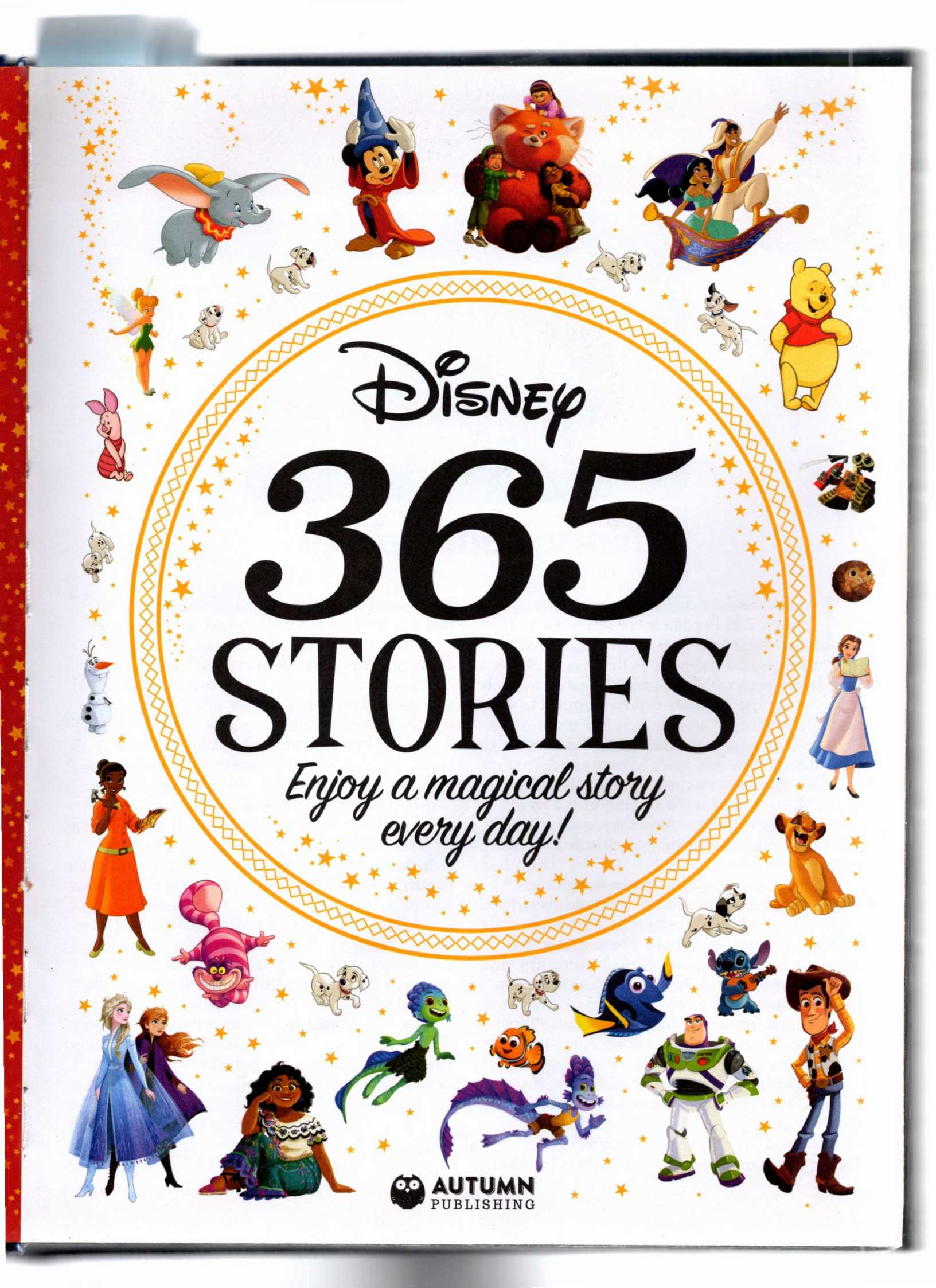

Disney
365
STORIES
Enjoy a magical story every day!
AUTUMN PUBLISHING

1	101 Dalmatians	New Year's Day
2	Winnie the Pooh	The Sleepover
3	Toy Story	Off-road Adventure
4	Alladin	Monkey See, Monkey Do
5	Mickey & Friends	Donald Takes Flight
6	The Lion King	A Day Without Pumba
7	Atlantis	Out for a Spin
8	Beauty and the Beast	Just Desserts
9	Peter Pan	Captain Hook's Shadow
10	Pinocchio	Imagine That!
11	Mulan	Soup's On
12	Finding Nemo	Finding Ne-who?
13	Robin Hood	Bows and Arrows
14	A Bug's Life	Abracadabra
15	Alice in Wonderland	A Mouse in the House
16	The Great Mouse Detective	Basil Saves the Day
17	Frozen	Across the Sea
18	Winnie the Pooh	Eeyore's New Old House
19	The Little Mermaid	Fish-in-the-Box
20	Monsters, Inc.	Tough Audience
21	Wall-e	Back on Earth
22	Cinderella	A Tiny New Friend
23	Dumbo	Hide-and-Seek
24	The Hunchback of Notre Dame	The Sweetest Song of All
25	The Princess Frog	An Excellent Cook
26	Cars	Friday Night Fun
27	Sleeping Beauty	Sleepless Beauty
28	The Jungle Book	It Takes Two
29	Lilo & Stitch	Friends Forever
30	Lady and the Tramp	A Lady's Touch
31	Bamby	The Winter Trail

Disney 101 DALMATIANS



New Year's Day

It was the first day of the new year, and Pongo and Perdita were out for a walk with their humans, Roger and Anita.

Perdita sighed happily. "Oh, Pongo. What a wonderful year we've just had. We found each other, and now we have fifteen puppies to be thankful for!"

"Yes, darling, and think of all we have to look forward to this year," Pongo said.

"Can you believe the puppies stayed up until midnight last night to ring in the new year?" Perdita asked. "And they were still awake when we left! I do hope they don't tire out poor Nanny."

"Yes, that was quite a party we had last night," Pongo agreed. "Lucky would have spent the whole night watching television if we had allowed him to. I have never met a dog who liked to watch so much television!"

"Perhaps we should be getting home now," said Perdita.

"I suppose we should," said Pongo. "But I'm sure Nanny has been taking good care of them."

Pongo and Perdita gently pulled on their leads to let Roger and Anita know it was time to go home.

"Nanny! Puppies! We're home!" called Roger as he and Anita took off their boots and Pongo and Perdita brushed off their paws on the mat in the hall. But no one answered.

"Pongo!" exclaimed Perdita, her panic rising. "Where are the puppies?"

Pongo raced up the stairs and began searching the rooms one by one. Perdita went to check the kitchen.

Pongo hurried into the sitting room to rejoin Perdita, who was on the brink of tears. "Oh, Pongo!" she cried. "Where can—"

"Hush, darling," said Pongo, his ears pricked intently. The two dogs fell silent.

Then they both heard it: a tiny snore coming from the direction of the couch. There, nestled among the cushions, were the puppies, sound asleep!

"I found Nanny!" Roger called. "She fell asleep in her chair!"

Perdita was busy counting the sleeping puppies. "... twelve, thirteen, fourteen... Oh, Pongo! One of the puppies isn't here!"

But Pongo had trotted into the next room. "Here he is, darling!" he called. "It's Lucky, of course. He's watching the New Year's Day celebration on television."



The Sleepover

"Comfortable, Piglet?" Pooh asked. The two friends were having a sleepover at Pooh's house.

"Oh, yes," Piglet replied. "Goodnight, Pooh Bear."

Piglet lay in the darkness of Pooh's room. The darkness at Pooh's house was much, much darker than it was at Piglet's house. Pooh's bedroom was also much quieter than his own room at night.

"Pooh Bear?" Piglet whispered. There was no answer.

Piglet heard a soft, low rumbling. The sound grew louder and then softer, over and over again! *Is that the sound of a heffalump?* Piglet wondered.

"Oh dear!" Piglet shouted, running to Pooh's bed. "Wake up! P-p-please, P-P-Pooh!"

"Hmm?" Pooh said drowsily, sitting up. Piglet was hiding under the covers in Pooh's bed.

"Why, Piglet," said Pooh. "What's the matter?"

"It's that horrible n-n-noise, Pooh," Piglet stammered. He listened for the noise, then realised he couldn't hear it. "That's funny," said Piglet. "The noise stopped as soon as you woke up, Pooh."

"Hmm," said Pooh. He shrugged. Then he yawned. "I guess that means we can go back to sleep."

