnier Books UK,
4th Floor, Victoria House, Bloomsbury Square, London WC1B 4DA
Owned by Bonnier Books,
Sveavägen 56, Stockholm, Sweden

bonnierbooks.co.uk

© 2021 Disney Enterprises, Inc.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be
reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means,
electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording,
or by any information storage and retrieval system,
without permission in writing from the publisher.

Printed in Poland
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

All rights reserved
ISBN 978-1-80078-123-8

FSC DUMMY

A CIP catalogue for this book is available from the British Library