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UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

GRADUATE COLLEGE

AGING WITH DISNEY:

DEPICTION OF GENDER AND AGE IN SEVEN DISNEY ANIMATED

FAIRY TALES

A Dissertation

SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE FACULTY

in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the

degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

By

CAROLE J. HANNON

Norman, Oklahoma

1997

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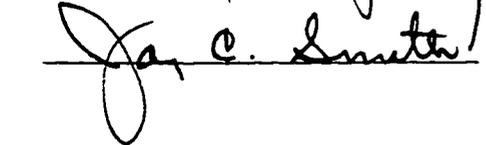
AGING WITH DISNEY:
DEPICTION OF GENDER AND AGE IN SEVEN DISNEY ANIMATED
FAIRY TALES

A Dissertation
APPROVED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION

BY







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ABSTRACT

Walt Disney Productions is considered by conventional wisdom to be synonymous with wholesome family entertainment in the global marketplace. Parents and well meaning adults may use what they consider to be Disney's wholesome entertainment as a harmless baby sitter. This means very young children are bombarded with images and ideas that may influence their entire lives by a multinational conglomerate that has something to sell. This research utilizes a triangulation of methods to include critical, historical, content, and comparative analyses to systematically test the conventional assumptions concerning age and gender depiction in seven recent Disney videos based on anecdotal and fragmentary evidence that Disney products are mainly wholesome family entertainment, safely enjoyable by children of all ages. The study is significant because research on full-length animated films developed for the child's audience is almost nonexistent. The major findings of the content analysis are: (a) males appear in major roles more than twice as often as females; (b) major males are depicted as older (mostly in the 18-24 age category) than the

major females (mostly in the 12-17 age category); (c) no birth mother is depicted for a major female character and only one birth mother is represented in the seven Disney videos (the mother of Simba, the lion prince), and she is cast in a non-speaking role; (d) males are most often perpetrators of violence (if young, to win the hand of the fair maiden; if older, for wealth or greed) with the exception of older females who are depicted as evil; and (e) major females in Disney are all romantically involved. The major results of the comparative analysis which includes both textual and contextual comparisons of Disney versus a "popular" fairy tale script posit that: (1) Disney alters ages and actions of major and minor characters to fit the "formula", (2) Disney creates "sidekick" animals to bear the brunt of violence and abuse and to dehumanize the consequences of dire actions, (3) Disney deletes most all women from the original fairy tale texts with the exception of the protagonist (good and young) and the antagonist (old and evil), and (4) these alterations are made for both ideological and commercial reasons to sell the Disney product (videos, dolls, games, etc.) to anyone who will buy. Global marketing and conglomerate control of media entertainment is, therefore,

creating a pervasive "invisible crisis" in the world. A new, active, citizens' approach is suggested and recommended in the form of the Cultural Environment Movement (CEM). CEM's goal is to dissolve international boundaries and to build a coalition of citizens and organizations committed to joint action for the creation of a liberating alternative to free the cultural environment from the current proliferation of conglomerate control. The Disney conglomerate will alter their texts for profitability but have no incentive to alter the "megabillion" formula that works so well for them until informed parents and caring citizens shift their attention to creating action-based alternatives to the very real crisis within our media-dominated cultural environment.

AGING WITH DISNEY: DEPICTION OF GENDER AND AGE IN SEVEN
DISNEY ANIMATED FAIRY TALES

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Walt Disney Productions is considered by many to be synonymous with wholesome family entertainment in our Western culture and, often, in the global marketplace. This especially applies to recent animated Disney adaptations of classic fairy tales for children of all ages. Because of the Disney reputation, parents may not question what is being communicated concerning age and gender to their children while viewing these movies and/or home videos.

With the advent of VCRs, satellite, and cable, movies can be viewed by children, at any time, within the comfort of their own home, on their own television set. Current VCR dominion is estimated at 75 to 85 percent (Dorr & Kunkel, 1990), with other studies claiming VCR ownership soaring in homes with young children (Krendl, Clark, Dawson & Troiano, 1993). Many children have their own video libraries and even preschoolers spend an average of 3.2 hours per week viewing personal or rented tapes (Krendl, Clark, Dawson & Troiano, 1993).

Parents and well meaning adults may use what they consider to be Disney's wholesome family entertainment as a harmless video baby sitter for their children (Bagdikian, 1996). Children viewing these videos are perhaps being bombarded with hundreds of images and ideas which influence their entire lives. Influence by distant conglomerates who have something to sell (Gerbner, 1993).

Statement of the Problem

While many recent studies have served as focal points for both qualitative and quantitative studies on the effects of media violence on women and children, including prosocial and antisocial behavior (Comstock & Paik, 1991; Gerbner, 1993, 1994; Gerbner, Morgan & Signorielli, 1993; Gross, Morgan & Signoielli, 1986; Hearold, 1986; Hoermer, 1996; Paik & Comstock, 1994) and sex role stereotyping (Estes, 1992; Gilligan, 1993; Griffen, 1993; Gunter, 1986; Henke, Umble, & Smith, 1996; Herzog, Holden, & Seltzer, 1989; Kramer, 1994; Roberts, 1985; von Franz, 1993) the same cannot be said for research directly aimed at the age and gender message influence by Disney video adaptations of classic fairy tales. "Research on full-length animated films developed for a child audience

is almost nonexistent" states Hoerrner (1996, p. 214). Therefore, this research was formulated to analyze age and gender depiction in videos viewed by children.

The film and VCR genre may exert tremendous power to cultivate perceptions and influence attitudes very early in life affecting society for generations to come.

This research utilizes a triangulation of various research techniques to produce consistent results providing a more effective base for describing, explaining, understanding, interpreting, and critiquing the research topic more than a single research method producing a single result could provide. The overall scope is critical analysis because it relies on other genres held together by a common interest in the quality of human communication and the quality of life. Critical analysis identifies underlying social structures that affect class and gender relations in society and is concerned with areas of societal conflict and the ways in which communication perpetuates power and domination. This study historically examines the chronological history of Walt Disney and Disney Productions to offer a basic understanding of how and why Disney's ideology was formulated and is constructed to analyze the content of age and gender messages

communicated in each scene by the major and minor characters and all speaking parts within seven Disney videos, including: The Little Mermaid, Aladdin, Beauty and the Beast, Snow White, Cinderella, The Lion King, and Pocahontas. Using these videos which were released (or re-released) to the public during the time period, 1989-1995, this comparative analysis textually and contextually compares and contrasts the similarities and/or differences within the popular texts of classic fairy tales with the Disney versions of the same story.

Purpose

This research systematically tests the conventional assumptions concerning age and gender depiction, based on anecdotal and fragmentary evidence, that Disney products are mainly wholesome family entertainment, safely enjoyable by children of all ages.

Findings from the systematic testing and analysis of conventional age and gender assumptions posit a very important question, "Are animated Disney videos following the formula driven by the existing media power structure to produce money making ventures without regard for the positive and/or negative social

gender and age influences they may be creating ?" Bagdikian (1996) seeks to enlighten when he states:

The goal of the media giants is not limited to their desire to control mass communications and its content. It is also to maximize profits by conditioning the world to buy compulsively and in most cases unwisely. And to do that, they have developed techniques that grip public attention with constant violence and high-speed graphics that deny the viewer time to reflect on the message just heard. This approach sells goods (p. 8).

The money making formula may continue to be the choice made for children by adults who are ignorant of the consequences or whose only concern is to make money from anyone who will buy until its construct is historically, statistically, and conceptually challenged.

Significance

The significance of this research is threefold. First, there is a need to apply systematic analysis concerning the conventional assumptions (i.e. a conventional assumption is one which is generally accepted by many people within a culture to be true--the status quo) regarding age and gender to what previously has not been scrutinized by a valid research construct.

Second, does the Disney formula perpetuate negative or positive age and gender bias and stereotyping beginning with the very young? The methodology designed to answer this question is content analysis and textual and contextual comparative analysis of the message depiction of age and gender. Content analysis includes the following categories: Program Characteristics and Themes, Interpersonal Relationships, Demographics, Goals, Health, Family Activities, and Sexual Interaction. Age and gender depiction within these categories is tabulated by all characters and major and minor characters to explore the variables of age, gender, violence, status or position, role, romantic involvement, and weight.

Major and minor characters and all speaking parts are coded once for their appearance within a scene. Thus the major or minor character or speaking part within the scene becomes an appearance or case, the unit of analysis upon which the raw data is based and tabulated, first, by video and, second, by major and minor character. Tables are constructed for clear access to numbers and percentages obtained from bivariate cross tabulations of the age and gender factors upon the character depictions (see Chapter 4).

Finally, if found to have positive implications, conventional assumptions or the status quo will be reinforced—that Disney products are mainly wholesome family entertainment safely enjoyable by children of all ages. If found to have negative implications based on anecdotal and fragmentary evidence, the significance of this research will serve the buying public to create an avenue of awareness and informed choice.

Outline of Chapters

In the remaining chapters, data gathered from the message content of the seven Disney videos will be presented to further develop the research rationale.

Chapter 2 features a review of the literature relevant for this study to include the history of Walt Disney and Disney Productions, ageism, sexism, and communication theory. Chapter 3 focuses on the research methods and design. Chapter 4 includes the results and the analysis of the collected data from content analysis. Chapter 5 compares a popular version of the classic fairy tales to the Disney adaptation of that story. Chapter 6 discusses the outcomes and offers recommendations based upon the findings of this research.

CHAPTER 2

DISNEY, SEXISM, AGEISM, AND COMMUNICATION THEORY:

A REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE

Several themes of scholarly research are relevant to study the depiction of age and gender within the context of Disney adaptations for seven classic fairy tales. First, literature examining the history of Disney and Disney Productions will provide a foundation for understanding this research. Second, literature concerning sexism and ageism is analyzed as to content, use, and effects upon children of all ages who regularly view media products. Studies that specifically examine age and gender issues concerning media messages are assessed and analyzed by citing and examining current communication theory.

Walt Disney and Disney Productions

Early Years

Walt Disney was born on December 5, 1901 in a small town just outside of Chicago. His childhood was not an easy one. The Disney family moved often from one town to another, so Walt spent his childhood in many different places. Walt's father, Elias, severely disciplined the children (Walt, three brothers and

one sister) by whipping them with a razor strap over the slightest infraction of his rules (Seldon, 1989). Disney, however, is quoted by Greene (1991), "I had a tremendous respect for my dad. Nothing but his family counted" (p. 10). But if Walt was endowed with a touch of magic, his mother, Flora, is the person who wielded the magic wand. According to Greene (1991), "From his mother came an ability to laugh and a down-to-earth delight in the unsophisticated, sometimes slapstick humor of human nature" (p.15). One parent gave Walt his discipline and drive and the other his sense of fun, but neither were well educated. His father labored long and hard at different jobs and his mother worked tirelessly at home to care for the family. This structured Walt's values in the early years and therefore helped to construct his concept of the "ideal" in his later years.

Some of Walt's fondest boyhood memories were of living on a forty-eight acre farm in the town of Marceline, Missouri, where the family moved when he was only five. There he was surrounded with cows, pigs, chickens, ducks and farm animals of all sorts. According to Seldon (1989) one of Walt's earliest interests was to draw pictures of the farm animals after his Aunt Maggie had

given him a tablet and some colored pencils. Mosley (1990) conveys that Walt preferred animals to people and this is one reason animals became central to his animated films. Greene (1991) accounts the beginning of Walt's artistic creativity when he found a big barrel of black, sticky tar. Walt dipped a stick into it and began to draw on the side of his parents' white house. The drawings were said to still be present on the premises when the family vacated.

Beginning His Career

In 1909 the family moved to Kansas City, Missouri, due to his father's diagnosed typhoid fever. There Walt and his brothers and sister worked diligently to survive. When he was nine years old, he delivered his first paper route and rose at 3:30 a.m. In his early teens he continued throwing the paper route, but Walt made time to enroll in a Saturday morning art class at the Kansas City Art Institute to pursue his creative talent. In 1918 Walt Disney lied about his age to join the Red Cross Ambulance Unit during World War I. No sooner had Walt joined the Red Cross than the war ended, but he was sent to France to take care of the sick and wounded. After the service, Walt returned to Kansas City to make

his living as an artist, and there he met Ubbe Iwerks (pronounced "oob eye-works"). They started a small business together to draw illustrations for newspaper advertisements. Walt was then hired by the Kansas City Film Ad Company as a cartoonist and later Ubbe joined him there. This was Walt's first experience with cartoon animation, or maybe his second. Jackson (1993) states that when Walt was still very young, his sister Ruth became ill. He fashioned for her a flip book of moving pictures to help entertain her. This may actually be his first inclination toward the art of animation.

While working for the Kansas City Film Ad Company he discovered that animation had a long history. The first pictures of motion appear on cave walls. The people in ancient times drew the same animal over and over again, in different positions, sometimes with several sets of legs. If one quickly passed their eyes over the drawings on the wall, the figures seemed to move.

To make an animated cartoon, twenty-four drawings for each second of screen time are needed or 14,000 drawings for a ten-minute film. Ten minutes is the length of Walt's funny little cartoons called Laugh-O-Grams which he

marketed to movie theaters in Kansas City. They became so popular that he hired Ub (which he modernizes from Ubbe) Iwerks and started another company of his own. But, soon, due to lack of promised funding, the business failed and in July 1923 Walt (aged twenty-one) left Kansas City for Hollywood with nothing but a shirt and a change of underwear in a fake leather suitcase (Seldon, 1989).

Walt was quoted later by Greene (1991) as musing, "I think it's important to have a good hard failure when you're young" (p. 37).

Early Success

After arriving in Hollywood, Walt sent an episode of Alice in Cartoonland to an important cartoon distributor in New York. She was interested in the series. Margaret Winkler and her new husband and partner, Charles Mintz, came up with another suggestion for a cartoon series using the character, Oswald, the Lucky Rabbit. Later Mintz stole Disney's staff and his character because Walt had only drawn the rabbit. Mintz had all the rights to the Oswald character, which meant that he, not Walt, owned Oswald. Walt vowed (Seldon, 1989), "I'll never work for someone else again" (p. 38). Walt kept his vow.

Walt and his brother, Roy (who was recovering from tuberculosis at this time), created Disney Brothers Studio but soon renamed it Walt Disney Studio. On October 6, 1927, while Walt was working on his new creation, Mickey Mouse, The Jazz Singer, starring Al Jolson appeared in movie theaters, and the new chapter of history called "sound film" or "talkies" was invented. In September 1928, Walt Disney Studios opened at the Colony Theater in New York City with one of the earliest animated cartoon sound films, Steamboat Willie, starring Mickey Mouse. The mouse character was created by Walt while riding on a train with his wife, Lilly, whom he married in July, 1925. Walt called the mouse, Mortimer, but Lilly liked the name Mickey better. Disney once remarked (Jackson, 1993):

I do have a special feeling for mice. Mice gathered in my wastebasket when I worked late at night. I lifted them out and kept them in little cages on my desk. One of them was my particular friend. Then before I left Kansas City I carefully carried him out into a field and let him go (p. 13).

A representative of Universal Pictures who first saw the mouse cartoon was quoted by Greene (1991), "Mice? Who wants mice?" (p. 54). However, Mickey Mouse (with Walt's voice as Mickey) cartoons became a popular success

and were said to lift the spirit of the nation during the Great Depression. Walt received a special Academy Award in 1932 for his creation of Mickey Mouse and was awarded a medal from the French Legion of Honor while in Paris at a festival of Mickey Mouse cartoons. Europe loved Walt Disney cartoons.

The Disney Formula

Disney produced his first full length animated movie with the invention of his famous "storyboard" for the purpose of planning out in advance the visual action of an animated film from the very first cel to the closing credits (Jackson, 1993). The creation of the storyboard and the hard work of 750 employees accomplished an amazing first. However, there were no female animators in the early years, although women dominated the inking department. O'Brien (1996) professes this is because "Walt felt that women did not have the requisite artistic flair for creativity" (p. 161). Disney declared his prejudice against women and other minorities when he was quoted by Mosley (1990) as hollering, "Roosevelt called this Century of the Common Man. Balls! It is the century of the Communist cutthroat, the fag, and the whore!" (p. 221). Anger seemed to lurk

close under Disney's surface throughout his life. Dow (1996) assessed that "originating in the personage of 'Uncle Walt,' the Disney persona of fun, family, and American values has gone corporate and global, yet retains enough integrity to mask a variety of contradictions" (p. 263).

To Walt's credit, Greene (1991) quotes artist, writer, and lifelong Walt Disney friend, Bill Cottrell, as stating, "More than anyone in the cartoon business, Walt understood the need to give his characters personality" (p. 74). These characters, however, possessed stereotypic personalities allowing them to operate from a patriarchal system and are most often portrayed by an animal. Walt believed that children were more capable of understanding or identifying with a film if the messages were parsimonious and presented by humorous animal characters. There is a societal problem of gearing these films to a perceived "child's point of view" (with no actual research by Disney). Disney's reputation for the perpetuation of family values and the myth that they are wholesome family entertainment is so strong that the altered fairy tale version of the animated films tends to be perceived as the original version of the story. Disney films are

powerful forms of popular culture who target the perceptions of children.

The arguments against a full length cartoon were loud and numerous for other than the aforementioned, more modern, reasons when Disney began.

According to Greene (1991) people in the industry were criticizing, "Nobody will sit still for an hour and a half of cartoons...the colors will hurt their eyes...how can you believe a cartoon girl and a cartoon boy falling in love?" (p. 80). Snow White is widely known as "Disney's Folly." Disney proved his critics wrong. But the formula Disney developed for Snow White continued to be used in his thirty-four consecutive animated films which "incorporate patriarchy into classic fairy tales by eliminating or down-playing female characters' self-empowerment while foregrounding male power" (O'Brien, 1996, p. 180). O'Brien (1996) also states "...analysis indicates that Disney character representations are based on conscious decisions made by management and creative forces, and influenced by social and financial contexts, contexts that dynamically interact with a text's readings" (p. 179-80). Yet, Dow (1996) believes "Disney practices, including commodification of leisure, glorification of consumption, reliance on gender, race, and class

stereotypes...are shared by most pop culture products, wholesome or otherwise" (p. 264). Disney is a major contributor in shaping the modern consumer dream.

Disney's decontextualized, ahistorical individualism has been and is revered by many in the national and global press and those capitalistic entities emersed in the status quo of consumerism. Disney's favorable reviews in the popular press tended to overlook and take for granted as "true" age and gender role depictions in his animated films. Disney has become the global exemplification of cultural imperialism in a time, considered by Dow (1996), "when entertainment is the most profitable US export" (p. 264).

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs opened on December 7, 1937, played to packed audiences at Radio City Music Hall in New York for five weeks, then in Paris, France, for 31 weeks and earned \$8 million in ticket sales, which is remarkable since ticket prices were 25 cents for adults and 10 cents for children in those days. Walt received eight Oscars for this film—one for Snow White and seven little Oscars for each Dwarf. Snow White marked the real beginning of animated success for The Disney Studios and the "formula" remains unchanged.

The Corporate Disney

By 1939 the Disney Studio was 16 years old, employed over 1,000 employees, and has produced four more full length movies: Pinocchio, Fantasia, Dumbo, and Bambi. By this time, Walt was known for his anger when displeased with an employee's work. Greene (1991) states, "When he would let loose with a burst of furious words, Walt seemed oblivious to whom he hurt...leaving more than one grown man in tears" (p. 89). Even some of his most trusted and well-liked employees resented his volatile and hubris temperament. Walt believed in a patriarchal structure for his family and his employees. Until he died (and beyond?) he autocratically expected everyone to uphold his beliefs.

By the end of 1939, the second world war had begun and shortly afterwards seven hundred soldiers, part of an anti-aircraft unit stationed in the Los Angeles area, took over part of the Disney Burbank studios along with fourteen trucks and an immense amount of equipment. The soldiers stayed for seven months (Seldon, 1989). Walt considered himself a true patriot and endeavored to volunteer any and all of his resources in the war effort.

On the day the soldiers vacated, Walt Disney was contacted by the navy to make several films on how to spot enemy aircraft. The Disney Studio needed these contracts very badly due to slow ticket sales for Fantasia. It was reported that ordinary moviegoers resented a movie with classical music, thinking it was too high class for them.

The Disney Studio continued to have financial difficulties. Therefore, Walt Disney Productions incorporated in 1929 and by 1938 had 150,000 shares of stock—45,000 shares each belonging to Walt and Lillian and 30,000 shares each belonging to Roy and Edna Disney (Jackson, 1993). In April 1940, Walt decided to sell stock in the company making his first public stock offering of 155,000 shares. Six-percent cumulative convertible preferred stock sold for \$25 each and 600,000 shares of common stock sold for \$5 per share (Jackson, 1993). The sales brought in enough money to keep the doors open. But the shares declined in value and eventually sold for as little as \$3. All along the way, Walt used what little cash he had to buy more. Unionization was the talk amongst the 1,500 Disney employees. Walt viewed these employees as deserters and his attitude

contributed to the Disney strike in May, 1941. According to Greene (1991), Walt's mistake was to expect employees to act like relatives. In a letter to newspaper columnist Westbrook Pegler (Greene, 1991), Disney stated, "To me, the entire situation [strike] is a catastrophe. The spirit that played such an important part in the building of the cartoon medium has been destroyed" (p. 93). As a consequence of the strike, Walt's relationship with his employees and his view of his public changed forever. However, when the strike was settled, the studio survived and many more "Baby Boomer" children became an audience to Disney films and many link these films with their romanticized memories of childhood to which they, in turn, want to expose their children. Disney became one of only a few corporations to produce movies for children on a regular basis.

But, until the second world war ended, Walt focused his energy on war contracts. Walt used Donald Duck (a character he had created a short time after Mickey Mouse and who had become extremely popular) as well as Goofy, the Seven Dwarfs and other Disney characters in his war films. The Disney studio turned out dozens of instructional films with patriotic messages for nurses,

pilots, navigators, and others in the armed forces.

Live Action Films

When World War II ended in 1945, Walt was ready for some relaxation.

While on vacation in Alaska with his family, Walt met a husband-and-wife photography team who knew about the fur seals of Pribilof Islands. Each year the seals came to the Islands to mate, to fight, and to give birth to their babies. Then they disappeared. It was a mystery. Disney asked the team to take pictures of the seals and send them to the studio in Hollywood. Disney employees said that sniffing, snorting, cavorting seals were as boring as mud (Greene, 1991). But Walt thought otherwise and the first of Disney's "True Life Adventures", Seal Island, won Disney another Oscar. Seal Island, The Living Desert, The Vanishing Prairie and Secrets of Life are the first commercial nature films ever made and the audiences loved the live-action genre.

In 1946, Disney began to work consistently with live-action entertainment films starting with Song of the South (1946) followed by So Dear to My Heart (1949) which combined both live action and animation. Then Treasure Island

(1950) utilized all live action with no animation. Also in 1950, Cinderella, another full length animated film was released. In the next three years Walt produced three other live-action films for children, The Story of Robin Hood, The Sword and the Rose, and Rob Roy. His animated releases were Alice in Wonderland and Peter Pan. Disney continued to capitalize on the fact that film genre expectations rather than the texts of the fairy tales themselves guided viewer responses, especially with the young audience. That is because children are more susceptible to the blurred distinction between reality and fantasy, and are more likely to readily accept the images presented (O'Brien, 1996). Elements of realism that otherwise would be questioned remained unchallenged because audiences thought fairy tales should not be critically analyzed but simply aesthetically accepted. "Part of the art of making children's films is knowing what to put into them. Part is knowing what to leave out" argues Maslin (1989, p. H18). Disney knew just that. Dow (1996) argues that our cultural hunger for the Disney diet makes a strong statement about ourselves and our desires. Disney fantasies reveal the paths of our imagination and the pleasures they recognize.

Theme Parks

By the summer of 1953, Walt Disney had a planning group working on an idea for a theme park. The notion came to Disney years earlier while taking his two daughters, Diane and Sharon, to an amusement park one Sunday morning. He decided to let television finance the park for him. Greene (1991) quotes Disney as saying, "Instead of considering television a rival, when I saw it, I said, 'I can use that.' Television is an open sesame to many things. I don't have to worry about going out and selling the theatre man...I go directly to my public" (p. 119). American Broadcasting Company gave the Disney studio a seven-year contract to give them Mickey Mouse and the Disney name for a show originally entitled, "Disneyland" but which became "The Mickey Mouse Club" and was introduced to television viewers in 1955. In this popular venture, Walt exposed children to other children disguised as "musketeers" who acted as guides and advice-givers. That same year the animated Lady and the Tramp was released.

Featuring his animated animal characters, Disneyland, the theme park for children of all ages, opened in Anaheim, California, on July 18, 1955, to 30,000

visitors on the first day. It was a world that mirrored Walt's own Midwest town where he spent his happiest years. From a central "town square" visitors saw the Magic Kingdom's four lands: Fantasyland, Frontierland, Adventureland, and Tomorrowland. According to Greene (1991) Disney often mentioned that Disneyland would never be completed. Walt decided the key to keeping it fresh was constant technological improvement without changing patriarchal attitudes nor the Disney formula.

Sleeping Beauty and One Hundred One Dalmatians, both full length animated films, were released in 1959 and 1961 respectively. But success had locked Walt into a jail with golden bars. More and more Disney movies became rehashes of successful former efforts and he was frustrated with the lack of public acceptance for any image other than to create cartoons for children of all ages.

Since childhood, Disney had been reading and rereading his sister's copy of P.L. Travers' book, Mary Poppins. Travers sold Disney the rights to her book after many years of persuasion, and only if she was allowed to participate in every detail of the production. In 1964 Disney's combination of live action and

animated version of Mary Poppins received 13 Academy Award nominations and Julie Andrews won the best actress award. The film brought in \$44 million with its first release.

But Walt was restless and looking toward new horizons. In 1965 he purchased 30,000 acres or about 43 square miles of land in Osceola County Florida. He wanted to build another theme park much larger than Disneyland and to build a city of the future on the land next to the park which he called EPCOT (Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow) and which Fjellman (1992) called "the teaching shrine for the corporate world of commodities" (p. 17).

Every improvement and invention at EPCOT was to be twenty-five years ahead of its time and to be carefully controlled. Disney may have been in the pleasure business, but his approach to business was anything but frivolous. Both business and pleasure were highly controlled. Dow (1996) states that at Walt Disney World "cultural space associated with 'play' is accomplished by scripting the visitor's experience, eliminating qualities of freedom and spontaneity through which the concept of play is normally defined" (p. 254). Perhaps this control

masks the ideological presentation of Disney to perpetuate an all-encompassing environment of passive entertainment which creates childlike trust in that someone (like a father) is handling everything. Again, the patriarchal formula.

The Florida park, which is a small city, officially opened to the public on October 1, 1982. It is, in fact, twice the size of New York City's Manhattan Island. Walt said, (Greene, 1991) "One of our requirements is that the people who live in EPCOT must help keep it alive" (p. 158). He also stated, "You don't build it for yourself, you know what the people want and you build it for them" (p. 159). But, again, Walt perpetuated his patriarchal ideas into the operational system. Bell, Haas, & Sells (1995) interviewed a former Disney worker who was not rehired for seasonal work at the park because she was "too fat" and did not fit the Disney image. The labor system at Disney may create a model for worker alienation for three main reasons according to Dow (1996): First, many workers are seasonal and temporary who come back hoping to become permanent and qualify for Disney's generous benefits package, but rarely do establish full-time employment; second, workers are subject to constant surveillance from other

workers disguised as tourists; and, third, the irony of the symbolism is that all employees, from the temp at the bottom to Chairman Eisner, are called by their first names to promote equality but, in reality, make no attempt to stimulate the practice of equality. The themes that seem to repeat themselves at Disney theme parks are: rigid control, exclusive perpetuation of the heterosexual family of yesteryear (which, perhaps, is a fantasy in itself) and blatant commercialism.

Disney operations as well as Disney films appear not to be concerned with the potential meanings which affect social relations of power. Fjellman (1992) well expresses it:

Groups and categories of people in any society benefit differentially from the stories told and the symbols used to construct an understanding of everyday life. If the stories are good and the symbols are powerful, they will justify differences in access to power and resources as good, right, and beautiful (p. 28).

The Disney symbols and influences are everywhere in our everyday lives (in more or less degrees) throughout the world. "Even if one can manage to avoid Disney World, it is increasingly difficult to avoid, particularly if one has children, the influence of Disneyfied culture" emphasizes Dow (1996, p. 258).

Disney's Death

By the mid-1960s, Walt fell victim to frequent colds and sinus attacks and grew winded quickly. His rasping cough was a constant trademark. He had smoked cigarettes for over 40 years of his life and as stated by Schnickel (1985), "Walt's diet still consisted largely of the foods he had acquired a taste for in the hash houses of his youth--hamburgers, steaks and chops were staples: he especially liked chili" (p. 34). His facial coloration became ghostly pale. Walt was in his mid-sixties. X-rays indicated he had a damaged lung which was later diagnosed as lung cancer for which surgery was scheduled. The operation was not successful. But Walt kept working on his Florida dream until the moment of his death. His last conversation was with his brother, Roy (who was 72 at this time), whom he talked out of retirement plans and made promise that EPCOT would be completed. On December 15, 1966, ten days after his sixty-fifth birthday, Walt Disney left a shocked and grieving world. Greene (1991) commented, "I don't think he [Disney] believed it would ever happen...not until he closed his eyes for the last time was he ever convinced" (p. 169). Greene

continued, "The story of his [Disney's] life is one with a failure for every success and a disappointment for every victory" (p. 6). Even though individuals and organizations may admire and respect the perseverance of Walt Disney for winning many a personal and corporate battle, one must learn to recognize the pedagogical function of the films Disney was producing for children. The dichotomy may be that their greatest strength is to decontextualize individualism, thereby suppressing the political and transformative aspects of recognizing the difference between fantasy and reality. Giroux (1995) postulates:

We learn from these [Disney] films, that is, how to imagine societies that can be kept blind to unjust social relations and incapable of problematizing them precisely because they are constituted by individual selves who exist outside their social relations and authentic plans for changing them. 'Personal' places and identities thereby become the only site of 'true' identity (p. 102).

However, the truth remains that Disney influenced American mass media and popular culture in many ways. According to Jackson (1993), "Disney's impact can best be categorized into the following areas: animation, live-action film, documentary, television, books and children's literature, comic strips, comic

books and magazines, published songs and recordings, theme parks, business, and the overall Disney vision" (p. 75).

Jackson (1993) states, "Given Disney's success, his business practices have often been cited as textbook examples for building a corporate empire" (p. 106). One can understand why this was so by reading an account by Schickel (1985) as to the state of the Disney empire in 1966 when Walt died:

...it is estimated that around the world 240,000,000 people saw a Disney movie, 100,000,000 watched a Disney television show every week, 800,000,000 read a Disney book or magazine, 50,000,000 listened or danced to Disney music or records, 80,000,000 bought Disney-licensed merchandise, 150,000,000 read a Disney comic strip, 80,000,000 saw Disney educational films at school, in church, on the job, and 617 million made the journey to...Disneyland. From a state of profitability near zero in 1954... to where its net income was \$12,392,000 on a gross of \$116,543,000, which the magic kingdom was very close to joining the magic circle--the five hundred largest corporations in the nation (p. 19).

The magnitude of Walt's financial reality may have helped create a legend of Walt's personal life to follow him beyond his death. There is a popular rumor that Walt is cryogenically frozen to be thawed at a later date when a cure for lung cancer is found, that his icy body is submerged in a canister buried in the earth at

Disneyland under Cinderella's castle (Bell, 1966). Bell (1996) argues that even in Walt's death the Disney formula perpetuated itself because, "The legend of a frozen Disney is a representative anecdote of male 'continuing attachments'; his death incomprehensible in 'the logic of fairness' that finds death unthinkable and therefore surmountable for children" (p. 109). Mosley (1985) says the cryogenic mystery still remains, but according to Jackson (1993) it is a fact that Walt Disney was cremated. The funeral was a very private affair (adding to the rumor) the way Walt and his family requested it to be.

Roy kept his promise to Walt and in October, 1971, part of the Florida complex opened. It was not called "Disney World" as planned, instead, Roy insisted it be called "Walt Disney World" so people would know it was Walt's dream come true. Two months after Walt Disney World opened, Roy died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He held onto life long enough to take care of his kid brother's biggest and best dream. Roy seemed to understand that when Walt died, he left more than his family, company and characters. He left his dreams. Zipes (1995) concludes, however, that Disney left dreams that are nice narratives

with the difficult issues of race and ethnicity eliminated so to emphasize shallow personal relationships, heroism, and a simplified nationalism.

Walt's Ghost and a New Corporate Era

Following Walt's death, the company was not profiting in the 1970s prompted by its executives' obsession with judging projects not so much on their creative or artistic merits but rather on the criterion, according to Jackson (1993), "What would Walt have done?" (p. 110). Then in the mid 1980s the studio began to revive with the creation of Touchstone Films and the release of its first film, Splash (1984). The movie division was operated by Walt's son-in-law, Ron Miller, who was CEO in the early 1980s. By introducing a new production label, Disney studios took on more sophisticated film projects. Miller also introduced the Disney Channel to cable television which soon became the fastest growing cable outlet at that time.

A corporate reorganization in 1984 handed the management team to Michael Eisner, former president of Paramount Pictures, who became chairman and chief executive officer of Walt Disney Productions, and Frank Wells, the

former vice chairman of Warner Brothers, who became president and chief operating officer. Taylor (1987) states, "One of the main reasons for Disney's takeover troubles in 1984 was that the management in charge at the time had failed to appreciate the new and harsher investment environment in which all public companies were forced to operate in the 1980s" (p. 243).

Eisner and Wells racked up a string of successes for Disney Productions with the exception of the 1992 Euro Disney crisis. Huey quotes Nanula (one of Eisner's Team Disney) as stating, "We built too big a park, too nice a park, and too expensive a park...then we didn't market it well" (p. 60). Even though Euro Disney failed, Eisner stated (Huey, 1995), "I'm glad we did Euro Disney...everybody should be encouraged to feel that if they make mistakes, its ok...that Euro is a monument to the creativity of the company. But there is a reality known as economics..." (p. 60). Profits and stocks moved steadily upward after the crisis subsided and continue to grow by leaps and bounds to this day. This renewed success prompted Smoodin (1994) to claim, "Disney has had its corporate finger in more sociocultural pies than perhaps any other twentieth

century producer of mass entertainment" (p. 2). And, according to Huey (1995), "Eisner has made his job into the best in the world" (p. 46).

On April 3, 1994, the partnership of Eisner and Wells ended. Wells died suddenly of a heart attack. Huey (1995) explains the magnitude of the loss, "The two executives functioned exceptionally well as a team and Wells was planning to sign a new multi-year contract at the time of his death" (p. 52).

The struggle for corporate power continued at Disney, and there was disagreement about what happened next. It is generally agreed at this juncture that Jeffrey Katzenberg, who headed Disney's filmed-entertainment business for years and who came from Paramount with Eisner, began campaigning for Well's job, and that Eisner let him know early on that he was not going to get it. So Katzenberg quit Disney. With Katzenberg gone, Eisner divided his [Katzenberg's] job--head of all filmed and television entertainment--into several parts creating "Team Disney" (Taylor, 1987) as Eisner and his cohorts soon were known. Bell (1996) writes "the work of animation is, perhaps, more than any other creation, a team effort" (p. 114). Fowler (1991) quotes Pierce as saying, "He [Eisner] has an

uncanny knack for picking very good, intelligent people who not only support him but challenge him to get the job done" (p. 46). But, of course the bottom line--Eisner, like Walt, became Team Disney. He shocked the public when he made them aware of his heart problem stemming from his diagnosis in 1994. Eisner began taking time off and spending more of it with his family. Following a 45-minute-a-day exercise regimen, he lost 13 pounds.