"Pooh Bear," said Piglet timidly, "could we, well, have the rest of our sleepover another night? I'm just used to sleeping in my own house."

Pooh put his arm around Piglet. "I understand, Piglet," he said. He helped Piglet gather his things and then, hand in hand, they walked to Piglet's house.

Piglet was happy to be at home. "Thank you so much for understanding," he said. "I suppose you'll need to get home to bed now?"

"That does sound like the thing to do," Pooh replied. "But first I might sit down for a little rest."

While Piglet put away his things, Pooh sat down in a chair. By the time Piglet came back, Pooh was making a soft, low rumbling sound. But in the comfort of his own house, it didn't strike Piglet as anything other than the sound of one sleeping bear snoring.

"Sweet dreams, Pooh Bear," he whispered. Piglet climbed into his own bed and drifted off to sleep. It seemed that he and Pooh were having their best-friend sleepover after all.

Disney · PIXAR TOY STORY



Off-Road Adventure

"Lost toys! Lost toys!" announced Mike the microphone. "Help needed!"

"What's wrong?" asked Woody.

"It's the Green Army Men!" Hamm the piggy bank cried from the windowsill. "Andy left them outside and it's raining. Now they're stuck in the mud!"

Buzz and Woody hurried to the window and peeked through the rain-splattered glass.

"How are we going to help them?" Woody cried.

"What about RC Car?" Hamm suggested.

Buzz and Woody climbed inside RC, and the race car took off. RC zoomed out of Andy's bedroom and down the hall. At the top of the stairs, Buzz and Woody held their breath. "Here we goooo!" Buzz cried as they bounced down the stairs.

"Ouch! Oof! Oww!" yelped Buzz.

RC raced to the kitchen and through the swinging dog door.

"There they are!" cried Woody.

"Situation critical!" shouted the Green Army Men. "Assistance needed immediately!"

RC Car veered into the dirt and parked near the Green Army Men. Woody swung his lasso and looped the rope around the soldiers. Then he tied the other end of the lasso around RC's bumper. As he reversed, RC pulled the Green Army Men to safety. When they were all free from the mud, RC Car drove up the pathway and through the dog door. But when he got to the stairs inside, everyone groaned.

"How can we drive back up the stairs?" asked Woody.

"Don't worry!" Hamm yelled from the top of the steps. "We're on it."

The toys had put together a train track leading right up the stairs. RC Car gunned his engine and up he went, just as Andy's mother pulled into the driveway. The toys quickly pulled the tracks back into Andy's room and put them back where they belonged.

"That was close!" said Woody. "But I think we got away with it. Andy's mum will never suspect a thing."

Downstairs, Andy's mother scratched her head. "I wonder where all this mud came from," she said.



Monkey See, Monkey Do

"Come on, Abu!" Aladdin called across the busy Agrabah marketplace.

From his perch atop the basket seller's cart, Abu barely heard the call. He was captivated by the monkey he had just spotted peeking out at him from behind the fruit seller's cart. Abu jumped off the basket cart and darted over to say hello.

But the other monkey scurried away and hid behind a wheel. From his new hiding place, he peeked out at Abu.

Abu looked around, trying to think of a way to draw the monkey out.

The fruit seller was distracted, so Abu hopped up onto the cart and picked up an apple. He balanced it on top of his head. Then he scurried over to the edge of the cart and peered down, hoping to attract the other monkey's attention.

Abu heard monkey chatter behind him. He turned round to find the monkey standing at the other end of the fruit cart, balancing an apple on his head, just like Abu.

Abu picked up a pear and an orange. He began juggling them in the air, hoping to amuse the other monkey.

Not to be outdone, the monkey also picked up a pear and an orange and began to juggle them, just like Abu.

Abu grabbed hold of the cart awning, then flipped over and swung from the awning by his tail.

The other monkey did the same.

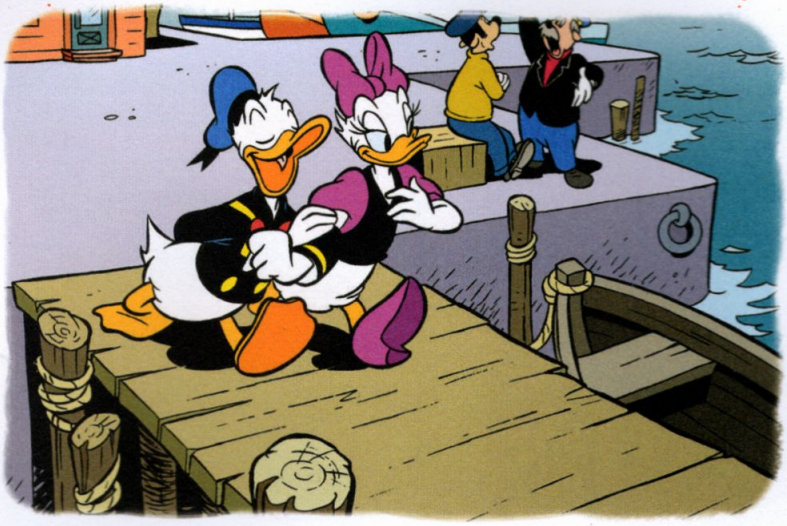
Abu thought this game was fun, but now he wanted to find a stunt that the other monkey couldn't copy. Abu looked around and saw Aladdin coming his way.

Abu had an idea. He jumped off the fruit cart, darted over to Aladdin and scrambled up the length of his friend's body until he was lounging comfortably on top of Aladdin's head.

The other monkey stared at Abu in amazement. The closest human was the fruit seller.

Throwing caution to the wind, the other monkey scurried over to him. But he'd only climbed as high as the fruit seller's shoulder before the man chased him away.

Hiding behind the basket cart, the other monkey crossed his arms, pouted and watched that sneaky Abu laugh and wave goodbye as he rode away on top of Aladdin's head.



Donald Takes Flight

"Daisy, I have a surprise for you," said Donald Duck one clear spring day. "I've been taking flying lessons."

"That is a surprise," said Daisy Duck.

Donald took Daisy to a nearby airport. On the runway sat an old-fashioned plane with open-air seats. Together they climbed into the small plane. Then Donald started the engine.

"Can you do any tricks?" shouted Daisy.

"Sure!" called Donald. He steered the plane into a loop the loop.

"You're a very good pilot, Donald!" Daisy cried, clapping her hands.

Donald was so proud of himself he decided to fly out to sea. Before long, however, the plane's engine began to cough and choke.

"Uh-oh," Donald said as the plane began to drift towards the water.

"Is something wrong?" asked Daisy.

Donald knew they were running out of fuel, but he didn't want Daisy to find out. "Everything is fine, Daisy," Donald said nervously.

He looked down and saw something floating below them. It looked like an airport runway! But what would a runway be doing in the middle of the ocean?

As the plane drifted closer to the water, Donald realised he had no choice. He'd have to land his plane on the floating runway.

Suddenly Donald noticed it wasn't a runway at all. It was the top deck of a huge ocean liner!

"Duck!" yelled one of the passengers.

Donald zoomed over their heads and carefully landed the plane on the long, wide deck.

"Hey, it really is a duck!" cried one of the passengers.

Just then an announcement came over the ship's speakers. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Dinner is served!"

Donald helped Daisy out of the plane. He was sure she would be upset, but she wasn't.

"Dinner on a cruise ship!" she cried. "Donald, you're just full of surprises, aren't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Donald with a huge sigh of relief.

"Oh, Donald, you're the best," said Daisy.

No, I'm not, thought Donald. *What I really am is one lucky duck.*



A Day Without Pumbaa

"Mmm!" said Timon. "Breakfast time!" Timon was showing Simba how to catch some very sneaky bugs in the jungle. "Too bad Pumbaa has to miss out. I haven't seen him. Have you? Ooh! There's a good one!" Timon crouched behind a log and was about to pounce, when—

"AAAHHH!" Pumbaa swooped out of the trees, swinging wildly on a vine. He crashed straight into Timon.

"Oops! Sorry, Timon," Pumbaa said.

"Sorry?" shouted Timon.

"It wasn't on purpose," Pumbaa said.

"You never do anything on purpose," Timon replied. "You're a disaster! You couldn't catch a bug if it flew into your mouth."

"That's not true!" Pumbaa protested. "I'll prove it." The clumsy warthog lunged for a grub, only to fall head first into a puddle. Mud splattered Simba and Timon from head to toe.

"That's it!" cried Timon. "I've had it!"

Pumbaa hung his head. "It would be better if I just left," he said. And with that, he plodded back into the jungle.

Just then, Simba saw lightning. He looked up at the threatening clouds. "Timon, we can't let him go!"