Perhaps the fear of a personal health problem made Eisner even more aware of the Disney legacy in life and death. Eisner was quoted as saying upon entering the gaudy little apartment behind the set of Disneyland (Huey, 1995), "This was Walt's apartment. They've always kept it just like he left it, ever since he died [in 1966]. For a long time even his razor was out on the sink. Weird, huh?" (p. 68).

Disney and Eisner have very similar philosophies. Both believe that while their animated films are primarily geared to the child audience, they needed adult appeal to encourage parents to bring their children back for viewing upon viewing in the theatre and at home on the VCR. Another factor of agreement by these two

men is the filmic construction of the use of villains. Without a "good" guy and a "bad" guy, the Disney formula does not work. They continue to associate evil with dark and good with fair. The casting and fate of their villains brings to life over and over again the ghost of the Disney formula, which remains outside the critical landscape to occupy what is identified or imagined in mass to be a "happy place" and, thus, according to Bell, Haas & Sells (1995), "Disney is the ugly stepsister unfit for the glass slipper of high [film] theory" (p. 3).

The Disney Octopus

The small cartoon shop started by Walt and Roy Disney in 1923, now has approximately 65,000 employees (Huey, 1995). Disneyland celebrated its 40th birthday in 1995, and Walt Disney World in Florida celebrated its 25th birthday in 1996. Fjellman (1992) argues that Walt Disney World is a cultural space that reveals a great deal about late twentieth century constructions of leisure, consumption, family, and nationalism. Perhaps Disney's consumer and corporate octopus is taken for granted by an uninformed public without questioning the ever-increasing stronghold which destroys diversity and individual choice.

Another indication of this stronghold is the fact that consumer parents and their children continue to pack theatres to view the most recent release in 1996 of the 34th animated feature length Disney film, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, and the live action version of 101 Dalmatians. Schickel (1985) accounts, "All his [Disney] films, for the most part, are endlessly rereleasable" (p. 21). Schnickel (1985) adds, "The basis of Disney's gift...was not as is commonly supposed a 'genius' for artistic expression; if he had any genius at all it was for the exploitation of technological innovation" (p. 23).

Disney, with his untrained business ability, created and organized a corporation which now includes multimedia, book publishing, home videos, motion pictures, magazines, cable television, newspapers, music, theme parks, resorts, television stations, radio stations, insurance, gas production and retail outlets. These holdings incorporate (to name only a few) Buena Vista Pictures, Hollywood Pictures, Touchstone Pictures, Miramax Films, the Disney Channel, Nickelodeon and ESPN. On July 31, 1995 Disney disclosed its plan to absorb Capital Cities/ABC Television Network, including radio stations, cable holdings

and publishing assets, at the cost of \$19 billion (see Appendix A for current Disney conglomerate holdings).

The Disney octopus is only one of the four giant corporations who control the major television affiliates. The other three are: (a) General Electric who controls the NBC network, (b) Time Warner who owns Turner Broadcasting to include CNN, and (c) Westinghouse who bought CBS. Thus, by statement of Miller (1996) we are all subjects of a "national entertainment state" (p. 9). Why do these multinational conglomerates constitute a national entertainment state? Because it is unlikely, according to Miller (1995) that "ABC News will ever again do an expose of Disney's practices [ABC's "PrimeTime Live" featured a hard-hitting story, "Tragic Kingdom," on Disney's blithe mistreatment of the land and people where the company has built its sprawling theme parks] since they are now owned by Disney or that any of the others touch the biggest story of them all, i.e., the media monopoly itself" (p. 10). A few corporations have monopolized our culture and may actually usurp it completely if it can be considered true that the future of democracy depends on freedom in the marketplace of ideas.

Eisner, when asked about his vision of a world open to Disney's traditional, non-threatening fare, stated (Naureckas, 1995):

There are many places in the world, like China, India and other places, that do not want to accept programming that has political content. But have no problem with sports and they have no problem with the Disney kind of programming (p. 9).

Naureckas (1995) assesses, "Eisner may have found the key to creating programming that is acceptable to dictatorships around the world, but he clearly doesn't understand the kind of media that a democracy needs" (p. 9).

Disney's global marketing strategy may be manufacturing human consciousness as a saleable commodity—a one-dimensional, bland cultural product making billions of dollars in the process. Disney's marketing strategies appear to reflect his basic beliefs concerning women, men and children.

Mosley (1990) asserted that Walt viewed America as a man's country with women as the second and inferior sex; they were adorable but fallible and unreliable. Therefore, it is easy to understand why Disney structured his films using the patriarchal formula that men deserve power to capture the female or the wealth. Happiness, then, is created for women by men with power. Disney's

reputation as a purveyor of society's dominant family values has created a myth so strong according to O'Brien (1996) that "the story in each of the company's instantly 'classic' feature-length animated films tends to be perceived as the original version of the fairy tale" (p. 179). Campbell (1991) states, "myths and dreams come from the same place...from realizations that find an expression in symbolic form" (p. 41). Campbell (1991) continues, "myth is the public dream and the dream is the private myth" (p. 48). Disney's formula may alter the public and private perceptions of the dream and the myth to "live happily ever after."

Sexism, Ageism, and Communication Theory

Butler and Paisley (1980) remind us, "Sugar and spice and everything nice, that's what little girls are made of...snakes and snails and puppy-dog tails, that's what little boys are made of..." (p. 279). Nursery rhymes and other-than-Disney fairy tales help one to remember that sex role stereotypes have been around much longer than Disney or the mass media. Sex role stereotyping begins with the very young and develops with cognitive sophistication. Age roles of the life cycle are also learned early and confirmed throughout the life span. Hall

(1990) agrees that in one's earliest years there is a tendency to absorb most of our values (e.g. girls learn to be wives, boys learn that strength means suppressing emotions). Are stereotypes of age and gender fed to children in their formative years and digested through mass communication?

Mass Communication, Sex and Age Role Stereotyping, and Children

First, what is meant by mass communication? Littlejohn (1992) defines mass communication as, "The process whereby media organizations produce and transmit messages to large publics and the process by which those messages are sought, used, and consumed by the audience" (p. 25).

Second, Bagdikian (1990) introduces the power of the mass media in communicating ideas through their messages when he states:

Americans, like most people, get images of the world from their newspapers, magazines, radio, television, books, and movies. The mass media become the authority at any given moment for what is true and what is false, what is reality and what is fantasy, what is important and what is trivial...there is no greater force in shaping the public mind (p. xviii).

Children are the present and future public mind of whom Bagdikian speaks and therefore constitute a very special audience. Children observe the raw

material from which they develop their ideas. Sex and age stereotyped media content is observed by children, then learned and utilized to construct individual age and sex roles which serves to develop social awareness and provides the rationale for this research. Wood (1994) argues that the media reproduces cultural definitions of gender by defining what is to be taken for granted. That which is taken for granted is how girls should behave as contrasted to how boys should behave. "Disney stories present powerful and sustained messages about gender and social relations," posit Henke, Umble and Smith (1996, p. 231).

An example of how powerful media message delivery may be is exhibited when Kimball (1986) studied the sex role attitudes of children in three separate communities. The first received no television, the second received only one channel, and the last had access to four channels. A survey given to the children in each region revealed that "children in the communities with television were more stereotyped in their sex role attitudes than were those in the town without television" (as cited in Bretl and Cantor, 1988, p. 608). Furthermore, once television was introduced into the community without television, the children's

attitudes conformed more to the common sex role stereotypes. "The media stifle changing sex role identification" say Butler and Paisley (1980), "it could indeed be that media use causes children to become more stereotyped" (p. 290). Since the media content is more stereotypic than real life, the effect of the media is to make children more age and sex-typed than they would otherwise be. Bate (1988) says also that "stereotyping limits the options of the person who is being stereotyped" (p. 10). For women, the elderly, and minorities, not only does this translate to mean less opportunity and status in society due to negative stereotyping, but it also causes these segments of society to see themselves as inferior. Gerbner (1994) advances that television perpetuates an inequitable—if conventional—gender and age role pattern.

But if the pattern presented in the media is perceived as controversial or going against the norm, then, according to Noelle-Neumann's "spiral of silence" theory (Severin and Tankard, 1992), people remain silent when they feel they are in the minority on a controversial issue. Therefore, the more they remain silent, the more other people feel that a particular point of view is not represented, and

therefore continue their silence. The silence of adults with their children on the controversial issues of age and sex discrimination might lead to reinforcement of what the mass media has to offer and actually strengthen the stereotyped messages of the media due to the parents' silence. The crux of this theory is that individuals mix and confuse what is learned through the media with what is learned through interpersonal channels.

Biased or confused messages received by a child may actually gain increased status because the medium by which it is delivered is so available. Gerbner (1994) relates that media use is a ritual. Most people watch [television] by the clock and not by the program. McLuhan (1964) was first to emphasize that, "the medium is the message" (p. 7). The medium and the message target children. Comstock and Paik (1991) agree that children "are likely to watch more television--more cartoons and violent programs--and are less adroit at processing what is viewed effectively, beliefs and perceptions are more likely to be affected, and are more susceptible to behavioral influence" (p. 6).

To adults, the messages of age and sex roles are bound together, but very

young children have to learn from messages sent from someone (parents) or something (mass media) both what sex they are, what social role their sex is supposed to play, and in which time of life it is appropriate.

Children increase their awareness of stereotypical female and male characteristics between kindergarten and the second grade, level off for a couple years, then again increase, report Butler and Paisley (1980). This means that sixth graders know the stereotypical traits associated with male and female roles nearly as well as adults. Understanding these things is called "gender constancy" and it is observed to occur in a three-step pattern for both girls and boys according to Butler and Paisley (1980). This pattern includes (a) knowing what sex one is, (b) understanding the link between girl/woman or boy/man, and (c) seeing that different appearances or situations do not change one's sex.

Thus, there are three reasons that need be of great importance to parents, media, and researchers alike. First, even if the primary concern is for adult age and sex roles—behaviors associated with one's sex or attitudes about the capabilities and proper roles of the sexes as one ages—adult behaviors and

attitudes do not suddenly materialize on the twentieth birthday. They are built on many years of learning about the world and how it works. Age and sex roles are part of that world. Even very young children often behave according to their impressions of adult sex roles and are quick to assert their attitudes about what girls and boys can and should do, and when and how they are supposed to do it. These early attitudes tend to direct behavior patterns for the rest of one's life.

Second, children's openness to new information and influence during their formative years makes them either an audience of special risk to be protected or an audience of special opportunity to be exploited. Children begin viewing television and videos played at home on the television set several years before they begin reading and before they can even talk. This medium links the child to a larger, synthetic world, a world of the medium's own making. Seeing children as a target audience provides a rare point of agreement between media moguls and social reformers. Butler and Paisley (1980) state, "Media sees children as consumers, reformers hope to divert children away from sex role stereotypes before stereotypic thinking becomes deeply rooted" (p. 279).

Third, if one wants to know whether and how the mass media affects sex roles, perceptions, and expectations of self and others, it makes sense to look first for these effects where they are best found. If the mass medias' stereotypic content affects anyone, surely it affects those who are just forming their impressions of age and sex roles and are most vulnerable to socialization messages.

What does media content containing these socialization messages mean to society and especially to children? One mass communication theory dealing with the content of mass communication is "semiotics." Littlejohn (1992) explains, "semiotics is a tool for analyzing what the content of media messages mean" (p. 346). Gerbner (1988a) contends, "One cannot presume consequences, as the conventional research paradigm tends to do, without the prior investigation of content" (p. 4).

Gerbner (1993) describes what media messages may mean to children:

A child today is born into a home in which television is on an average of seven hours a day. For the first time in human history, most of the stories about people, life and values are told not by

parents, schools, churches, or others in the community who have something to tell, but by a group of distant conglomerates that have something to sell (p. 1).

What the Media is Selling Children

Exactly what is the media selling children? Information compiled to address this question can be divided into two distinct categories--casting and fate according to Gerbner (1993). First, casting defines the pool of human or animal characters from which stories are told and the images that are drawn in the media. Cartoon characters make up most of the Saturday morning cast when children are most frequently watching and programming is specifically aimed for the young. According to Gerbner, in his report to the Screen Actors Guild and the American Federation of Radio and Television Artists (1993), women are less than one-fourth of the Saturday morning cast. Their percentage ranges between 16 and 27 percent. As major characters, their percentage goes down to 18. Ke-Yi Lu (1993) concludes that there are definite differences between the sex role portrayals of men and women in television commercials. Older females advertise household and feminine products and are seen indoors and are often shown as overweight. Males are depicted outside the home and usually represent car, beer, medicine, or

recreational products and are seldom considered overweight even though they may not be classified as "thin". There are different weight and age standards for the genders. Male and female characters are portrayed in commercials as different in levels or status of employment (female, slender=submissive roles, male, muscular=dominant roles). In advertising, Courtney and Whipple (1983) found that "sexual and erotic images are the single most prominent characteristic of advertising" (as cited in Wood, 1994, p. 250).

Why do advertisers continue to exhibit women in a stereotypical manner? Money is the obvious answer. Craig (1992) assures that "businesses rely on the consumer adherence to these stereotypes to sell their products" and the "marketing strategy behind many products...is tied to the exploitation of gender-specific behaviors." Craig (1992) continues by stating "the reinforcement of traditional gender stereotypes has an important economic motivation for business and this is seen nowhere better than in the portrayals used in television commercials" (p. 210). Children are bombarded with what is included in, or what is left out of, program and commercial messages and images. They are

psychologically, if not literally, buying what a conglomerate money monger wants to sell and are especially vulnerable. Media images and messages are often cited as a significant factor for the recent rise of anorexia, bulimia, and other eating disorders in girls (and boys) as young as seven and eight years of age (Bowen-Woodward, 1989; Kubersky, 1992; Maloney & Kranz, 1991). Children are surrounded by extremely unrealistic pictures of thin women, women whose diets and natural body shapes will never be possible for the vast majority according to Maloney & Kranz (1991). But, television and the print media send powerful messages of how one should look (Kubersky, 1992). It is very difficult for a child to feel good about herself when she has a body shape or weight that goes against the advertised, unattainable "norm." One's natural health does not seem to be of concern in most media messages unless the commercial is to sell a health product.

Healthy elderly characters are almost invisible to children unless they play the "bad guys" because advertisers don't believe this age group buys products (with the exception of laxatives, denture adhesives, etc.). Their percentage of

appearance on a Saturday morning nine-year average is 2.3%. Gerbner (1993) emphasizes, "Importance [in the cartoons] declines with age as well as gender" (p. 3). Gerbner (1993) also states that "cable-originated children's programs present a slightly more equitable gender, race and disability character distribution, but otherwise, they resemble the Saturday morning cast" (p. 4).

Second, the dynamics of fate indicates the destiny associated with different social types and their evaluation as "good" or "bad," "successful" or "unsuccessful." Disabled and older characters fare worse in children's programming than in prime time. Children's program characters are more sharply differentiated with fewer mixed evaluations as to "good" or "evil" than in prime time television. Gerbner states, "When we look at gender evaluation by age, however, we discover that older women in children's programs bear a disproportionate burden of negative characteristics" (p. 5). Gerbner (1993) explains that while the ratio of "good" characters to "bad" is generally favorable to women, the evaluations are reversed for "elderly" women. The proportion of "bad" old females is more than eight times that of "bad" old males. How does the

television version compare to studies of real life women of age? Research by Anderson and Stewart (1994) indicates, "At midlife women see themselves not as misfits, but as women living on the edge of cultural change" (p. 143).

The child viewer may see three mature men involved in romance for every mature woman, but never a romantically involved older woman. Character population is structured to provide an abundance of younger women for older men, however. Gerbner (1994) suggests that given such a cast, the stories that can be best told are stories of power and conflict, stories in which older characters (especially women) are most likely to end up as victims. Women on television also "age faster" than men. Gerbner (1994) explains that mature female characters are more likely to be cast for older roles than male characters of the same chronological age and body build. So what of the destiny of older women characters and their representation to the children's audience?

All women confront the "happily-ever-after" life promised by the fairy tales and beloved by many little girls and boys. The dream is the mandate all dressed up in the guise of romance. The dream, itself, has remained central for

many women--and for good reason. Hopes and dreams are as important to life as food and water, and it is from fairy tales and other dreamy stories of success, approval, and even adulation that women acquire the raw material for their aspirations. Anderson and Stewart (1994) state, "Giving up the [societal] 'dream' of 'happily ever after' is a truly painful rite of passage...because there have never been acceptable alternative paths for women, giving up the dream can feel like stepping into an abyss" (p. 83). Anderson and Stewart (1994) have found, however, that the dream could reappear in a more realistic form and again become a part of life, but that the more mature women's happiness does not depend on the "dream." Giving up the dream for many older women is not acceptance of deprivation but, rather, an affirmation of the self.

Married characters--potential father and mother images--are depicted less than half as often in Saturday morning cartoons as in prime time television fare. Gerbner (1993) expounds, "Mother figures in leading roles--married, elderly, settled women--and major African American female characters, few as they are, are [portrayed] among the most wicked" (p. 5). What might the older female

portrayal as the "wicked witch" teach children? Roberts (1985) states that in society past and present, "...taking personal responsibility [for social problems] involves maturity, objectivity, and discriminating thought...so scapegoating through blaming someone like the 'witches' has always been easier" (p. 153).

As to "winning" and "losing" in children's television, Gerbner says "to be cast as an older woman or a mentally ill character in children's programs is to run the highest risk of ill fate on television" (p. 6). Overall, more older women are losers not winners and portray the victims of the victimizers.

Children and Media Violence

Gerbner (1993) states, "...the world of children's programming is, in fact, the harshest and most exploitive. The inequities of prime time are magnified on Saturday morning. Cartoon humor appears to be the sugar coating on the pill of cool, happy violence" (p. 7). In Gerbner, Morgan, and Signorielli's (1993), Television Violence Profile No. 16, it is stated:

Television did not invent the [violence] formula. But, unlike other media, it requires no literacy, comes into the home, and its relatively non-selective viewing ritual starts in infancy. Children are its captive audience (p. 9).

Stereotypes, old or new, place woman and those of age in a passive position, defined by abstract prescriptions, to which they must conform or risk attack by the stereotyping group. Malamuth (1987) indicates there are avenues by which cultural forces such as the media may change a person's intermediate responses and how such change may ultimately affect his or her own aggressive behavior under some circumstances. Gerbner's (1988a) research shows that in prime time "crime is at least ten times as rampant as in the real world and an average of five to six acts of overt physical violence per hour menace over half of all major characters" (p. 4). If a young person becomes more tolerant of violence against women and other children as a result of media exposure and/or other contributing causal factors, the reduction of antisocial behavior, therefore, requires attention to all contributing factors, including the mass media.

Comstock (1989) claims that children as young as preschoolers can learn new aggressive behaviors from as little as a single exposure to a brief symbolic portrayal and that aggressive behavior appears particularly likely to be learned. Even children between one and two years of age react to particular characters and

events by imitation, pointing, verbal labeling, and selective attention. Thus, heavy exposure to television violence conceivably may desensitize children beginning at a very young age to the negative consequences of real-life violence.

What about adolescents and teens? Hearold (1986) reports "by high-school graduation, the average child has witnessed 18,000 murders and countless highly detailed incidents of robbery, arson, bombing, forgery, smuggling, beating, and torture" (p. 67). She also states that by the time a child has graduated from high school, she or he has accumulated more television viewing hours than hours of formal classroom instruction and that the average 18-year-old has spent more than two years of their lives in front of television sets with more than 50 years in which to view still ahead.

There is another way that violent media affects society and children globally. Violent television programs are created as a useful "product" to be packaged and sold to broadcasters in other countries. Unlike humor, violence travels well, but most of all, it is useful for delivering to advertisers audiences who are in the proper mindset for commercial messages. It appears to be

obvious that television and the media contribute to or "cultivate" viewer conceptions or stereotypes of personal and social realities concerning children, women and the elderly.

Cultivation Analysis

Gerbner's cultivation analysis points out that the effect of television viewing exposure does produce "cultivation" or the teaching of a common world view, common roles, and common values among the masses. The cultivation process attempts to understand and explain the dynamics of television as the distinctive and dominant cultural force of our age. The cultivation of attitudes from viewing television is measured by whether one is a light, moderate, or heavy viewer.

Gerbner's research finds a significant positive relationship between the amount of television viewing and people's perceptions. Heavy viewers are more likely than light viewers to think that elderly people (because of under representation in the media) are disappearing in society even though more of the population than ever before in history is turning "baby boomer" 50.

The impact of television images on individual viewers (especially children) in society is indicated by Gerbner's Cultural Indicators Project, which was funded in 1967 but began in the Eisenhower administration, and suggests that television contains a common set of themes about appropriate and inappropriate social relations and behaviors. These reflect cultural values and cultivate the belief that the patterns shown in the mass media are normative. Gerbner (1986) indicates, "We have found that the cultural tidal wave, that is, television, cultivates viewer conceptions of reality and shifts political orientations and--vocal claims to the contrary--generates conformity and intolerance of differences" (p. 372). Because television contains a consistent set of messages, viewers from varied social backgrounds come to share a common set of beliefs. This common set of beliefs is called "mainstreaming." Viewers (especially heavy viewers) live in the mainstream of the television world. Viewers are also especially likely to respond to themes and messages congruent with their everyday experience or are perceived as highly realistic. This process of response is labeled "resonance." When television resonates with real life, its messages have a double impact on the

viewer. The addition of mainstreaming and resonance to cultivation theory is a substantial modification of the original theory. The theory no longer claims uniform, across-the-board effects of television on all heavy viewers. Instead, it claims that television interacts with other variables in ways such that television viewing will have strong effects on some subgroups of persons and not on others.

Despite the large data set supporting the theory, the cultivation effect has encountered several challenges. Hughes (1980) and Hirsh (1980) reanalyzed data from the National Opinion Research Center (NORC) General Social Survey used in the original research and failed to support the core assumptions of cultivation theory. Hughes (1980) reports that television may actually cultivate realistic and functional perceptions of the world. It is also argued that major assumptions of cultivation theory may be correct, but the procedures used to study it may be incapable of uncovering the effect. Hughes (1980) suggests that the measures of heavy viewing only relate to total exposure to television, not specifically to what is watched. Hawkins and Pingree (1982) conclude there is modest evidence to support the influence of television viewing on perceptions of reality. They

suggest this influence is strongest for violent programs. Potter (1986) tests "perceived reality" which is the degree of reality that people "see" in mediated messages. This factor is more psychological in nature than variables used in the previous tests of the theory. Bryant (1986) interprets cultivation research to have greater concern with impact than with processes. Chen and Guo (1995) attempt to reconceptualize the cultivation effect as a two-level phenomenon (societal and personal) by applying an impersonal impact model to the main dependent variable, the Mean World Syndrome. Their findings postulate that the cultivation effect occurs only at the societal, not the personal, level.

Even if one accepts every criticism of cultivation analysis as valid, Gerbner (1986) projects that, for most viewers, new types of delivery systems (e.g., cable, satellite, and VCRs) signal even further penetration and integration of established viewing patterns into everyday life.

Symbolism and Society

Television is a centralized system of narrative story telling. The narratives of a culture cultivate the social relationships within that society. Fisher (1989)

argues that people reason through narratives and referred to this mode of reasoning as the "narrative paradigm" (p. 55). Gerbner (1986) adds, "Television is the source of the most broadly shared images and messages in history...a common symbolic environment into which our children are born and in which we all live out our lives" (p. 17). Eisler (1995) agrees, "The human psyche seems to have a built-in need for a system of stories and symbols that 'reveal' to us the order of the universe and tell us what our place within it is" (p. 183).

Gerbner (1994) also warns that "symbolic annihilation" is the price paid for depiction of gender and age in children's entertainment. By cultivating conventional conceptions of women, older people, minorities, violence, occupations, status or position, romantic involvement, weight, etc., television messages contribute to the maintenance of specific power hierarchies. Mass produced messages are used as fundamental mechanisms of social control by their exclusion, rather than inclusion, of certain segments of society.

Hall (1990) reinforces this idea stating that the quality of our lives is determined in large part by the values we self-consciously select and

unconsciously internalize. Perpetuation of these values is ensured through the process of socialization. Families mediate the values of society. Parents consciously and unconsciously select the values they communicate to their children, who, because of their dependence, become participants in the parentally dominated family subculture. Hall (1990) states, "We do not inherit gender-based social differences and expectations, but rather are socialized into them" (p. 25). Children, perhaps more easily than adults, develop a dependency on media information to meet needs and to attain goals. Ball-Rokeach and DeFleur (1976) claim the "greater the need the stronger the dependency in such matters, thus, the greater the likelihood that the information supplied will alter various forms of audience cognition, feelings, and behavior" (p. 8). The "dependency" theory, as it is called by communication theorists, proposes an integral relationship among audiences, media, and the larger social system, and very likely impacts children's choices on cognitive, affective, and behavioral levels. They will learn to depend on certain information (to meet needs) and the source (to attain goals) for the entirety of their life span.

Family Influence on Children

Can children depend on the family as their main source of socialization in present day society? Coontz (1996) contends:

Today a majority of mothers, including those with preschool children, work outside the home. Fifty percent of the children live with both biological parents, almost one quarter live with single parents, and more than twenty-one percent are in step families, three-quarters of today's 18-24 year olds have never been married, while almost fifty percent of all first marriages--and sixty percent of remarriages--will end in divorce...less than one-quarter of contemporary marriages are supported by one wage earner (p. 41).

Comstock and Paik (1991) reject the contention by some in the television and advertising community, "that the responsibility for how young viewers respond to television rests entirely with parents" (p. 312). Parents can only work with what they are provided by television. Comstock and Paik (1991) do remind parents (a) to set guidelines for when, how much and what is viewed, (b) encourage viewing of superior fiction and nonfiction, however they define the quality, and (c) make their views known about programs viewed, the behavior portrayed and the values implied.

However, if one accepts Coontz's statistics concerning the present family structure, one might be tempted to assume that more children are being taught their age and gender values by the television set rather than by a parent(s) because of real or perceived lack of time and need for money. If this is true, then what can we predict our future society to be? Eisler (1995) believes, "The direction of cultural evolution (including whether a social system is warlike or peaceful) depends on whether we have a 'partnership' or 'dominator' social structure" (p. 28). Eisler claims that throughout history, the partnership structure is one which identifies with the female and the dominator structure identifies with the male. She states, "The two basic human types are male and female...the way the relationship between women and men is structured is thus a basic mode for human relations" (p. 168). Jansen (1996) identifies a current international gender order stating "ideas about adventure, civilization, progress, risk, trust, and security are all legitimized by certain kinds of macho values and behavior, which makes them so potent in relations between governments" (p. 137). "When gender no longer functions as a prison within society," projects Coontz (1996), "then and

and only then will we be able to accept as given fact that we are male or female in exactly the same sense that we accept as given fact that we are human" (p. 223).

Children, Aging, and Media Messages

Basic human relationships and behavior are being affected by global, ageist media message content. Aging, like sex role definition, is a process that starts with birth and continues through life. Images in the media cultivate our concept of what is "old" and form the age roles we assume to be true. Gerbner (1994) indicates that mass media are the most ubiquitous wholesalers of age roles in industrial societies. His research did not find watching television to be associated with any real positive images in prime time of older people which resonates with the previous discussion of children's programming.

A valid example of ageist bias in prime time programming might be "Murder She Wrote." It was rated in the top ten for nine of the twelve seasons (1984-1996) it was on the air. But, while having the highest rating in its time slot, it generated the lowest ad revenue in that time slot. Why? According to Taylor (1995), " Too much of its audience fell on the wrong side of 50...blame the

victim?'...for the most part, television programs exist not because the networks want to win viewers, but because the networks want to win advertisers" (p. 40).

Gerbner (1994) iterates that these patterns are the creation of a system of broadcasting and of story-telling with deep historical and commercial roots within society. Advertisers believe that older viewers (a) don't spend money, (b) don't change brands, and (c) don't respond to ads. Taylor (1995) states, "In advertising these days the credo is '18-49' rules" (p. 40). David Poltrack, CBS's Executive Vice President for planning and research states according to Taylor (1995):

Phone interviews conducted one night following the 8 p.m. viewing of "Murder She Wrote" comprised people who tend to try different brands called 'experimenters'...and [found] that older viewers had as good or better recollection of the commercials they saw during the program...yet, the myths about older viewers remain (p. 41).

Culturally, age is treated as a resource to be distributed as other resources are distributed, along lines of income, status and power. Bagdikian (1990) reports that even though there are three national television networks, it is difficult to distinguish anything individual about any one station. "It has been observed," he states, "the three networks are one network in triplicate...this sameness...is a

result of the dynamics of advertising, designed to reach as many people as possible" (p. 132). The rich diversity of our culture is at least being threatened and at most being denied the viewing public when triangulation of the networks occurs simply to sell products. Schiller (1996) reinforces this idea:

Packaged consciousness--a one-dimensional, smooth-edged cultural product--is made by the ever-expanding goliaths of the message and image business. Gigantic entertainment-information complexes exercise a near-seamless and unified private corporate control over what we think, and think about. The national symbolic environment has been appropriated by a few corporate juggernauts in the consciousness business (p. 16).

Schiller's indictment of the "corporate octopus" going by the name of media networks, may bring to mind the "Marxist" theory which plays a prominent role in communication literature since the 1980s. The main focus of the Marxist theory is the distribution of power in society and the domination of certain interests over others. Gerbner (1992) confirms:

I think that if Marx were alive today, he would say 'electronic mass media are the opiate of the people.' In his day, even a century or so before him, only the church could act as the cultural arm of the state. Today it is television, we must develop a marketing strategy which does not monopolize the development of consciousness [for the future] (Closepet & Tsui, p. 44).

The media hegemony theory is rooted in the ideas of Marxist economics. Littlejohn (1992) defines hegemony as the domination of a false ideology or way of thinking over other ways of understanding. The concept of hegemony is that the ideas and attitudes of the ruling class in society become the ruling ideas and attitudes. The mass media is seen as controlled by the dominant class in society and held together by multinational conglomerates which exert control of that class over the remaining segments of society. Media hegemony claims that the media content is geared toward the requirements of capitalist ideology.

Allen (1991) alerts, "No solution to democratic inadequacies of the communications system can come through the corporate media" (p. 34). Why? To remain in power the corporate media must continue to dominate the communications system, thereby forcing their interests over individual democracy. Not only is individual freedom to choose programming at stake, so is the choice of how individual pocket books are being taxed. Gerbner (1993b) relates "the entire [conglomerate] operation is funded by a levy hidden in the price of goods we buy, assessed on everyone who uses any advertised product

(without representation, one must say), whether or not we need or use the media that it finances" (p. 368). Gerbner further claims that television viewers pay when they "wash" not when they "watch."

Agenda Setting and Media Control

Lippman (1922), and Shaw & McCombs (1977) have determined that mass media influence public opinion through their role as gatekeepers. The "agenda setting" function most generally applies to journalists who endow the news worthiness of issues through their selection and display of the news. Agenda setting, therefore, is the process whereby salient issues or images are established in the minds of the public. As a result, media journalists influence audiences' views about what the important topics of the day are to be. The agenda-setting function contains a three part linear process to include (a) media agenda, (b) public agenda, and (c) policy agenda. Perhaps, the agenda setting function now extends beyond the news to apply to all network programming. When and if this programming is chosen for its' advertising value alone without consideration for any other factor, could this be considered the ultimate agenda

setting function? One way Wood (1994) suggests women can advance their status and portrayal on television (especially in commercial advertisements) is to get more women of all ages, sizes and shapes in executive positions at television networks and advertising agencies thus allowing women to become their own "gatekeepers" of status and information. Under the present circumstances, Wood's suggestion may be very difficult to accomplish. The main reason, aside from traditional stereotyping of females and/or discriminative hiring practices, is that the information being replicated by network cloning may currently create total control of agenda setting power over its public. Nolan A. Bowie, Visiting Lecturer in Public Policy at Harvard University, answers in "The Nation" (June 3, 1996), "It doesn't make a lot of difference that these media conglomerates have different names and different external appearances, for they share values and perspectives that guarantee cloned information" (p. 20).

Bagdikian explores this idea further by advocating that advertising has produced remarkable profits for large operators in industry and the media, but it has had profound social costs. Bagdikian (1990) warns:

It is not simple moral perversity that keeps sex and violence on the air and serious subjects off...it is television executives' desire to maintain as large an audience as possible for as long as possible for the purpose of selling goods and services (p. 182-3).

Bagdikian (1996) sends an even stronger message:

A few combinations of high-tech corporations already are organizing to inundate the world populations with what come to them as second nature, making maximum profits through their closely held control of the coming world cultural and informational systems. Second nature also is their goal--to shape the global message with a view to creating mass conditioning of the young and the old on every continent (p. 7).

In summary, what mass communication is teaching children has been reviewed in current literature in this chapter to include: (a) the history of Disney; (b) sex and age role stereotyping; (c) what the media is selling children (i.e., consumerism, violence, cultivation of a common worldview [eliminating cultural diversity and creativity]); (d) media symbolism that creates the values of a society regardless of family curtailment of media viewing (e. g., certain segments of society excluded because of sex, age, race); (e) and that media control continues to be strengthened by the proliferation of media mergers which shape the agenda of what individuals within the audience view and do not view and how and when they view it.

These areas of concern are, and will continue into the twenty-first century to be, of utmost importance to every individual who lives within the ever-increasing global environment of society. As Eisler (1995) warns, "Lest we forget each of us can make a difference, that, in the end, the choice of what kind of world we live in is up to every one of us" (p. 214). How can this research help individual choices within the global environment?

There is a need to apply systematic analysis concerning the conventional assumptions regarding age and gender to what previously has not been scrutinized by a valid research construct. The next chapter answers the question, "Has the Disney formula negative or positive implications in the perpetuation of age and gender bias and stereotyping beginning with the very young?" If implications are found to be positive, the status quo will be reinforced, that Disney products are mainly wholesome family entertainment safely enjoyable by children of all ages. If implications are found to be negative, based on anecdotal and fragmentary evidence, this research will serve as an avenue of awareness to create a more informed individual choice concerning one's cultural environment.

CHAPTER 3

RESEARCH METHOD AND DESIGN

Consistent with the purpose of this study, research is designed to systematically test the conventional assumptions, based on anecdotal and fragmentary evidence, that Disney products are mainly wholesome family entertainment, safely enjoyable by children of all ages.

Research Construct

The overall scope of the research design is critical analysis. Littlejohn (1992) projects "criticism involves the application of values to make judgments for the purpose of accomplishing positive change" (p. 238). In line with his definition, critical analysis is presented in this study to mean that (a) critical analysis is beneficial to explain social phenomena, (b) it is not limited to media hegemony but extends to the economic base which determines the social structure in a society, and (c) rather than merely producing radical, epistemological ideology, a workable future application is prescribed. This research recognizes that communication forms define culture. As a researcher in this culture,

according to Hall (1989), one believes critical theory and analysis to be an "activity that is the deconstructive/constructive task of open theorizing to which our genuine vocation as organic intellectuals, as critical scientists in the best sense, summons us, the 'activity' is the activity of going on thinking" (p. 52).

Within the construct of critical analysis, three methods are employed here. First, historical analysis, to examine the chronological history of Walt Disney and Disney Productions, providing a sound and rich foundation for understanding the study. Second, content analysis, chosen because it is recognized as a powerful and valuable research technique for (a) making "objective, systematic, and usually quantitative" (Kaid & Wadsworth, 1989) descriptions of communication content and (b) "making replicable and valid inferences" from data analyzed within the context from which the communication occurs (Krippendorf, 1980). For these reasons content analysis is employed by a large percentage of mass, political, and public communication studies surveyed. Berelson (1952) states, "Content analysis is a research technique for the objective, systematic, and quantitative description of the manifest content of communication" (p. 18). Thus,

content analysis is a particularly useful research methodology to examine, describe, and systematically assess conventional assumptions concerning Disney video content. Third, comparative analysis, is applied to compare and contrast the textual and contextual similarities and/or alterations within the popular versions of classic fairy tales with Disney versions.

Content Analysis

Sample

Content analysis methodology commences with the formulation of a hypothesis, research question, or, in this study, a critical rationale. Additional procedures include (a) selection of the sample to be analyzed; (b) definition of the categories to be applied; (c) outline of the coding process and training the coders who will implement it; (d) implementation of the coding process; (e) determination of reliability and validity; and (f) analyzing the results of the coding process (Kaid and Wadsworth, 1989, p. 199).

Seven recent animated Disney videos were chosen for sample analysis of age and gender depiction to include: The Little Mermaid, Aladdin, Beauty and

the Beast, Snow White, Cinderella, The Lion King, and Pocahontas. This sample is desirable because the videos were released or re-released to the public during the 1989-1995 time period. They are the most profitable Disney videos up to and including 1995. They are most profitable not because of box-office ticket sales alone, but because of the sales volume of timely video release/re-release and product marketing strategies.

Categories

The recording instrument was derived from Gerbner's (1994) Cultural Indicators Project Code Book and was revised to reflect the measurable attributes of the message content for this research. The categories are: (a) Program characteristics which include tone of scene, place of major action, date of major action, and setting of major action; (b) Program themes including war, financial stress/success, violence, science/technology, education, health and medicine, religion, family, leisure/recreation/sports and physical culture/folk culture, nature, supernatural, minority groups, death or dying, romantic/sexual interaction, and friendship; (c) Interpersonal relationships are coded using two dimensions. One

identifies the type of relationship and the other identifies the level of attention within each relationship: businesslike, friendly, hostility/tension, intimacy (sexual) qualities and their impact in the scene: no relationship, relationship incidental or significant, relationship as outstanding feature.

Major characters are those who play leading roles representing the principal types essential to the story. The story will not be the same if these characters are omitted. On average, there are usually no more than three or four major characters in each program. The categories incorporated into the major characters coding include (a) Demographics divided into humanity, gender, age category, social age, race, ethnicity, citizenship, country of origin, religious affiliation, socioeconomic status, field of activity, occupation/vocation, portrayal of occupation, role, and character type; (b) Goals comprising status/position, personal happiness, personal safety/security for self, safety/security for others, family happiness, happiness of others, intimate relationship, gender equality, racial/ethnic/social class equality, human rights/freedoms, preserving nature, achievement, justice, health/recovery from disease, wealth, and success; (c)

Health to include physical handicap, physical illness, physical injury, mental illness, medicinal/magic potent, illicit drug/magic potent, tobacco, alcohol, sight impairment, character's weight, and character's family; (d) Family activities made up of working, homemaking, playing/singing, education/study, chatting/relaxing, eating, sleeping, quarreling/fighting without violence, housing situation, cohabitants, marital status, homemaker, parents, adopted, sexual orientation, and romantic involvement; (e) Sexual interaction comprising nature of sexual interaction, relevance of sexual interaction to character, tone of character's sexual interaction, and violence/sexual interaction.

Minor characters are speaking characters in the program or non-speaking characters if that character is dramatically significant and is clearly shown to be unable or unwilling to speak (e.g. characters like the "magic carpet" that communicate through pantomime or sign language, non-humanized animals, plants or objects) not determined to be major characters. Minor characters are coded for incidental to scene, humanity, gender, age category, social age, race, ethnicity, citizenship, country of origin, religious affiliation, socioeconomic

status, field of activity, occupation/vocation, role, character type, angry character, success, cohabitants, homemaker, adopted, marital status, nature of sexual interaction, and violence/sexual interaction.

Quantification of the variables selected by the researcher is accomplished through calculating the overall frequency of age and gender depiction within the categories as assessed by the coders. Thus, the 93 original variables coded within the above categories are narrowed to encompass one variable from each category for a total of seven. These variables include: age, gender, violence, status or position, role, romantic involvement, and weight.

Coding Procedures

The coding process of the significant sample was conducted by two independent coders--one female and one male--and structured to assess the content of age and gender messages communicated within the context of seven classic Disney fairy tales. The coders were two graduate students in political and mass communication.

The code sheet and the accompanying written code book are similar to

the recording instrument utilized by the Cultural Indicators Project developed by the Annenberg School for Communication, University of Pennsylvania, revised in November, 1994, and further modified for the purposes of this study. The code sheets and code book are included in Appendix B.

Training of Coders

During the training session, the researcher discussed the general purposes of the study, had each coder read the code book and code sheets, then explained the categories and procedures for coding. Ample time for questions from the coders was allowed. After it was apparent the coders understood the definition and application of the coding instrument, a scene from a Disney video was shown to practice using the code book in coordination with the code sheets. The instruction, designed to explain the categories and the variables within each category, was discussed to provide immediate feedback, assess any difficulties, and to further clarify the definitions. Each coder was instructed to code three different videos each plus one coded by both to assess intercoder reliability. Deadlines for completion of the coding process were discussed and scheduled.

Calculation of Intercoder Reliability

Because of the magnitude of the message coding instrument, a convenient sample of approximately ten percent of the total program scenes was conducted by the two independent coders. In this case the video, Aladdin, was chosen with 28 (slightly over 10% of the total) scenes to test intercoder reliability. Using Holsti's (1968) formula, overall intercoder reliability was calculated to be .98. As coefficients of .80 or above are considered reliable according to Kaid & Wadsworth (1989), it is apparent that intercoder reliability tested high (see Appendix C for categorical intercoder reliability calculations).

Assessing Validity

Because the sample video scenes were not randomly drawn, the results of this study cannot be generalized to a larger Disney video population. The results are utilized to describe this particular sample only. Measurement of validity can be verified since the recording instrument from the Cultural Indicators Project (Gerbner, 1994) was utilized. In addition to the content validity of the instrument, internal validity will be assessed by the verisimilitude of the obtained results.

Analysis of Coding Results

Analysis of the coding results is achieved by using the Statistical Package for the Social Sciences (SPSS) computer software. Each of the seven Disney videos is considered a program within the sample. The coded sample yielded a total of 259 scenes (derived from the seven videos, "Aladdin" was tabulated twice for two coders) with a total of 1010 character appearances or cases. The number of character appearances is tabulated by scene. The "cannot codes" are collapsed in each category to assure an accurate representation of the character appearances from the coding results. This researcher ran frequency counts from the raw data for each character according to the coded character appearances within 1010 scenes. A character profile was created for every major and minor character within each of the seven Disney videos. Thus, the "character" becomes the main unit of this content or message analysis.

Tables have been constructed for clear access to numbers and percentages obtained from bivariate cross tabulations of the characters: all, major, and minor (See Tables 1-46 in Appendix C).

Comparative Textual and Contextual Analysis

To examine, describe, and assess the positive and/or negative implications of conventional assumptions that Disney products are mainly wholesome family entertainment safely enjoyable by children of all ages, analysis of textual and contextual comparisons and contrasts are based on anecdotal and fragmentary evidence. O'Brien (1996) argues that " through careful control of textual and contextual information, Disney has created a mythic image of all Disney productions as wholesome, family entertainment for children of all ages" (p. 155). Therefore, the script of each of the seven Disney videos is compared and contrasted to another popular version of the classic fairy tale. Disney adaptations or alterations in the story line as to age and gender depiction may lay groundwork for the claim that these changes were motivated by the powerful media money making formula to sell goods to children or to anyone who will buy (Gerbner, 1993a).

Sample

The determination of the popular version of each video is conveniently

based on this author's unstructured interviews with three children's librarians in separate libraries. Their answer to the question, "Which popular version (excluding Disney) of each of the seven fairy tales is read in the library and/or checked out from the library most often by children (or by parents for children)?" was unscientifically tabulated and utilized. These suggestions led to the choices referred to as the "popular" version used for this study.

In the case of The Little Mermaid the popular version is written by the originator of the fairy tale or folklore, Hans Christian Andersen. Beauty and the Beast is in The Provensen Book of Fairy Tales and written by Andrew Lang. The popular and unique Cinderella, is a version of the story dating back to Tang dynasty (618-907 A.D.) entitled: Yeh-shen: A Cinderella Story from China. Another popular Cinderella story considered but not chosen for this research is the Grimms Brothers version. However, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs is taken from one of the Grimms Brothers popular adaptations retold by Louise Betts Egan. Aladdin is compared to a popular version entitled: Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp by Andrew Lang. Pocahontas, the only Disney video in

this study based on a real rather than a fictional character, is compared and contrasted to Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire's story telling. The Lion King appears to have no singular popular version. The text for the Disney film is constructed from several African tales or folklore, none of which has the same title. Thus, this Disney text cannot be compared to a popular version.

Copies of the Disney stories adapted from the original video script and the popular version of six classic fairy tales are included in Appendix E. Detection of comparisons and contrasts or alterations are made more accessible to scrutiny by printing the story texts side by side showing both the Disney script and the popular version on the same page. A discussion of the textual and contextual contrasts and/or alterations is included in Chapter 5 of this dissertation.

The methodology presented in this study applies systematic analysis concerning the conventional assumptions regarding age and gender to what previously has not been scrutinized by a valid research construct. Second, it provides the methods to answer the question: "Has the Disney formula negative or positive implications in the perpetuation of age and gender bias and

stereotyping beginning with the very young? Third, if found to have positive implications, conventional assumptions can be reinforced--that Disney products are mainly wholesome family entertainment safely enjoyable by children of all ages. If found to have negative implications based on anecdotal and fragmentary evidence, this research will serve to inform the buying public what influences are being communicated to children by Disney adaptations of seven classic fairy tales thereby creating an avenue of greater awareness and a more informed choice.

CHAPTER 4

ANALYSIS OF RESULTS

The seven Disney videos analyzed for their message content include:

Aladdin, Beauty and the Beast, Cinderella, The Lion King, The Little Mermaid, Pocahontas, and Snow White. Results indicate a total of six major female characters and 13 major male characters in the seven videos. Males appear in major roles more than twice as often as females. Major males are depicted as older (most often in the 18-24 age category) than the major females (depicted most often in the 12-17 age category).

Minor roles display a total of 14 female characters as compared to 66 male characters indicating almost a 3 to 1 ratio of gender depiction. Age is more evenly distributed within the age categories between minor male and female characters.

The total number of characters (major and minor) appearing in the Disney videos is 30 female characters and 79 male characters making a grand total of 109 characters. There are 259 scenes within which the major and minor and speaking

characters appear 1010 times. The newly released videos contain a larger percentage of the total number of characters than the earlier releases (ex: Beauty and the Beast, n = 20; Snow White, n = 11). A character list sheet for each video including major, minor, speaking, and non-speaking characters catalogued by their appearance in each video with a short character description is included in Appendix D.

Tables

The original 93 variables measured within this study were narrowed to seven to include these categories and the variable: Program themes (violence), Goals (status or position), Demographics (age, gender, role), Sexual Interaction (romantic involvement), and Health (weight).

Message analysis yielding the content results of seven Disney videos is tabulated by (a) all characters by video; (b) all characters by age and gender; (c) age and gender by major and minor characters; (d) all characters, major and minor characters by violence (perpetrators of violence, victims of violence, both perpetrators and victims of violence); (e) all characters, major and minor

characters by status or position (minor, important, or main goal); (f) all characters, major and minor characters by role (mostly light-comic, mixed-unclear, mostly serious); (g) all characters, major and minor characters by romantic involvement (not involved romantically, involved romantically); and (h) all characters, major and minor characters by weight (slender, normal, overweight-obese). The bivariate cross tabulations are represented in table format (Tables 1-46) in Appendix C.

Description and Interpretation

All Characters by Video (Table 1)

Aladdin. Jasmine is the one female major character in this video. The plot centers around her (and her father, the Sultan's) search for Jasmine's prince. Jafar, Aladdin, and Genie represent the three major male characters depicting a 3 to 1 male to female ratio. Jafar is the evil and greedy advisor to the Sultan who provides the hero, Aladdin, and Genie, summoned from the magic lamp by Aladdin, a formidable foe to overcome. The crux of the action centers around one, pubescent female princess, Jasmine, choosing a suitable mate and a

slightly older male, Aladdin, desiring to become her prince. She is being reared by her father without mention of a mother in the Disney version.

There are only two minor female characters compared to 13 minor male characters—almost a 7 to 1 male/female ratio. Both minor female characters are non-speaking. All male minor roles are speaking. Aladdin includes 19 characters; 4 major characters (males $n = 3$, females $n = 1$); and 15 minor characters (males $n = 13$, females $n = 2$) which is almost 17% of the total number of characters in the seven Disney videos.

Beauty and the Beast. Belle (Beauty) is the one female major character in this video. The plot centers around her (and her inventor father, Maurice's) relationship in a small village where Belle is the most beautiful, eligible, smart, and unwilling marriage material. She is being reared by her father without mention of a mother in the Disney version. The one male major character is the prince (turned Beast by a magic spell) living in an enchanted castle. The central action takes place when Maurice gets lost on his way to the fair to exhibit his wood chopping invention and becomes a captive of the Beast in his castle. When

Belle goes to find her father she trades herself as the Beast's prisoner. They fall in love. A pubescent female sees beyond the outer appearances of the older Beast who transforms back into a prince because of their mutual love.

Six minor female characters and 12 minor male characters appear in this video making the male/female ratio, 2 to 1. Beauty and the Beast includes 20 characters: 2 major characters (male $n = 1$, female $n = 1$); and 18 minor characters (male $n = 12$, female $n = 6$) which totals 18 % of the characters depicted in the seven Disney videos.

Cinderella. Cinderella is the one female major character in this video. The plot centers around Cinderella being reared by a wicked stepmother and two wicked stepsisters. After the death of her father she is treated like a servant by the three of them. The Prince represents the one male major character. He (prompted by his father, the King) is searching for a fair maiden in the kingdom to marry. The action centers around the news that a ball will be held in the King's castle to invite all eligible females from whom the Prince is to choose a wife. Cinderella wants to attend but has nothing to wear. She is assisted by her Fairy

Godmother, given a 12 midnight curfew, and attends the ball. She and the Prince fall in love. At the stroke of midnight she loses her glass slipper. The Prince sends the Grand Duke into the kingdom to find the maiden who's foot fits the slipper. Cinderella is discovered and she and the Prince live happily ever after.

Four minor female characters appear in this Disney version as compared to six minor male characters—almost a 2 to 1 ratio. Three of the 4 minor female characters are the wicked stepmother and stepsisters. The other minor female character is the Fairy Godmother. The minor males are represented mainly by Cinderella's animal friends. Cinderella includes 12 characters; 2 major characters (male $n = 1$, female $n = 1$); 10 minor characters (male $n = 6$, female $n = 4$) which totals 11% of the characters depicted in the seven Disney videos. Cinderella was originally released to movie theatres in 1950 and most recently re-released on home video in 1995.

The Lion King. There are no female major characters in this video. The plot centers around the three major male characters (totaling 100% of the major characters): King Mufasa, Simba, and Scar. King Mufasa, the pride's lion king is

the father of young Prince Simba. Scar, the king's brother (but not heir to the throne) provides the jealousy and greed for the central action. Scar sabotages Simba into thinking he is responsible for killing his father, King Mufasa, so Simba will leave the pride. This is the only way Scar can claim the king's throne. Simba stays away from the kingdom until Nala, his young girlfriend, finds him in the jungle. She tells him of the kingdom's troubles. Simba returns to fight Scar for his rightful throne. Simba and Nala then become parents of the new lion king.

Three minor female characters (of which Nala is one) represent the entire female depiction in this video paralleled with eight minor male characters. Simba's mother is depicted as a very minor character with a non-speaking role.

The Lion King includes 14 characters; 3 major characters (male $n = 3$, female $n = 0$); and 11 minor characters (male $n = 8$, female $n = 3$) or almost 13% of the total number of characters.

The Little Mermaid. Ariel (the little mermaid) is the one female major character in this video. The two male major characters are King Triton and Eric. The plot centers around Ariel's desire to become a human. She is being reared by

her father, King Triton of the Merpeople, without mention of a mother in the Disney version. Ariel rescues Eric, Prince of the Earth kingdom, from a stormy shipwreck and falls in love with him. He remembers the voice of the girl who rescued him and falls in love with it. The wicked sea-witch, Ursula, bargains with Ariel to trade her voice for becoming human. Ursula tries to trick Eric into marrying her illusion containing the voice of Ariel. Ariel's animal friends and King Triton save Eric and the wicked spell is broken, leaving Ariel human and in possession of her lovely voice. Eric and Ariel marry and live happily ever after.

There are five minor female characters compared to nine minor male characters—a 2 to 1 ratio. The Little Mermaid includes 17 characters; 3 major characters (male $n = 2$, female $n = 1$); and 14 minor characters (male $n = 9$, female $n = 5$) which totals almost 16% of the characters depicted.

Pocahontas. This video is the first attempt for Disney to base a film on an actual historical event. There is one female major character, Pocahontas. She is reared by her father, Chief Powhatan, with mention of her mother's death. She (Pocahontas's mother) is symbolized by her necklace willed to Pocahontas.

The two male major characters represented are Captain John Smith and Governor Ratcliffe. Captain John Smith is the Indian scout hired by the Virginia Company to protect the new settlement of Jamestown. Governor Ratcliffe is the gold-greedy governor sent by the Queen to settle and govern the new land. Pocahontas and John Smith meet and fall in love. She saves him from being killed by her father after the brave who planned to marry Pocahontas was killed by one of the settlers. Pocahontas receives advice from "Grandmother Willow" to follow her heart and listen to the wind. Eventually the settlers see through Governor Ratcliffe's plan to use them to obtain gold for himself. Pocahontas vows her love as Captain John Smith promises to return and sails for England. A different ending from the "happily ever after" theme of the fairy tales.

Three minor female characters appear compared to 10 minor male characters--more than a 3 to 1 ratio. Pocahontas includes 16 characters; 3 major characters (male $n = 2$, female $n = 1$); and 13 minor characters (male $n = 10$, female $n = 3$) for almost 15% of the total number of characters depicted.

Snow White. The only female major character is Snow White. The only

male major character is Prince Charming. The plot centers around the wicked Queen's vain desire to be the fairest in the land. When the magic mirror tells her that Snow White is the most beautiful the Queen orders Snow White killed. When the huntsman who is supposed to kill Snow White releases her instead, she finds the house of the seven dwarfs. She cooks and cleans for them and they fall in love with her beauty and charm. Snow White is tricked by the wicked Queen, disguised as an old woman, into biting a poison apple which contains a sleeping spell. She sleeps, but is kept by the dwarfs from being buried in a sealed coffin and eventually, when she is kissed by Prince Charming, awakes to his love and they ride off into the sunset together. Snow White has no mother or father in the Disney version.

The one minor female character is the wicked Queen. There are eight minor male characters, seven of whom are the dwarfs (an 8-1 ratio). This video was the first animated feature film released in 1937 by the Disney studio and re-released in 1994. Disney's early films had fewer characters and not as many, but longer scenes. Snow White includes 11 characters; 2 major characters (male

$n = 1$, female $n = 1$); and 9 minor characters (male $n = 8$, female $n = 1$) with approximately 10% of the total number of characters depicted in the seven Disney videos.

All Characters and Major and Minor Characters by Age and Gender (Tables 2-4)

Tables 2, 3, and 4 identify three main patterns for interpretation. First, that female character representation depicted in the 12-17 age range for all seven Disney videos outnumbers other females represented in any other age range by at least 2 to 1. Table 3 clearly identifies that over 83% of the major female characters are depicted in this age range. Minor characters represent 25% of the age depiction in 12-17 category. This could be interpreted as the stereotype of virginal pubescence past which women cannot travel lest they be stereotyped by their age. Within five of the seven videos—Aladdin, Beauty and the Beast, Cinderella, The Little Mermaid, and Snow White—the main characters are female and are depicted in the 12-17 age category. The two exceptions are The Lion King and Pocahontas. There are no major female characters of any age in The Lion King. The Pocahontas character is depicted to the coders as representing

the 18-24 age category in the Disney version. Pocahontas, as mentioned earlier, is the only video to date based on a real, rather than a fictional, character. The real-life Pocahontas was reportedly 11 years of age when she met Captain John Smith who was in his 30s. She is depicted in the Disney version as more like a Native American "Barbie-Doll" with mental maturity to match her many physical curves and Smith like a much younger, romantically involved, hero.

Second, males in tables 2, 3, and 4 are more strongly represented in the 18-24 age category depicting almost 39% of the major characters and 23% of the minor characters. The stereotypical idea of the male being slightly older than the female when he comes to her rescue is perpetuated here. Males fare better in all age categories except for the 12-17 age category. The interpretation could be that males of all ages (except for pubescent males) are depicted more favorably than females as they age in society. Growing older is fine for males but not for females. A very interesting observation concerning female characters is that no mothers were represented--not one. The daughters live only with their fathers in Beauty and the Beast, The Little Mermaid, Aladdin, and Pocahontas. Cinderella

Snow White are orphaned by the death of their birth parents. The only mother depiction is for Simba (the lion prince) in The Lion King, and is a non-speaking, minor character. Disney creates a formula wherein the pubescent protagonist is influenced by no one but a father figure within society's patriarchal boundaries.

Third, there are no major female characters depicted in any age group except 12-17 ($n = 5$) and 18-24 ($n = 1$). But minor females comprise almost 35% of the total characters from 35-65 and above. These characters include Cinderella's wicked stepmother; Ariel's (little mermaid) nemesis, Ursula, the wicked sea witch; and Snow White's wicked Queen. The two favorable character depictions in this age range are the non-human, Grandmother Willow in Pocahontas, and the Fairy Godmother in Cinderella. Male major character depictions fared more favorably across 35-65 age category to represent 32% of the cast. Character roles included Maurice; the seven dwarfs; Chief Powhatan; King Triton; King Mufasa; and the Sultan of Agrabah, Jasmine's father in Aladdin. Jafar, the evil advisor to the Sultan in Aladdin; Scar, King Mufasa's jealous brother; and Governor Ratcliffe, governor of Jamestown are depicted

as evil male major characters. From all indicators the males are more powerful (Powhatan, Mufasa) or cute and cuddly (seven dwarfs, Maurice, Sultan of Agrabah) but not as "wicked" as their aged female character counterparts.

All Characters and Major and Minor Characters by Perpetrators of Violence.

Victims of Violence and Both Perpetrators and Victims of Violence (Tables 5-13)

Forty percent of the total for all characters who perpetrated violence in seven Disney videos were males between the ages of 18-24 which supports violence is most frequently perpetuated by males in this age category upon themselves and other gender and age groups. Violence is a demonstration of mostly male power, a social relationship of victimizers and victims. It is of special interest that females who perpetrated violence are in the age range of 35-64. This study finds that women of age were most often cast as mean and cruel. Females in age categories under 12 through 34 depict only one perpetrator of violence who appeared in The Little Mermaid as Ursula, the wicked sea witch (whose true age was coded at 45-54), disguised as a beautiful maiden with Ariel's voice to manipulate Eric the Earth Prince into marrying her. Young women are

not portrayed as violent, women past the age of 17 most likely are.

Of all female victims of violence, almost 56% were in the 12-17 age category which reinforces the stereotype that young, pubescent females are most likely to need rescue from a more mature male. Almost 47% of the male victims of violence are in the 18-24 age category which might be interpreted that battle is waged by males upon males of that age to win the hand of the fair maiden. Of the older male victims of violence (35-64 age category), battle was most often waged for wealth or greed. Content analysis results indicate that 50% of males in the age category 18-24 who were perpetrators of violence were also victims of violence.

There are no major female characters who are perpetrators of violence. The casting of females in seven Disney videos stereotypes females in major roles as looking for a mate not a fight. There are three major male characters who are cast as perpetrators of violence, and they are in the 35-54 age category. The three are: Jafar, the evil advisor to the king, Aladdin; Scar, the jealous and greedy brother of King Mufasa, The Lion King; and Governor Ratcliffe, the pompous and

gold-hungry Englishman, Pocahontas. These male characters, as previously indicated, are not perpetrators of violence to win or save a female but for their own selfish desires.

Minor male characters are most likely cast as perpetrators of violence and comprise more than 3 to 1 of the total. Minor male characters in the 18-24 age category constitute 46% of the total perpetrated violence in the seven Disney videos. Older minor female characters in the 45-64 age category constitute 32% of the violence perpetuated. The stereotype of the aging female character as mean, cruel and violent permeate the Disney tales viewed by children.

Major female character victims of violence aged 12-17 comprised 100% of the female victims and 42% of the total victims in the Disney versions. The major female characters represented in this data are: Jasmine, Aladdin; Belle, Beauty and the Beast; Cinderella, Cinderella; Ariel, The Little Mermaid; and Snow White, Snow White. The only exceptions were Pocahontas, who was not shown as a victim of violence, and in The Lion King no female was cast as a major character. Five of the six major female characters are cast as victims of

violence. There are no major female characters in any age category who are both perpetrators and victims of violence.

Major male character victims of violence aged 18-24 comprise 43% of the male victims and 25% of the total victims of violence. The seven major male characters (in all age categories) cast as victims of violence are: Simba, King Mufasa and Scar, The Lion King; Aladdin and Jafar, Aladdin; Beast, Beauty and the Beast; and Captain John Smith, Pocahontas. Scar, Jafar, and the Beast were both perpetrators and victims of violence.

Minor female characters in the 45-64 age range made up 67% of both perpetrators and victims of violence in the female category and almost 38% of the total number. The three female minor characters represented here are: Ursula, the wicked sea witch, The Little Mermaid; the wicked Queen, Snow White; and the wicked stepmother, Cinderella. Sixty percent of the minor male characters who were both perpetrators and victims of violence were in the 18-24 age category. The five minor male characters who represent both perpetrators and victims are: Gaston, Belle's suitor, Beauty and the Beast; Flitsom

and Gitsom, Ursula's eel thugs, The Little Mermaid; Kocoum, Pocahontas' suitor and indian brave, Pocahontas; and the Huntsman, Snow White. The data supports previous interpretations of age and gender in this study. It is apparent that in these Disney videos male heroes display significantly more aggressive behaviors than female heroes.

Another factor concerning both perpetrators and victims of violence is that a majority of Disney films utilize a sidekick animal character who serves both as perpetrator of violence and as victim. Examples are: In Aladdin, Jafar, the evil advisor to the Sultan, has a sidekick parrot, Iago, who bears the brunt of his violent behavior. The Lion King includes three hyenas who act as Scar's sidekicks and both perpetrate and become victims of his violent scheme. Ursula's sidekick eels in The Little Mermaid abuse and are abused. Cinderella's wicked stepmother's cat, Lucifer, is evil but is eventually defeated thereby being the sidekick who is both the perpetrator and the victim of violence. These examples of sidekicks portrayed by Disney in animal form may serve to humorize and dehumanize, thereby making more palatable, the violence foisted upon them.

All Characters and Major and Minor Characters by Status or Position--Minor.

Important, Main Goal (Tables 14-22)

The goals of characters cast in the seven Disney videos are important points for statistical interpretation because they concern the values of the character which influence the goal the character is seeking. The viewer's (especially a child's) perception of goal importance may be reinforced by what the character values and how the character portrays or depicts goal attainment.

Status or position is depicted by 40% females (all characters) aged 12-24 as a minor goal, 100% as an important goal, and 60% as the main goal within the seven Disney videos. The two female age categories (12-17, 18-24) for all characters depict much interest in status or position. However, depiction of status or position attainment for major female characters in the same two age categories depict 100% ($n = 4$) as a minor goal, 100% ($n = 1$) as an important goal, and 100% ($n = 1$) as the main goal. The four major females who depict having this variable as a minor goal are: Jasmine, Belle (Beauty), Pocahontas, and Snow White. The major female character depicted as valuing status or

position as an important goal is Cinderella; the main goal, Ariel. It is extremely stereotypic that Disney stories depict status or position for women as "being married into" with the possible exception of Pocahontas who refused to marry Kocoum, the tribal brave who sought her hand in marriage. It may appear at first that Disney depictions of females are strongly independent, but, upon second analysis they are portrayed as being "brought back" into the patriarchal value system in order to fall in love and win a mate.

Disney female major characters are depicted as standard bearers of socially correct behaviors because they rely less on aggression to gain status or position or to deal with problems as compared to their male counterparts, and show a greater depiction of prosocial behaviors. However, this holds true only for the young female protagonists. Status or position was aggressively sought as the main goal by 60% ($n = 3$) of the minor female characters in the two age categories 45-54 and 55-64. The three age-stereotyped antagonists include: Ursula, the sea-witch in The Little Mermaid; the Wicked Queen in Snow White; and the cruel Stepmother in Cinderella. Therefore, Disney's animated films may

teach young children that women are either evil or somehow have to get their power from depending on men or stealing it from them. Thus, male power is portrayed as positive, but female power is negative.

The statistical depiction of status or position by males (all characters) is more evenly distributed in minor and major goals. However, over 63% of the males between the ages of 18-24 and 35-44 are depicted as having this variable as an important goal. Note the depiction of all character younger females (100%) and all character older males (63%) with status or position as an important goal which reaffirms aforementioned simplified Disney stereotypes of gender and age. This simplification may also serve to create an even greater impact on the younger audience.

Almost 84% of the major male characters in the three age categories spanning 18-44 are depicted as pursuing status or position as an important goal and 100% in the three age categories spanning 35-64 as their main goal. Disney structured his films using the patriarchal formula that men deserve to be the main seekers of status and position to capture the female or the wealth with attainment

of said status. Women, it appears, are not supposed to have much power unless they embrace patriarchy as the moral of "living happily ever after." In order to fall in love, this formula exemplifies the only choice for Disney females.

All Characters and Major and Minor Characters by Role—Mostly Light, Comic; Mixed, Unclear, Mostly Serious (Tables 23-31)

Analysis of how Disney characters are depicted in the roles they are cast and the fate they are scripted is necessary to this research. Tables 23-31 indicate whether the character role is depicted as humorous, mixed, or serious.

A humorous or comic character may be used to soften the effects of violence which has no moral or societal consequences and, therefore, humorous or comedic roles are often considered prosocial but may incorporate antisocial behavior. It becomes evident that Disney uses this formula for his instant classics. Table 23 clearly indicates that males are cast more than 9 times to 1 over females in comedic roles. Major characters (male or female) are not cast in strictly comedic roles with the exception of Genie in Aladdin who is coded, not by male, human appearance, but by the knowledge that he is thousands of years

of age waiting in the lamp to be summoned. Minor male characters are most often cast in humorous sidekick roles (ex: Abu-Aladdin's monkey, Lefou-Gaston's buddy in Beauty and the Beast, Jack and Gus-Cinderella's mice friends, Zasu-Tucan bird advisor to King Mufasa in The Lion King, Sebastian-lobster advisor to King Triton in The Little Mermaid, Meeko-the raccoon sidekick of Pocahontas, and in Snow White, the seven dwarfs).

The one minor female (under 12 years of age) sidekick to Pocahontas cast as comedic, is represented by the hummingbird character, Flit. The other minor female character (35-44 age category) coded as humorous is Mrs. Potts, the singing teapot who befriends Beauty to add comic relief along with her male son, Chip, the teacup.

Mixed and unclear roles may allow the script more range and variety even though Disney major characters are most often assumed to be very clearly depicted as "good" or "bad." In Table 23 all characters in mixed or unclear roles indicate males outnumber females by a slight margin. Significantly, however, 100% ($n = 6$) of the major females aged 12-24 (Jasmine, Beauty, Cinderella,

Ariel, Pocahontas, and Snow White) are coded as depicting a mixed or unclear role. Major males, ranging from under 12 to 54 years of age, who are cast in unclear roles ($n = 6$) include: Aladdin, Beast, Simba, King Mufasa, Eric, and Captain John Smith. The statistics project that major female and male characters may not be as clearly defined as "good" or "bad" to adults or children as previous assumptions may indicate.

This research finds that minor character males cast in mixed or unclear roles, are almost 2 to 1 more likely to be cast than females. Some of the male characters included in this role depiction are: Prince Akman, Jasmine's suitor in Aladdin; Gaston, Belle's suitor in Beauty and the Beast; Pumba, the warthog and Timon, the meerkat, in The Lion King; Sea Horse, the messenger in The Little Mermaid; and the Huntsman in Snow White. These minor male characters contained a mixture of prosocial and antisocial actions which made their role depiction less clear to the coders.

Examples of the minor female characters whose roles are depicted as mixed or unclear include: Nala, Simba's girlfriend in The Lion King; King

Triton's other three daughters in The Little Mermaid; Nacoma, Pocahontas's girlfriend; and Grandmother Willow, Pocahontas's spiritual advisor. These characters may be coded as mixed or unclear because they were neither totally humorous, nor totally serious in their role depiction, but a combination of both.

Mostly serious roles are assumed by males over females at a ratio of almost 4 to 1 for all characters as displayed in Table 25. There are no major female characters depicted as mostly serious in the seven Disney videos. Only eight minor female roles were coded as mostly serious to include: the old woman who casts the Beast spell on the Prince in Beauty and the Beast; the wicked stepmother and the two stepsisters in Cinderella; the homeless street girl in Aladdin; Sirabi, Simba's Mom in The Lion King; Ursula, the wicked sea witch in The Little Mermaid; and the wicked Queen in Snow White. Note that with the exception of the young street girl (under 12 age category), the age of the females range from 18 to 64 which affirms the role of mostly serious (as well as mean and cruel) applies to those females who are past puberty.

Major males cast in mostly serious roles are contained in the age

categories of 18-24 ($n = 2$), 35-44 ($n = 2$), and 45-54 ($n = 2$) to include: the two Prince Charmings in Cinderella and Snow White; King Triton in The Little Mermaid; Jafar in Aladdin; Scar in The Lion King; and Governor Ratcliffe in Pocahontas. Minor male ($n = 28$) mostly serious depictions are widely distributed throughout the age range categories to include the male street beggar (under 12 age category) in Aladdin to Jafar disguised as the old prisoner (aged 65 and above) in the same video; Ben, Lon, Thomas, Roy sailors with the Virginia Company and medicine man, Kacata, as well as Kocoum, the brave who tries to win Pocahontas's hand in marriage; Monsieur d-Arque, the man from the Asylum who tries to take Belle's father in Beauty and the Beast; and Rafiki the Shaman in The Lion King also is categorized as another example of minor male depiction in the mostly serious role. Many males in this category were also the main perpetrators and victims of violence as analyzed earlier in this research.

All Characters and Major and Minor Characters by Romantic Involvement--Not Involved Romantically, Involved Romantically (Tables 32-37)

How much romance do children of all ages actually see in Disney videos?

Who (male or female) is depicted as romantically involved or not romantically involved? Analysis paints the picture that males in the all characters tabulation are shown as not romantically involved almost 4 to 1 compared to the females in the seven videos. In other words, the romance is mostly a female depiction. For in the romantically involved statistics, females outnumber males ($n = 13$ females, $n = 12$ males), the only category in which females dominate. There are no major females who are not involved romantically. Five of the six major female characters are romantically involved and are categorized in the age range 12-17: Jasmine, Belle (Beauty), Cinderella, Ariel, and Snow White. As previously stated, Pocahontas is coded in the 18-24 age category. They are the heroines.