But Timon was too mad at his friend to worry about him. He went back to bug hunting.

The storm came and went. And then so did lunchtime – but still, no Pumbaa.

"You shouldn't have been so hard on him," Simba said. "I wonder if he's okay."

"He's fine," snapped Timon. "Besides, he walked out on us, remember?"

Just then, the friends heard a rustling sound coming from the riverbank. Wham! Pumbaa tumbled out of the jungle, knocking into Timon and Simba. All three of them crashed into a large tree trunk. Pumbaa had brought bugs for his friends, but they went flying into the air.

"I'm back!" Pumbaa said.

"So we see," mumbled Timon, trapped under the warthog.

Embarrassed, Pumbaa stood up. "I came back to say I missed you," he said. "But now look what I've done! I'm the worst friend ever."

"Now, wait one minute!" cried Timon. "That's just not true!"

"You're a wonderful friend, and we missed you, too!" Simba said. "Welcome back."

"We even missed your disasters," Timon added. Pumbaa smiled.

Disney
ATLANTIS
THE LOST EMPIRE



Out for a Spin

One day, Princess Kida was showing Milo and the rest of the explorers the wonders of Atlantis. The explorers wanted to search for treasure, but Milo preferred to go exploring with Kida.

The princess led him up the staircase of a huge pyramid. When they reached the top, they found a shark-shaped vehicle.

"It's an Aktirak," Kida told him.

"Can we take it for a spin?" Milo asked.

"If you wish," Kida said.

Kida used a crystal that hung around her neck to start the engine. Then she and Milo climbed on.

Milo pushed a button and the Aktirak blasted into the sky! He and Kida dived low over the water, skimming the waves. Suddenly, a school of flying fish burst out of the water and surrounded the flier. One flapped in Milo's face and he nearly lost control.

"We've got to get back to land!" he exclaimed.

The Aktirak shot up into the sky.

"Beware of the cliffs ahead!" Kida warned.

Milo tried to manoeuvre the vehicle, but the Aktirak could not fly high enough. They were about to crash!

"The cave!" Kida cried, pointing to a hole in the side of the mountain.

Milo steered the Aktirak through the entrance. Twisting the flier, he dodged stalactites hanging from the cavern roof. Then he saw the head of a huge stone fish in the cave wall. Its mouth was open, and daylight streamed through it. He twisted the controls, and the Aktirak flew right through the fish's gaping mouth.

Just then, the flier's tail scraped the stone fish and the Aktirak flew out of control.

"Hang on!" Milo cried.

The flier hit the side of the pyramid and bounced. It landed at the exact spot where Kida and Milo first found it.

The others heard the crash and rushed over. They found Milo and Kida standing next to the wrecked flier.

"What happened?" Audrey cried.

"We went out for a spin," Milo said.

"Are you saying you actually flew this wreck?" Audrey demanded.

"I did!" said Milo. "But it's pretty obvious I need to sign up for Atlantean driving lessons!"



Just Desserts

Belle walked to the village, thinking about the wonderful book she had just finished reading. It was full of fire-breathing dragons, magical wizards and brave princesses.

All of a sudden, Belle's thoughts were interrupted by a great crashing noise. Even before he spoke a word, Belle knew who was walking behind her. She would recognise that stomp anywhere.

"Gaston," Belle muttered.

"Belle, is it true?" Gaston said. "Have you come out from behind a book?"

"Bonjour, Gaston," Belle said. She was tempted to open her book again on the spot.

"Off to market, eh? I shall accompany you," Gaston announced.

Gaston followed Belle into shop after shop, keeping up a steady stream of chatter about himself and his exploits.

"My, Gaston, you certainly do boast well," Belle said in a flattering tone.

"Yes! Thank you!" Gaston said, before realising that Belle was not complimenting him. His smile disappeared briefly as he opened the door to the bakery.

Belle stepped inside and quickly asked for an apple tart before Gaston could begin speaking again. When the tart was in her basket, she waved to Gaston and the shopkeeper. "Goodbye!" she called, walking quickly towards the forest path.

"Belle, wait." Gaston caught her arm.

"I really have no time to linger, Gaston," Belle replied. "I must get home to make dinner."

"I can walk you home," Gaston said, puffing out his massive chest. "I insist upon it. You need protection."

Belle laughed. "Protection from what? These woods are my backyard!"

"From predators. Monsters. Thieves," Gaston said dramatically.

Belle sighed and shook her head.

Just then, they heard something coming down the path ahead. Something large!

Quickly, Gaston pushed Belle out of harm's way. Belle tumbled to the ground. Her basket went flying.

"Look out!" Belle yelled. But it was too late.

The 'predator' emerged. It was her father's horse, Philippe! For the first time that she could remember, Belle smiled at the sight of Gaston. The apple tart had landed right on top of his head!



Captain Hook's Shadow

It was late evening in the Darling household, and Michael was playing a game with his brother John in their nursery. Michael was Peter Pan and John was Captain Hook.

"All right you two, time for bed," Wendy said, walking into the room.

"Five more minutes?" John pleaded. But Wendy couldn't be convinced, so they grumbled and crawled into bed. Soon, John and Wendy were fast asleep, but Michael couldn't stop picturing Captain Hook and Peter Pan. Suddenly, a crash startled Michael. The nursery windows were open, and a shadow was on the far wall. A shadow that looked frighteningly like Captain Hook. Michael wanted to cower under his sheets. The shadow grew larger against the bedroom wall as it crept. It was heading right for Wendy!

Despite his fear, Michael knew he had to protect his sister. He grabbed his wooden sword and lunged for the shadow, just as it leaned over Wendy's bed. The shadow moved back, and Michael swiped his sword again, but the shadow came at him with his hook. Michael dived under his bed and suppressed a cry as the shadow jumped onto the bed, reaching for him. Michael's heart pounded, but he knew he couldn't stay under his bed forever. Suddenly, he heard someone call out.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Peter Pan!" called Michael as his hero flew in. "I'm so glad you're here… Captain Hook is…"

"It's just his shadow!" Peter Pan said. "You have to help me catch it, Michael."

Peter dived for the shadow, but it dodged. Michael suddenly wasn't scared now he knew it was only a shadow. He grabbed his sword and helped Peter corner the shadow. A few minutes later, the shadow was tucked safely into a sack.

"I stole the shadow for a prank," Peter explained. "But he got away and started causing trouble in London."

"That's awful," Michael said. "I'm glad we caught it."

Peter moved to the window ledge. "Thank you, Michael. Tell John and Wendy I said hello."

Peter said goodbye, then flew out into the night.

"I will," Michael promised. He got back into bed smiling. He was glad to have one more adventure with Peter.



Imagine That!

The carnival was in town and Pinocchio couldn't wait to see it. He grabbed his friend Jiminy Cricket, and off they went!

Pinocchio was awed by the marvellous sights. "That elephant is amazing!" he cried.

"I suppose," said Jiminy politely.

Next they came to a lion's cage. The big cat opened his mouth and roared.

"Look at those teeth!" Pinocchio marvelled.

Jiminy Cricket nodded. "They're pretty big, it's true."

Then they saw a giraffe.

"What a long neck!" Pinocchio exclaimed.

"Giraffes are all right, I guess," said Jiminy with a shrug.

Pinocchio was confused. "If you don't like elephants, lions or giraffes, what kind of carnival animals do you like?" Pinocchio asked.

"Fleas," said Jiminy.

"Fleas?" Pinocchio said, even more confused.

"Come on! I'll show you," said Jiminy.

Jiminy led Pinocchio to a tent with a sign that read Flea Circus. Inside, Pinocchio saw a tiny merry-go-round and little swings. There were small animal cages and a little trapeze. There was even a tiny big top with three miniature rings. But no matter how hard he looked, Pinocchio could not see any fleas.

"That's because there aren't any fleas," Jiminy explained.

"What's the point, then?" Pinocchio asked.

"The point is imagination," said Jiminy. "Why, you can do anything with your imagination. You can even see the fleas at the flea circus."

Pinocchio laughed and joined in the game. "That flea is going to jump through a ring of fire," he said. "I hope he makes it!"

"Now the fleas are doing acrobatics," Jiminy declared.

"Look! They've made a flea pyramid," said Pinocchio. "And the flea on top is standing on his hands!"

After they had watched the flea circus for a long while, it was time to go home.

"What did you think of the flea circus?" asked Jiminy Cricket.

"It was the most amazing circus I've ever seen, and I didn't really see it at all!" Pinocchio replied.

"Yes, indeed. You imagined it," said Jiminy Cricket. "Imagine that!"