Only seven major males depict romantic involvement, and five are in the 18-24 age range: Aladdin, Beast, Prince Charmings in Cinderella and Snow White, and Eric. The two exceptions are Simba, who is the only animal hero (under 12 category) and Captain John Smith (25-34 age category). They are the heroes. Only five of the major male characters are not involved romantically including: Genie (comic), Jafar (villain), Scar (villain), King Triton (father of

Ariel), and Governor Ratcliffe (villain). The majority of the major male characters not involved romantically are the villains.

Romantic involvement in Disney videos seems to be almost exclusive to the major male and female characters. Therefore, one might expect the minor characters, both male and female, to complete the Disney script with other than romantic involvement. One would be correct in all age categories. Only 12 minor characters are romantically involved as compared to 77 not involved romantically (almost a 7 to 1 margin). Therefore, romantic involvement is depicted mostly as for the very young with focus on pubescent female beauty or more mature male strength and wealth as an indicator of desirability.

All Characters and Major and Minor Characters by Weight--Slender, Normal, Overweight-Obese (Tables 38-46)

A character's weight may encompass a very strong social message. Disney sends powerful messages by the depiction of the weight of heroes and villains in an ideal animated world which especially young viewers may then perceive as the norm. There are twice as many slender and normal weight males than females

encompassing all characters, yet, there are four times as many overweight males as females. This could indicate that males are viewed more favorably as overweight by accepted social standards than females.

There are no slender or skinny major character females and only one slender major male who is Jafar, the evil advisor to the king in Aladdin. Six major females (heroines) were depicted with normal weight to include Jasmine, Belle, Cinderella, Ariel, Pocahontas, and Snow White and are included in the 12-24 age category. Eleven major males (heroes and villains) are depicted as normal weight, however, they are dispersed from the under 12 age category (Simba) to 65 and above (Genie).

None of the major character males or females in any age category are depicted as overweight or obese. The three minor female characters who are depicted as overweight are indicated in two age categories (35-44, 45-54) to include Ursula, the wicked sea witch who is represented as an octopus; Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Cinderella's Fairy Godmother. Therefore, none of the overweight females are depicted as human even though the Fairy Godmother does

take human form and, eventually, so does Mrs. Potts. These findings may differ from previous assumptions that overweight is a main criteria for "wicked" women in that two of the three here depicted are "kind and matronly."

The minor male characters depicted as overweight range in age from 18-64 some of whom include the Sultan of Agrabah (Jasmine's father), Lefou (Gaston's sidekick), Gus (Cinderella's mouse friend), and Pumba (Simba's warthog friend). It might be interpreted that males are more favorably depicted as overweight in aforementioned age categories, especially when they are portrayed as animal characters or are cast as comic sidekicks and/or friends.

In summary, media performance is best studied quantitatively so the analyst has data to prove conclusions. Most media content analysis, until recently, has focused on verbal content only. This research incorporates equal emphasis on visual and verbal content. Next, the Disney script of each video will be compared to a popular story version of the classic fairy tale.

CHAPTER 5

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS

Comparative analysis for this research assumes that textual meanings may differ for three contextual reasons: 1) each storyteller has her or his recapitalization or interpretation of the story line, 2) over time, as contextual factors change, so may the meaning of the text, and 3) external discourse concerning the text (what has been written about it, what is said about it, meanings attached to it) may continue to alter perceptions of the text.

Bennett (1982) claims that because a text cannot speak for itself, textual interpretations must be viewed within specific social, political, economic, materialistic, institutional, and cultural contexts within which a text is created and received. Thus, a researcher should study not only the text, but external discourse concerning the text's production and acceptance.

A contextual analysis assumes that meanings are understood in the interactions among text, context, and individuals within an audience. O' Brien (1996) argues that "contextual analyses, then, are materialistic historiographies

which seek to explain how texts and the discourses operating in everyday life work together to reproduce or change existing social structures" (p. 156). In this light, Disney films and videos could be viewed as cultural documents that both reflect and react to the times in which they are created or recreated. They represent a materialistic historiography which may depict, for example, patriarchy, by utilizing stereotypical gender portrayals within the business (corporate, economic, social) of creating, scripting, and producing their stories. This representation supports, then, according to O'Brien (1996) "that contextual analysis reveals how the images of women in Disney films provide carefully crafted support of the company's and Walt Disney's personal gender ideology and dominant American patriarchal gender ideology" (p. 156).

Therefore, it is the purpose of this textual and contextual analysis to discover if, and, if so, to discuss why, textual alterations made by Disney films and videos may be perpetuating a patriarchal and nationalistic age and gender formula. Does the formula, advertised by Disney as wholesome family entertainment, demonstrate itself as a powerful marketing tool for continued

product consumption by children of all ages throughout the world?

Stories and Storytellers

Fairy tales originally expressed the creative fantasies of the rural and less educated layers of the population. They are not literary and were created by collective groups of storytellers. Until about the seventeenth century, it was the adult population who showed interest in fairy tales. Fairy tales' allocation to the nursery is a late development, which probably has to do with the rejection of the irrational, and development of the rational outlook. Fairy tales, then, came to be regarded as nonsense and old wives' tales. Only recently has the rediscovery of their immense psychological and cultural value been appreciated. Fairy tales contribute to historical and contemporary folklore.

Bell (1996) contends that contemporary or urban folklore are stories we tell, hear, and believe to be true for three reasons. First, they have a strong, basic, story-line. Second, they are believable (consciously or subconsciously). Third, they have a meaningful message or "moral." Disney stories are considered to contain these elements and much of their "eternal" and rereleasable popularity is

accredited to these three factors.

However, these factors are also contained in older myths, rituals, rhymes, and songs. What of stories and their interpretation throughout history? Eisler (1995) explains that "gradually, with every passing generation, these [stories] became more garbled and distorted, as the priests, poets, and scribes converted them into what they thought would find favor in the eyes of their lords, or in present day, the advertisers" (p. 84). No matter what the reason, fairy tales and myths of the past are constantly being refashioned by present day storytellers, therefore, fashioning normative oral, written, and filmic literature. Because textual and contextual changes occur to fit the fashionable norm, Eisler (1995) indicates, "the process whereby a male dominated, violent, and hierarchical society gradually began to be seen, was not only normal, but also right" (p. 84).

Consequences of taking for granted what is "right" in society may define the individual's metaphor (that is, to structure one's value system in line with what is thought to be projected as normal by present society and, perhaps, not to think outside familiar structures or boundaries). The academic metaphor may be

to look to the boundaries to describe what is seen; however, what is observed on the boundaries is only one aspect of what is there, potentially and actually. The Marxist metaphor, for example, assumes that folklore is a weapon of class conflict and that the oppressed use folklore to express resentment of a capitalist society; moreover, according to Marxist doctrine, it is perfectly correct to change the folklore to bring it into [party] line.

Folklore and fairy tales will be told and retold, interpreted and reinterpreted differently by individuals or corporations, for different purposes, within a given society throughout time and space. Clearly, those who tell the stories have certain power to control, define and redefine much of the historic and commercial significance and meaning attached to the stories. Also, clearly, what is being written, said, and the current interpretations, will alter the generational evolution of society's symbols, metaphors, and meaning.

Who tells the stories and how these stories are told may have an almost unfathomable impact on certain segments of a society. Difficult to imagine Ariel, the little mermaid, trading her voice for a scholarship to medical school?

Or Cinderella being transformed by the chance to travel abroad? The stories have not yet been told from the viewpoint of these choices for women. However, it would be parsimonious to credit fairy tales and folklore with total power as a socializing force, when so many other factors are involved. From nursery rhymes, books, newspapers, comics, television, movies, and personal contacts, evolution of a society has many contributing factors which have been touched upon in Chapter 2. But, many scientists do claim evolution of life and meaning are not predetermined. Therefore, humans may have the ability to act consciously and collectively to exercise foresight in choosing a future evolutionary path.

Comparative Analysis of Six Animated Disney Videos

This research examines the texts and contexts of six Disney animated videos to include (by chronological order of release or re-release): The Little Mermaid (1989), Beauty and the Beast (1991), Aladdin (1992), Snow White (1994 re-release), Cinderella (1995 re-release), and Pocahontas (1995). The seventh video, The Lion King (1994) has no popular story text for comparison since Disney combined several folk tales originating from Africa.

The Disney texts, which are book versions adapted from the animated videos, are printed side by side with the popular story texts in Appendix E for convenient comparison. First, each story will individually be textually compared and contrasted. Second, since it is apparent the stories presented by Disney anecdotally and fragmentally differ from the popular versions chosen, this research will question, "why?" To interpret contextual factors, then, three questions will be addressed: (a) Were changes made for commercial reasons? (b) Were changes made for the perpetuation of certain ideologies (i.e., the Disney formula)? (c) Were changes made for a combination of both reasons?

The Little Mermaid

Hans Christian Andersen's The Little Mermaid is the popular version chosen for comparison. Andersen is the original author of this fairy tale. The book adaptation used here is retold by Deborah Hautzig (1991), but was originally published in Danish in 1836 and first translated into English in 1846.

Textual Contrasts and Comparisons

Even though there are many differences in the Disney versus the Andersen

version of the fairy tale, this author claims there are seven major story alterations worthy of analysis: First, the Disney version contains no speaking female characters except Ariel (good and young) and Ursula (evil and old). The Andersen version depicts the grandmother with whom Ariel and her father live along with six mermaid daughters (Ariel has five sisters). Disney eliminated the grandmother character completely as well as two of the mermaid sisters (Ariel has three sisters). King Triton (Ariel's father) in the Disney version is totally in charge of the kingdom thereby eliminating any female influence upon Ariel, her sisters, or the kingdom.

Second, There are no "animal buddies" in the Andersen text. In the Disney script Ariel has two close animal friends, Flounder (fish) and Scuttle (seagull) both represented to coders (in Chapter 4) as of the male gender. Ariel's main friend and advisor in the Andersen version is her grandmother, whereas in Disney, her male friends and father are her only advisors.

Third, in the Disney script Ariel wanted a human body to become the bride of the Prince with whom she had fallen in love when she rescued him from

the ship wreck. In Andersen, Ariel asks her grandmother about becoming human, "Could I get a human soul?" There is no mention of a "soul" in the Disney version, only a "body."

Fourth, Ursula, the wicked sea witch, was depicted in Disney as an octopus who transformed into a temptress to gain the kingdom of the Prince. In Andersen the Prince was to marry the princess (a human) from the next kingdom. However, Ariel knew he was really in love with her. She had saved him from the ship wreck but now she couldn't speak to tell the Prince because she had traded her voice for humanity in both versions.

In Andersen, the Prince marries the other princess representing the fifth textual alteration. In Disney, King Triton and Ariel's animal friends are the saviors pitted against the (dehumanized evil in Disney) sea witch, Ursula.

Sixth, Andersen gives Ariel the chance, then, to regain her mermaid status by killing the Prince on his wedding night by stating, "You or the Prince must die." Ariel's sisters give her a knife to kill the Prince with instructions that when his blood splashes upon her, Ariel's tail will grow back and she can once again

live under the sea.

Seventh, in Andersen's text, out of love for the Prince, Ariel throws the knife into the sea thereby sacrificing herself for her love. The little mermaid dies. She rises up into the air, meeting with the "children of the air." They say to the little mermaid, "You loved the Prince so much that you gave your life for him. Your soul will live forever!" The little mermaid floats down, invisible as the wind and kisses the Prince and his bride, then flies off into the sky.

In the Disney version, after King Triton and Ariel's animal friends save the Prince from marrying Ursula's illusion, Ariel receives her voice again, King Triton gives her permission to marry the Prince, they sail off into the sunset together, and live happily ever after.

Beauty and the Beast

The popular version of Beauty and the Beast chosen for comparison is taken from The Provensen Book of Fairy Tales (1971) adapted by Arthur Rackham. Beauty and the Beast was originally published in France in 1756 and translated into English in 1757. The French publication was said to have been

transcribed from memory by an old woman on a long sea voyage.

Textual Contrasts and Comparisons

Disney's version of this fairy tale is much longer than the Rackham version, and the sequence of events is reversed from Rackham's adaptation. Nine textual alterations are most identifiable.

First, the family structure has been drastically altered by Disney. Rackham begins his version by introducing a rich merchant who has six children (3 boys, 3 girls) of whom Beauty is the youngest. She is also the most kind, beautiful and even-tempered. Beauty's two sisters are very jealous of her because of these qualities. Disney makes no mention of any family except Maurice (Belle's inventor father) with whom she lives as an only child. However, neither version indicates the presence of, or what happened to, the mother. Also, Disney names his beauty, Belle, who is called "Beauty." Rackham gives no other identification except "Beauty."

Second, minor mention of Beauty's love of reading is made in the Rackham adaptation, but in Disney it is a major characteristic of Belle as she is

criticized within her village and by Gaston (her would-be suitor) for having her nose in a book all the time. Later in the Disney plot, Belle is given a library by the Beast, which represents a transition point in her affection for him.

Third, Beauty's father loses his fortune in the Rackham version and must move his family to a small cottage in the country. Disney makes no mention of tragic "loss of fortune" nor the consequences of such. Beauty's sisters and brothers hate the move and their decline in social status, but Beauty (out of love for her father) makes the best of it. Disney depicts Belle as loving her father also, and in both versions Beauty offers her life to save him.

Fourth, Rackham's father is notified that a ship containing some of his lost wealth is found, so he sets on a journey to claim it. The sisters and brothers demand their father bring them something very expensive from his trip, but Beauty wants nothing except for a rose. Disney alters his version by using the "rose in the enchanted case" as a symbol of time. "This rose will bloom until your twenty-first birthday, and then it will wither and die," says the enchantress when she casts the "Beast" spell upon the heartless Prince giving him that amount of

time to love another person and earn that person's love in return. The spell was cast upon the Prince at the beginning of the Disney version. The spell cast upon the Beast in Rackham was not revealed until the very end of the story.

As Beauty's father is searching for the rose (Rackham version), he loses his way in a snow storm, finds the Beast's castle, enters for shelter, sees no one, and spends the night. In the morning he finds a garden in the courtyard where roses are blooming. He picks them for Beauty. The Beast believes him to be stealing the roses and threatens to kill him. When the father explains, Beast makes him a deal to return in three months to exchange his daughter, Beauty, for the father's life. Beauty agrees to be sacrificed for the life of her father.

Fifth, both Rackham's and Disney's Beauty live in the Beast's castle. Both versions depict Beauty looking beyond the ugliness of the Beast into his heart. Both versions also depict the Beast falling in love with Beauty. Rackham's Beauty states, "There is many a monster who wears the form of a man. It is better of the two to have the heart of a man and the form of a monster." In both versions, the Beast allows Beauty to go to her father when he is sick, thereby,

symbolizing that "to love someone enough to let them go" is true love.

Sixth, Rackham's version depicts no enchanted objects in the castle.

These objects are Disney creations. No mention of a suitor for Beauty's attention is depicted in Rackham (except to say her beauty is much admired by males in the village). Rackham centers his adaptation entirely around the family and the Beast. Disney centers on male/female conflict and "fun" characters.

Seventh, both stories incorporate a "magic mirror" with which Beauty sees events that are out of normal sight. However, Rackham includes Beauty's dreams as a force of her inspiration to do what's right. The audience is not made aware of an "internal" force within Beauty in the Disney version.

Eighth, Rackham depicts the Beast as dying from loneliness after Beauty leaves him. Disney's Beast is stabbed by Gaston in the "castle versus the townspeople" battle and is dying from the infliction of the violent wound.

Ninth, in both versions, Beauty rushes back to the Beast's side, kisses him, and declares her love. Rackham involves in his plot, a fairy, who tells Beauty, "You have chosen well, and you have your reward, for a true heart is better than

either good looks or clever brains." Disney does not declare this moral. Instead, Disney's Beauty gets a handsome Prince, the wealth, the servant objects in the castle turn again into people and they all live happily ever after. In Rackham, Beauty also gets the Prince and the castle, but it seems more important that she has learned a very important lesson. The fairy (in Rackham) punishes the jealous sisters by turning them into statues to stand by the door of Beauty's palace until they have amended their faults. This may not be a happy ending, but, certainly shows the consequences of certain actions upon life.

Aladdin

The original Aladdin story is said to come from China or Africa; however, the first published versions are contained in the French, Arabian Nights in 1704 and 1717. The popular version utilized for comparative analysis is adapted by Andrew Lang (1981), entitled: Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.

Textual Contrasts and Comparisons

The Disney version of Aladdin is much longer than the Lang adaptation and contains six major story alterations.

First, Lang centers the action of the story in Persia for which Disney substitutes the fictitious, Agrabah. There are very few textual cultural indicators in the Americanized Disney version. Lang's Aladdin is the son of Mustapha the tailor, who has died, so Aladdin lives with his Mother as an only child. Disney depicts Aladdin as a "street rat" who is obviously on his own as no family is mentioned. In Lang, Aladdin is tricked by an African magician, who poses as his long-lost uncle, to obtain the magic lamp which only Aladdin can retrieve from a magical garden. Disney combines the "uncle" character and the vizier into Jafar, the evil advisor to the Sultan. All mention of Aladdin's family has been deleted.

Jasmine, the princess, in Disney is called only "princess" in the Lang version. Both adaptations make no mention of her mother. She is being reared solely by her father, the Sultan.

Second, Aladdin refuses to give the lamp to his pretend-uncle and the magician angrily returns to Africa in Lang. Disney characterizes Jafar as the evil magician who tricks Aladdin into retrieving the lamp from the "Cave of Wonders." In Lang; however, a magic ring given to Aladdin by the evil

magician has magic powers that can only be bestowed if he also possesses the lamp. Disney makes no mention of the ring. When Aladdin finds, by rubbing the magic ring, that he has three wishes, he returns with the lamp to his Mother's house. There is no food, so he wishes for it. The genie provides golden plates upon which a feast is served. Aladdin and his mother live for some years from the sale of the golden plates.

Third, Disney creates an animal "buddy" for three of the main characters. Aladdin has Abu, the monkey. Jasmine owns Rajah, the tiger. Jafar's comic relief sidekick is Iago, the wisecracking parrot. There are no animal characters in the Lang version. In Disney the Genie (portrayed in the video by the voice of Robin Williams with much humor) and the non-speaking "magic carpet" become buddies with Aladdin. Eventually, Aladdin's friendship frees the Genie from the lamp. The Lang genie has a small part in the text and is depicted as very serious.

Fourth, Aladdin first sees and falls in love with the princess as she goes to and from her bath in Lang. Aladdin's Mother laughs at him when he tells her of his love for the princess. However, when he persists, she visits the Sultan in the

palace to ask for his daughter's hand in marriage for her son. She takes with her jewels provided by the genie. The Sultan is impressed and vows that in three months, if he was not offered a richer present for his daughter's hand in marriage, then, indeed, Aladdin may marry her.

Disney depicts Aladdin and Jasmine meeting in the marketplace after she runs away from the palace. Since she has never been outside the palace walls before, she is very curious. Aladdin saves Jasmine from an angry merchant after being caught stealing food in the marketplace. They fall in love, but he is a street rat, and she is the princess so there is no hope for their relationship. After a palace guard recognizes her, Jasmine saves Aladdin from capture, then returns to the palace and her father.

Fifth, Disney scripts Jafar as wanting to marry Jasmine so he may receive the lamp and the kingdom. Lang's version depicts the vizier as having a son who offers greater riches to the Sultan for the hand of the princess.

Aladdin's Mother goes a second time to the palace to seek the princess's hand in marriage for her son. Aladdin summons the genie to provide ten

thousand pieces of gold in fourteen basins and to build a palace (in one day) for for them to live. Aladdin marries the princess and takes her to their palace which can be seen from the Sultan's palace.

Disney utilizes Genie to help Aladdin pose as a prince to win the hand of Jasmine. However, Disney creates a violent battle between Jafar and Aladdin in order for Jasmine's hand to be won in marriage. The male saves the female in the Disney version. Riches, not battle, win the permission of the Sultan to marry the princess (with no indication the princess has even seen Aladdin or has anything to say about the marriage) in the Lang version.

Sixth, when the African magician hears of Aladdin's marriage to the princess and his riches, he knows the lamp has given this wealth and power. He goes to Aladdin's palace while Aladdin is on a hunting trip. He tricks the princess into trading the magic lamp for a newer one. Then immediately wishes for the palace and the princess to be transported to Africa with him. When the Sultan sees that the palace and his daughter are gone, he demands their return or Aladdin will lose his head. Aladdin conjures the genie by rubbing his magic ring, but

genie can do nothing since Aladdin no longer owns the lamp. However, the genie does transport Aladdin to the palace where the princess is now located. Aladdin conjures a plan with the princess to trick the magician and retrieve the lamp. Therefore, a mental battle of wits rather than a violent, physical battle resolves the problem in Lang. The princess tricks the evil magician and steals the lamp from him whereupon the genie returns them to Persia. Aladdin and his wife live and reign for many years, leaving behind them a long line of kings. The female saves the male in the Lang version.

Snow White

The earliest known versions of Snow white and the Seven Dwarfs originated in the oral Germanic tradition. The first publication of this story in English was in the 1820s by the Grimms Brothers. The popular version for this study is taken from the book, The Classic Grimm's Fairy Tales, retold by Louise Betts Egan (1990).

Textual Contrasts and Comparisons

Disney's Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs is more true to the Grimm's

text than the previous fairy tale adaptations. However, there are eight major Disney alterations which deserve comparative analysis.

In the first place, Grimms text introduces the reader to Snow White's Mother, the queen, who wishes for a daughter with "skin as white as snow, cheeks as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony." The queen dies shortly after Snow White is born and her father, the king, remarries. The new queen is cruel and proud and as Snow White matures, the stepmother becomes increasingly jealous of her beauty. Disney does not mention Snow White's mother, only her stepmother. However, it is rumored the studio scrapped plans to film a scene showing Snow White's mom dying in childbirth at the beginning of the story.

Second, Snow White, in the Disney text, is stated to be an "obedient stepdaughter who happily does her work while daydreaming of a handsome prince who might one day fall in love with her and take her to live in his castle." Disney incorporates a chance meeting of Snow White and the Prince as she is drawing water from the well at the palace. Prince Charming is not mentioned in Grimms until the ending when he, a stranger from the neighboring kingdom, finds

her coffin and vows his eternal love for her.

The third alteration occurs when the jealous queen sends the huntsman into the woods to kill Snow White after the magic mirror has told her Snow White is now the most beautiful in the kingdom. The Grimms text iterates that the huntsman takes pity on Snow White, tells her of the wicked queen's plot to kill her, then kills a deer to return the fresh heart as proof of Snow White's death. Disney's text is similar with the exception of killing the deer for its heart.

Fourth, Disney introduces the animal buddies within the forest as Snow White runs into the woods to hide from her evil stepmother. The script continues to incorporate animals throughout the plot. There are no animals mentioned in the Grimms version except for the deer who was killed by the huntsman.

The fifth change in text occurs when Snow White happens upon the house of the seven dwarfs. Grimms version tells of Snow White being hungry, so she eats a bite from each plate on the table, drinks a sip of wine from each goblet, then finds the little beds and falls fast asleep. The dwarfs come home and are taken with Snow White's beauty and invite her to live with them if she cooks and

cleans. The Disney text is altered to eliminate the food and drink. Disney depicts Snow White as finding the cottage dirty, so she washes dishes, cleans and makes dinner (with the help of the animals) before she falls asleep.

Sixth, the dwarfs are not named in Grimm. Disney created much comedy within his text by depicting Doc, Grumpy, Happy, Sleepy, Sneezy, Bashful, and Dopey as metaphors of their monikers. It is rumored that Dopey, Sneezy and Doc were almost named Hotsy, Hickey, and Chesty.

Next, the queen in the Disney version is killed by a lightning strike upon a cliff where the dwarfs and animals chase her. It is after this event that Snow is sealed in her coffin and before the kiss that awakens her. In Grimm the queen dies when the mirror tells her that Snow White is alive and has married the Prince. The queen is so furious she "hurls the mirror to the ground and her cruel heart shatters into a thousand pieces," thus the final words of the Grimm story.

Finally, in the Grimm's adaptation the Prince does not kiss Snow White to awaken her from the queen's spell. Instead, the coffin falls to the ground and the piece of poison apple is jolted from Snow White's throat. The Prince kneels by

her side to tell her how much he loves her. Snow White puts her hand in his. The Disney version indicates that Snow White not only kisses the prince, but, also kisses each dwarf good-by (on the forehead or cheek, of course) then rides into the sunset with her Prince Charming to live happily ever after.

Cinderella

The popular and unique Yeh-Shen: A Cinderella Story from China (1982) has been chosen for this research. The version is at least one thousand years older than the earliest known European Cinderella (1634). It is said to have originated during the Tang dynasty (618-907 A.D.) and sets the events of the story as happening before the time of Ch'in (222-206 B.C.). Ai-Ling Louie, the author, has translated the story as told by her grandmother. The tale of Yeh-Shen has been orally repeated in her family for three generations, however, no one can say for sure where the oral tradition for Cinderella began. It did surface in a literary source first in ninth-century China but has been found from the Orient to the interior of South America and over 500 variations have been located by folklorists in Europe alone.

Textual Contrasts and Comparisons

Even though it is likely that Disney utilized the English translation of the Grimms text for creation of the animated adaptation of Cinderella in 1950 (Louie's translation was not available until 1982) it is important to become aware of Disney's textual alterations compared with Louie's version. This is because the Disney filmic and textual adaptation, especially of Cinderella, is so readily accepted as the "original" version in Western culture, or seen as to have been created "exclusively" by Western civilization. With these considerations, this dissertation detects five significant Disney contrasts and comparisons for analysis.

According to Louie, Yeh-Shen is the daughter of one of the wives of Chief Wu in southern China. Her mother dies shortly after giving birth. Then Chief Wu dies. The orphaned Yeh-Shen lives with the remaining widow, who also has a daughter almost the same age as Yeh-Shen. Disney compares well with this beginning except that Cinderella's father marries only one wife at a time. Disney did alter the story to include two stepsisters instead of one. In both versions, Cinderella is beautiful, is made to do the unpleasant chores, and is given rags to

wear. Yeh-Shen has "skin as smooth as ivory and dark pools for eyes." Disney's Cinderella is described only as "charming and beautiful" in the text, but in the film, is depicted as fair, blonde, blue-eyed, and possessing adequate physical maturity. Also, with the exception of Yeh-Shen and her father, Chief Wu, there are no names mentioned in the Louie text. Disney personalizes even his animals.

Second, Yeh-Shen, like Cinderella, has an animal friend. Yeh-Shen's only friend is a fish she caught and is raising. It is a big, beautiful fish with golden eyes and each day it waits on the bank of the pond for Yeh-Shen to feed it. Even though she does not have enough food for herself, she always finds something to share with her fish. In Disney, Cinderella has many friends, mostly mice and birds, but also a dog, a horse and chickens. It appears the widowed stepmother has plenty of food for Cinderella, the family, and the animals.

Next, in Louie's text, the stepmother finds that the fish is Yeh-Shen's friend, then tricks Yeh-Shen into fetching firewood, leaving her filthy coat behind. The stepmother puts it on, goes to the pond, the fish recognizes the coat as Yeh-Shen heaving itself upon the bank. The stepmother stabs the big fish and

eats it for dinner. Yeh-Shen is devastated to discover her fish is gone. An old man, whom Yeh-Shen calls "Uncle," appears. He advises her of the wondrous spirit powers of the dead fish's bones and tells her of her stepmother's treachery. The uncle says that whenever she is in serious need, "she must kneel before the bones and let them know her heart's desire." So, she retrieves the bones from the dung heap and hides them away. Yeh-Shen asks the bones for food so she may survive from day to day but lives in fear her stepmother will discover the secret. In Disney and Louie the stepmothers are evil and jealous. And in Disney, the evil cat, Lucifer, is the stepmother's sidekick who symbolizes an extension of her treachery. Cinderella and Yeh-Shen are seemingly powerless over their situation.

In the Disney adaptation, the fairy godmother (instead of an old uncle) is the bearer of magic after Cinderella's stepsisters destroy the ball gown the animals created for her to wear. And, as in the previous Disney scripts, Cinderella's animal buddies (and Prince Charming) come to her rescue. The fairy godmother turns the animals into horses, coachmen, footmen, etc., as escorts to the ball.

Fourth, Yeh-Shen makes a wish similar to Cinderella's. Instead of a

ball, however, it is spring festival time when young men and women from the village meet and choose who they will marry. Yeh-Shen asks her precious bones, "I long to go to the festival, but I cannot show myself in these rags. Is there somewhere I could borrow clothes fit to wear to the feast?" Zap! She is dressed in a gown, cloak and best of all, on her tiny feet are "slippers of golden threads in a pattern like the scales of a fish with glistening soles made of solid gold." Disney's slippers are made of glass, but the feet are both tiny. Also, both Cinderella's lose their slippers; however, in Louie there is no mention of a midnight transformation. Instead, Yeh-Shen runs when her stepsister begins to recognize her. One slipper is lost. A villager finds the shoe and recognizing its worth, sells it to a merchant, who presents it to the King of T'o Han.

In both Disney and Louie the king (or prince) becomes determined to find the woman to whom the shoe belongs. However, in Disney, Cinderella and Prince Charming meet and fall in love at the ball. Louie indicates the king stations himself and his guards around a pavilion where the slipper is placed to be claimed by the girl with the tiny foot. In darkest night, Yeh-Shen, clothed in her

filthy rags, dares to retrieve the slipper. She is allowed to depart with the slipper but the king and his men follow her home. There, when she puts both slippers on her feet, she is again transformed into a princess. Disney's version is very similar, except, again, for the help of Cinderella's animal friends. They bring her the key to unlock the door of her attic room (which her stepmother has locked), so she may try on the shoe that the Grand Duke is taking to each cottage in the kingdom. Disney's text indicates one glass slipper gets broken in a scuffle with the stepmother and stepsisters; however, Cinderella produces the mate, it fits, she is transformed, and then recognized as the princess.

Finally, Yeh-Shen marries the king who brings her to his palace. But he does not allow the stepmother and stepsister, who have been so unkind to his beloved, into the palace. They remain in their cave home where, it is said, "they are crushed to death in a shower of flying stones." No mention is made in Disney as to the fate of the stepmother and stepsisters. It is assumed, however, they live in their cottage with no ill consequences. Disney does indicate that Cinderella and the Prince marry and "they all live happily ever after."

Pocahontas

Pocahontas, as mentioned earlier, is the only Disney text based on an actual person. Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire's Pocahontas (1946) has been chosen for contrast and comparison. There are six significant textual variations.

Textual Contrasts and Comparisons

Before the actual comparison, this author deems it necessary to incorporate a brief historical chronology of Pocahontas's life. This chronology will help clarify certain textual variations:

1607 - In April Captain Christopher Newport's three ships arrive in the Chesapeake. In December John Smith is captured by Opechancanough and is taken to Chief Powhatan.

1608 - At age 11, Pocahontas begins serving as ambassador for her father, Powhatan. In May Pocahontas negotiates the release of Indians imprisoned by John Smith.

1609 - In January John Smith returns to Werowocomoco to trade with the Indians, and Pocahontas warns Smith that Powhatan is planning to kill him. Powhatan moves Pocahontas and the rest of his family to Orapaks. In July John Smith returns to England.

1610 - Starvation takes place in Jamestown. Powhatan declares war on Jamestown. Pocahontas is forbidden to visit the settlement. She is sent to live with the Potomac Indians.

1611 - John Rolfe, nephew of the King of Norway, arrives in Jamestown.

1613 - Pocahontas is taken hostage by Captain Samuel Argall and is forced to return to Jamestown.

1614 - In April Pocahontas and John Rolfe are married.

1615 - Pocahontas and John Rolfe's son, Thomas, is born.

1616 - The Rolfes sail for England. During the winter Pocahontas visits London and meets British royalty.

1617 - Pocahontas becomes ill (some say of smallpox) and goes to the countryside in Brentford, England, to recuperate. John Smith visits Pocahontas there. On March 21, at age 21, Pocahontas dies and is buried in St. George's churchyard in Gravesend, England.

The Disney text begins in 1607 with the introduction of the crew of the ship (soon to be settlers of Jamestown). D'Aulaire's story mentions the ship sailing from England then, immediately introduces Pocahontas, telling of her father's favoritism toward her and the special treatment she receives as the tribal Chief's daughter. Pocahontas means "the one who plays mostly" in tribal language. In both texts, Pocahontas is depicted as an only child. Chief Powhatan and John Smith are real names used in both texts, however, Governor Ratcliffe's name and those of the settlers are obviously fictitious.

The first major variation of the text occurs when, in D'Aulaire's version, Pocahontas's human grandmother, who is full of stories and magic and is said to have taught Pocahontas great wisdom, is dehumanized. Disney depicts the wise character as "Grandmother Willow," a tree who grows in her wisdom on the river bank where Pocahontas communes regularly. In Disney, Pocahontas's mother is symbolized by a necklace which she left upon her death for Pocahontas. D'Aulaire's version makes no comment concerning her mother.

Second, as before in Disney, animal sidekicks are introduced. Pocahontas has two buddies: Meeko, the raccoon, and Flit, the hummingbird. Governor Ratcliffe owns Percy, the dog. Much comedy conflict occurs between Meeko and Percy. Although D'Aulaire's version includes no animal buddies, it is mentioned that Pocahontas worships spirits that "live in the sun, in trees, in rocks, and even in animals."

Next, D'Aulaire states the Indians viewed white men as "dangerous sorcerers" because they chopped down trees, carried magic sticks that spat fire which killed whatever it hit, and acted as though they owned nature's land.

However, Pocahontas thought "palefaces" looked like her corn cob doll and she was certain their magic could not be evil, "for corn was the Indian's best friend." One day the braves captured the English Captain John Smith and voted to kill him but Pocahontas suddenly rushed forward. She took Smith's head in her arms to save him from death. The custom among the tribe was that a "maiden could save a prisoner from death if she had taken a liking to him, thus, he becomes her property." Even though Pocahontas in real life was only eleven years of age, the tribe honored her right to claim Smith. Disney has no such declaration in his script. And, of course, depicts Pocahontas as much older than eleven years (she was coded in the 18-24 age category in Chapter 4). Smith was in his thirties in real life (coded as 24-35 age category in Chapter 4).

Fourth, the Captain and Pocahontas become best friends in D'Aulaire. Smith is said to whittle her dolls and toys, gives her blue beads (which she makes into a necklace), and tells her of England. She thinks of him as a "second father" which she proclaims when she sees Smith again in England, after her marriage to John Rolfe. The Disney text leads the reader to believe they are love interests,

and that he will return from England, perhaps, to marry her.

Fifth, in D'Aulaire, Pocahontas helps feed the starving Jamestown settlers by bringing them corn in the winter. Later Smith sails up the river to the village to buy corn which Powhatan did not like, thinking that white men should plan their winter food supplies better. However, Smith presents Powhatan with a huge bed and a gold crown, a gift from King James of England, which pleases the Chief. But by spring the Indians themselves have little food. The white settlers, out of their hunger, threaten to steal Powhatan's corn. This makes the Chief angry and he intends to kill Smith, but once more, Pocahontas saves Smith by warning him of her father's plan. After that, there are no more signs of friendship between the red and white men. They fight and take from one another whatever they can.

Disney does depict the struggle between the reds and whites; however, it is not a struggle for food. It is conflict for riches and for love (with the brave who wants to marry Pocahontas). Disney postpones Pocahontas's rescue (once, not twice, as actually happened) of Smith until the climax of the story thereby depicting a heightened love interest between the two. There is no greed motive in

the D'Aulaire text. The settlers' attention is focused on simply trying to get enough food to survive the winter. Disney creates more conflict in his text by depicting Governor Ratcliffe as greedy, gold-hungry, and evil. Eventually even his own men turn against him.

Sixth, the Disney adaptation ends when, after saving Smith's life, Pocahontas watches as he sails for England. She vows to Smith, "No matter what happens, I will always be with you...forever," while standing atop her favorite cliff, the wind swirling around her. Disney's indication that Pocahontas and Smith are romantically involved is, perhaps, the most significant alteration in this story line. It is rumored there is a Disney sequel to Pocahontas in the making.

D'Aulaire's text (as already chronologically stated) continues through Pocahontas's marriage to John Rolfe, birth of her son in England, meeting with English royalty, and, finally her death at age twenty-one. D'Aulaire concludes that even though Pocahontas never returns home, when Pocahontas's son is a grown man, he sails to his mother's country. There he becomes the father of a large family which lives on today.

Contextual Interpretations

To discuss the questions of contextual interpretation, "did Disney alter the texts for the reasons of commercial, ideological, or a combination of both?" and, if so, "why?" one must study the textual differences, the time of Disney releases, and what has been written and stated about Disney story versions. Since the textual differences have been thoroughly discussed, this study will proceed with the time of each release and what has been written and said. For the purpose of historical chronology, the order of the films is changed. That is to say, Disney first released Snow White in 1937 and Cinderella in 1950. Even though revisions in sound and color were made, the film text remains the same for the re-releases (1994 and 1995). It is important, then, to begin the contextual interpretations with the considerations of the time of first release. The order of discussion will be: Snow White, Cinderella, The Little Mermaid, Beauty and the Beast, Aladdin, and Pocahontas.

Snow White (1937)

The contextual picture: nation in depression, jobs are scarce (and

only men are hired if a job is available), women are in their place at home, child labor is cheap, and war in Europe is brewing. Disney cartoons make their audiences laugh for a moment. The price of admission is ten to twenty-five cents.

For the above reasons, depression audiences could not get enough of Walt Disney cartoons, and during the 1930s the Disney Studio flourished. Walt Disney was in his enthusiastic thirties. Disney became the first studio to begin its own art school for animators and the "storyboard" concept for development of Snow White was perfected. Amidst much criticism in America (European audiences loved Disney), in 1937, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs became the world's first animated feature film. The film cost an exorbitant (especially by depression standards) \$1.5 million to produce but made an astonishing \$8.5 million on its first release. Until now, Walt Disney had been an outcast in the film industry.

Disney deemed Snow White to be the perfect combination of elements for a winning animated film: romance, comical dwarfs, evil, enchantment, and a new way to use music. Jackson (1993) comments, "Disney knew that he had to make changes in its [Snow White's] literary source in order to produce a satisfying

film...Disney came up with the idea of adding attractive supporting characters--ones that did not appear in the book--to lend interest to the story" (p. 29). Schickel (1985) quotes Disney (before releasing Snow White) as stating, "We have but one thought, and that is for good entertainment...we like to have a point to our stories, not an obvious moral but a worthwhile theme" (p. 174). Disney's philosophy (after releasing Snow White) is quoted by Jackson as being, "Don't create potboilers. Create masterpieces. There's such a big market for masterpieces" (p. 28). According to Jackson (1993), animator Ward Kimball, later referred to Snow White as "the Gone With the Wind" of cartoons" (p. 27). Audiences sprang to their feet and applauded at the film's conclusion, many of whom had tears in their eyes. Cornwell (1981) attested that this film was a technological, critical, and box office success.

Thus, Disney initiated "the formula." The Disney empire was based on popular songs and character merchandise that it spawned to achieve widespread recognition and market success. Therefore, it appears Snow White's textual alterations were made for mainly commercial purposes. However, Snow White

would now forever serve as the ideological prototype for basing stereotypic age and gender depictions on a time in history when patriarchy ruled supreme.

Cinderella (1950)

The contextual picture: World War II is over, the "American Dream" (i.e., suburbs, automobiles, baby-boomer children are born, a chicken in every pot) is the philosophy, "Rosie the Riveter" is back in the kitchen, soldiers are back to work, families are thinking of the "traditional" values, and security is the main goal for the future. But, Disney is on the verge of bankruptcy due to the financial and critical failures of Fantasia (1940), Bambi (1942), Saludos Amigos (1943), Three Caballeros (1945), and Song of the South (1946).

In 1950, when Cinderella was released in Boston on Valentines Day, it was stated by O'Brien (1996) that Walt knew he needed a story with wide romantic appeal and economic marketability because, at this time in history, Disney had no theme parks as dependable revenue sources, animated features were becoming increasingly expensive to produce and distribute, and movie studios in general were experiencing a universal down swing. Disney again

risked everything on a fairy tale adaptation. He knew anything too controversial or downbeat would be rejected at this time of "domestic rebuilding" in America. So, argued O'Brien (1996), he altered a text to create his own, saleable version of the Cinderella story. The dominant theme of this period is "male might makes right" and the American masculine competitive desire to be dominant, richer, and stronger pervades Disney's Cinderella.

Both the production and the marketing of Cinderella centered around the necessity for creating a simultaneous appeal to children and adults with efficacy depending on a "tightrope balance" of characterization and plot. But, Walt believed that children were unable to identify with adult characters and therefore unable to understand the morals of classic fairy tales. Thus, he created more animal characters with whom children could relate. Disney held "Cinderella Contests" to target women and their little girls in the film's consumer culture. He marketed dolls, balloons, bath salts, shoes, jewelry, dresses, ice cream and pencil sharpeners within more than 150 consumer outlets (Slater, 1950). The marketing strategy was aimed at a girl or a woman so she could dream of becoming

Cinderella and thereby make an individual identity transformation by purchasing Disney products. O'Brien (1996) argues that together, the marketing campaign and the film's message encouraged girls to become kind, gentle, long-suffering, and submissive princesses who, by marriage to a dominant male, would be rescued from their humdrum existence. Zipes (1979) reinforces O'Brien by suggesting Bettelheim believed "the ideological and psychological pattern and message of Cinderella does nothing more than reinforce sexist values and a Puritan ethos that serves a society which fosters competition and achievement for survival" (p. 173).

Cinderella (said to be six years in the making) was the success Disney needed earning a domestic gross of more than \$5.5 million (over \$1 million more than Snow White) and redefining Disney's lost or straying audience. Disney, recognizing the gigantic profits to be made, vowed to release one animated film per year thereafter. According to Slater (1950), this film turned Disney into one of the biggest independent producers of all time.

Disney's Cinderella may have helped to revive an individual fairy tale

dream by capitalizing on the lost dreams of a culture. Perhaps this was stated best by Zipes (1979), when he claimed at the end of the nineteenth century "tales no longer served their original purpose of clarifying social and natural phenomena but became forms of refuge and escape in that they made up for what people could not [or no longer can] realize in society" (p. 174).

The Little Mermaid (1989)

The contextual picture: conservative Reagan/Bush cold-war era, corporate downsizing, economic restructuring, mean streets, drug abuse, AIDS, resurgent interest in traditional family values, children and teens with expendable cash, and televisions-VCRs-CDs-computers-microwaves in most homes. Walt dies in 1966, Disney dips into economic slump, Disney Studios reorganize in 1984 with Eisner and Wells at the helm, adaptation of Disney marketing strategy in tune with Disney formula and hard-line economic realities of 1980s.

Perhaps Smoodin (1993) unraveled the logical explanation for the Disney decline in filmed entertainment profits from the time of Disney's death until The Little Mermaid when he claimed that [before The Little Mermaid] when Disney

animated films had deviated from the formula of cute animal characters and traditional values, the films were not received favorably by critics or audiences. With this in mind, Eisner and his corporate team returned to successful adaptations of "classic" fairy tales.

Eisner restored the Disney formula to its full glory upon the release of The Little Mermaid. The goal was to recapture children from Luke Skywalker and Indiana Jones and to encourage parents to bring their children back for repeated viewings. Eisner and Wells believed, like Walt, that "if kids fall in love with a film, they will want to see it again and again, buy all the merchandise related to the film, and eventually buy the video" (O'Brien, 1996, p. 169). O'Brien also relates that "nowhere was this dual audience plan more apparent than in the making of The Little Mermaid" (p. 169).

To ensure profits, extensive plot changes were intentionally chosen by the new corporate team to reflect their marketing strategy to restore financial and critical profitability. Although there were many alterations, Eisner altered the original Andersen text in one very significant manner. In Andersen, Ariel dies at

the end. Both Disney and Eisner knew death does not sell. Clerkx (1987) agreed that "a characteristic of the fairy tale is that it begins problematically and ends well: the problem is solved" (p. 81). She does not state, however, this means "happily ever after." Eisner adapted Andersen's classic to appeal to 1980s children and teen-agers while still maintaining the overall patriarchal family values on which Disney's reputation was based. Politically, President and Nancy Reagan may exemplify the drive to return America's youth to these values (if these values, in fact, did exist). Perhaps the political context within which this film was released explains the acceptance of traditional patriarchal reassertion.

Disney Studios committed a \$7 million budget to develop their marketing approach for this film with focus on Ariel "as the object of the gaze, a continuation of the early ideas of film spectatorship which describe women as being objectified in films" (O'Brien, 1996, p. 174). The campaign worked. The Little Mermaid became the most successful film to date opening to \$84.4 million in box office receipts and earning instant "classic" status. This success brought new life to Disney's profitability. The marketing strategy was in tune with the

hard-line economic realities of the time and Walt's original goal of one animated feature per year was re-adopted along with the original Disney formula. O'Brien (1996) asserted, "...Disney adapted Hans Christian Andersen's classic to appeal to 1980s children and teen-agers while still maintaining the overarching patriarchal family values on which Disney's reputation was based" (p. 170).

Renewed significance was placed on conservatism and materialism at this time. O'Brien (1996) revealed, "Disney's depiction of Ariel corresponded to this [materialistic] philosophy" (p. 170). Ariel's portrayal reflected how, especially younger women, had to "go back" to patriarchal values in order to find love, even if they were basically independent females. Disney gave no other system from which to choose. Therefore, to develop a meaningful philosophy of life, meant to marry the man with power and wealth. There was no alternative course of action. Other females were of no use. Eisner deletes the grandmother character and Ariel's sisters have non-speaking parts. Only the powerful male could save the female from her woes. O'Brien (1996) reinforces this view by stating, "Only after she [Ariel] embraces patriarchy does she secure Eric's love, persuade her father to

make her permanently human, and restore peace so everyone can live happily ever after" (p. 171). Everyone can live happily ever after, except, of course, the evil older female antagonist who must be destroyed in order to restore the patriarchal peace. Jacoby, Kast, & Riedel (1992) indicate that males often fear the overpowering feminine principle which may be instilled as "devouring his urge for autonomy, castrating his manhood" (p. 200). The witch is depicted as an ugly or monstrous "old" woman who is physically a creature bordering between human and demonic and psychologically between the realm of consciousness and the unconscious. The characterizations of the oldest references to witches are related to "a man-eating being or a slovenly, loose (in all senses) female" (Jacoby, Kast, & Riedel, 1992, p. 201). In the first case, the male may be fearful (subconsciously) of being devoured physically by the ugly old woman witch, and in the second, he may be fearful (consciously) of sexually being devoured by her. In any case, the Disney formula made sure that these females were stereotyped and punished for their threat to younger females and to the male sex. The evil female, symbolized as Ursula in The Little Mermaid was dehumanized as an

octopus and was depicted with no qualities of "goodness." Therefore, she could be simplified, objectified, and nicely subjected to blind hate by the audience. As stated before, Disney depicted animals who take human form so the elimination of the evil character will not be subject to human consequences or concern.

Beginning with The Little Mermaid, Disney associated weight with evil.

Trites (1991) contends that Ursula's grabbing tentacles and manipulative personality reflect Disney films characterizations of older women as huge predatory villains. In one scene Ursula's breasts fill the entire screen. With use of such imagery, Disney depicts "good" versus "evil."

Eisner refused to be aware (as did Walt) of the cultural significance reflected by alterations in their story line. As Zipes (1979) warns, children are affected when this significance is ignored because:

Cultural work with children must begin from a critical perspective of the production and market conditions of literature, and this involves using fantastic and realistic literature to make children aware of their potentialities and also aware of the social contradictions which will frustrate their full development. Any other approach will lead to illusions and lies (p. 177).

The textual alterations, especially the changes to the final outcome of The Little Mermaid, indicate that Disney intended to sugar coat the ending in order to deprive children and adults of interpreting dire moral, social, and death contradictions, thereby, according to Zipes' earlier statement, "leading to illusions and lies." The argument in previous chapters of this research that the introduction to fairy tales at an age when the distinction between fantasy and reality is blurry leads a young audience to believe the stereotypical conventions, and perhaps, to readily accept the images (illusions and lies) presented by Disney, becomes an even more valid one.

The Disney Studio, however, was on the way to a valid solution to it's financial troubles. In 1989, the Disney filmed entertainment division (theatres, home videos, television) grossed approximately \$1.5 billion, up from 1984 when Eisner took over, by \$1 billion dollars according to Huey (1995, p. 60). Disney was quoted by Jackson (1993) as stating, "I've never called my work an 'art', it's show business, the business of building entertainment" (p. 109). Disney's proclamation makes two issues very clear. First, Walt believed he was in

business to promote entertainment product consumption based on the profit motive exemplified by the Disney ideological formula and second, Eisner believes what Walt believed.

Beauty and the Beast (1991), Aladdin, (1992), Pocahontas (1995)

Beauty and the Beast, Aladdin, and Pocahontas are contextually analyzed together since they represent the historical time span from 1991 to 1995.

Contextual picture: Clinton political era, partnership and teamwork philosophy emerging, corporate downsizing, private and government economic restructuring, drugs, mean streets, AIDS, growing numbers of females and minorities in the workforce, white male backlash, children and teens with even more expendable income, conjecture that the middle class "American Dream" may be dying or dead. Eisner continues his tenure at Disney.

The "American Dream" was alive and well for Eisner and the Disney Studios as Beauty and the Beast garnered the first Oscar nomination for Best Picture awarded to an animated film. It's reception by audiences as well as critics was positive. The success contributed greatly to the filmed entertainment revenue

for Disney in 1991 which totaled over \$2.5 billion as reported in The Walt Disney Company 1995 Fact Book. The home video released in 1992 ranks third in popularity behind Snow White (1) and Aladdin (2) on Buena Vista's (Disney subsidiary) all time top-selling list. In 1994 Beauty and the Beast: A New Musical opened at the Palace Theatre in New York and set a one-day Broadway box-office sales record of \$1.1 million. In 1995, the theatre musical opened in six other cities--Los Angeles, Toronto, Melbourne, Vienna, Tokyo, and Osaka.

No one can deny that Beauty and the Beast was a critical and financial success, nor that the Disney ideological formula sold again. But, what of the contextual significance of the alterations made in the story line? Downey (1996) believes that "Disney heroines typically exist in a world in which fathers are the sole proprietors of parenthood, mothers are conspicuous by their absence, and Disney villains are caricatures of evil temptresses or wicked stepmothers" (p. 186). Beauty and the Beast was no exception, and because the context was historically rooted in the same patriarchal formula as Snow White (1937), Disney interpretative renditions of this fairy tale may be said to reaffirm the American

social status quo. And, if one grants that mass audiences do reify Disney's ingenious ability to keep a finger on the pulse of America, then Beauty and the Beast audiences got what they wanted.

Disney's version of this classic "narratively subordinates females' experiences to those of males and eventually moves to a denouncement that resolves a male's inner turmoil" (Downey, 1996, p. 190). It is Belle's actions, not her beauty, that create the film's tension and eventually resolve the conflict. Therefore, the film generated a female centeredness within the unfolding masculine narrative. Because animation depends upon the power of symbolism, its meanings derive not only from the narrative but from the larger cultural system. In Disney, Belle, may appear to be strong and independent, to appease the audiences of the '90s, but again, it was within the confines of the patriarchal system that her symbolic reality was contained. Downey (1996) relates that "the story [Beauty and the Beast] appears to privilege masculine control by developing the autonomy and hierarchy common to a male perspective" (p. 193).

Beauty and the Beast ended predictably by pleasing the human passions

for love and romance, freedom and acceptance. The power paradox is resolved: the Beast gives up his power to gain power and Beauty accepts the power she has possessed all along. The historical timing assuring audience acceptance of the Disney resolution of the power paradox in Beauty and the Beast reflected, or is reflected in, the gaining popularity of the "partnership" concept in political, corporate and individual lives in the '90s. Thus, argues Downey (1996) "mutual empowerment stemming from the legitimation of personhood generates relational interdependence that can resolve gendered tension" (p. 206). The essence of this claim is that male power without a potent female counterpart is impossible because the intrinsic relational nature of power makes one's existence dependent on the other. "Such a pattern apparently resonates with Disney's target audience, the American family, fitting within its cultural system of beliefs by incorporating familiar patriarchal archetypes along with emergent and transitional prototypes" (Downey, 1996, p. 209). Beauty and the Beast may have been popular at this time in history because it did give at least the contextual illusion of articulating dual gender voices and the development of interdependence intrinsic to a dialectical

perspective of power.

Aladdin presented the recurrent narrative pattern of gender conflict in which worthy, but misdirected boys, fathers, or potential husbands must undergo a transformation to earn the love and respect of the female. This textual transformation lead to a transcendent resolution only when the male surrendered his controlling power, respected the female's right to freedom, and validated her independent identity. However, the contextual boundaries continue to be confined to the original patriarchal formula of which Disney and Eisner are masters at perpetuating.

Because this formula may give the audience what (they think) it wanted, it again assured the profits for the company. In 1992, upon the release of Aladdin to the moviegoers of America, Disney filmed entertainment revenue grossed \$3.1 billion, up almost \$1 billion from the previous year. Even though Aladdin, like other Disney films, was released very quickly to the home video market, Disney created a new direct-to-video business with an Aladdin spin-off not released in theatres. The Return of Jafar was the made-for-home-video released through

"Walt Disney Home Video Presents." Another Aladdin spin-off (as well as other spin-offs) is presently in the making for the home video market.

Though The Lion King (1994) was not textually analyzed in this study, it is important to note that in this year Disney's filmed entertainment revenue was almost \$4.8 billion and accounted for 48% of Disney's overall revenues and 43% of the total operating income (The Walt Disney 1995 Fact Book).

Pocahontas, released in 1995, is the only film to date based on actual historic people, places and events. Buescher & Ono (1996) warn that "parents and other adults may not have recognized, at first glance, the profound rhetorical significance of this film because Disney did not market the film to them...Disney marketed Pocahontas to children, and especially to girls" (pp. 127-128).

The Disney version of Pocahontas is definitely more "fun" to girls or boys than reading about her in the history books. Is Disney making "fun and money" from history? Does Disney help audiences unlearn the infamous history of mass slaughter by replacing it with a "cute and cuddly" one? Rosaldo (1993) asserts that "a mood of nostalgia makes racial domination appear innocent and pure"

(p. 68). Buescher & Ono (1996) write of how Disney's Pocahontas operates within a neocolonialist culture and economy. They profess the film utilizes "feminism, environmentalism, and multiculturalism to argue for the benevolent colonialism signified by John Smith versus the malevolent colonialism typified by Governor Ratcliffe" (p. 133). They argue the audience (which targets children) becomes an accomplice to the crime of colonialism and thereby a "sympathizer with acts of vengeance" (Buescher & Ono, 1996, p. 132). The suggestion, then, may be that colonialism is simply one manifestation of today's preferable multicultural world which therefore infers that it is just and "right."

Colonists in the Disney version free Pocahontas from Native American patriarchy, but, like her counterpart Belle in Beauty and the Beast, she is then confined by Western civilization patriarchy. And, of course, what could be more contextually and historically misrepresented than Disney's alteration of Pocahontas's age? At age eleven, as was historically the case, the market value of videos, toys, CDs, games and clothing (to mention only a few product tie-ins) would be much less appealing to little girls dreaming of "growing up" like her.

It also appears that Disney manipulated the script to appeal to the rhetoric of contemporary social movements for liberation, such as environmentalism and multiculturalism. The film may be interpreted to symbolize the connection between women and nature by implying that both require colonization and that civilization overcomes nature. If the Disney version succeeds in gathering audience support with its fantasy, it seems to postulate that merely two colonial alternatives exist. The audience must clearly choose only one. Disney's Pocahontas may encourage the viewer to rationalize colonialist practices by the portrayal that white settlers befriend Native Americans, educating them to help see the "white light" which symbolizes the only "right" alternative.

The tensions between male/male (Smith and Ratcliffe) are ideological. In the Disney version when Ratcliffe tries to kill Powhatan, Smith intercedes, and the settlers turn on Ratcliffe. There is no such historical indication. Disney needs the audiences' sympathy to identify with Smith as the hero in order for the romantic interest between him and Pocahontas to be heightened assuring ultimate appeal to its target audience--young girls. Pocahontas can find true romance only

outside her culture and Grandmother Willow encourages her to speak her own heart and "listen to the wind." This concept appeals to a young girl who dreams of freeing herself from family identity to the new (and, perhaps, better) world of "Prince Charming's culture."

It needs to be noted here that, in the historical version, Pocahontas is miserable in England. After marrying Rolfe (not Smith), Pocahontas is introduced into British society and renamed Lady Rebecca. Murray (1931) states that "she [Pocahontas] could not fathom the cold and formal etiquette of caste at Court which robbed those who entered it of the warm ties of affection and friendship" (p. 17). Also, that, upon receiving Smith in the Court, she longed to see him and embrace him as a father. But, so jealous was the English monarch of the order of rank, and the etiquette of caste, that the "hardy old soldier" dared not address her except in the stately, reserved, and deferential manner which was prescribed in the court rubrics. Murray (1931) says Pocahontas addresses Smith, "I tell you that I will call you father, and you shall call me child, and so it shall be forever" (p. 19).

Zipes (1979), repeating an earlier quote from this chapter, indicated that a critical perspective of production and market conditions must be present when formulating children's literature to make children aware of their potential and of social contradictions within the literature, "any other approach will lead to illusions and lies" (p. 177). The illusions created in Pocahontas appear to contextually lie to children and adults especially concerning age and gender depiction. Buescher & Ono (1996), take this claim a step further by asserting that Pocahontas "enacts the colonialist narrative and in so doing legitimates a cultural framework rooted in racism, anti-miscegenation, patriarchy, and capitalism" (p. 151).

To identify the capitalistic financial profits of the Disney Studios, this research turned to Moody's CD Report on the Walt Disney Company (1996). The report indicates that in 1995 Disney grossed over \$6 billion for the filmed entertainment division, almost \$3 billion more than from their theme parks and resorts, and over \$4 billion more than from their consumer products. However, the total revenue for the Disney Company in 1995 was a staggering \$12.1 billion.

Many people will argue that it is not a bad thing to make a profit and this author agrees. However, "how one makes the profit" may be the ultimate consideration. It appears the Disney Company profited greatly from premeditated alterations of the original or popular textual fairy tale scripts for reasons that were both ideological and commercial with the sole intention of marketing entertainment and spawned products to anyone who would buy. Historical, statistical, textual and contextual indicators presented here appear to substantiate this claim.

CHAPTER 6

DISCUSSION AND RECOMMENDATIONS

The goal of this study is to contribute to the almost nonexistent research on full-length animated films and home videos developed for the predominantly child audience. To accomplish the task, this research has systematically tested the conventional assumptions concerning age and gender depiction, based on anecdotal and fragmentary evidence, that Disney products are mainly wholesome family entertainment, safely enjoyable by children of all ages.

The overall scope is critical analysis because it relies on other genres to bind together its construct based on a common interest in the quality of human communication and the quality of life. A triangulation of various research techniques to ensure consistent results produced a richer and more effective grounding for description, explanation, interpretation, understanding, and critique than a single research method could provide. Thus, as to Disney videos, this research appears to be the first to triangulate its design and to include both the quantitative and qualitative approach in one study.

This study (a) examined the chronological history of Walt Disney and

Disney Productions and reviewed current literature on sexism, ageism and communication theory, (b) analyzed the content of age and gender messages communicated in seven Disney films, (c) compared and contrasted textual alterations and interpreted contextual attributions of the Disney versus a popular version of the fairy tale, and, finally (d) discusses and offers a constructive grass roots media approach for improving the future cultural environment.

The History of Disney

The historical chronology provided a rich foundation for the understanding of salient issues surrounding Walt Disney and the development of Disney Studios. The review reveals several major factors upon which this research is based to include: (a) Walt's childhood treatment and memories formed his ideology concerning animation, live action films, and theme parks, (b) the Disney "formula" for animated films was born in 1937 with the release of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, his first feature-length production, (c) Walt built an empire to include worldwide consumer product promotion and mega-marketing strategies for children and adults, (d) Disney died in 1966 but

Disney Studios kept the "Disney vision" alive by hiring Eisner and Wells in 1984, (e) in 1995 Disney Companies purchased the ABC Network and are currently ranked number 48 on the Forbes 500 Companies list (see Appendix A), (f) Eisner embraces and perpetuates both the filmic ideological formula and the commercial global marketing strategy first initiated by Walt Disney.

Sexism, Ageism, and Communication Theory

This literature review into the field of communication examined and interpreted the recent research pertaining to prosocial and antisocial behavior, sex and age role stereotyping, and communication theory. Very little research is available which specifically scrutinizes Disney films and videos in these areas. Thus, groundwork has been laid to understand: (a) definitions of mass communication, sex and age role stereotyping, and what the media is selling children, (b) violence, cultivation analysis, symbolism, family influence and their media effects upon children, (c) agenda setting, hegemony, dependency issues, Marxist theory, semiotics, and what is communicated by these theories in the media of a commercial world, (d) that media control continues to be strengthened

by the proliferation of media mergers which shape the agenda of what audiences view and how and when they view it.

Content Analysis

In addition to clarifying conventional attitudes (those not based on quantitative content analysis or a valid research construct) of previous research in the field, this study is designed to provide a sound replicative perspective regarding age and gender assumptions and stereotypical bias depicted by the content of seven Disney videos.

The results of the content analysis provide the findings that (a) males appear in major roles more than twice as often as females, (b) males appear in minor roles more than three times more often than females, (c) major males are depicted as slightly older (mostly in the 18-24 age category) than major females (mostly in the 12-17 age category), (d) age is more evenly distributed within all age categories (under 12 to over 65) between minor male and female characters, (e) males of all ages except for pubescent males are depicted more favorably than females as they age in society, (f) there is no depiction of a

birth mother for any major female character, (g) there is only one depiction of a birth mother for a major male character and she is a non-speaking character, (h) males are depicted more often as perpetrators and victims of violence with the exception of older females who are also depicted as mean and cruel, (i) a humorous or comic animal sidekick most often both perpetrates and assumes the brunt of violent action, (j) status or position is depicted as an important or main goal for younger males to win a female whereas older males act from greed and desire for wealth, (k) statistical depiction of status or position as an important or main goal by major and minor males is more evenly age distributed, (l) all major females are depicted as not being cast as "good" or "bad" but mixed or unclear in their roles, (m) romantic involvement is mostly a female depiction and the only category where females outnumber males, (n) depiction of being overweight is reserved mainly for male sidekicks and older females (both human and animal).

The surprising finding here is that major females to include Jasmine, Beauty, Cinderella, Ariel, Snow White, and Pocahontas are not depicted to the coders in this research as being cast as exclusively "good" characters, but mixed

or unclear in their role message. Past research in children's cartoons (Gerbner, 1993a) indicates that casting of "good" and "evil" characters is quite clearly delineated. Thus, this study may indicate that Disney videos portray female roles in a world closer to reality than depicted in animated cartoons. However, Hoerner (1996), who studied prosocial and antisocial behaviors within 11 Disney films states, "it is still a world filled with gender stereotypes and aggression" (p. 225), and children are especially vulnerable to the blurry distinction between fantasy and reality.

Comparative Analysis

The results of the comparative analysis provide additional insight into how textual alterations by the Disney Studios target formative personalities, creating in children at a vulnerable age, corporate avenues for product consumerism.

Textual

The textual analyses of six Disney videos (the seventh, The Lion King has no one text) compared to a popular fairy tale version finds that (a) all contain a major female character from whom the "gaze" of the story unfolds, (b) all contain

the major, independent female who must betray her independence to become part of the patriarchal system or be doomed to unhappiness, (c) all demonstrate "enchantment" as part of the story plot (e.g., a magic spell, magic mirror), (d) Disney eliminates other female characters (i.e., mothers, grandmothers, sisters) making the wicked stepmother or cuddly father sole caretaker of a pubescent female, (e) there are no animal sidekicks in the popular versions with the exception of Yeh-Shen who has a fish friend whose bones become her "Fairy Godmother" (every Disney version contains animal sidekicks), (f) Disney texts portray "themes" instead of the "morals" intertwined within the popular texts, (g) Disney versions portray romantic involvement between the major female character and her prince before the marriage, popular texts do not, (h) death and consequences for evil actions are not shown in Disney versions, popular texts do demonstrate consequences, (i) Disney scripts depict male/male conflict or battle to win the fair maiden whereas the popular scripts do not, (j) Disney replaces the history of mass slaughter with a "cute and cuddly" version, (k) "and they live happily ever after" is not mentioned except in Disney texts.

Perhaps the most blatant textual alteration is in Pocahontas when Disney depicts the ages of Pocahontas and John Smith to be similar obviously to promote a romantic love interest. In reality, Pocahontas was 11, and Smith was in his 30s or 40s. Historical chronicles indicate that Pocahontas thought of Smith as a second father. The original Disney formula includes "romance" so it appears actual ages and events were altered for the sake of consumer appeal. This author can fathom no reason for the textual alteration except for commercial purposes.

Contextual

The three questions asked to help interpret contextual factors within the seven Disney videos are: (a) were changes made for the perpetuation of certain ideologies (i.e. the Disney formula)? (b) for commercial reasons? (c) for a combination of both reasons?

The time (1937 to present) spanning contextual interactions among text, context and audiences are viewed from what is written concerning the text, what is said about it, and the meanings attached to it. These are the major findings: (a) the Disney ideological formula containing romance, comedy, evil, enchantment

and music has not changed by contextual standards, (b) audiences and critics are positive in their acceptance of Disney videos as witnessed by the overwhelming box-office profits and product sales, (c) Disney's contextual, epistemological worldwide marketing strategy targets children and aims to sell any and all merchandise and music related to filmed entertainment to anyone who will buy.

The Cultural Environment Movement

The United States Telecommunications Act of 1996 legitimized media monopolies (including Disney) and thereby expanded the global market to an even greater extent. Bagdikian (1996) argues that the goal of multinational market expansion is "to shape the global message with a view to creating mass conditioning of the young and the old on every continent" (p. 7), that children's television is an international disgrace which produces "wildly irresponsible consumerism that is economically and environmentally destructive" (p. 9), that this goal is leading to, "the socialization of the world's infants to an adoption of violence and aggression as the prime methods of conducting human relations" (p. 14), and, finally, unless there is organized public intervention, the twenty-first

century will become "an electronic shopping mall devoted to the culture of wasteful and ultimately fatal use of the planet's natural resources and a diminishing of the human spirit" (p. 14). Gerbner (1995) agrees that "global marketing streamlines production, homogenizes content, and sweeps alternative perspectives from the mainstream presenting a world that is iniquitous, demeaning, and damaging to those born into and living in it" (p. 170). Bagdikian and Gerbner warn that global marketing and conglomerate control of media entertainment is creating a pervasive "invisible crisis" for our world.

Schiller (1996) claims that this crisis "cannot be satisfactorily managed or improved either with technological instrumentation or individualistic and private custodianship, a new approach is needed" (p. 25). There is no historical precedent, constitutional provision, or legislative blueprint to confront the challenge of the current proliferation of conglomerate control.

So, what will not only bandage, but begin to heal our cultural afflictions? The Cultural Environment Movement (CEM) was founded in 1991 to respond to this need. CEM is an educational, non-profit, tax-exempt corporation organized

in the United States (consisting of every state in the United States and 57 other countries on six continents representing a wide range of social and cultural concerns) to dissolve international boundaries and to build a coalition of independent organizations committed to joint action. Shared activism works to develop mechanisms of greater public participation in cultural decision-making. Gerbner (1995) believes CEM provides the liberating alternative to repressive movements in the field. CEM strives to gain the rights of children to be born into a cultural environment that is "reasonable, free, fair, diverse, and non-damaging" (Gerbner, 1995, p. 170). Therefore, Gerbner (1996) postulated that it was high time the cold war shifted to the culture war and that it will take a mighty citizen's movement to turn the tide. And, as Eisler (1995) warns, "Lest we forget each of us can make a difference, that, in the end, the choice of what kind of world we live in is up to every one of us" (p. 214).

CEM was conceived and established to strengthen the rights of the individual. Informed citizens-turned-activists must find a way to exploit opportunities within the corporate mass media to reach the unaware public. To

accomplish this task, CEM developed a 25-Step Agenda for Action. The main focus of this agenda is to (a) build a coalition to involve media councils in all countries to include citizens in all walks of life, (b) work to abolish existing concentration of ownership and censorship (both of and by media) so to include less affluent, more vulnerable groups in cultural decision-making, (c) seek out and cooperate with cultural liberation forces to work for independence of their own decision-making, (d) support journalists, artists, writers, actors, directors and other creative workers who struggle for more freedom of diversity in media content, (e) promote media literacy, media awareness, and critical viewing skills utilizing essential educational objectives, (f) place cultural policy issues on the social-political agenda and, (g) experiment with community and citizen participation in the cultural decision-making process.

Perhaps this critical analysis, because of its triangulated posture, serves as one small step toward creating an avenue of awareness and informed citizen choice. After all, what was impossible yesterday is what one takes for granted today, what is impossible today will be the norm for the future.

Conclusion

Therefore, by systematically testing the conventional assumptions concerning age and gender depiction, based on anecdotal and fragmentary evidence, it can now be concluded that Disney products may not be wholesome family entertainment, safely enjoyable by children of all ages. For as long as uninformed audiences pay the price of admission for Disney's films and videos, the company has little incentive to re-evaluate the Disney idealistic or consumeristic formula. But what of the future?

Recommendations

First, more research must be conducted to determine why global audiences resonate so willingly, without much aforethought, to the parsimonious Disney utopian, age and gender stereotyped, nationalistic ideologies. Doesn't society's acceptance say much about the individual's perceived needs and desires? If Disney does give "pleasure," then Dow (1996) suggests that to analyze what is pleasure within a society is to learn something about the society as well as Disney. Perhaps with Disney's continued corporate proliferation and global

marketing strategies, it will become more difficult for anyone on this planet to formulate a scientific viewpoint of what the "pleasure metaphor" is. In the very near future, there may be no global boundary from which to view diversity.

Second, heuristic research needs to delve into a cognitive and behavioral exploration of how children actually relate to Disney characters. Whether it be observation, interview, field studies, or ethnographic research, there needs to be more attention paid to what the children, themselves, integrate and process psychologically while viewing filmic entertainment produced for the child audience. What are young girls and boys actually learning? What kinds of actions do they imitate? At what point do Disney character portrayals help shape a child's perception of gender and/or age identity? No matter how good the intentions or how extensive the research, these questions cannot be answered by adults for children. Future research must solicit the child's opinion. Researchers must carefully construct research to observe children and then listen very closely. This study is a mere foundation from which to progress toward building a bridge of understanding for the future of the world's cultural environment.