Soup's On

Mulan stood in the kitchen, moodily stirring a pot of soup for supper. Grandmother Fa sat at the table, sorting through grains of rice. Neither one of them spoke.

They were both lost in thought at the recent news they had received: Mulan's father, Fa Zhou, had been ordered to join the Chinese army in order to help protect the Emperor from the invading Huns. Mulan was distraught, for she knew that if her father joined the army and went into battle, he would surely die.

"Why must my father fight?" Mulan asked her grandmother suddenly. "He is but one man, and the Emperor would never know the difference if he didn't join. Yet what a difference to our family it would be if he were to die!" She sighed heavily.

Her grandmother also sighed and continued to sort the rice silently for a few moments. Then she stopped and turned to Mulan. "You are partly correct. One grain of rice, such as this one that I have in my hand, is small and insignificant." Then she held out her hand and tipped the grain into the large bowl of rice she had been sorting. "Yet together, you know, all the grains of rice in this bowl could feed many people. The Emperor needs an army of many, many people in order to defeat the invaders."

Mulan shook her head miserably, afraid that if she spoke she would cry. Grandmother Fa was just as unhappy as Mulan, but the older woman realised that it was useless to protest against some things. She stood up and walked silently out of the kitchen.

Mulan continued to stir the soup, even though it didn't need stirring. Next to the pot sat a small bowl, which contained a peppery red spice. She picked up the small bowl and looked at it thoughtfully. "One grain of rice is small and insignificant," she said to herself. "And yet, a tiny pinch of the spice from this little bowl could change the flavour of this whole pot of soup. Perhaps one person can make a difference, if she follows her heart."

Mulan dumped the whole bowl of spice into the pot and smiled.

"Soup's on!" she cried.



Finding Ne-who?

"The coral reef is falling down, falling down, falling down..."

Nemo was home, brushing up against the anemone, when the most awful singing he'd ever heard in his life made him cringe.

Nemo poked his head out of the golden tentacles to see who was making the awful racket. It was Dory! Nemo should have known.

Nemo swam as fast as he could towards the regal blue tang fish. "Dory! Where have you been?" It seemed like a whale's age since Nemo had seen the fish who helped his dad to rescue him from the dentist's fish tank.

When Nemo got closer, Dory stopped singing. That was good, but when she looked at him, her face was blank.

"Did you say something?" she asked.

"Dory, it's me. Nemo," he replied.

"Ne-who?" She looked at Nemo blankly. "Sorry, kid, don't know you. I was just swimming by, minding my own business, singing a song. Hey, why was I singing? Am I famous? Maybe that's how you know me."

"Dory! We're friends, remember?"

"Friends? I just made friends with a hermit crab... I think." Dory swam in a circle looking for the crab, but got distracted and started chasing her tail.

"Please try to remember, Dory," Nemo said. "You helped save me. You helped me find my dad. You know my dad. Big orange guy? Three white stripes? Looks kind of like me?"

"My dad? Looks like you? Sorry, kid, you don't look anything like my dad." Dory looked at Nemo like he was crazy and began to swim away.

Nemo swam after her. "Just think about it for a second," he pleaded. She had to remember something. "I'm Nemo!"

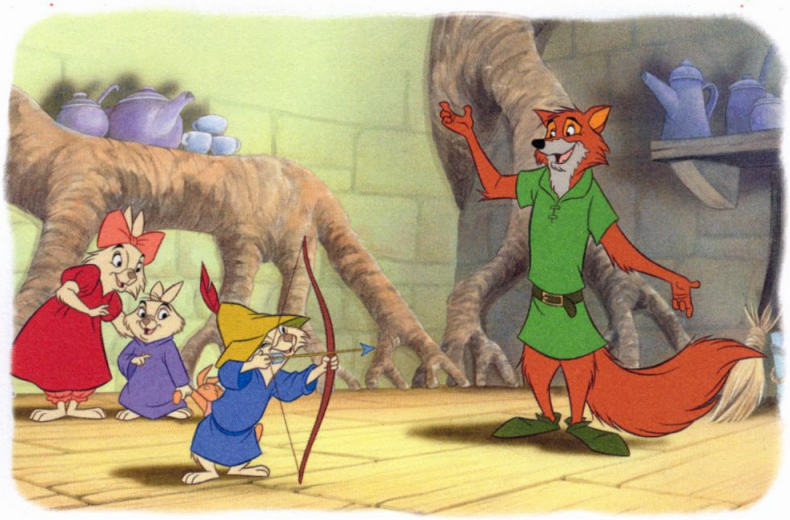
Dory did not turn round, but she slowed down. Swimming in a wide circle, she came back. She looked at Nemo sideways, then started laughing so hard, bubbles came out of her nose.

"Had you going, huh?" Dory gave Nemo a big hug and smiled at him slyly. "That was just my little joke. You know I could never forget you!"

Nemo giggled as he swam circles around his friend. "Good one, Dory!" He grinned.

Dory smiled back. "Good one, who?"

Nemo groaned. "Oh, Dory."



Bows and Arrows

"Thanks, Mr Hood!" Skippy Bunny hopped around holding the bow and arrow Robin Hood had just given him. "This is the best birthday present in the world!"

"Want me to show you how to use it?" Robin asked.

"Yes!" cried Skippy.

"See, you put this here." Robin lined the arrow up with the bow. "Then pull here and let it fly."

The arrow soared through the air and landed in the centre of a tree trunk across the yard.

"Wow!" Skippy cheered.

"That's nothing!" Robin said. He handed an apple to Skippy. "Here. Put this on the head of that scarecrow."

"Sure thing, Robin!" Skippy said and hurried off.

As soon as the apple was in place, Robin let another arrow fly. It zipped through the air and hit the apple, neatly slicing it in two.

"Can I try?" Skippy asked.

"All right," Robin said, placing a new apple on top of the scarecrow's head.

Skippy pulled back the bow, but when he let go, the arrow landed only a few inches in front of him.

"That's okay," Robin said. "It happens to the best of us!"

"Even you?" Skippy asked.

"Well, not me. I never miss!" Robin boasted as he pulled back his bow.

Just as he did, Maid Marian's carriage rolled by. Robin's head turned, and his hand slipped off the bow. The arrow fell to the ground a few inches in front of him. Skippy giggled.

"What's so funny?" Robin asked crossly.

"Nothing!" Skippy said, hiding a smile.

"Ahem. As you can see," Robin said, "even the most experienced archers lose their focus occasionally. But it helps if you think of a goal and keep your goal in mind while you draw the string back, aim and let go. I like to think about setting the sheriff's trousers on fire!"

Skippy decided to give it a try. He pulled the string back and then he let it go with a twang.

The arrow sailed through the air and split the apple in two. Robin's trick had worked!



Abracadabra

Manny was not at his best. Gypsy could tell. Already that day, he had lost two magic wands and stepped on his turban. And with the matinee show at P. T. Flea's World's Greatest Circus about to begin, Gypsy knew she had to be on her toes.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Manny announced, "prepare to be stunned and amazed by the Levitating, Flaming and Disappearing Water Torture Chamber of Death! You will watch as my lovely and talented assistant, Gypsy, climbs inside this chamber," Manny motioned towards the empty takeaway box at his side, "where I will bind her hands and feet. Then I will fill the chamber with water, seal it, levitate it five inches off the ground and set it ablaze. And finally, you will watch in awe as the chamber disappears before your very eyes!"

Manny and Gypsy had rehearsed the act thoroughly. Everything was planned down to the last detail. But if one little thing went wrong with the trick, Gypsy could be in big trouble.

As it turned out, one little thing didn't go wrong – three big things went wrong!

First Manny tied Gypsy's hands and feet together too tightly. Then he filled the chamber too high with water. Finally, he locked the trapdoor. Together, he and Gypsy had rigged an escape hatch in the back side of the takeaway box. Once Manny sealed her inside, Gypsy wriggled out of her bonds, opened the trapdoor, and, unseen by the audience, escaped from the chamber before Manny levitated it, set it on fire and made it disappear.

Luckily, Gypsy hadn't left anything to chance: she had stowed a sharp shard of glass inside the box. She had learned to hold her breath for ten minutes. And she had put a release latch on the inside of the trapdoor, just in case Manny forgot to leave it unlocked.

She was safely out of the chamber in one minute flat.

At the end of the trick, Manny called Gypsy in front of the audience. "How did you do it, my dear?" he asked dramatically.

"It was magic!" she replied, with a smile and a sigh of relief.



A Mouse in the House

Alice was a daydreamer. Once, she dreamed of a silly place called Wonderland.

When Alice awakened, her sister suggested they have some tea.

Alice began to tell her sister all about Wonderland. "I know I was only dreaming," said Alice, "but it all seemed so real! I attended the strangest tea party, at which the Mad Hatter and the March Hare – they were the hosts of the party – kept offering me tea, but refused to serve me any." Alice picked up the teapot to refill her own cup. "And you won't believe it, but inside the teapot lived a little..."

Just then, the lid of the pot Alice was holding flew open and a little whiskered face popped out.

"Eek!" Alice yelled, slamming down the lid. Her mind raced. How could the Dormouse from her dream have crossed over into her real life?

Alice finished her tea and cookies as quickly as possible. When her sister went to pour more tea, Alice grabbed the pot away and insisted, "I'm sorry, but there isn't any more!"

"My goodness!" Alice's sister declared. "Now you're acting like the Mad Hatter and the March Hare!"

Alice slipped away with the teapot as soon as she could. "Maybe if I doze off again I can dream this little fellow back where he belongs," she said.

But Alice couldn't fall asleep. Finally, she lifted the lid of the pot. "I'm sorry," she told the Dormouse. "I'm not sure what else to do." But the Dormouse knew. He jumped out of the teapot – and was chased by Alice's kitten, Dinah! The Dormouse ran into the stump that led to the rabbit hole of Alice's dream, but the kitten stayed behind. The inside of the stump looked too dark and scary to the little cat.

Alice waited, but the Dormouse did not come out again.

That night, as she slept, Alice dreamed of Wonderland again. She was back at the unbirthday party, waiting to be served a cup of tea. The Dormouse threw open the teapot and gave Alice a sleepy grin. "Thank you, miss!" he said. "And whatever you do, please don't dream about your cat!"



Basil Saves the Day

It was young Olivia Flaversham's birthday, and she was celebrating with her father.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Mr Flaversham told Olivia to stay in the cabinet while he investigated.

Olivia hid, but then she heard a commotion. She peeked her head out to see what was happening and saw a big, scary bat grab her father.

Olivia needed help. So she set off to find Basil, the great mouse detective.

Basil knew who the bat was. His name was Fidget, and he worked for Basil's archenemy, Professor Ratigan!

Later that evening, as Basil paced back and forth, Olivia screamed! Fidget had appeared in the window. Basil, Olivia and Basil's friend Dawson raced outside and followed the bat to a toy shop. Inside, Basil noticed that mechanical parts were missing from many of the toys. Suddenly, Fidget jumped out of a toy cradle. The bat stuffed Olivia into a bag and flew away!

Now Basil and Dawson had to save Olivia and her father!

Dawson showed Basil a piece of paper that Fidget had left behind. It had come from the riverfront. The two tracked down Fidget and followed the bat to Ratigan's secret lair.

But Basil had walked right into a trap! Ratigan tied Basil and Dawson to a mousetrap and then left.

Basil thought hard. He calculated the timing of the trap and came up with a brilliant idea that would save them.

"Ready... steady... now!" Basil yelled to Dawson. They were free!

Basil and Dawson found Olivia and raced to Buckingham Palace. There they discovered what Ratigan was up to: he had forced Olivia's father to build a robot replica of the queen. Then Ratigan had replaced Queen Moustoria with the robot.

A huge crowd was listening to the robot queen. It was announcing that Professor Ratigan was her new royal consort!

Offstage, Basil and Dawson finally took control of the robot queen.

Ratigan's plan was foiled!

Basil rushed onstage and yelled, "Arrest that fiend!"

Ratigan was defeated. But even better, Olivia and her father were reunited at last.

Disney FROZEN



Across the Sea

Anna and Elsa were on a royal tour. In the kingdom of Zaria, they were treated to a grand festival.

"We've heard so much about your special talents," the queen said to Elsa. "Won't you show us some of your magic?"

Suddenly, Elsa felt very shy. "Would you like to join the dancing, Your Majesties?" she asked, changing the subject. "That looks like fun."

The next stop on Anna and Elsa's tour was a kingdom called Chatho.

Queen Colisa led Anna and Elsa into an art gallery.

"Would you like to add a sculpture to our collection?" she asked Elsa.

Suddenly, Elsa noticed a block of ice under a spotlight. Once again, she felt a wave of shyness.

Anna jumped in. "Ice sculptures are my specialty!"

Later, as they pulled into the last city on their tour, Anna asked Elsa why she didn't show her powers.

"I guess I just got nervous," Elsa admitted.

Suddenly the sisters spied a familiar face. It was the Duke of Weselton. "What is he doing here?" Anna asked.

The Duke smoothed his coat as Anna and Elsa got off the ship. "I am visiting my mother's cousin's wife's nephew if you must know. If I were you, I would turn your ship around right now. Vakretta is having an unbearably hot summer. Not that you would care."

"Take us to the kingdom," Elsa said firmly.

As the Duke led the sisters into the village, they saw Vakrettans sprawled out, sweaty and tired.

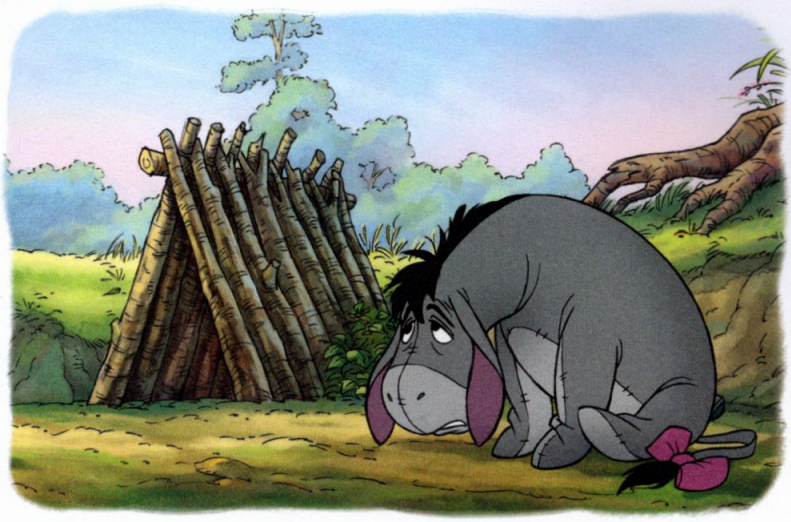
This time, Elsa didn't feel one bit shy. She knew she had to cool these folks down. After conjuring some snow clouds, Elsa saw the townsfolk start to come to life.

Soon, Vakretta turned into a frozen wonderland. The citizens slid down the snowy piles on wooden planks.

A few hours later, it was time for Anna and Elsa to return to Arendelle.

"Did you have a good trip?" Anna asked her sister.

"I did," Elsa replied. "I'd say that was the best royal tour ever… until next time, that is!"



Eeyore's New Old House

One blustery January day in the Hundred-Acre Wood, the wind blew so strongly that it knocked Eeyore's house right over! So Eeyore went to Pooh's house.

"Well, Pooh," Eeyore said, "it seems that January just doesn't like me. Or my house. So I'm afraid I will have to stay here with you. If you don't mind, that is."

Pooh assured Eeyore that he didn't mind and offered him some honey.

"I'd prefer thistles, if you have any, which of course you probably don't," Eeyore said. "Oh well. Perhaps Rabbit has some."

Rabbit did have some thistles, so Eeyore settled down to stay with Rabbit. But Rabbit's house was so full of vegetables and gardening tools that there was scarcely room in the burrow for Eeyore.

"I suppose Piglet may have more room, though I doubt it," said Eeyore.

Piglet told Eeyore he was welcome to stay with him, and even made Eeyore a little bed next to the pantry, which was full of haycorns. But Eeyore was allergic to haycorns, and soon his sneezing almost knocked Piglet's house down.

"One house knocked down today is more than – achoo! – enough," said Eeyore. "I'll just have to try Kanga and Roo."

But Kanga and Roo's house wasn't quite right, either. Eeyore was just about to try Owl's house when his friends showed up.

"Eeyore, we've found you the perfect house to live in!" Piglet cried.