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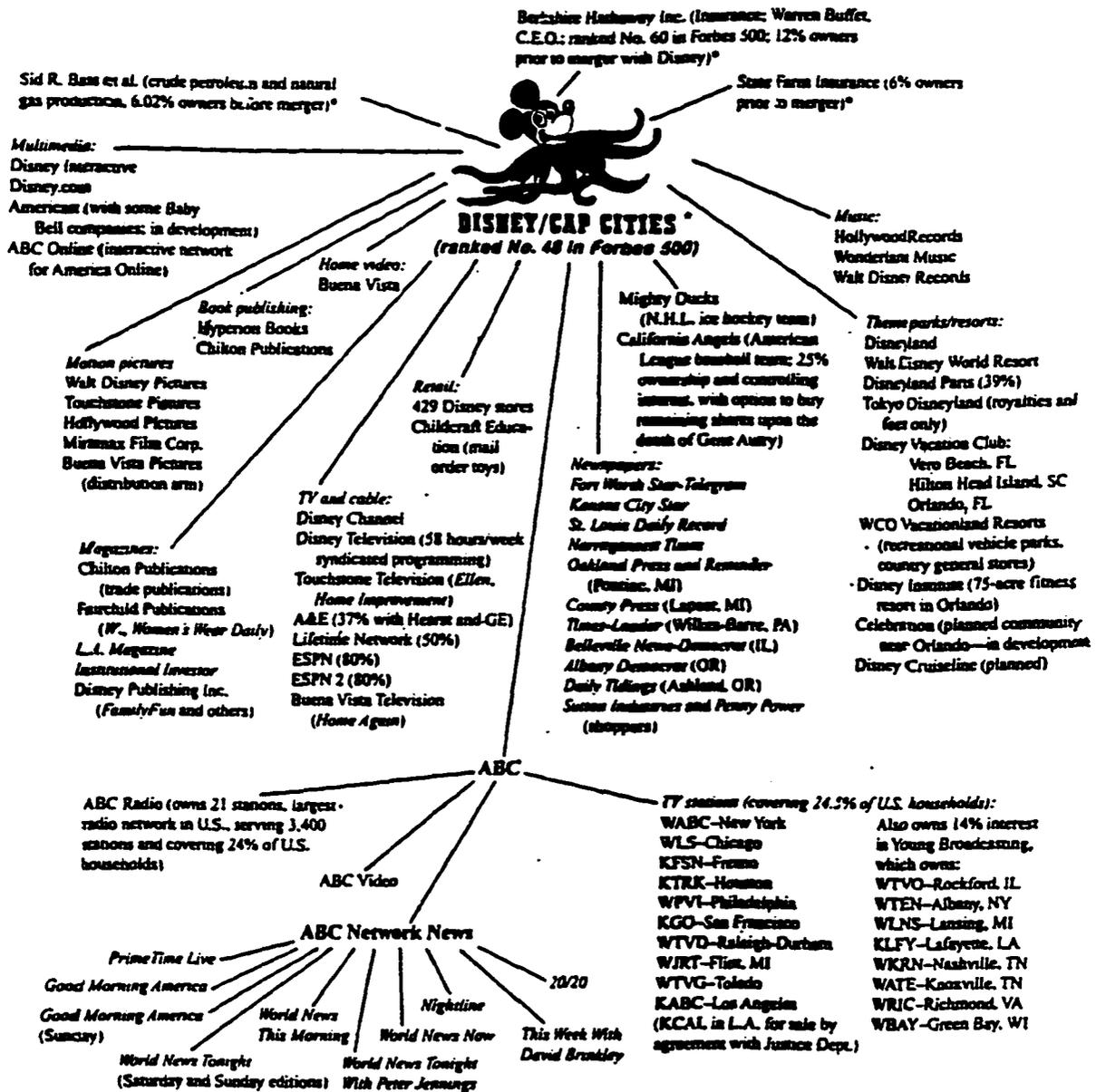
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Appendix A



* Ownership percentages are not finalized. Because 62% of stockholders opted for shares and not cash, Disney is still working out with shareholders whether they will be paid in fractional shares or with partial cash payments.

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Appendix B

AGING WITH DISNEY:

**DEPICTION OF GENDER AND AGE IN SEVEN DISNEY ANIMATED
FAIRY TALES**

Disney Message Analysis

Code Book

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INSTRUCTIONS TO CODERS

General Instructions

The recording unit for the seven animated Disney videos is as an entertainment program divided into scenes. An entertainment program is a single fictional story presented in dramatic form. A scene is the place where an action or event occurs within the single fictional story. Each of these seven, feature length, Disney videos (The Little Mermaid, Aladdin, Beauty and the Beast, Snow White, Cinderella, The Lion King, and Pocahontas) will constitute a separate program and each will be individually analyzed by character and by scene with this coding instrument.

The Little Mermaid contains 56 scenes; Aladdin, 28; Beauty and the Beast, 43; Snow White, 17; Cinderella, 23; The Lion King, 36; and Pocahontas is divided into 39 scenes. The total number of scenes for the seven videos is 242.

Complete one program/theme/interpersonal code sheet for each scene within the program (video) and one character code sheet per character for each scene, both major and minor. A completed coding of each program will consist of the following contents in the following order:

- 1) Character List Sheet (One per video program)
- 2) Program/Theme/Interpersonal Coding Sheets by Scene (pp. 3-6)
- 3) Character Coding Sheets by Scene
 - (a) Major Characters (pp. 7-19)
 - (b) Minor Characters (pp. 20-26)

Each scene will constitute a coding unit in numerical order (e.g. 1-2-3). The character coding sheets should be ordered according to the speaking order of characters (or in order of physical appearance if the character is a non-speaking animal or plant), i.e., the order of characters given in the character list. Thus, major and minor character coding sheets may be interspersed.

DEFINITIONS

Major characters are all those who play leading roles representing the principal types essential to the story. The story would not be the same if those characters were omitted. On average, there are usually no more than three or four major characters in each program. All other characters, speaking and non-speaking, in the program are considered minor characters.

CODING CHARACTERS

On the Character List Sheet write, in the order of speaking appearance in the program (or physical appearance if the character is a non-speaking animal), the names of the characters featured in the program. Using the appropriate major or minor character coding sheet, code all items for each speaking character in the program by scene. Use as many sheets as necessary, coding only one character in each scene per coding item.

Code **all** speaking characters. A non-speaking character can be coded if that character is dramatically significant and is clearly shown to be unable or unwilling to speak, (e.g., deaf-mute persons, characters who communicate through pantomime or sign-language, non-humanized animals). Characters do not have to speak English, nor even to speak an Earth language to be considered **speaking**, but they must be shown to be communicating in a way analogous to human speech. Narrators are not considered to be characters regardless of whether they are seen or not, unless the narrator is presented as a character existing in the story-space of the other characters in the story.

In the space provided on the Character List Sheet, write in the character's full name and/or anything else that may be necessary to precisely identify him/her if you do not have a proper name. For example, hair color may be required to distinguish between two animals who are not named in the program, have speaking or essential roles, and are otherwise similar. In such case, *Pack lion #1* and *Pack lion #2* are unsatisfactory (even if the program's credits list the two characters as such). *Dark-maned lion* and *light-maned lion* would be appropriate designations.

PROGRAM CHARACTERISTICS

1. TONE OF PROGRAM SCENE

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = mostly humorous, comic, light
- 2 = neither light nor serious; mixed, unclear
- 3 = mostly serious (absence of humorous treatment)

2. PLACE OF MAJOR ACTION. Write in name of geopolitical location as specifically as possible; provide city, state/province, and country; include fantasy place; if location is unclear, enter *unclear* or *insufficient information*.

3. DATE OF MAJOR ACTION

- 00 = cannot code (explain)
- 01 = before the turn of the century
- 02 = turn of the century to end of WW I
- 03 = between WW I and WW II
- 04 = WW II
- 05 = 1950 to 1960
- 06 = 1960 to 1970
- 07 = 1970 to 1980
- 08 = 1980 to present
- 09 = future
- 10 = other periods (e.g., fantasy), or the action shifts over several time periods (explain, write in)

4. SETTING OF MAJOR ACTION. Enter code and write in description.

- 0 = none indicated
- 1 = urban (central city/suburb of large metropolitan area)
- 2 = small town
- 3 = rural or rustic (village, farm, ranch, etc.)
- 4 = uninhabited (desert, ocean, forest, etc.)
- 5 = mobile (ship, plane, train, etc.)
- 6 = mixed, combination of above (describe)

NOTE: ALWAYS INCLUDE A WRITTEN DESCRIPTION of the exact habitat. For example, if the major action takes place in the ocean, code 4 (uninhabited) and write *ocean* in the blank. If the setting is mixed, code 6 and write in a verbal description of the habitats that are combined, such as *forest* and *village*. Please be as specific as possible in your descriptions. This item pertains to the location of the major action of the scene. Code 6 should be used only if the setting of major action involves more than one of the previous codes. For scenes in which several settings are shown but in which the major dramatic action is confined to one locale, ignore the incidental settings and code the single setting of the major action.

PROGRAM SUMMARY

Summarize the important events in the scene, mentioning the activities of the major characters.

THEMES

The main themes, subjects, issues and aspects of individual scenes in items 1-15 should be coded to assess each subject's emphasis in the scene.

NOTE: If a subject is not presented in the scene, use code 0 to ensure that the item has not been overlooked. There should be a least one theme category coded 3 for each scene.

- 0 = no attention is paid to the subject
- 1 = subject is present but minor; incidental to the scene
- 2 = subject is significant to the scene
- 3 = subject is the outstanding issue or focus of the scene

1. **WAR.** Actual organized collective violence, or threat thereof. Concerns both regular and irregular armed forces. Includes irregular transfer of power, attempted coups, civil strife (violent confrontations between opposing factions or between advocates and authority), civil war (factions are armed with autonomous bases of support), guerrilla war (organized factions operating from largely independent bases of operations); military style of life.

2. **FINANCIAL STRESS/SUCCESS.** Includes financial hardship, unemployment, poverty, homelessness; economically *downbeat*; prizes, inheritances, raises, lottery winning; economically *upbeat*.
3. **VIOLENCE.** Includes threat of violence and accidental violence.
4. **SCIENCE/TECHNOLOGY.** Includes scientific research; announcement of the death of a scientist; budgetary problems; social scientific procedures and facilities; laboratory research; *high tech* or innovative technology, judged with respect to the story context.
5. **EDUCATION.** Includes education systems and libraries; budgetary problems: schools, teachers, students, study.
6. **HEALTH AND MEDICINE.** Includes physical and mental health.
7. **RELIGION.** Includes church, clergy, religious customs, rituals, paganism, satanism.
8. **FAMILY.** Includes marriage, upbringing of children, domestic problems, inter-generational relations, children, youth, old age, pregnancy (issues such as adoption and abortion may fit under this theme as well).
9. **LEISURE, RECREATION/SPORTS AND PHYSICAL CULTURE/FOLK CULTURE.** Includes games involving physical activity; training; fitness; professional and amateur sports. Folk culture includes artistic and cultural activities; dance; song; literature; painting, etc.
10. **NATURE.** Includes natural resources, astronomical phenomena, etc. Code for appearance, mention or reference of animals in the program as well as natural disasters (includes earthquakes, hurricanes, droughts, etc.) and ecology/environmental concerns or issues.

11. SUPERNATURAL. Mystical, occult; superstition, miracles, ghosts, astrology, fortune-telling, witchcraft, action of supernatural forces.

12. MINORITY GROUPS and people. Includes: racial, religious, national, ethnic, sexual and gender minorities. Homosexuals, bisexuals, gender discrimination, feminism, etc. should be coded under this theme.

13. DEATH OR DYING.

14. ROMANTIC/SEXUAL INTERACTION.

15. FRIENDSHIP. Includes: making new friends and tension between friends.

INTERPERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS

For items 16-18, code using the following scheme with two dimensions. One identifies the type of relationship and the other identifies the level of attention within each relationship. For each type of relationship, select the appropriate level of attention. If there are more than one of one type of relationship in a scene (i.e., two male/male friendships), be sure to code for the **most important one**:

a = business-like	0 = no relationship in scene
b = friendly	1 = relationship is incidental
c = hostility/tension	2 = relationship is significant
d = intimacy (sexual)	3 = relationship is outstanding feature of scene

16. MALE/MALE RELATIONSHIP

17. FEMALE/FEMALE RELATIONSHIP

18. MALE/FEMALE RELATIONSHIP

PROGRAM\THEME\INTERPERSONAL CODE SHEET

PROGRAM (VIDEO) _____ SCENE _____ OF _____ SCENES

Circle the appropriate answer/s

CHARACTERISTICS

1. 0 1 2 3

2. _____

3. 00 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10

4. 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 _____

5. Summary _____

THEMES

1. 0 1 2 3

2. 0 1 2 3

3. 0 1 2 3

4. 0 1 2 3

5. 0 1 2 3

6. 0 1 2 3

7. 0 1 2 3

8. 0 1 2 3

9. 0 1 2 3

10. 0 1 2 3

11. 0 1 2 3

12. 0 1 2 3

13. 0 1 2 3

14. 0 1 2 3

15. 0 1 2 3

INTERPERSONAL

16. a b c d

0 1 2 3

17. a b c d

0 1 2 3

18. a b c d

0 1 2 3 _____

MAJOR CHARACTERS

MAJOR CHARACTERS. Characters to be analyzed here are all those who play leading roles representing the principal types essential to the story. The story or scene would not be the same if these characters were omitted. On the average, there are usually no more than three or four major characters in each program.

NAME OF CHARACTER SUMMARY. Name the character and summarize the character's role in the scene, noting any important information, especially those things that may not be covered in other items.

1. HUMANITY.

0 = cannot code (explain)

1 = human

2 = humanized speaking animal, machine, thing, or creature

3 = non humanized animal, machine, thing, or creature

2. GENDER

0 = cannot code (explain)

1 = male

2 = female

3 = other, no sex (write in, describe)

3. AGE CATEGORY. Enter the category which best corresponds to the character's age either known or estimated. If age is indeterminate or mixed, code 0 and explain. All humanized and non humanized animals, machines, things, and creatures are indeterminate with respect to age.

collapsed to "under 12"	{	00 = cannot code (explain)	06 = 35-44 years	} collapsed to "65 and over"
		01 = 5 years and younger	07 = 45-54 years	
		02 = 6-11 years	08 = 55-64 years	
		03 = 12-17 years	09 = 65-79 years	
		04 = 18-24 years	10 = 80-100 years	
		05 = 25-34 years		

4. SOCIAL AGE (can be coded for all humanized characters).

- 0 = cannot code, various ages, ageless, other (write in, explain)
- 1 = preadolescent and adolescent period
- 2 = young adult
- 3 = settled adult
- 4 = elderly, old

5. RACE (code only real human races).

- 0 = cannot code (explain, non-earth races, animals)
- 1 = white
- 2 = African American
- 3 = Asian (includes Pacific Islands)
- 4 = American Indian
- 5 = other (write in for other real races)

6a. ETHNICITY (write in, e.g., Hispanic, white, etc.)

- 00 = cannot code (explain)
- Enter the character's ethnicity if it can be determined through his/her name and if it can be determined through other clues, such as appearance, accent/dialect and/or family environment (i.e. if a character has an English accent, *English* would be written here).

6b. NAME ONLY. Was the name the **only** criteria used to determine ethnicity?

- 0 = ethnicity is unknown
- 1 = yes, name was the only criteria used
- 2 = no, name was not the only criteria used to determine ethnicity

7. CITIZENSHIP (write in country)

8. COUNTRY OF ORIGIN (write in country)

NOTE: For items 7-8, countries can be deduced (in absence of other information) from habits of dress, dialect/accent, etc. Include fantasy as well as real places, if indicated. In the cases of characters for whom *citizenship* or *country* may not apply (humanized, non-humanized, non-Earth, etc. creatures), consider *country* to mean *place inhabited by character on regular basis* and *citizenship* to mean *denizenship* or association with a place as an inhabitant.

9. RELIGIOUS AFFILIATION

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = Protestant
- 2 = Catholic
- 3 = Russian Orthodox
- 4 = Jewish
- 5 = Moslem
- 6 = Buddhist
- 7 = Hindu
- 8 = other (write in)

10. SOCIO-ECONOMIC STATUS (use codes 1 and 3 to code extremes only)

- 0 = cannot code, other (explain, write in)
- 1 = clearly upper
- 2 = middle
- 3 = clearly lower

11. FIELD OF ACTIVITY most closely related to occupation

- 00 = no discernible occupational activity; uncertain, other, mixed
(explain, write in)
- 01 = entertainment, art, sports, mass media
- 02 = agriculture, farming, nature, animals
- 03 = business, industry, finance, transport, private agency
- 04 = government, courts, law; official authority, armed forces

- 05 = health, medicine, social welfare
- 06 = education (student, teacher, etc.)
- 07 = science
- 08 = religion
- 09 = illegal activity
- 10 = services, clerical workers (secretary, waiter)

12. OCCUPATION or VOCATION (write in occupation, be specific).

13. PORTRAYAL OF OCCUPATION

- 0 = cannot code
- 1 = not seen, not referred to
- 2 = referred to but not seen
- 3 = seen

14. ROLE. Consider the character's self-presentation (demeanor).

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = mostly light, comic
- 2 = neither light nor serious, mixed, unclear
- 3 = mostly serious

15. CHARACTER TYPE

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = *good*--positive or hero type
- 2 = neutral, mixed, neither, uncertain
- 3 = *bad*--negative or villain type

16. ANGRY CHARACTER. Does character get angry in the scene?

- 0 = cannot code
- 1 = yes, write in incident
- 2 = no

GOALS

Concerns the goals and values the character is seeking. There can be several items in each scene coded as 0, 1 and/or 2 but only one item from #17-32 can be coded as #3 "the main goal."

0 = not seen explicitly

1 = minor goal

2 = important goal

3 = the main goal

17. STATUS OR POSITION

18. PERSONAL HAPPINESS

19. PERSONAL SAFETY, SECURITY FOR SELF (escape from danger)

20. SAFETY, SECURITY FOR OTHERS

21. FAMILY HAPPINESS

22. HAPPINESS OF OTHERS

23. INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP (friendship, love, etc.)

24. GENDER EQUALITY

25. RACIAL, ETHNIC AND SOCIAL CLASS EQUALITY

26. HUMAN RIGHTS, FREEDOMS

27. PRESERVING NATURE (protection of environment and all forms of life)

28. ACHIEVEMENT (in sports, academics, art, work, competition, etc.)

29. JUSTICE (legal or administrative treatment of the goal)

30. HEALTH, RECOVERY FROM DISEASE

31. WEALTH (earning money)

32. OTHER

33. SUCCESS (overall success in achieving major goals)

0 = cannot code (explain)

1 = clearly successful

2 = both, mixed, uncertain

3 = clearly unsuccessful

NOTE: To evaluate a character's success, consider only the main goal to be achieved by that character, or the main obstacle to be overcome, as established in the scene. This means, for example: (a) if the character has setbacks in peripheral areas, and/or has preliminary setbacks regarding his/her main goal/obstacle, but nevertheless ultimately succeeds, code the character as 1; (b) if the character succeeds in peripheral areas and/or enjoys preliminary success regarding his/her main goal/obstacle, but nevertheless ultimately fails, code the character as 3; (c) if the scene does not clearly establish criteria by which a character's success can be evaluated, or if the success is less than total, code the character as 2.

HEALTH

For items #34-44, code:

0 = character is not afflicted

1 = character is afflicted (give brief description)

34. PHYSICAL HANDICAP (disability, defect, abnormality)

NOTE: This item refers to objectively recognizable physical handicaps. Do not consider social or psychological handicaps, or subjectively perceived physical handicaps such as buck teeth, crossed eyes, tendency to obesity, etc. Handicaps must be physical and conform to common parlance such as *Hire the Handicapped*, etc.

35. PHYSICAL ILLNESS (illness requiring therapy, treatment, medicine, or cure)

NOTE: This item refers only to ***illness that requires treatment***. Minor illness in itself does not qualify unless some treatment is called for, shown, or discussed in the program. Thus a common cold should only be considered here if, for example, a remedy (aspirin, etc.) is prescribed, taken, or considered. ***Illnesses that are not in nature minor, should always be coded without reference to treatment.***

36. PHYSICAL INJURY (such as bodily wound, gunshot, broken leg)

NOTE: These items refer only to illness or injury that ***require treatment***. Minor illness or injuries, in themselves, do not qualify unless some treatment is called for, seen or discussed in the program. Thus a common cold, or bump on the head, should only be considered here if, for example, some remedy (aspirin, ice pack, etc.) is prescribed, taken, or considered. ***Injuries or illnesses that are not by nature minor should always be coded with or without reference to treatment.***

37. MENTAL ILLNESS (disability, retardation, abnormality, serious emotional disorder requiring therapy; cure for mental illness)

NOTE: Do not consider off-hand remarks, such as *"you must be crazy,"* in coding this item unless there is real confirmation that the person is actually mentally ill.

38. MEDICINAL/MAGIC POTENT (Does character take prescription drugs of any kind? Code highest degree)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = no reference to character taking prescription drugs
- 2 = character taking prescription drugs under proper doctor's care
- 3 = character taking prescription drugs (unknown if doctor's care)
- 4 = character taking prescription drugs excessively
- 5 = specific information that character is a drug addict

39. ILLICIT DRUG /MAGIC POTENT (Does character take illegal/illicit drugs of any kind, either on purpose or by accident? [e.g. magic potent, poison apple, etc.] Code the highest degree)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = no reference to character taking illicit drugs
- 2 = character taking illicit drugs on purpose
- 3 = character taking illicit drugs by accident (cite incident)
- 4 = character taking illicit drugs excessively on purpose
- 5 = specific information that character is a drug addict

40. TOBACCO (Does character smoke? Code highest degree)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = no reference to smoking/character doesn't smoke
- 2 = specific information that character smokes
- 3 = specific information character smokes excessively

41. ALCOHOL (Does character drink alcoholic beverages? Code highest degree)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = no reference to drinking/character doesn't drink
- 2 = specific information that character drinks
- 3 = character appears to be an alcoholic
- 4 = specific information that character is an alcoholic

42. SIGHT IMPAIRMENT (Does character suffer any sight impairment? If so, code highest degree of affliction.

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = character is not afflicted
- 2 = character is afflicted slightly (e.g. wears glasses)
- 3 = character is afflicted moderately
- 4 = character is afflicted severely (e.g. legally blind)

43. CHARACTER'S WEIGHT (Code for all major and minor characters)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = obviously underweight
- 2 = normal, skinny (lean)
- 3 = chunky, chubby
- 4 = obese or obviously overweight

44. CHARACTER'S FAMILY (Does character currently have a family? Code highest degree of involvement) *Family* can refer to one or more family members.

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = no reference made to character currently having family
- 2 = specific information character has no family
- 3 = character has family but doesn't interact with them
- 4 = character has family/interaction is referred to not seen
- 5 = character has family and is seen interacting with them

FAMILY ACTIVITIES

For items #45-61, code the activities which the character is seen performing with his/her family according to the following scheme:

- 0 = not seen
- 1 = seen

- 45. WORKING
- 46. HOMEMAKING
- 47. PLAYING AND/OR SINGING
- 48. EDUCATION OR STUDY
- 49. CHATTING OR RELAXING
- 50. EATING
- 51. SLEEPING
- 52. QUARRELING AND/OR FIGHTING WITHOUT VIOLENCE
- 53. OTHER
- 54. HOUSING SITUATION

- 0 = cannot code (house is not seen, even if referred to)
- 1 = homeless
- 2 = character lives in independent house or cottage
- 3 = character lives in mansion or castle
- 4 = character lives in public facility (e.g. home for elderly/orphans)
- 5 = other (explain)

55. COHABITANTS (With whom does the character live on a steady basis?)
Code most accurate description of living situation.

- 0 = cannot code, forced living situation
- 1 = not discernible with whom character lives
- 2 = character lives alone
- 3 = character lives only with spouse/mother/ father (explain which)
- 4 = character lives with spouse and family
- 5 = character lives only with family
- 6 = character lives with family/spouse and others
- 7 = characters lives only with elderly people (not family members)
- 8 = character lives only with others (not family)
- 9 = mixed, combination of above at different points in scene

56. MARITAL STATUS (Code most accurate description of marital status)

NOTE: In the absence of other information, assume that a character is *not married* if 16 years or younger and/or if seen in home environment with no spouse.

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = apparently never married/no impending marriage/not married
- 2 = impending marriage
- 3 = presently married
- 4 = separated
- 5 = formerly but no longer married (divorced, widowed)
- 6 = remarried
- 7 = mixed (describe)
- 8 = presently cohabiting, *living with* someone (different sex)
- 9 = presently involved in homosexual/lesbian relationship

57. HOMEMAKER

NOTE: A homemaker is one whom the video shows as providing (or offering to provide) housekeeping and similar functions by tradition, so-called *women's work*, e. g., cooking, washing, cleaning) without pay, *for other members of the household*. For example, neither maids nor people living alone should be coded as a homemaker. The definition requires that the character be portrayed (either seen or discussed) as performing some housekeeping activity for other members of the household. Thus, a *housewife* should *not* be coded as a homemaker *unless* she/he (animal or human) is portrayed as performing some housekeeping duty. Do not include visitors.

- 0 = cannot code; character is not shown as a homemaker
- 1 = character is shown as a homemaker

58. PARENTS (Are the character's parents or parent seen or referred to in scene?

Legal guardians are to be included here)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = yes, parent(s) are seen
- 2 = yes, parent(s) are referred to but not seen
- 3 = no reference to parent(s)

59. ADOPTED (Is/was character an adopted child?)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = character is/was not an adopted child
- 2 = character is/was an adopted child
- 3 = no reference to being natural or adopted child

60. SEXUAL ORIENTATION

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = no evidence or reference to character's sexual orientation
- 2 = specific behavioral/other evidence character is heterosexual
- 3 = specific behavioral/other evidence character is bisexual or evidence is mixed or inconclusive
- 4 = specific behavioral/other evidence character is homosexual/lesbian

61. ROMANTIC INVOLVEMENT (Is character involved in a romantic relationship, whether mutual or one-sided. In one-sided relationships, do not consider the non-reciprocating partner as romantically involved)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = not involved romantically; no evidence
- 2 = involved romantically

SEXUAL INTERACTION

Items #62-65 focus on the sexual behavior of the character of the character's verbal discussion of sexual topics in the program. This may include the following: *Participation in or discussion of* kissing, embracing, touching, flirting, seductiveness, heterosexual behavior, homosexual behavior, rape, prostitution, sadism, etc. that could be classified as sexual, or potentially sexual, in nature.

62. NATURE OF SEXUAL INTERACTION

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = no sexual interaction
- 2 = only verbal, innuendo
- 3 = only verbal, explicit discussion or singing
- 4 = only verbal, both innuendo and explicit
- 5 = only physical
- 6 = both verbal and physical

63. RELEVANCE OF SEXUAL INTERACTION TO CHARACTER

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = no sexual interaction
- 2 = some, but incidental to the character
- 3 = significant to the character
- 4 = major or outstanding feature of the character

64. TONE OF CHARACTER'S SEXUAL INTERACTION

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = no sexual interaction
- 2 = mostly light, romantic or comic sexual interaction
- 3 = mixed (explain)
- 4 = mostly serious sexual interaction
- 5 = other (write in)

65. VIOLENCE (Is character perpetrator and/or victim of violence in scene?)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = perpetrator of violence
- 2 = victim of violence
- 3 = both perpetrator and victim of violence

MAJOR CHARACTER CODE SHEET

CHARACTER _____ VIDEO _____ SCENE _____ OF _____
 SUMMARY: _____

1. 0 1 2 3
 2. 0 1 2 3
 3. 00 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10
 4. 0 1 2 3 4
 5. 0 1 2 3 4 5

6a. 00 or _____
 6b. 0 1 2
 7. _____
 8. _____

9. 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 _____
 10. 0 1 2 3
 11. 00 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10
 12. _____

13. 0 1 2 3
 14. 0 1 2 3
 15. 0 1 2 3
 16. 0 1 2

GOALS

17. 0 1 2 3	28. 0 1 2 3
18. 0 1 2 3	29. 0 1 2 3
19. 0 1 2 3	30. 0 1 2 3
20. 0 1 2 3	31. 0 1 2 3
21. 0 1 2 3	32. 0 1 2 3
22. 0 1 2 3	33. 0 1 2 3
23. 0 1 2 3	
24. 0 1 2 3	
25. 0 1 2 3	
26. 0 1 2 3	
27. 0 1 2 3	

HEALTH

34.0 1
35.0 1
36.0 1
37.0 1
38.0 1 2 3 4 5
39.0 1 2 3 4 5
40.0 1 2 3 4
41.0 1 2 3 4
42.0 1 2 3 4
43.0 1 2 3 4
44.0 1 2 3 4 5

FAMILY ACTIVITIES

45.0 1
46.0 1
47.0 1
48.0 1
49.0 1
50.0 1
51.0 1
52.0 1
53.0 1
54.0 1 2 3 4 5
55.0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
56.0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
57.0 1
58.0 1 2 3
59.0 1 2 3
60.0 1 2 3 4
61.0 1 2

SEXUAL INTERACTION

62.0 1 2 3 4 5 6
63.0 1 2 3 4
64.0 1 2 3 4 5
65.0 1 2 3

MINOR CHARACTERS

MINOR CHARACTERS. Characters to be analyzed in this section are all speaking characters in the program or non-speaking characters if that character is dramatically significant and is clearly shown to be unable or unwilling to speak (e.g., deaf-mute persons, characters that communicate through pantomime or sign language, non-humanized animals or plants) not determined to be major characters.

NAME OF CHARACTER:

SUMMARY: Summarize the character's role in the scene, noting any important information, especially those things that may not be covered in other items.

1. Is character *incidental* to the scene?

0 = no, character is not incidental

1 = yes, character is incidental

NOTE: Incidental characters are those who appear only for a brief period and do not seem to contribute significantly to the scene. Rather, they are present essentially as background entities who help establish such aspects of the story as nature of ongoing activity, setting, and time. In contrast, non-incidental minor characters are non-major characters who interact with major characters in important ways over significant portions of the scene.

2. HUMANITY

0 = cannot code (explain)

1 = human

2 = humanized speaking animal, plant, machine, thing, or creature

3 = non-humanized animal, plant, machine, thing, or creature

3. GENDER

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = male
- 2 = female
- 3 = other. ambiguous, no sex (write in, describe)

4. AGE CATEGORY (Enter the category which best corresponds to the character's age, either known or estimated. If age is indeterminate or mixed, code 0 and explain. All humanized and non humanized animals, plants, machines, things, and creatures are indeterminate with respect to age.

- 00 = cannot code (explain)
 - 01 = 5 years and younger
 - 02 = 6-11 years
 - 03 = 12-17 years
 - 04 = 18-24 years
 - 05 = 25-34 years
 - 06 = 35-44 years
 - 07 = 45-54 years
 - 08 = 55-64 years
 - 09 = 65-79 years
 - 10 = 80-100 years or older
- } collapsed to "under 12"
- } collapsed to "65 and over"

5. SOCIAL AGE (can be coded for all humanized characters)

- 0 = cannot code, various ages, ageless, other (write in, explain)
- 1 = preadolescent and adolescent period
- 2 = young adult
- 3 = settled adult
- 4 = elderly, old

6. RACE (code only real human races)

- 0 = cannot code (explain, non-Earth races, animals, plants)
- 1 = white
- 2 = African American
- 3 = Asian (includes Pacific Islands)
- 4 = American Indian
- 5 = Other (write in, use only for other real races)

7a. ETHNICITY (write in, e.g., Hispanic, etc.)

00 = cannot code (explain)

Enter character's ethnicity if it can be determined through his/her name (i.e., Carmen Sandiego is a Hispanic name, so *Hispanic* would be written here) and if it can be determined through other clues, such as appearance, accent/dialect and/or family/environment (i.e., Higgins on Magnum has an English accent, so *English* would be written here).

7b. NAME ONLY (Was name the *only* criteria used to determine ethnicity?)

- 0 = ethnicity is unknown
- 1 = yes, name was the only criteria used
- 2 = no, name was not the only criteria used to determine ethnicity

For items #8-9, countries can be deduced (in absence of any other information) from habits of dress, dialect/accent, etc. Include fantasy as well as real places, if indicated. In the cases of characters for whom *citizenship* or *country* may not apply (humanized, non-humanized, non-Earth, etc. creatures), consider *country* to mean *place inhabited by character on regular basis* and *citizenship* to mean *denizenship (association with a place as an inhabitant)*.

8. CITIZENSHIP (write in country)

9. COUNTRY OF ORIGIN (write in country)

10. RELIGIOUS AFFILIATION

0 = cannot code (explain)

1 = Protestant

2 = Catholic

3 = Russian Orthodox

4 = Jewish

5 = Moslem

6 = Buddhist

7 = Hindu

8 = other (write in)

11. STATUS OR POSITION (Goal character is seeking)

0 = not seen explicitly

1 = minor goal

2 = important goal

3 = the main goal

12. FIELD OF ACTIVITY (most closely related to occupation)

00 = no discernible occupational activity/uncertain/other/mixed
(explain, write in)

01 = entertainment, art, sports, mass media

02 = agriculture, farming, nature, animals

03 = business, industry, finance, transport, private agency

04 = government, courts, law; official authority, armed forces

05 = health, medicine, social welfare

06 = education (student, teacher, etc.)

07 = science

08 = religion

09 = illegal activity

10 = services, clerical worker (secretary, waiter, cobbler)

13. OCCUPATION/VOCATION (write in occupation)

NOTE: Describe the character's occupation as precisely as possible.

14. ROLE (Consider both character self-presentation/demeanor, as well as effect on audience) 0 = cannot code (explain)

1 = mostly light, comic

2 = neither light nor serious, mixed, unclear

3 = mostly serious

15. CHARACTER TYPE

0 = cannot code (explain)

1 = *good*--positive or hero type

2 = neutral, mixed, neither, uncertain

3 = *bad*--negative or villain type

16. ANGRY CHARACTER (Does character get angry in scene?)

0 = cannot code (explain)

1 = yes (write in)

2 = no

17. VIOLENCE (Is character perpetrator and/or victim of violence in scene?)

0 = cannot code (explain)

1 = perpetrator of violence

2 = victim of violence

3 = both perpetrator and victim of violence

18. SUCCESS

0 = cannot code (explain)

1 = clearly successful

2 = both, mixed, uncertain

3 = clearly unsuccessful

NOTE: To evaluate a character's success, consider only the main goal to be achieved by that character, or the main obstacle to be overcome, as established in

the scene. This means, for example: (a) if the character has setbacks in peripheral areas, and/or has preliminary setbacks regarding his/her main goal or obstacle, but ultimately succeeds, code the character as *1*; (b) if the character succeeds in peripheral areas and/or enjoys preliminary success regarding his/her main goal or obstacle, but nevertheless ultimately fails, code the character as *3*; if the program does not clearly establish criteria by which a character's success can be evaluated, or if the success is less than total, code the character *2*.

19. CHARACTER'S WEIGHT

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = obviously underweight
- 2 = normal, skinny (lean)
- 3 = chunky, chubby
- 4 = obese or obviously overweight

20. HOMEMAKER

NOTE: A homemaker is one who the video shows as providing (or offering to provide) housekeeping and similar functions (by tradition, so-called *women's work*, e.g., cooking, washing, cleaning) without pay, *for other members of the household*. For example, neither maids nor people living alone should be coded as a homemaker. That definition requires the character be portrayed (either seen or discussed) as performing some housekeeping activity for other members of the household. Thus a *housewife* should **NOT** be coded as a homemaker **UNLESS** she/he is portrayed as performing some housekeeping duty. Do not include visitors.