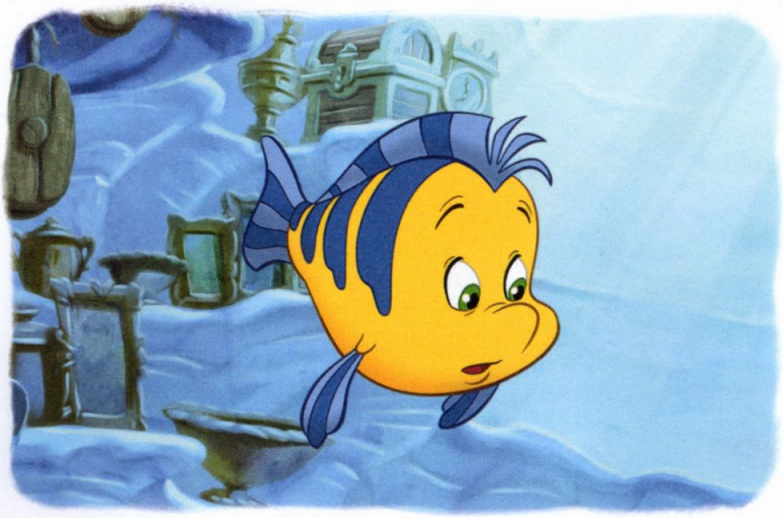
"I doubt that," Eeyore said as they led him through the Wood. "The perfect house would have thistles, and enough room, and no haycorns. But where am I going to find a house like that?"

Soon they arrived at a snug little house made of sticks with a pile of thistles in it. "Here it is, Eeyore," said Piglet.

"That's my house," said Eeyore, hardly able to believe his eyes. "But my house got knocked down."

"Piglet and I put it back together again," Pooh said.

Eeyore looked at his house and then at his friends. "It looks like January doesn't dislike me so much after all," he said.



Fish-in-the-Box

"Ariel?" Flounder called out timidly, poking his head inside Ariel's secret grotto. Ariel had told Flounder to meet her there, but she hadn't arrived yet. "I guess I'll wait for her inside," he said to himself.

He swam round slowly, gazing at Ariel's collection of things from the human world. The rock ledges were filled with various objects the princess had found in sunken ships and up at the surface. It was Ariel's favourite place. But without Ariel there, Flounder found the place lonely... and quiet... and creepy.

Flounder swam past one object that he had never noticed before – a square metal box with a handle on one side.

"I wonder what that thing does," said Flounder, staring at the handle. After a few moments' hesitation, Flounder summoned his courage. By flapping his tail fin and pushing the handle with his nose, he managed to turn it around once... twice... three times. Nothing happened. Flounder was halfway into the fourth turn when... boing! The latch to the top of the jack-in-the-box released and the spring-loaded jester inside popped out and lunged at Flounder.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh!" Flounder screamed as he raced backwards away from the jack-in-the-box and collided with the lid of an open treasure chest. The force of the collision caused the lid of the chest to slam shut, trapping Flounder inside.

Moments later, Ariel swam into the secret grotto.

"Flounder?" she called. "Are you here yet?"

From inside the chest, Flounder yelled to Ariel. "Mm-nn-eer!" came the muffled cry.

Ariel followed the sound of his voice and swam over to the chest. Lifting the lid, she found her friend inside. "What are you doing in there?" Ariel asked with a giggle.

Thinking quickly, Flounder replied, "I'm about to do my imitation of that thing." He pointed at the jack-in-the-box. Then Flounder sprang suddenly out of the chest, raced out the door and kept on swimming. He'd had enough of Ariel's secret grotto for one day!



Tough Audience

The sticker on the door read 'Enter at Your Own Risk', but Mike wasn't scared. He had never met a kid he couldn't crack up. Tossing his microphone from one hand to the other, Mike sauntered through the wardrobe door to face his audience.

"Hey, how ya doin' tonight?" Mike greeted the kid. The boy in the race car pyjamas just glared. "Did you hear the one about the monster who made it in show business? He really clawed his way to the top." Mike paused for a laugh, but the kid was silent.

"All right. I can see you're a tough audience. Enough of the B material." Mike pulled out all the stops. He told his best jokes. He worked the room. But the kid didn't even crack a smile. Mike prepared to let the one about the seven-legged sea monster fly when he heard tapping on the wardrobe door.

Mike pulled the door open a crack. "I'm working here," he whispered.

Sulley poked his head in. "Mikey, you're dying. You've been on for twenty minutes and you're getting nothing. There are plenty of other kids to make laugh tonight. You can come back to this one later."

"No way," Mike hissed. "He loves me. When he laughs he's going to laugh big. I can feel it."

Just then, a rubber ducky sailed through the air and hit Mike in the eye. "See? He's throwing me presents."

"Cut your losses, Mikey. Let this one go." Sulley put a large hairy paw on Mike's head and urged him back through the door.

"I'm telling you, I've almost got him," Mike said through clenched teeth.

"And I'm telling you to give... it... up." Sulley pulled harder on Mike. Mike grabbed the doorframe and braced himself. Suddenly Sulley lost his grip, and Mike flew backwards, skidding on the rubber ducky and crashing to the ground.

"Why, I oughta..." Mike leapt to his feet, ready to charge at Sulley, but was interrupted by the sound of laughing. In fact, the kid was laughing so hard, tears streamed down his face.

Mike high-fived Sulley. "You know, some kids just go for the physical comedy," he said with a shrug.

Disney • PIXAR

WALL•E



Back on Earth

WALL•E was happy to be back on Earth and even happier not to be lonely any more. He watched his favourite films with EVE, collected even more new treasures with his robot friends and still tidied up the planet – one piece of trash at a time.

But EVE was having a harder time finding something to do on Earth. Her original directive was to scan the planet for any sign of plant life... and she'd found it. Now she wasn't sure how to fill her days. So she just flew around, still scanning and scanning and scanning.

One day, the Captain of the Axiom noticed EVE wandering around aimlessly. He had to help her somehow. The Captain went to WALL•E, hoping that together they'd find a new purpose perfectly suited for EVE.

"I want everyone to feel at home and be happy here, WALL•E. But EVE seems like she's still looking for something. Can you help?" he asked.

WALL•E beeped in agreement. He quickly rolled home to come up with a plan to cheer EVE up. After a few days of thinking it over, WALL•E had the perfect idea: he would give EVE her very own one-of-a-kind garden!

EVE already knew how to find plant life, but maybe now she could make plant life grow. WALL•E gathered their friends to help. He knew EVE would love her garden even more if it was something they created together.

When the time finally came to show EVE what they had made, WALL•E could barely contain his excitement. He asked EVE to close her eyes, and he led her to the garden. When they arrived, he beeped for her to open her eyes.

WALL•E told EVE that this garden was hers to take care of. She stared in amazement before she started thinking and then got to work! She even assigned some jobs to her friends.

A few days later, the Captain visited WALL•E and EVE's home to check on their progress. He was thrilled to see WALL•E's plan had worked. Building and managing a garden really was the perfect job for EVE! She looked the happiest he'd seen her since they had returned to Earth.



A Tiny New Friend

It had been a week since Cinderella's stepmother had forced her to move out of her bedroom and into the attic of the old house, but Cinderella was still not used to her new sleeping quarters. The only other soul around to keep Cinderella company was a skittish little mouse who she had seen scurrying in and out of a hole in the corner.

One day, at suppertime, Cinderella slipped a piece of cheese into her apron pocket. That evening, when her work was finished, Cinderella hurried up to her room and pulled out her sewing basket. She used some scraps of fabric to make a mouse-size suit of clothing: a red shirt and cap, a tiny orange coat and two brown slippers.

Cinderella carried the clothes over to the mouse hole and knelt before it. She pulled the cheese out of her pocket and placed it, with the clothes, in the palm of her hand. Then she laid her open hand just in front of the mouse hole.

"Hello in there!" she called.

The mouse cautiously poked his head out of the hole and sniffed the air. Seeing the cheese, he inched out of the hole and over to Cinderella's hand. He paused and looked up at her.

"Go ahead," she said kindly. "They're a gift just for you."

The mouse scampered onto her palm, picked up the cheese and the clothes, and hurried back into the mouse hole.

Cinderella waited patiently for a few minutes, still kneeling in front of the hole.

"Well," she called after a short while, "let me see how they look on you!"

Timidly, the mouse came out in his new outfit. Cinderella clapped her hands.

"Perfect!" she said. "Do you like them?"

The mouse nodded. Then he jumped, as if an idea had just occurred to him, and scurried back into the mouse hole. Cinderella frowned. Had she frightened him?

But her worries vanished when the mouse reappeared – along with several other mice, who followed timidly behind him.

"More friends!" Cinderella cried. She hurried to get her sewing basket, delighted to have found the warmth of friendship in the cold attic room.



Hide-and-Seek

Dumbo had been the newest baby in the circus for quite a while. Then, one day, the stork arrived with a brand-new delivery – a baby giraffe.

"You know, Dumbo," said his friend Timothy Q. Mouse, "I think we should ask that new baby to play with us."

Dumbo nodded. He loved making new friends!

"Hello, Mrs Giraffe," Timothy said. "Can your lovely new baby come out to play?"

Mrs Giraffe agreed and the three new friends set off.