- 0 = cannot code (character is not shown as a homemaker)
- 1 = character is shown as homemaker

21. ADOPTED (Is/was character an adopted child?)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = character is/was not an adopted child
- 2 = character is/was an adopted child
- 3 = no reference to being natural or adopted child

22. MARITAL STATUS (Code most accurate description of marital status)

NOTE: In the absence of other information, assume that a character is not married if 16 years old or younger or if seen in home environment with no spouse.

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = apparently never married, no impending marriage, not married
- 2 = impending marriage
- 3 = presently married
- 4 = separated
- 5 = formerly but no longer married (divorced, widowed)
- 6 = remarried
- 7 = mixed (describe, write in)
- 8 = presently cohabiting, *living with* someone (must be other sex)
- 9 = presently involved in homosexual or lesbian relationship

23. NATURE OF SEXUAL INTERACTION (sex-related topics, sexual portrayal)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = no sexual interaction
- 2 = only verbal, innuendo
- 3 = only verbal, explicit discussion or singing
- 4 = only verbal, both innuendo and explicit
- 5 = only physical enactment
- 6 = both verbal reference and physical enactment

24. ROMANTIC INVOLVEMENT (physical and/or verbal)

- 0 = cannot code (explain)
- 1 = romantically involved
- 2 = not romantically involved

MINOR CHARACTER CODE SHEET

CHARACTER _____ VIDEO _____ SCENE ___ OF ___

SUMMARY: _____

1.0	1																			
2.0	1	2	3																	
3.0	1	2	3																	
4.00	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10										
5.0	1	2	3	4																
6.0	1	2	3	4	5															
7a.00	_____																			
7b.0	1	2																		
8.	_____																			
9.	_____																			
10.0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	_____											
11.0	1	2	3																	
12.00	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10										
13.	_____																			
14.0	1	2	3																	
15.0	1	2	3																	
16.0	1	2																		
17.0	1	2	3																	
18.0	1	2	3																	
19.0	1	2	3	4																
20.0	1																			
21.0	1	2	3																	
22.0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9											
23.0	1	2	3	4	5	6														
24.0	1	2																		

Appendix C

TABLE 1: ALL CHARACTERS BY VIDEO

<i>Video</i>	<i>Major</i>		<i>Minor</i>				<i>Total</i>		<i>Total</i>					
	<i>Females</i>		<i>Males</i>		<i>Females</i>		<i>Males</i>		<i>All</i>					
	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>				
ALADDIN	1	16.7	3	23.0	2	8.3	13	19.7	3	10.0	16	20.3	19	17.4
BEAUTY & THE BEAST	1	16.7	1	7.7	6	25.0	12	18.2	7	23.3	13	16.5	20	18.3
CINDERELLA	1	16.7	1	7.7	4	16.7	6	9.1	5	16.7	7	8.9	12	11.0
THE LION KING	0	0	3	23.0	3	12.5	8	12.1	3	10.0	11	13.9	14	12.8
THE LITTLE MERMAID	1	16.6	2	15.4	5	20.8	9	13.6	6	20.0	11	13.9	17	15.6
POCAHONTAS	1	16.7	2	15.5	3	12.5	10	15.2	4	13.3	12	15.2	16	14.7
SNOW WHITE	1	16.7	1	7.7	1	4.2	8	12.1	2	6.7	9	11.4	11	10.2
TOTALS	6	100	13	100	24	100	66	100	30	100	79	100	109	100

TABLE 2: ALL CHARACTERS BY AGE AND GENDER *

<i>Age Category</i>	<i>Females</i>		<i>Males</i>		<i>Total</i>	
	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>
Under 12	3	10.3	9	11.3	12	11.0
12-17	11	37.9	6	7.4	17	15.6
18-24	5	17.2	20	25.0	25	22.9
25-34	1	3.5	10	12.4	11	10.1
35-44	2	6.9	13	16.3	15	13.8
45-54	4	13.8	9	11.3	13	11.9
55-64	1	3.5	9	11.3	10	9.2
65 and above	2	6.9	4	5.0	6	5.5
TOTALS	29	100	80	100	109	100

* Categorical Intercoder Reliability: Age = .98, Gender = 100%

TABLE 3: AGE AND GENDER
MAJOR CHARACTERS

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	1	7.7	1	5.3
12-17	5	83.3	0	0	5	26.2
18-24	1	16.7	5	38.5	6	31.6
25-34	0	0	1	7.7	1	5.3
35-44	0	0	2	15.4	2	10.5
45-54	0	0	3	23.0	3	15.8
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	1	7.7	1	5.3
TOTALS	6	100	13	100	19	100

TABLE 4: AGE AND GENDER
MINOR CHARACTERS

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	3	12.5	8	12.1	11	12.2
12-17	6	25.0	6	9.1	12	13.3
18-24	4	16.7	15	22.7	19	21.1
25-34	1	4.2	9	13.6	10	11.1
35-44	2	8.3	11	16.7	13	14.5
45-54	4	16.7	6	9.1	10	11.1
55-64	2	8.3	8	12.1	10	11.1
65 and above	2	8.3	3	4.6	5	5.6
TOTALS	24	100	66	100	90	100

TABLE 5: ALL CHARACTERS*
PERPETRATORS OF VIOLENCE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	1	5.6	1	4.0
18-24	1	14.3	9	50.0	10	40.0
25-34	0	0	1	5.6	1	4.0
35-44	2	28.6	3	16.6	5	20.0
45-54	1	14.3	3	16.6	4	16.0
55-64	3	42.8	1	5.6	4	16.0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	7	100	18	100	25	100

TABLE 6: ALL CHARACTERS
VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	2	22.2	1	6.7	3	12.5
12-17	5	55.6	0	0	5	20.8
18-24	0	0	7	46.7	7	29.3
25-34	1	11.1	1	6.7	2	8.3
35-44	0	0	2	13.3	2	8.3
45-54	0	0	2	13.3	2	8.3
55-64	1	11.1	2	13.3	3	12.5
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	9	100	15	100	24	100

TABLE 7: ALL CHARACTERS
BOTH PERPETRATORS AND VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	1	12.5	1	9.1
18-24	1	33.4	4	50.0	5	45.4
24-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	2	25.0	2	18.2
45-54	1	33.3	1	12.5	2	18.2
55-64	1	33.3	0	0	1	9.1
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	3	100	8	100	11	100

*Categorical Intercoder Reliability: Violence = .99

TABLE 8: ALL CHARACTERS
PERPETRATORS OF VIOLENCE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	0	0	0	0
25-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	1	33.3	1	33.3
45-54	0	0	2	66.7	2	66.7
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	0	100	3	100	3	100

TABLE 9: MINOR CHARACTERS
PERPETRATORS OF VIOLENCE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	1	5.9	1	4.5
18-24	1	20.0	9	52.9	10	45.5
25-34	0	0	1	5.9	1	4.5
35-44	0	0	3	17.6	3	13.6
45-54	1	20.0	2	11.8	3	13.6
55-64	3	60.0	1	5.9	4	18.3
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	5	100	17	100	22	100

TABLE 10: MAJOR CHARACTERS
VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	1	14.3	1	8.3
12-17	5	100.0	0	0	5	41.8
18-24	0	0	3	42.8	3	25.0
25-34	0	0	1	14.3	1	8.3
35-44	0	0	1	14.3	1	8.3
45-54	0	0	1	14.3	1	8.3
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	5	100	7	100	12	100

TABLE 11: MINOR CHARACTERS
VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	2	50.0	1	12.5	3	25.0
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	2	25.0	2	16.7
25-34	1	25.0	0	0	1	8.3
35-44	0	0	2	25.0	2	16.7
45-54	0	0	1	12.5	1	8.3
55-64	1	25.0	2	25.0	3	25.0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	4	100	8	100	12	100

TABLE 12: MAJOR CHARACTERS
BOTH PERPETRATORS AND VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	1	33.4	1	33.4
25-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	1	33.3	1	33.3
45-54	0	0	1	33.3	1	33.3
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	0	100	3	100	3	100

TABLE 13: MINOR CHARACTERS
BOTH PERPETRATORS AND VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	1	20.0	1	12.5
18-24	1	33.4	3	60.0	4	50.0
25-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	1	20.0	1	12.5
45-54	1	33.3	0	0	1	12.5
55-64	1	33.3	0	0	1	12.5
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	3	100	5	100	8	100

TABLE 14: ALL CHARACTERS*
STATUS OR POSITION: MINOR GOAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	3	15.0	7	15.9	10	15.6
12-17	6	30.0	5	11.4	11	17.2
18-24	2	10.0	8	18.2	10	15.6
25-34	1	5.0	7	15.9	8	12.5
35-44	3	15.0	5	11.4	8	12.5
45-54	1	5.0	6	13.6	7	10.9
55-64	2	10.0	4	9.1	6	9.4
65 and above	2	10.0	2	4.5	4	6.3
TOTALS	20	100	44	100	64	100

TABLE 15: ALL CHARACTERS
STATUS OR POSITION: IMPORTANT GOAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	1	5.3	1	4.2
12-17	4	80.0	1	5.3	5	20.8
18-24	1	20.0	8	42.1	9	37.5
25-34	0	0	2	10.5	2	8.3
35-44	0	0	4	21.0	4	16.7
45-54	0	0	0	0	0	0
55-64	0	0	3	15.8	3	12.5
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	5	100	19	100	24	100

TABLE 16: ALL CHARACTERS
STATUS OR POSTION: MAIN GOAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>
Under 12	0	0	1	6.0	1	4.5
12-17	1	20.0	0	0	1	4.5
18-24	2	40.0	3	17.6	5	22.8
25-34	0	0	3	17.6	3	13.6
35-44	0	0	2	11.8	2	9.1
45-54	2	20.0	3	17.6	5	22.8
55-64	0	0	3	17.6	3	13.6
65 and above	0	0	2	11.8	2	9.1
TOTALS	5	100	17	100	22	100

*Categorical Intercoder Reliability: Status or Position = 100%

TABLE 17: MAJOR CHARACTERS
STATUS OR POSTION: MINOR GOAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	3	75.0	0	0	3	37.5
18-24	1	25.0	2	50.0	3	37.5
25-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	0	0	0	0
45-54	0	0	1	25.0	1	12.5
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	1	25.0	1	12.5
TOTALS	4	100	4	100	8	100

TABLE 18: MINOR CHARACTERS
STATUS OR POSTION: MINOR GOAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	3	21.4	7	20.0	10	20.4
12-17	4	28.6	5	14.3	9	18.4
18-24	2	14.3	6	17.1	8	16.3
25-34	1	7.1	6	17.1	7	14.3
35-44	0	0	4	11.4	4	8.2
45-54	2	14.3	3	8.6	5	10.2
55-64	0	0	3	8.6	3	6.1
65 and above	2	14.3	1	2.9	3	6.1
TOTALS	14	100	35	100	49	100

TABLE 19: MAJOR CHARACTERS
STATUS OR POSITION: IMPORTANT GOAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	1	16.6	1	14.3
12-17	1	100	0	0	1	14.3
18-24	0	0	3	50.0	3	42.8
25-34	0	0	1	16.7	1	14.3
35-44	0	0	1	16.7	1	14.3
45-54	0	0	0	0	0	0
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	1	100	6	100	7	100

TABLE 20: MINOR CHARACTERS
STATUS OR POSITION: IMPORTANT GOAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	3	75.0	1	7.7	4	23.5
18-24	1	25.0	5	38.4	6	35.4
25-34	0	0	1	7.7	1	5.9
35-44	0	0	3	23.1	3	17.6
45-54	0	0	0	0	0	0
55-64	0	0	3	23.1	3	17.6
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	4	100	13	100	17	100

TABLE 21: MAJOR CHARACTERS
STATUS OR POSITION: MAIN GOAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	1	100	0	0	1	25.0
18-24	0	0	0	0	0	0
25-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	1	33.3	1	25.0
45-54	0	0	1	33.3	1	25.0
55-64	0	0	1	33.4	1	25.0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	1	100	3	100	4	100

TABLE 22: MINOR CHARACTERS
STATUS OR POSITION: MAIN GOAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	1	7.7	1	5.6
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	2	40.0	3	23.1	5	27.7
25-34	0	0	2	15.4	2	11.1
35-44	0	0	2	15.4	2	11.1
45-54	2	40.0	1	7.7	3	16.7
55-64	1	20.0	2	15.4	3	16.7
65 and above	0	0	2	15.4	2	11.1
TOTALS	5	100	13	100	18	100

TABLE 23: ALL CHARACTERS
 ROLE: MOSTLY LIGHT, COMIC

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	1	50.0	2	10.5	3	14.3
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	7	36.7	7	33.3
25-34	0	0	4	21.1	4	19.0
35-44	1	50.0	4	21.1	5	23.8
45-54	0	0	1	5.3	1	4.8
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	1	5.3	1	4.8
TOTALS	2	100	19	100	21	100

TABLE 24: ALL CHARACTERS
 ROLE: MIXED, UNCLEAR

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	1	5.3	3	11.5	4	8.9
12-17	11	57.9	5	19.2	16	35.7
18-24	3	15.8	6	23.1	9	20.0
25-34	0	0	2	7.7	2	4.4
35-44	2	10.4	3	11.5	5	11.1
45-54	1	5.3	1	3.8	2	4.4
55-64	0	0	6	23.1	6	13.3
65 and above	1	5.3	0	0	1	2.2
TOTALS	19	100	26	100	45	100

TABLE 25: ALL CHARACTERS
 ROLE: MOSTLY SERIOUS

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	1	11.1	3	9.1	4	9.5
12-17	0	0	1	3.0	1	2.4
18-24	2	22.2	6	18.2	8	19.0
25-34	1	11.1	5	15.2	6	14.3
35-44	0	0	5	15.2	5	11.9
45-54	3	33.3	7	21.2	10	23.8
55-64	2	22.2	3	9.1	5	11.9
65 and above	0	0	3	9.1	3	7.1
TOTALS	9	100	33	100	42	100

*Categorical Intercoder Reliability: Role = .98

TABLE 26: MAJOR CHARACTERS
 ROLE: MOSTLY LIGHT, COMIC

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	0	0	0	0
25-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	0	0	0	0
45-54	0	0	0	0	0	0
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	1	100	1	100
TOTALS	0	0	1	100	1	100

TABLE 27: MINOR CHARACTERS
 ROLE: MOSTLY LIGHT, COMIC

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	1	50.0	3	16.7	4	20
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	6	33.3	6	30
25-34	0	0	4	22.2	4	20
35-44	1	50.0	4	22.2	5	25
45-54	0	0	1	5.6	1	5
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	2	100	18	100	20	100

TABLE 28: MAJOR CHARACTERS
 ROLE: MIXED, UNCLEAR

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	1	16.7	1	8.3
12-17	5	83.3	0	0	5	41.8
18-24	1	16.7	2	33.3	3	25.0
25-34	0	0	1	16.7	1	8.3
35-44	0	0	1	16.7	1	8.3
45-54	0	0	1	16.7	1	8.3
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	6	100	6	100	12	100

TABLE 29: MINOR CHARACTERS
 ROLE: MIXED, UNCLEAR

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	2	9.5	2	5.9
12-17	7	53.8	5	23.8	12	35.4
18-24	2	15.4	4	19.0	6	17.6
25-34	0	0	1	4.8	1	2.9
35-44	2	15.4	2	9.5	4	11.8
45-54	0	0	1	4.8	1	2.9
55-64	0	0	6	28.6	6	17.6
65 and above	2	15.4	0	0	2	5.9
TOTALS	13	100	21	100	34	100

TABLE 30: MAJOR CHARACTERS
 ROLE: MOSTLY SERIOUS

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	2	33.4	2	33.4
25-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	2	33.3	2	33.3
45-54	0	0	2	33.3	2	33.3
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	0	0	6	100	6	100

TABLE 31: MINOR CHARACTERS
 ROLE: MOSTLY SERIOUS

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	1	12.5	3	10.7	4	11.1
12-17	0	0	1	3.6	1	2.8
18-24	2	25.0	3	10.7	5	13.9
25-34	1	12.5	5	17.9	6	16.7
35-44	0	0	4	14.3	4	11.1
45-54	2	25.0	6	21.4	8	22.2
55-64	2	25.0	3	10.7	5	13.9
65 and above	0	0	3	10.7	3	8.3
TOTALS	8	100	28	100	36	100

TABLE 32: ALL CHARACTERS*
ROMANTIC INVOLVEMENT: NOT INVOLVED ROMANTICALLY

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	2	11.1	9	14.1	11	13.4
12-17	3	16.7	4	6.3	7	8.5
18-24	4	22.2	10	15.6	14	17.1
25-34	0	0	10	15.6	10	12.2
35-44	2	11.1	11	17.1	13	15.9
45-54	3	16.7	8	12.5	11	13.4
55-64	2	11.1	8	12.5	10	12.2
65 and above	2	11.1	4	6.3	6	7.3
TOTALS	18	100	64	100	82	100

TABLE 33: ALL CHARACTERS
ROMANTIC INVOLVEMENT: INVOLVED ROMANTICALLY

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	1	7.7	1	8.3	2	8.0
12-17	8	61.5	0	0	8	32.0
18-24	1	7.7	7	58.4	8	32.0
25-34	1	7.7	2	16.7	3	12.0
35-44	1	7.7	1	8.3	2	8.0
45-54	1	7.7	1	8.3	2	8.0
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	13	100	12	100	25	100

*Categorical Intercoder Reliability: Romantic Involvement = .98

TABLE 34: MAJOR CHARACTERS
 ROMANTIC INVOLVEMENT: NOT INVOLVED ROMANTICALLY

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	0	0	0	0
25-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	2	33.3	2	33.3
45-54	0	0	3	50.0	3	50.0
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	1	16.7	1	16.7
TOTALS	0	0	6	100	6	100

TABLE 35: MINOR CHARACTERS
 ROMANTIC INVOLVEMENT: NOT INVOLVED ROMANTICALLY

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	2	11.1	8	13.6	10	13.0
12-17	3	16.7	5	8.5	8	10.4
18-24	4	22.2	11	18.6	15	19.4
25-34	0	0	10	16.9	10	13.0
35-44	2	11.1	9	15.2	11	14.3
45-54	3	16.7	5	8.5	8	10.4
55-64	2	11.1	8	13.6	10	13.0
65 and above	2	11.1	3	5.1	5	6.5
TOTALS	18	100	59	100	77	100

TABLE 36: MAJOR CHARACTERS
ROMANTIC INVOLVEMENT: INVOLVED ROMANTICALLY

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>
Under 12	0	0	1	14.3	1	7.7
12-17	5	83.3	0	0	5	38.5
18-24	1	16.7	5	71.4	6	46.1
25-34	0	0	1	14.3	1	7.7
35-44	0	0	0	0	0	0
45-54	0	0	0	0	0	0
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	6	100	7	100	13	100

TABLE 37: MINOR CHARACTERS
ROMANTIC INVOLVEMENT: INVOLVED ROMANTICALLY

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>	<i>N</i>	<i>%</i>
Under 12	1	14.3	0	0	1	8.3
12-17	3	42.8	0	0	3	25.0
18-24	0	0	3	60.0	3	25.0
25-34	1	14.3	0	0	1	8.3
35-44	1	14.3	1	20.0	2	16.7
45-54	1	14.3	1	20.0	2	16.7
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	7	100	5	100	12	100

TABLE 38: ALL CHARACTERS*
WEIGHT: SLENDER

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	1	25.0	1	12.5	2	16.8
12-17	0	0	1	12.5	1	8.3
18-24	2	50.0	1	12.5	3	25.0
25-34	0	0	1	12.5	1	8.3
35-44	0	0	0	0	0	0
45-54	0	0	1	12.5	1	8.3
55-64	1	25.0	3	37.5	4	33.3
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	4	100	8	100	12	100

TABLE 39: ALL CHARACTERS
WEIGHT: NORMAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	2	8.7	10	17.5	12	15.0
12-17	11	47.8	3	5.3	14	17.4
18-24	3	13.0	16	28.1	19	23.8
25-34	1	4.4	5	8.8	6	7.5
35-44	2	8.7	11	19.3	13	16.3
45-54	3	13.0	7	12.2	10	12.4
55-64	0	0	3	5.3	3	3.8
65 and above	1	4.4	2	3.5	3	3.8
TOTALS	23	100	57	100	80	100

TABLE 40: ALL CHARACTERS
WEIGHT: OVERWEIGHT, OBESE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	2	16.7	2	13.3
25-34	0	0	5	41.7	5	33.4
35-44	1	33.3	1	8.3	2	13.3
45-54	2	66.7	1	8.3	3	20.0
55-64	0	0	3	25.0	3	20.0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	3	100	12	100	15	100

*Categorical Intercoder Reliability: Weight = .98

TABLE 41: MAJOR CHARACTERS
WEIGHT: SLENDER

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	0	0	0	0
25-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	0	0	0	0
45-54	0	0	1	100	1	100
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	0	0	1	100	1	100

TABLE 42: MINOR CHARACTERS
WEIGHT: SLENDER

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	1	25.0	2	28.6	3	27.3
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	2	50.0	1	14.3	3	27.3
25-34	0	0	1	14.3	1	9.1
35-44	0	0	0	0	0	0
45-54	0	0	0	0	0	0
55-64	1	25.0	3	42.9	4	36.4
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	4	100	7	100	11	100

TABLE 43: MAJOR CHARACTERS
WEIGHT: NORMAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	1	9.1	1	5.9
12-17	5	83.3	0	0	5	29.4
18-24	1	16.7	4	36.3	5	29.4
25-34	0	0	1	9.1	1	5.9
35-44	0	0	1	9.1	2	11.8
45-54	0	0	3	27.3	2	11.8
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	1	9.1	1	5.8
TOTALS	6	100	11	100	17	100

TABLE 44: MINOR CHARACTERS
WEIGHT: NORMAL

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	2	14.3	7	13.7	9	13.8
12-17	6	42.9	5	9.8	11	16.9
18-24	2	14.3	13	25.5	15	23.1
25-34	0	0	6	11.8	6	9.2
35-44	2	14.3	9	17.6	11	16.9
45-54	1	7.1	6	11.8	7	10.8
55-64	0	0	4	7.8	4	6.2
65 and above	1	7.1	1	2.0	2	3.1
TOTALS	14	100	51	100	65	100

TABLE 45: MAJOR CHARACTERS
WEIGHT: OVERWEIGHT, OBESE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	0	0	0	0
25-34	0	0	0	0	0	0
35-44	0	0	0	0	0	0
45-54	0	0	0	0	0	0
55-64	0	0	0	0	0	0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	0	0	0	0	0	0

TABLE 46: MINOR CHARACTERS
WEIGHT: OVERWEIGHT, OBESE

<u>Age Category</u>	<u>Females</u>		<u>Males</u>		<u>Total</u>	
	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%	<i>N</i>	%
Under 12	0	0	0	0	0	0
12-17	0	0	0	0	0	0
18-24	0	0	2	16.7	2	13.3
25-34	0	0	5	41.7	5	33.4
35-44	1	33.3	1	8.3	2	13.3
45-54	2	66.7	1	8.3	3	20.0
55-64	0	0	3	25.0	3	20.0
65 and above	0	0	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	3	100	12	100	15	100

Appendix D
CHARACTER LIST SHEET

ALADDIN

MAJOR CHARACTERS:

1. Jafar (evil sorcerer, advisor to Sultan)
2. Aladdin (street smart peasant, finds magic lamp)
3. Jasmine (Princess)
4. Genie (occupant of magic lamp, grants wishes)

MINOR CHARACTERS:

1. Narrator and camel (opens the story as merchant)
2. Scarab (Jafar's thief and henchman)
3. Igo (Jafar's evil friend and parrot)
4. Lionhead Cave of Wonders (enchanted place, magic lamp is found)
5. Abu (Aladdin's monkey friend)
6. Homeless boy (street beggar)
7. Homeless girl (street beggar)
8. Prince Akman (Jasmine's suitor)
9. Sultan of Agrabah (Jasmine's father)
10. Rajah (Jasmine's tiger friend)
11. Prisoner (Jafar's disguise)
12. Magic carpet (friend to Aladdin and Jasmine)
13. Abu (elephant disguise)
14. Jafar (snake disguise)
15. Jafar (Genie disguise)

NON SPEAKING CHARACTERS:

1. Villagers who dance and sing
2. Merchants and soldiers in village
3. Palace crowd

CHARACTER LIST SHEET

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

MAJOR CHARACTERS:

1. Belle/Beauty (bright beauty who becomes Princess)
2. Beast/Prince (Prince who is beast, then Prince again)

MINOR CHARACTERS:

1. Old woman (casts Beast spell on Prince)
2. Baker (one of villagers who thinks Belle is strange but nice)
3. Librarian (gives Belle her favorite book)
4. Lefou (Gaston's sidekick)
5. 3 Village girls (all have crush on Gaston)
6. Gaston (Belle's suitor or so he thinks)
7. Maurice (Belle's inventor father)
8. Philippe (trusty horse)
9. Cogsworth (pompous clock)
10. Lumiere (lovestruck candelabra)
11. Mrs. Potts (kindly teapot)
12. Chip (inquisitive little teacup, son of Mrs. Potts)
13. Broom and Duster (maid and butler)
14. Wardrobe (Belle's lady-in-waiting)
15. Monsieur d'Arque (Gaston's hired insane assylum man)

NON SPEAKING CHARACTERS:

1. Enchanted rose and mirror
2. Villagers, merchants, ladies
3. Animals (sheep, goat, chicken, wolves)
4. Castle inhabitants (armor, dishes, stove, chair, silverware)
5. Patrons in village pub
6. Castle riot crowd (townspeople)

CHARACTER LIST SHEET

CINDERELLA

MAJOR CHARACTERS:

1. Cinderella (beautiful stepdaughter treated as slave)
2. Prince Charming (Prince searching for wife)

MINOR CHARACTERS:

1. King (Prince's father)
2. Wicked Stepmother (Cinderella's)
3. Lucifer (stepmother's cat)
4. Jack (Cinderella's mouse friend)
5. Gus (Cinderella's new mouse friend)
6. Bruno (dog friend)
7. Anastasia (wicked stepsister)
8. Drewcilla (wicked stepsister)
9. Grand Duke (King's advisor)
10. Fairy Godmother (Cinderella's)

NON SPEAKING CHARACTERS

1. Birds
2. Mice
3. Barnyard animals
4. Guests at the King's Ball

CHARACTER LIST SHEET

THE LION KING

MAJOR CHARACTERS:

1. King Mufasa (Simba's father)
2. Simba (Lion prince)
3. Scar (Mufasa's jealous brother)

MINOR CHARACTERS:

1. Zazu (Tucan bird, King's advisor and friend)
2. Rafiki (shaman, wise, mystic baboon)
3. Sarabi (Simba's Mom)
4. Chipmunk (Zazu's messenger)
5. Nala (Simba's girl friend)
6. 3 Hyenas (Scar's henchmen, 1 female, 2 males)
7. Pumbaa (warmhearted warthog friend of Simba)
8. Timon (Pumbaa's manic meerkat companion)

NON SPEAKING CHARACTERS

1. Animals of jungle
2. Wildebeast stampede
3. Plants and insects
4. New Lion Cub Prince

CHARACTER LIST SHEET

THE LITTLE MERMAID

MAJOR CHARACTERS:

1. Eric (Prince of Earth Kingdom)
2. King Triton (King of Merpeople)
3. Ariel (King's youngest daughter)

MINOR CHARACTERS:

1. Max (Eric's dog)
2. Grimm (Court System Advisor of Earth Kingdom)
3. Sea Horse (King Triton's messenger)
4. Sebastian (King's advisor, a lobster)
5. 3 Daughters (King Triton's other daughters)
6. Flounder (Ariel's companion, a flounder fish)
7. Shark (tries to eat Ariel in sunken treasure ship)
8. Scuttle (Ariel's seagull friend)
9. Ursula (wicked sea witch who steals Ariel's voice)
10. Flitsom & Gitsom Eels (Ursula's mean thugs)
11. Washerwoman (maid to Ariel in Earth Kingdom)
12. Pastor (marries Ariel and Eric on board wedding ship)

NON SPEAKING CHARACTERS:

1. Undersea Merpeople Kingdom residents
2. Villagers in town of Earth Kingdom
3. Animals and insects of Earth Kingdom
4. Wedding guests on wedding ship

CHARACTER LIST SHEET

POCAHONTAS

MAJOR CHARACTERS:

1. Captain John Smith (explorer of new world)
2. Governor Ratcliffe (governor of Jamestown)
3. Pocahontas (Powhatan's daughter, befriends Smith)

MINOR CHARACTERS:

1. Ben (sailor with red beard)
2. Lon (sailor with shadow beard growth)
3. Thomas (young, reddish-brown headed sailor)
4. Roy (sailor with goatee)
5. Percy (Ratcliffe's pug dog)
6. Wiggins (Ratcliffe's man servant)
7. Chief Powhatan (Pocahontas' Father and Chief of the Tribe)
8. Kacata (Tribal shaman/medicine man)
9. Nacoma (Pocahontas' best girl friend)
10. Flit (Pocahontas' hummingbird)
11. Meeko (Pocahontas' raccoon)
12. Kocoum (Brave of Tribe and one who wants Pocahontas to marry him)
13. Grandmother Willow (Pocahontas' spiritual advisor, a willow tree)

NON SPEAKING CHARACTERS:

1. English men and women (families) at dock in England
2. English crew members on board ship and in Jamestown scenes
3. Native Americans in fields, at pow wows, and in tribe scenes

CHARACTER LIST SHEET

SNOW WHITE

MAJOR CHARACTERS:

1. Snow White (Princess)
2. Prince Charming (Prince of kingdom)

MINOR CHARACTERS:

1. Wicked queen/witch (jealous of Snow White's beauty)
2. Mirror (informs queen of Snow White's beauty)
3. Huntsman (sent by queen to murder Snow White)
4. Doc (dwarf, Snow White's friend)
5. Bashful (dwarf, Snow White's friend)
6. Sleepy (dwarf, Snow White's friend)
7. Sneezy (dwarf, Snow White's friend)
8. Happy (dwarf, Snow White's friend)
9. Dopey (dwarf, Snow White's friend)
10. Grumpy (dwarf, Snow White's friend)

NON SPEAKING CHARACTERS:

1. Trees of forest
2. Animals who befriend Snow White
(deer, squirrels, birds, rabbits, turtle)

Appendix E

DISNEY'S THE LITTLE MERMAID

As adapted from the film (1990)

It was the day that all King Triton's undersea kingdom had been waiting for. Princess Ariel, the Little Mermaid, was going to sing. Ariel had the most beautiful voice in her father's kingdom. When she sang, everyone came to Triton's shimmering castle to listen.

Ariel was sixteen the age when a mermaid was supposed to be thinking about marrying a merboy and settling down. But Ariel had other things on her mind.

[However, let's start at the beginning...

They came from all over the ocean. Flying fish flew in. Swordfish made it a point to be on time. And soon, they were packed into the Great Hall like sardines (which, of course, some of them were). Simply everyone was there. Everyone except Ariel.

"Where is Ariel?" King Triton roared.

Ariel's six mermaid sisters shrugged their tails and said they didn't know.

"My concert is ruined!" wailed Sebastian the crab, holding his head in his claws. He was the castle's Music Director.

Everyone in the Great Hall looked at each other and said, "Where's Ariel?"

Far from the commotion at the castle, Ariel was doing her favorite thing—exploring the ruins of a sunken ship...a ship that had once belonged to the strange and wonderful world of humans. Ariel picked up two objects from the ship's deck. "What do you suppose humans do with these?" she said to her best friend, Flounder.

"We r-really shouldn't be doing this, Ariel." Flounder replied nervously. "W-we're looking for trouble." Neither Ariel nor Flounder noticed that trouble was looking for them, too.

Trouble came with razor-sharp teeth. "Oh, no! A sh-shark!" Flounder squealed, darting here and there, away from the menacing jaws!

"Quick, Flounder! Follow me!" Ariel called, swimming with all her might toward a large anchor ring. The Little Mermaid and the frightened Flounder slipped easily through the ring. The shark plunged after them. Oof! Halfway through the ring, the shark discovered he was bigger than the ring. The iron band held him like a giant handcuff.

The next stop for Ariel and Flounder was Scuttle's rock. "Look what I found, Scuttle," Ariel said, showing the seagull the strange objects from the sunken ship.

"Human stuff, huh?" Scuttle said. "Lemme

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S THE LITTLE MERMAID

Retold by Deborah Hautzig (1991)

Far away, at the bottom of the sea, lived the Sea King. He lived with his old mother and his six mermaid daughters.

The youngest was the most lovely of all. Her skin was like a rose. Her eyes were deep blue. And she had the most beautiful singing voice on land or sea. Like all mermaids, the Little Mermaid had no legs. Her body ended in a fish's tail.

The mermaids had a wonderful life. All day long they played and sang. But the Little Mermaid was happiest when her grandmother told her stories. She told all about the world of humans above the sea.

"When you are fifteen, you can swim up and see for yourself!" the grandmother said. The Little Mermaid could hardly wait! At night she stood by her window and gazed up through the water. She dreamed of seeing the golden sun and purple clouds, the deep green forests and splendid palaces.

At last the Little Mermaid turned fifteen. Her grandmother gave her a long string of pearls to wear. The Little Mermaid kissed her grandmother good-bye.

"Come back soon," said Grandmother.

"I will!" said the Little Mermaid. And she swam up through the water, swift and clear as a bubble.

The Little Mermaid put her head up out of the sea. In front of her was a big ship. She swam to the window to look inside. She saw a big party with many people. The handsomest of all was a young prince. She could not take her eyes off him!

Instantly, there was a loud clap of thunder. Lightning filled the sky, and the seas began to rise. A terrible storm raged. The waves slapped the Prince's ship, harder and harder—until the great ship broke apart!

The Little Mermaid saw the Prince fall into the sea. "The Prince will drown!" she cried. "I must save him!" The Little Mermaid went diving down to look for him. The Little Mermaid found the Prince. She swam up through the water with him. She held his head above the sea and took him to shore. She gently put the Prince on the sand and kissed his forehead. Then the mermaid swam and hid behind a large rock. "I cannot leave until someone comes to help him," the Little Mermaid vowed.

Soon a pretty girl came along the beach. She had deep blue eyes. The Prince woke up and smiled at the girl. He didn't smile at the Little Mermaid. He did not know that it was the Little Mermaid who had saved his life. He did not know she even existed!

see. I'm an expert on human stuff." "Humans call this a dinglehopper," the expert proclaimed. "Humans use it for...um...combing their hair."

Actually, the object was a fork. But only a human could have told them that.

Flounder was getting nervous. "Ariel, something tells me we should have been home by now."

"Oh my gosh! The concert! I forgot all about it. Father will be furious!" Ariel plunged off Scuttle's rock and swam as fast as she could for the castle.

Ariel had never seen her father so angry. "The whole kingdom is waiting to hear you sing," he stormed, "and where are you? Poking around shipwrecks looking for human junk!"

"But, Father," Ariel started.

"Silence! You are never to have anything to do with humans again. Never!"

Meanwhile, in a deeper and darker part of the ocean, Ariel was being watched. Jealous eyes followed the Little Mermaid. Now banished from Triton's palace, Ursula the Sea Witch plotted her revenge.

After Ariel had left the King's chamber, Triton thought for a moment. "I wonder if I was too hard on her," he said. "Maybe she just needs someone to keep an eye on her."

"I'll see if I can find somebody," Sebastian said helpfully.

"I've already found him," Triton said, pointing at Sebastian. "You."

"Why me?" Sebastian muttered. "I'm a musician not a nursemaid. Now, where did that girl swim to?"