"Okay, kids," said Timothy, "what do you feel like playing? How about hide-and-seek?"

Dumbo and the giraffe nodded happily as Timothy closed his eyes and counted.

"Ready or not," he said finally, opening his eyes. "Here I... hang on! Don't you guys know you're supposed to hide?"

No, actually, they did not.

Timothy sighed. "Okay, let's take it from the top. When I close my eyes, you guys hide. You find a place where you can't see me and I can't see you. Like this." Timothy ducked behind a popcorn tub. "Get it?"

Dumbo and the giraffe nodded slowly.

"Okay then, let's try this again. One, two, three..." Timothy counted to twenty, then opened his eyes.

"No, no!" he groaned. "You can't hide behind the popcorn tub. You're too big. Let's try this one more time."

Again, he closed his eyes and counted. Then, very slowly, he opened them and looked around.

"Much better!" he said, surprised. Of course, it didn't take him long to find Dumbo's nose sticking out of a pile of hay or the giraffe sticking out from behind the clowns' trunk.

"This time, guys, try to find a place for your whole body to hide," Timothy said.

Dumbo and the giraffe waited for Timothy to close his eyes once more. Then they quietly hid again, but this time they picked places that covered their whole bodies.

And do you know what? They hid so well, Timothy Q. Mouse may still be looking for them to this very day!



The Sweetest Song of All

"Why is Quasimodo so sad?" asked Hugo.

"Judge Frollo has commanded that he never leave Notre Dame Cathedral," answered Victor. "He's lonely because he has no friends."

Just then Quasimodo appeared.

"Good morning, Quasi!" Hugo cried. "Nice day for ringing bells."

"I guess so," Quasimodo replied, staring at the people far below.

"Cheer up! What do they have down there that we don't have?" Hugo asked.

Quasimodo frowned. "I don't know because I've never been there. But I hear people laughing and singing."

Then Victor spoke. "The sweetest songs of all can be heard in this tower, if you do what I tell you to."

"I will!" Quasimodo cried.

"Then fetch a piece of firewood and a knife from the kitchen," Victor commanded.

Quasimodo quickly returned with both.

"I want you to carve statues of lots of different birds," said Victor.

Quasimodo nodded. For two days, he worked. On the third day, he showed Hugo his first carving.

"Wow, that really looks like a dove," said Hugo.

"I'm going to carve a finch next," Quasimodo vowed.

Over the next few weeks, Quasimodo carved hundreds of birds out of wood – larks and thrushes and robins and sparrows. Each statue was better than the last. He worked so hard that he nearly forgot he was lonely.

Finally, he showed Victor and Hugo a carving of a beautiful nightingale.

"It is your best work of all," Victor told his friend.

Quasimodo was so proud that he set his bird on the highest tower so they could all admire it.

The next morning, he was surprised to see two real birds perched next to his statue. More birds soon arrived. Some even built nests. Soon, hundreds and hundreds of birds lived in Notre Dame. They woke Quasimodo with their songs in the morning and they sang him to sleep at night.

Victor had told Quasimodo the sweetest songs of all could be heard at Notre Dame, and he was right. Since that day, birds have always lived in Notre Dame Cathedral.

Disney THE PRINCESS AND THE FROG



An Excellent Cook

Tiana and her father, James, loved to cook. One night, Tiana decided that she wanted to make dinner all by herself.

"What are you going to make for us, sweetheart?" asked her mother, Eudora.

"Gumbo!" replied Tiana. That was her father's specialty. He even had an enormous pot that he kept especially for his gumbo!

Little Tiana sat perched on a stool, stirring, seasoning and tasting. "I think it's done," she announced finally.

"Okay," said James as he tasted a spoonful. "This is the best gumbo I've ever tasted!

"Eudora, our little girl's got a gift," James continued. "A gift this special's just gotta be shared."

And so the family decided to invite their neighbours to enjoy the gumbo on the back porch. Soon the night air was filled with the sounds of clinking spoons, conversation and laughter.

"You know, the thing about good food," said Tiana's father, "it brings folks together from all walks of life. It warms them right up and puts smiles on their faces."

When bedtime arrived, Tiana's mother and father came to tuck her in. Tiana leaned out her window and made a wish on the evening star.

"But remember," added James, "you've got to help it along with some hard work of your own." Then, thinking of the night filled with good food, family and friends, he said, "Just never lose sight of what's really important."

Tiana looked at the picture that her father had once given her of the restaurant he wanted to open. It was her father's dream to open a restaurant in the old sugar mill, and now it was Tiana's dream, too. She was ready to work hard to achieve it – with the help of the evening star, of course.

Tiana's father gave her a kiss goodnight, and then left her room. As he shut the door, Tiana looked out at the evening star. "Please, please, please!" she whispered.

I will make our dream come true, Tiana promised herself as she went to sleep that night. And with that, she fell asleep peacefully, knowing she would have the courage to succeed.



Friday Night Fun

Mater looked out at all the sleeping tractors in the field. Then, as Lightning watched, he quietly drove up to one and honked. Beep! The startled tractor woke up, tipped over and moaned as its wheels spun helplessly in the air.

Suddenly, headlights shone in the two friends' faces. It was Sheriff.

"You should know better," he said. "I'll see you both in traffic court tomorrow."

The next morning at court, Lightning and Mater were sentenced to community service.

"Why don't you help Ramone clean his shop?" Sheriff suggested.

"You bet," answered Lightning.

But as they cleaned, Mater accidentally knocked over a can of pink paint. The lid flew off and the paint splattered Lightning.

"You sure do look pretty in pink," said Mater.

"Let's see how you look in it!" shouted Lightning. He threw an open can of paint at Mater. After a few minutes, they were covered in paint!

When Ramone peeked in, he got splattered, too. "Look at my shop!" he cried. "Get out!"

The friends left the shop and drove to Doc's garage. "Boys, boys..." Doc sighed when he heard what they'd done. He gave them one last chance. "Go find Bessie and surprise Flo with a new paving job."

The friends started paving, but then they decided to race. They had so much fun that they forgot all about the paving job at Flo's. By the time they remembered, it was dark.

The next morning, Mater and Lightning drove over to Flo's. Just about everyone in Radiator Springs was hard at work, trying to finish the paving job. No one had been able to drive in for their breakfast fill-up!

Mater and Lightning knew they had made a mistake. It was up to them to fix the road.

A few hours later, they were done. The V8 Café looked fantastic, and everything finally went back to normal – until Friday night rolled around again...

"Hey, buddy," whispered Mater to Lightning. "How 'bout a little tractor-tipping fun ternight?"



Sleepless Beauty

"Oh, there, there, little Aurora. There, there," cooed Flora, trying to calm the crying, fussy baby princess. Flora and her fellow fairies, Fauna and Merryweather, stood huddled over the cradle of tiny Aurora and looked down anxiously and helplessly at their royal charge.

The three good fairies had taken the princess from the castle after the evil fairy Maleficent had put a curse on her. Perhaps if Maleficent couldn't find the girl, the curse would not work. But the baby had not stopped crying since Flora, Fauna and Merryweather had arrived with her at the secluded cottage in the woods.

"Oh, goodness!" cried Fauna. "What have we got ourselves into? We don't know the first thing about taking care of human babies!"

Flora gave Fauna a comforting pat on the back. "Now, now, don't panic, Fauna," Flora said. "It may be harder than we expected. But this is the only way to keep the princess safe from Maleficent."

Merryweather and Fauna knew Flora was right. So, one after another, they tried different things to try to get the baby to stop crying and go to sleep.

"Well," said Flora, "fairy babies are soothed by a sprig of dandelion root placed in their cradle. Let's try that!" Flora hurried out of the cottage and returned minutes later with the sprig. She laid it at the baby's feet. But the princess cried on.

"Perhaps she needs to be entertained!" suggested Fauna. Flora, Fauna and Merryweather locked arms and danced a little jig. But baby Aurora took no notice – and kept on crying.

As the fairies fought over how to calm the baby, Flora accidentally nudged Aurora's cradle, causing it to rock gently back and forth. Soothed by the rocking, the baby's cries slowly grew softer and softer.

"Fauna!" cried Flora. "You've done it!"

"Look how much she likes the rocking!" added Merryweather.

The three fairies continued to rock the cradle gently back and forth, and soon Aurora drifted off to sleep.

"Well," Fauna whispered to the others, once the baby was sleeping soundly, "that wasn't so hard, now, was it?"



It Takes Two

Mowgli shouted and cheered. He'd just escaped from King Louie and the apes with his friends, Bagheera and Baloo.

"That was a swinging good time!" Baloo called. Bagheera was less enthusiastic.

"Next time, stick to the plan. We're lucky to be alive! Now... let's find somewhere safe for the night."

"Relax," Baloo replied. "If anyone comes, I'll give them some of this." He paused to flex his muscles.

"Oh Baloo, we can't always rely on brawn. Sometimes we need brains!"

Mowgli sighed as his friends argued. He didn't need protecting. He had the brawns of a bear and the brains of a panther, if only they'd give him a chance! Just then, Mowgli heard a rustling above him. A flying squirrel glided and landed on a branch.

"I want to try that!" Mowgli cried. So, whilst his friends argued, he practised swinging from vines with his new squirrel friend. Soon enough, he was swinging effortlessly. The sound of rushing water met Mowgli's ears, and the trees parted to reveal a thundering river. It was a large gap, but the squirrel didn't falter.

"Okay, let's swing," Mowgli said.

But when he was halfway over the water, he slipped and fell into the river... only to be caught by Kaa the snake!

"Trusssssst in me," Kaa hissed. "Slide into my coils." Mowgli couldn't swim, so he didn't have a choice. He grabbed onto Kaa and allowed himself to be pulled into a tree.

"Oh, a sssssssquirrel," Kaa said. One look into the snake's eyes, and the squirrel was under his spell. Using his brain, Mowgli didn't look into Kaa's eyes. And using his brawn, he wrapped Kaa's tail around a rock and dropped it. Kaa fell from the tree and his new friend was free! The squirrel squeaked in thanks and took off into the trees.

Later that night, as he was falling asleep, Mowgli heard Baloo and Bagheera were still arguing.

"He used his brains to help that squirrel," Bagheera said.

"It was brawn! He used that rock to stop Kaa!" Baloo countered.

Mowgli smiled with the knowledge that he'd used his brain and brawn to save his new friend today.

Disney Lilo & Stitch



Friends Forever

Experiment 626 was a blue creature from a distant planet who was punished for being very naughty and destroying everything around him. One day, he escaped his planet in a police cruiser and headed straight for Earth!

On the tiny island of Kauai was a little girl named Lilo. She found it hard to make friends and was very lonely.

One night, Lilo had a fight with her sister, Nani. Lilo went to her room and slammed the door shut. Out of her window, Lilo saw a falling star and made a wish: "I wish for someone to be my friend," she whispered.

The falling star that Lilo had seen was actually Experiment 626's ship crashing on the island! A lorry driver found him and took him to an animal shelter. All the other animals were scared of 626, but he didn't care. He scrunched two of his four arms in towards his torso so he would look more like a dog. That way, he'd be adopted and have a place to hide from the aliens who were chasing him.

The next day, Nani decided to take Lilo to the shelter to pick a new pet.

"Hi!" Lilo said when she saw 626.

"Hi," the creature replied, and then he gave her a hug. Lilo walked back to the front room and told Nani she'd found the dog she wanted.

"He's good," she said. "I can tell. His name is... Stitch."

They took Stitch home even though Nani thought he looked strange. Nani was glad Lilo finally had a friend.

At home, however, Stitch began to tear things apart and cause trouble for Nani.

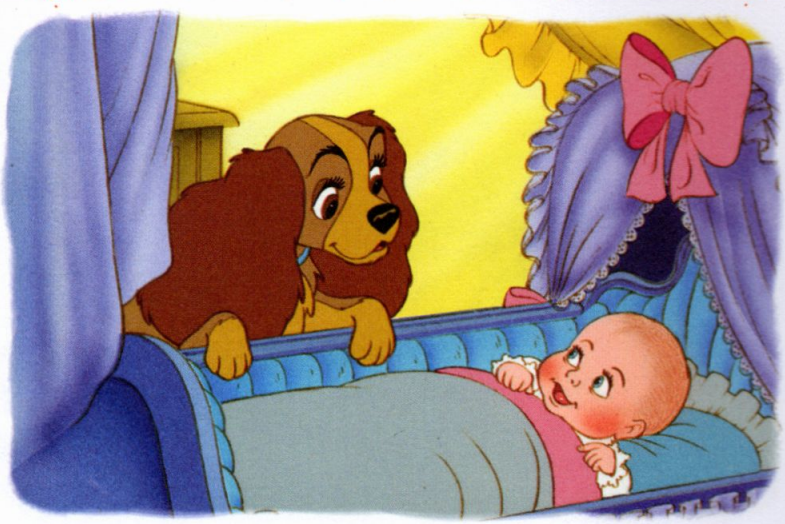
"We have to take him back," Nani said.

"We adopted him!" Lilo cried. "What about ohana? Dad said ohana means family! And family means—"

"Nobody gets left behind," Nani finished. "I know."

She remembered how welcoming her parents had been and how important family was to them. She changed her mind. She would give Stitch another chance – for Lilo's sake.

From then on, Lilo and Stitch stuck together through anything that came their way. Lilo helped Stitch learn how to behave, and Stitch became the friend that Lilo had wished for on a falling star.



A Lady's Touch

Late one night, Lady's ears perked up and her eyes flew open with a start. The baby was crying! Lady climbed out of her basket, pushed open the swinging door with her nose, and tiptoed up the front stairs.

Inside the nursery, Jim Dear and Darling were trying to calm the baby.

"Oh, Jim, I just don't know what's the matter with him!" said Darling.

Jim Dear sat groggily at the edge of the bed, looking at his wife helplessly. "Well, we know he isn't hungry," he said, "since we've just given him a bottle." He massaged his temples as though they hurt. Then he noticed Lady, who had walked tentatively into the bedroom. "Hello, Lady," he said to her.

Lady took a few steps closer to the cradle, where Darling was laying the baby down. His little fists were closed tight and his shrieks had turned into loud sobs.

"We just don't know what's wrong with the little guy," Jim Dear told Lady. "We've fed him and changed him, and I've sung him every lullaby I know. Maybe you can figure out what's bothering him!"

That was all the invitation Lady needed. She jumped up onto the bed and peered into the cradle.

The baby opened his eyes and looked at Lady. His cries dropped to a whimper and he reached out to touch her soft fur. His tiny hand grabbed hold of her ear and tugged. Lady winced, but held still. With her chin, she began to rock the cradle, and with her furry tail, she beat a rhythmic thump, thump, thump on the bed.

"Ga!" said the baby as he broke into a gummy smile. Still holding Lady's ear, the baby giggled.

"Oh, look, Jim Dear!" cried Darling delightedly. "Lady has got him to stop crying!"

"I just don't know what we'd do without you, Lady!" Jim Dear said gratefully.

Rock, rock, rock went the cradle. Thump, thump, thump went Lady's tail.

Soon the baby's eyelids grew heavy, and then his eyes closed. Tears still streaking his little round cheeks, he relaxed his grip on Lady's ear, smiled and fell asleep.

Disney Bambi



The Winter Trail

One winter morning, Bambi was dozing in the wood when Thumper came over to play.

Bambi followed Thumper through the forest. The sky was blue and the ground was covered in a blanket of fresh snow.

"Look at these tracks!" Thumper said excitedly. He pointed to a line of footprints in the snow. "Who do you suppose they belong to?" Bambi didn't know, so they decided to follow the trail. They soon came to a tree.

"Wake up, Friend Owl!" called Thumper.

"Have you been out walking?" Bambi asked.

"Now why would I do that?" Friend Owl replied. "My wings take me where I need to go."

Bambi and Thumper continued on. Next, they spotted a raccoon sitting next to a tree, his mouth full of red berries. "Hello, Mr Raccoon," Bambi said shyly. "Did you happen to see who made these tracks in the snow?"

The raccoon shook his head and began tapping the tree.

"I know!" Thumper cried. "He thinks we should ask the woodpeckers."

Soon, Bambi and Thumper found the woodpecker family. "Did you make the tracks in the snow?" Thumper called up to the birds.

"No, we've been here all day," the mother bird answered.

"Who can these tracks belong to?" Bambi asked.

"I don't know," Thumper replied.

They soon reached the end of the trail and the tracks led all the way to a snowy bush where a family of quail was resting.

"Did you make these tracks?" Thumper asked.

"Why, yes," Mrs Quail answered. "Friend Owl told me about this wonderful bush. So this morning, my babies and I walked all the way over here."

Satisfied that they had solved the mystery, Thumper and Bambi turned to go home. Behind them, they found a surprise – their mothers!

"How'd ya find us?" Thumper asked.

Thumper's mother looked down at the tracks in the snow.

"You followed our trail!" Bambi cried. His mother nodded.

"Now, let's follow it back home," Bambi's mother said. So that's just what they did.