Suddenly, he heard Ariel's voice coming from a half-hidden cave. He scuttled over and peeked in. There she was, talking to Flounder. All around her were human treasures.

"Oh, Flounder—if only I could be part of the human world!" she sighed.

Sebastian gasped. He was just about to step out of his hiding place and speak to Ariel when, without warning, the cave went dark. Something on the surface of the water was blocking out the moonlight.

"A ship," Ariel cried, swimming straight up.

"No, Ariel!" Sebastian shouted. "Come back! Your father..." But Ariel was gone.

Many times before, Ariel had seen ships. But she had never been able to swim close enough to see the humans who sailed them. Now, her eyes wide, she saw them!

Some were laughing. Some were dancing hornpipes. Some were making music. And some were

The girl led the Prince away. The Little Mermaid felt so sad to see him go! She swam back home full of sorrow.

Days and weeks went by, but the Little Mermaid did not feel better. She could only think about the Prince. She missed him so much!

She found out where he lived. The Prince lived in a wonderful white palace by the sea. Many nights the Little Mermaid swam near the palace. She swam so close! She could see the Prince looking out his window at the sea. How she longed to be near him once again!

The Little Mermaid loved the world above the sea more and more.

"Grandmother," she asked one day, "can people live forever?"

"No," said her grandmother. "People die, as we do. But when mermaids die, we become foam on the water. Humans have a soul that lives forever."

"Could I get a human soul?" asked the Little Mermaid.

Her grandmother said, "Only if a human loved you with all his heart and married you, then his soul would flow into your body. He would give you a soul and still keep his own."

That night the Little Mermaid could not sleep.

"I must win the Prince's love and marry him!" cried the mermaid. "Then I will have a soul that will live forever. Maybe the Sea Witch can help me!"

The Sea Witch lived in a house made of the bones of drowned sailors. Hundreds of sea snakes filled the garden. When the witch saw the Little Mermaid, she said, "I know what you want—a pair of human legs. Then you can walk on land and win the love of the Prince."

The mermaid nodded eagerly.

"You will be sorry!" said the witch. "But I will grant your wish. I will make a magic drink for you. You must swim to land and drink it."

"Then your tail will split in two, and you will have human legs. It will hurt terribly when you walk. Are you ready for that?"

"Yes, I am!" said the mermaid.

"Remember," the witch warned, "once you are human, you can never become a mermaid again."

"And if the Prince marries someone else, you will not get a human soul. You will turn to foam on the sea!"

The mermaid turned very pale. But she said, "I'm ready."

"First, you must pay me," said the Sea Witch.

saying, "Happy birthday, Prince Eric." to a very handsome young man.

"Thank you for the statue," the young man said. "It's really something."

The humans were having such a good time, and Ariel was so interested in watching them, that no one noticed the black clouds racing toward the ship. In an instant, a great storm struck. Roaring winds churned the ocean waves into mountains of water. Lightning bolts crackled across the darkened sky.

Ariel saw the crew lower a lifeboat and scramble into it. She saw Eric drop his dog Max overboard to safety. Then a huge explosion threw Eric into the raging sea. Ariel let go of the storm-tossed ship and dove back into the sea. She darted through the waves to the side of the ship where Eric had fallen. He was gone! She plunged beneath the water and saw his sinking form. In an instant, she carried him to the surface and swam for shore.

The sudden storm had passed when Scuttle saw Ariel tugging the motionless Eric onto the sandy beach.

"No pulse," Scuttle announced solemnly. "Dead as a Friggerzoid!" But Scuttle was wrong again.

"No, look! He is breathing," said Ariel. "Oh, he's so beautiful!" At that moment, Ariel knew she loved Eric. She began to sing. All at once, she saw his eyelids flutter.

Suddenly, Ariel heard Max bark, and knew that Prince Eric's friends would soon find him.

When Eric opened his eyes, Ariel was gone. All the young prince could remember was that someone had been with him. And she had been singing, in the most beautiful voice he had ever heard.

When Ariel got back to her cave, Eric was waiting for her. Not the real Eric. It was the statue of Eric she had seen on the ship. Flounder had rescued it for her.

"Oh, thank you, Flounder!" Ariel cried. "Oh, I do so love him!"

"Just wait until your father finds out about that!" Sebastian moaned.

Sebastian hadn't really meant to tell King Triton about Eric. It just sort of slipped out. If Triton's anger had been an earthquake, it would have knocked the needle off the chart. "You disobeyed me!" he said to Ariel. "I have no choice but to punish you."

He raised his magic trident. With a single terrifying blast, Triton destroyed all of Ariel's beloved human treasures. Even the statue of Eric.

From her palace, Ursula the Sea Witch had seen the destruction of Ariel's cave treasures. "I think

"You have the prettiest voice on earth or sea. You must give your voice to me."

"But what will I have left?" cried the Little Mermaid.

"Your lovely body, your grace, and your deep blue eyes."

"All right," the mermaid said. "Take it!" Instantly, the mermaid's voice was gone. She could not speak or sing.

The witch gave the Little Mermaid her magic drink. The mermaid swam to shore. She sat on the steps of the Prince's palace and drank the magic brew. The next thing she knew, the Little Mermaid woke up. She had the prettiest legs on earth. And in front of her stood the handsome Prince.

"Who are you?" asked the Prince. "Where did you come from?"

But the Little Mermaid could not speak. She could only look at the Prince with her sad blue eyes.

The Prince took the mermaid's hand and led her into his palace. Every step felt like sharp knives. But the Little Mermaid didn't mind. She was finally with the Prince!

In the palace, the Little Mermaid had her own room. She had a mirror with a gold frame. The Little Mermaid wore the finest silk dresses. She was the most beautiful girl in the kingdom. But she could not speak or sing. Her beautiful voice was gone!

The Prince gave many parties. One night a group of lovely girls sang for the mermaid, the Prince, and the royal family. The Prince clapped his hands in delight. This made the mermaid so sad!

"I sang more beautifully than anyone," she thought. "If only the Prince knew I gave away my voice to be with him!"

Next the lovely girls danced. The Little Mermaid rose up on her toes. She danced as lightly as a bubble. She looked more lovely with every step. Everyone was enchanted, the Prince most of all! The Little Mermaid danced and danced, though it hurt her feet terribly.

"You must never leave me," said the Prince. "Never!"

The mermaid spent all her days with the Prince. They did everything together. They had picnics on the beach. They went riding on royal horses in the deep green woods. They climbed up mountains and looked down at the clouds. The Little Mermaid's feet ached but she didn't care—she was happy to be with the Prince.

And day by day the Prince loved the mermaid more and more.

the time is ripe," she said to her two slippery hench-eels, Flotsam and Jetsam.

Sobbing brokenly among her ruined treasures, Ariel suddenly discovered she had company.

"We know someone who can help you," hissed Flotsam.

"Who?" asked Ariel.

"Let's just say a friend," Jetsam hissed.

"Come along and meet her."

"The solution to your problem is quite simple, my dear," Ursula said. "You love a human...so become a human yourself."

"But how?" Ariel asked, her mermaid heart beating faster.

"No problem, angelfish, as soon as you sign this contract. It says that I agree to make you a human for three days," Ursula explained. "If, after three days, Prince Eric does not love you, has not kissed you...you belong to me! Oh, yes—one other small matter. In exchange for my services, you are to give me...your voice."

"No, Ariel! Don't sign!" warned Sebastian. "Don't listen to her!"

"I must sign, Sebastian," Ariel said. "I love Eric. This is the only way."

"Smart girl," Ursula said, as Ariel signed the contract. "Now, let's get to work."

In the glow of Ursula's magic, the mermaid girl was slowly transformed. Then she began to gasp.

"Quick!" cried Sebastian to Flounder. "We must get her to the surface so she can breathe. She's not a mermaid anymore."

The next thing Ariel knew, she was on the beach.

"Hev!" Scuttle exclaimed. "What's goin' on, Ariel? Now, don't tell me...there's something different about you..." said the expert on humans.

"Ariel's not a mermaid anymore," Sebastian said. "She's got legs."

Since the day of the storm, Prince Eric had thought often of the mysterious golden voice he had heard. Who was the girl? Would he ever find her? When he saw Ariel on the beach, his heart skipped a beat. "Do I know you?" Eric said hopefully. Alas, Ariel could not answer.

"She cannot speak," Eric thought. "I guess she can't be the one." But whoever she was, he could see that she was going to need help.

Eric took Ariel to his castle, where his servants fed her and gave her pretty clothes. Soon, everyone was wondering about Ariel. Who was this voiceless girl who combed her hair with a fork?

"You remind me of a young girl with blue eyes who saved my life," said the Prince. "She is the only girl I can ever love."

The Little Mermaid thought, "Oh, how I wish I could tell him it was me! I saved his life!" She felt so sad, she thought her heart would break.

Then, one day, the Prince had news. "My parents want me to marry the Princess in the next kingdom. I must visit the Princess. But I know I can't love her. She is not like the girl who saved me, as you are!" He kissed the Little Mermaid. Then they got on a royal ship and sailed off to the next kingdom.

At last they arrived and stepped off the ship.

There was the Princess. She had deep blue eyes, just like the Little Mermaid.

"It's you!" cried the Prince. "You rescued me when I was lying on the shore!" He held his bride in his arms.

The Prince said to the Little Mermaid, "My wish has come true. I found the girl who saved me! I know you will be happy for me, because I know you love me."

The mermaid felt her heart breaking, but she kissed the Prince's hand.

The wedding was grand. But the Little Mermaid did not hear the wonderful music or see the merry faces around her. "This is my last night on earth," she said to herself. "Tomorrow I will be foam on the sea. I have lost everything I love." The Little Mermaid danced for the last time. She moved like an angel, with a smile on her face but sorrow in her heart. Then everyone went onto the royal ship.

Late that night the mermaid's sisters rose out of the sea. "Little sister!" they cried. "The Sea Witch gave us a knife. You must kill the Prince. When his blood splashes on you, your tail will grow back! You can live under the sea again!"

The Little Mermaid's eyes opened wide. Her sisters cried, "You or the Prince must die. Kill him and come back to us! Hurry!"

The Little Mermaid tiptoed into the Prince's room. He was fast asleep with his bride. How happy they looked together!

The Little Mermaid held up the knife and looked at the Prince she love. Then she turned and threw the knife into the sea. The waters turned black where the knife fell. The Little Mermaid jumped into the sea. But the Little Mermaid didn't turn to sea foam. She rose up into the air. All around her were hundreds of lovely floating children. "Who are you?" asked the Little Mermaid.

She had a new voice! It was more beautiful

It was nearing the end of the first day. Sebastian had followed Ariel to the castle to help her if he could. "You've only got two more days to get Eric to fall in love with you," the crab reminded her.

But Ariel wasn't paying attention. She was dreaming of her prince.

The next day, Eric ordered his coach and horses. "Let me show you my kingdom," he said to Ariel.

Ariel thought it was a beautiful kingdom, but she couldn't tell Eric. The prince, on the other hand, was thinking, "What a beautiful girl! If only it had been her voice I heard!" Three days had turned to two. Now, two days were turning to one. But now, everything was going to be all right. The flame of true love had been kindled in Eric's heart.

Later that day Eric took Ariel on a boat ride. Suddenly, the boat in which Eric and Ariel were floating was overturned by Flotsam and Jetsam. The romantic mood was shattered. Ariel didn't get her kiss, but she did get a dunking.

"That was a close call," Ursula said, watching the scene in her magic crystal ball. "It's time to take some drastic action."

In the twinkling of an eye, Ursula transformed herself into a beautiful young girl.

"With Ariel's voice and my looks, Triton's daughter and the prince will soon be mine," she gloated.

"Eric! I have come back to you," the transformed Ursula purred.

"That voice!" Eric cried. "It is you my true love!"

Using Ariel's stolen voice, Ursula had put Eric into a trance. Grimsby, his Chancellor, gasped in disbelief when Eric announced that he would marry this girl, who called herself Vanessa, that very night.

They would be married at sea, aboard Eric's ship. Alone in her cabin, the false Vanessa spoke to the real Ursula, reflected in the cabin mirror.

"Soon, I'll have that little mermaid and her handsome prince, and the ocean will be mine."

Scuttle was peaking through the porthole, and he saw the Sea Witch's reflection. "I've gotta tell Ariel," he gasped.

On the shore, a broken hearted Ariel looked out at the brightly decorated wedding ship—and at the setting sun of her final day as a human girl.

All at once, above her, she heard the excited voice of Scuttle. "Ariel!" Vanessa is the SEa Witch—with your voice!"

"We've got to stop that wedding!" Sebastian exclaimed, leaping into action. "

than any music.

"We are the children of the air," said the others. "Now you are one of us. There are many ways to win a soul. We have souls because of the good deeds we've done.

"You loved the Prince so much that you gave your life for him. Your soul will live forever!"

The Little Mermaid looked down at the ship one last time. She floated down, invisible as the wind, and kissed the Prince and his bride. Then she flew off into the sky.

"Flounder, get Ariel to the ship. I'll take care of the rest."

Scuttle, the first to arrive, led the attack on the wedding from sea to air.

The wedding guests scattered in confusion. Sweeping down on Vanessa, Scuttle snatched from around her neck the shell necklace that contained Ariel's voice. When he dropped it on the deck of the ship, the shell broke. Freed from its shell prison, the voice returned to its rightful owner.

"Oh, Eric!" Ariel said.

Eric took Ariel in his arms. "It was you all the time," he cried.

"Oh, Eric! I wanted to tell you..."

As the sun dipped below the horizon,

Vanessa became the cackling Ursula again. "You're too late," she crowed. "You belong to me now!"

Ariel was a mermaid again.

"The sun has set on the third day!" Ursula shrieked triumphantly. In a moment, both Ariel and Ursula had disappeared beneath the waves.

Eric leaped from the deck to a small boat tied below. In his hands, he held a sharp harpoon.

"I lost her once," he shouted to Grimsby.

"I'm not going to lose her again!"

Alerted by Sebastian, Triton went to Ursula's grotto to bargain for his daughter's freedom.

"Very well, Triton," the Sea Witch said. "I'll give Ariel her freedom...in exchange for yours."

Triton had no choice. He yielded.

"At last!" Ursula crowed. "I am sole ruler of all the ocean!"

"You monster!" Ariel cried, clawing wildly at the Sea Witch. Ursula sidestepped the attack.

"Monster, eh? I'll show you a monster," she snarled. And in a flash, with his own magic trident, Ursula transformed King Triton into a slimy, helpless sea creature and stuck him fast to the floor of her grotto.

Suddenly, Eric appeared. With a mighty heave, he sent his harpoon flashing toward Ursula, wounding her.

Enraged, the Sea Witch aimed the magic trident at the prince. At the last moment, Ariel threw Ursula off balance and the trident's beam hit Ursula's evil eels.

"Oh, my poor poopsies!" Ursula lamented over Flotsam and Jetsam. Then the Sea Witch's tears turned to rage. The fury in her evil heart grew, and so did she, until at last she towered above the surface of the ocean. "You pitiful fools!" she shrieked. "Now you will feel the power of the Sea Witch!"

Lightning flashed. Great waves swept over

the sea. In the tumult of Ursula's rage, shipwrecks on the bottom of the ocean were cast to the surface again. Eric swam against the giant waves until, at last, he reached one of the dredged-up ships. Somehow, Eric turned the ship and aimed the harpoonlike bowsprit at the heart of the mountainous sea witch. With a dreadful scream, she disintegrated into dozens of tiny pieces.

Ursula was gone, and with her, all the evil she had done. Triton was king of the seas again. And he granted Ariel her dearest wish—he made her human forevermore.

Triton watched Eric and Ariel walk toward Eric's castle. "You know, Sebastian," he finally said, "I'm going to miss her."

Eric and Ariel were married aboard the wedding ship, with all the merpeople looking on.

"I think they're going to live happily ever after," said Scuttle.

And for once, Scuttle was right!

DISNEY'S BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Adopted from the film by A.L. Singer (1991)

CHAPTER ONE

Once upon a time in a faraway land, there was a magical kingdom where just about everything was perfect. The land was green, the people were happy, the castle was majestic.

The young Prince, however, was another story. He had grown up with everything he desired, yet his heart remained cold. He was selfish, spoiled, and unkind. Yet because he was the Prince, no one dared say no to him. No one dared try to teach him a lesson.

Until on a bitterly cold, raw, winter night.

On that night, an old beggar woman came to the castle, shivering and weak. The servants led her to the Prince. She bowed to him taking a red rose from her basket.

"Kind sir," she said, "would you grant me shelter from the cold? I regret I have no money, but I can offer you this small, perfect rose as a token of my gratitude."

The servants had taken pity on the poor woman, but the Prince saw only her filth and ugliness. "Be gone, you foul beggar," he said. "And look not at my mirrors on the way out, lest they crack in horror!"

"My lord," the woman said, "do not be fooled by my outward appearance. For beauty is found within all things."

"I see," replied the Prince. "Then find beauty within someone else's house!" He turned to the servants. "Take this old bag of bones away, I say!"

But before the servants could touch her, she began to glow with a powerful light. As they looked on in awe, the old woman was transformed into a beautiful enchantress.

The Prince shook with fright. In the eyes of this enchantress, he could see an anger that was terrifying. "Please forgive me," he cried, dropping to his knees. "I...I didn't know..."

But she wouldn't let him finish. "I have seen that there is no love in your heart," she said. "That makes you no better than a beast--and so shall you become a beast!"

"No!" the Prince protested. "Please..."

The enchantress raised her hands high. Slowly the boy changed. Dark hair sprouted on his face and hands. Claws grew from his fingertips. He screamed with pain as his teeth became long and

ARTHUR RACKHAM'S BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Taken from *THE PROVENSEN BOOK OF FAIRY TALES* (1971)

There was once a very rich merchant who had six children, three boys and three girls, for whose education he very wisely spared no expense. The three daughters were all handsome, but particularly the youngest, who was so very beautiful that in her childhood every one called her Beauty. Being equally lovely when she was grown up, nobody called her by any other name, which made her sisters very jealous of her.

This youngest daughter was not only more handsome than her sisters, but also better tempered. The others were vain of their wealth and position. They gave themselves a thousand airs, and refused to visit other merchants' daughters: nor would they condescend to be seen except with persons of quality. They went every day to balls, plays, and public places, and always made game of their youngest sister, who often spent her leisure in reading or other useful work.

As it was well known that these ladies would have large fortunes many great merchants wished to get them for wives; but the two eldest always answered that, for their parts, they had no thought of marrying anyone below a duke or an earl at least. Beauty had quite as many offers as her sisters, but she always answered, with greatest civility, that though she was much obliged to her lovers she would rather live some years longer with her father, as she thought herself too young to marry.

It happened that by some unlucky accident the merchant suddenly lost all his fortune, and had nothing left but a small cottage in the country. Upon this he said to his daughters, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "My children, we must go and dwell in the cottage, and try to get a living by labor, for we have no other means of support."

The two eldest replied that they did not know how to work, and would not leave town, for they had lovers enough who would be glad to marry them, though they had no longer any fortune. But in this they were mistaken, for when the lovers heard what had happened they said that as the girls were so proud and ill-tempered they were not sorry at all to see their pride brought down. They could now show off to their cows and sheep. But everybody pitied poor Beauty, because she was so sweet-tempered, and kind to all, and several gentlemen offered to marry her, though she had not a penny; but Beauty still refused, and said she could not think of leaving her poor father in this trouble.

sharp.

"I hereby cast a spell on the entire castle," the enchantress declared. "You shall remain a prisoner here—and you shall have no human company." Instantly, everyone else in the castle changed, too. The head of the household, Cogsworth, became a mantel clock. The maitre d', Lumiere, became a candelabra. The cook, Mrs. Potts, became a teapot. Others became furniture, china, even silverware—until not one human being was left.

The enchantress then held up the rose. "This rose will bloom until your twenty-first birthday, and then it will wither and die. You have until then to break the spell. If you don't, you will be doomed to remain a beast forever."

"But how can I break the spell?" said the frightened boy-beast. His voice was now a raspy snarl.

The enchantress leaned closer to him. "The only way to break it is to love another person and earn that person's love in return." She placed the rose in a bell jar on a table, then pulled a small silver mirror out of her basket. "I also leave you with a gift. This enchanted mirror will show you any part of the world you wish to see. Look well, for it is a world you can no longer be part of!"

Then, in a flash of light, the enchantress disappeared.

The Beast stomped out of the room and ran up the stairs of the castle tower. Up, up, up he climbed, tripping over his new, clumsy, hairy feet. When he finally reached the top, he looked out the lower window.

He was shocked by what he saw. There was not one person on the castle grounds, not one house, not one grassy field. The sunny countryside had been swallowed up by a thick, gray mist.

He had to earn another person's love. That was what the enchantress had said.

"*But who on Earth could learn to love a beast!*" the boy thought in despair.

He reared his head back and howled. It was the howl of a caged animal. It was the howl of a boy who had lost everything.

CHAPTER TWO

Far away from where the castle now lay hidden was a charming little village. And in that village was a girl more beautiful than any other girl in the land. Her name was Belle.

She was so lovely that when she walked

At first Beauty could not help sometimes crying in secret for the hardships she was now obliged to suffer; but in a very short time she said to herself, "All the crying in the world will do me no good, so I will try to be happy without a fortune."

When they had removed to their cottage the merchant and his three sons employed themselves in plowing and sowing the fields and working in the garden. Beauty also did her part, for she rose by four o'clock every morning, lighted the fires, cleaned the house, and got ready the breakfast for the whole family. At first she found all this very hard; but she soon grew quite used to it, and thought it no hardship. Indeed, the work greatly benefited her health, and made her more beautiful still, and when she had done all that was necessary she used to amuse herself with reading, playing her music, or singing while she spun.

But her two sisters were at a loss what to do to pass the time away. They had their breakfast in bed, and did not rise till ten o'clock. Then they commonly walked out, but always found themselves very soon tired, when they would often sit down under a shady tree and grieve for the loss of their carriage and fine clothes, and say to each other, "What a mean-spirited, poor, stupid creature our young sister is to be so content with this low way of life!" But their father thought differently, and loved and admired his youngest child more than ever.

After they had lived in this manner about a year the merchant received a letter which informed him that one of his richest ships, which he thought was lost, had just come into port.

This news made the two eldest sisters almost mad with joy, for they thought they would now leave the cottage and have all their finery again. When they found that their father must take a journey to the ship the two eldest begged he would not fail to bring them back some new gowns, caps, rings, and all sorts of trinkets. But Beauty asked for nothing; for she thought in herself that all the ship was worth would hardly buy everything her sisters wished for.

"Beauty," said the merchant, "how comes it that you ask for nothing? What can I bring you, my child?"

"Since you are so kind as to think of me, dear Father," she answered, "I should be glad if you would bring me a rose, for we have none in our garden."

Now Beauty did not indeed wish for a one, nor anything else, but she only said this that she might not affront her sisters; otherwise they would have said she wanted her father to praise her for desiring nothing.

The merchant took his leave of the, and set

through her tiny village, everyone noticed. The baker, the blacksmith, the fruit seller, the milkmaid—even the children would stop what they were doing to watch her pass.

But Belle was unaware of their glances. She was always too busy reading. She even read while she walked.

"All that beauty," the villagers would say, shaking their heads. "It's a shame she's not normal. She always has her head buried in a book. She's just as strange as her father."

To Belle, there was nothing strange about reading. In books there was adventure, romance, excitement. There were dangers and Prince Charmings and happy endings. Books were more interesting than her dull, humdrum village, where every day was the same as the day before.

As for her father, Maurice, well, Belle was very proud of him. To her, he was the most clever inventor in the whole world. True, he was a bit forgetful. True, his inventions never seemed to work exactly the way they were supposed to. But Belle knew he would prove himself to the world someday.

And when he did, maybe he would take her away from this small town. Maybe he would take her somewhere glamorous and exciting where she could meet her own Prince Charming.

But till then, she would have to wait—and read—and fight off the foolish men who tried to win her love.

Like Gaston.

Gaston was a fine, handsome hunter, admired by many of the young women in town. He was also a braggart, a coward, and a cheat.

One fall day, as Belle walked through the town square, reading, Gaston said to his constant companion, Lefou, "There she is, Lefou. She's the lucky girl I'm going to marry."

"The inventor's daughter?" said Lefou. "The one with her nose in a book? She's odd. She's..."

"She's the most beautiful girl in town," Gaston added. "And don't I deserve the best?"

"Of course...I mean, yes, but..." Lefou stuttered.

Gaston ran after Belle with Lefou following close behind. When Gaston caught up with her, just outside the marketplace, he slowed down. "Hello Belle," he announced with a cocky smile.

Belle barely glanced up from her book. "Hello Gaston," she answered.

out on his journey; but when he got to the ship some persons went to law with him about the cargo, and after a deal of trouble and several months' delay he started back to his cottage as poor as he had left it. When he was within thirty miles of his home, in spite of the joy he felt at again meeting his children, he could not help thinking of the presents he had promised to bring the, particularly of the rose for Beauty, which, as it was now midwinter, he could by no means have found for her. It rained hard, and then it began to snow, and before long he had lost his way.

Night came on, and he feared he would die of cold and hunger, or be torn to pieces by the wolves that he heard howling round him. All at once he cast his eyes toward a long avenue, and saw at the end a light, but it seemed a great way off.

He made the best of his way toward it, and found that it came from a splendid palace, the windows of which were all blazing with light. It had great bronze gates, standing wide open, and fine courtyards, through which the merchant passed; but not a living soul was to be seen. There were stables too, which his poor, starved horse entered at once, making a good meal of oats and hay. His master then tied him up and walked toward the entrance hall, but still without seeing a single creature. He went on to a large dining parlor, where he found a good fire and a table covered with some very appetizing dishes, but only one plate with a knife and fork.

As the snow and rain had wetted him to the skin he went up to the fire to dry himself. "I hope," said he, "the master of the house or his servants will excuse me, for it surely will not be long now before I see them." He waited some time, but still nobody came; at last the clock struck eleven, and the merchant, being quite faint for the want of food, helped himself to a chicken and to a few glasses of wine, yet all the time trembling with fear.

He sat till the clock struck twelve, and the, taking courage, began to think he might as well look about him, so he opened a door at the end of the hall, and went through it into a very grand room, in which there was a fine bed; and as he was feeling very weary he shut the door, took off his clothes, and got into it.

It was ten o'clock in the morning before he awoke, when he was amazed to see a handsome new suit of clothes laid ready for him, instead of his worn, which were all torn and spoiled. "To be sure," said he to himself, "this place belongs to some good fairy who has taken pity on my ill-luck."

He looked out of the window, and though far away there were the snow-covered hills and the wintry wood where he had lost himself the night before, within the palace grounds he saw the most charming arbors

Gaston grabbed Belle's book out of her hand. "My dear, it's not right for a girl to read. It's time you got your head out of these books and paid attention to more important things—like me."

"Gaston, may I have my book please?" Belle said, trying to control her anger.

Gaston grinned and threw her book into a mud puddle. "What do you say we walk over to the tavern and look at my trophies?"

He gripped her arm but Belle shook it loose. "Please, Gaston," she said, furious that he had ruined her book. "I have to get home to help my father. Good-bye!" She picked up her book and began walking away.

As Lefou approached, he muttered with a sneer. "Your father? That crazy old loon. He needs all the help he can get."

Belle spun around. "Don't talk about my father that way! He's a genius!"

But before she could say anything else—BOOOOOOM—an explosion shook the ground.

A plume of smoke rose from a small house just up the road.

Belle's house!

"Papa!" Belle screamed. She ran home as fast as she could.

When she yanked open the door of her father's workshop, thick smoke billowed out. In the midst of it, sitting beside a broken hulk of wooden slats and metal gears, was her father, Maurice.

She ran to his side. "Are you all right, Papa?"

Coughing and muttering, Maurice stood up and kicked his invention. "How on Earth did that happen? I'll never get this boneheaded contraption to work!"

Belle smiled, relieved that he wasn't hurt. "Oh, yes you will," she said. "And you'll win first prize at the fair tomorrow—and become a world-famous inventor."

"You really believe that?" Maurice said, a small smile flickering across his face.

"I always have," Belle said confidently.

"Well, then, what are we waiting for?" Maurice said, grabbing a tool. "I'll have this thing fixed in no time!"

As Belle watched him work, she began thinking. Gaston's mocking words came back to her: "It's not right for a girl to read."

"Papa," she said, "do you think I'm odd?"

Maurice popped out from behind his invention, his glasses crooked, his hair standing on

covered with all kinds of summer flowers blooming in the sunshine. Returning to the hall where he supped, he found a breakfast table, ready prepared. "Indeed, my good fairy," said the merchant aloud, "I am vastly obliged to you for your kind care of me."

He then made a hearty breakfast, took off his hat, and was going to the stable to pay his horse a visit; but as he passed under one of the arbors, which was loaded with roses, he thought of what Beauty had asked him to bring back to her, and so he took a bunch of roses to carry home. At that some moment he heard a loud noise, and saw coming toward him a beast, so frightful to look at that he was ready to faint with fear.

"Ungrateful man!" said the Beast in a terrible voice. "I have saved your life by admitting you into my palace, and in return you steal my roses, which I value more than anything I possess. But you shall atone for your fault: you shall die in a quarter of an hour."

The merchant fell on his knees, and clasping his hands, said, "Sir, I humbly beg your pardon. I did not think it would offend you to gather a rose for one of my daughters, who had entreated me to bring her one home. Do not kill me, my lord."

"I am not a lord, but a beast," replied the monster. "I hate false compliments, so do not fancy they you can coax me by any such ways. You tell me that you have daughters; now I will suffer you to escape if one of them will come and die in your stead. If not, promise that you will yourself return in three months, to be dealt with as I may choose."

The tenderhearted merchant had no thoughts of letting any one of his daughters die for his sake; but he knew that if he seemed to accept the Beast's terms he should at least have the pleasure of seeing the monster again. So he gave his promise, and was told he might then set off as soon as he liked. "But," said the Beast, "I do not wish you to go back empty-handed. Go to the room you slept in, and you will find a chest there, fill it with whatsoever you like best, and I will have it taken to your own house for you."

When the Beast had said this he went away. The good merchant, left to himself, began to consider that as he must die—for he had no thought of breaking a promise, made even to a Beast—he might as well have the comfort of leaving his children well provided for. He returned to the room he had slept in, and found there heaps of gold pieces lying about. He filled the chest with them to the very brim, locked it, and, mounting his horse, left the palace and the garden full of flowers as sorrowful as he had been glad when he first beheld it.

The horse took a path across the snowy forest of his own accord, and in a few hours they reached the

end. "My daughter? Odd? Now where would you get that idea?"

"I don't know. I'm just not sure I fit in here," Belle said. She looked at her father sadly. "Oh, Papa, I want excitement and adventure in my life...and I want someone to share it with."

Belle's voice had grown soft with that last comment. Her father nodded knowingly. "Well, how about that Gaston? He's a handsome fellow."

"He's not for me, Papa," Belle said. "He's crude and conceited."

"Well, don't worry. This invention's going to be the start of a new life for us." Maurice gave his daughter a warm smile. "Then we'll get out of this place and you can have a chance at those dreams."

Before long, Maurice had the contraption working again, with plenty of time left to take it to the fair. Belle helped him load it into a wooden wagon, then they hitched the wagon to their horse, Philippe. Slinging a cape around his shoulders, Maurice mounted the horse and started off.

"Good-bye!" Belle shouted, waving after him. "Good luck!"

As Philippe trotted down the road, Maurice held a map tightly, making sure to follow the correct route. It wasn't until three hours later that he realized something awful.

The map was upside down.

Maurice groaned. Nothing around him looked familiar. "Now we'll never make it to the fair," he said. "Belle will be so disappointed."

Philippe slowly approached a fork in the road. There was a sign there, but the words on it had faded.

To the left, the road continued along a river. To the right, it disappeared into a thick, misty forest. Maurice peered up both roads, then pulled Philippe to the right. Philippe reared back and shook his head.

But Maurice just pulled harder. "Come on, Philippe. It's a shortcut. We'll be there in no time."

Philippe went to the right, into the forest. The road grew narrower and trees made black shadows on the ground. Slowly, a thick, gray fog settled over them. The drip, drip, drip of water from a tree echoed in the dead silence.

A sharp wind whistled through the gnarled branches, causing them to twitch like sharp, bony fingers. Maurice held his jacket closed against the sudden cold.

Then a long shadow skittered among the trees, rustling the leaves. Philippe stopped. He

merchant's house. His children came running to meet him, but instead of kissing them with joy, he could not help weeping as he looked at them. He held in his hand the bunch of roses, which he gave to Beauty, saying, "Take these roses, Beauty; but little do you think how dear they have cost your poor father." Then he gave them an account of all that he had seen or heard in the palace of the Beast.

The two eldest sisters not began to shed tears, and to lay the blame upon Beauty, who, they said, would be the cause of her father's death, yet she does not shed a tear.

"It would be useless," replied Beauty, "for my father shall not die. As the Beast will accept one of his daughters, I will give myself up, and be only too happy to prove my love for the best of fathers."

"No, sister," said the three brothers with one voice, "that cannot be: we will go in search of this monster, and either he or ourselves shall perish."

"Do not hope to kill him," said the merchant; "his power is far too great. But Beauty's young life shall not be sacrificed. I am old, and cannot expect to live much longer, so I shall but give up a few years of my life, and shall only grieve for the sake of my children."

"Never, Father!" cried Beauty. "If you go back to the palace you cannot hinder my going after you. Though young, I am not overfond of life; and I would much rather be eaten up by the monster than die of grief for your loss."

The merchant in vain tried to reason with Beauty, who still obstinately kept to her purpose, which, in truth, made her two sisters glad, for they were jealous of her because everybody loved her.

The merchant was so grieved at the thought of losing his child that he never once thought of the chest filled with gold; but at night, to his great surprise, he found it standing by his bedside. He said nothing about his riches to his eldest daughters for he knew very well it would at once make them want to return to town; but he told Beauty his secret, and she then said that while he was away two gentlemen had been on a visit at their cottage, who had fallen in love with her two sisters. She entreated her father to marry them without delay, for she was so sweet-natured she only wished them to be happy.

Three months went by, only too fast, and the merchant and Beauty got ready to set out for the palace of the Beast. Upon this the two sisters rubbed their eyes with an onion, to make believe they were crying, but both the merchant and his sons cried in earnest. Only Beauty shed no tears.

They reached the palace in a very few hours.

looked around fearfully.

"Uh, we'd better turn around..." Maurice began.

But it was too late. A pair of pale yellow eyes appeared in the brush. Philippe whinnied, rearing up on his hind legs.

"Whoa, Philippe!" Maurice yelled, but he couldn't hold on. He tumbled to the ground as Philippe galloped away.

"Philippe?" Maurice whispered into the darkness. He got up quickly and looked around frantically. Again, he saw the yellow eyes, and hoped against hope that they belonged to something friendly.

But there was nothing friendly about the animal's angry growl, or its long, sharp, glistening teeth. It was a wolf!

CHAPTER THREE

Rrrrrrrrr...

Maurice backed away from the wolf's growl. "N-n-no," he muttered. "No!"

The wolf spring toward him. Maurice turned and ran. He crashed through the underbrush, ignoring the branches that lashed his face.

Then he saw another shadow, and another. It was a whole pack of wolves! Maurice ran left, then right. The wolves were panting, snarling. He looked back to see many pairs of yellow eyes gaining on him.

And that was when a dim, far-off light caught his eye. He raced toward it. But the trees became thicker. Thorns ripped his pants, branches seemed to push him back like arms.

Then he smacked against something hard. Metallic. A gate! "Help!" he cried out. "Is someone there? Help!"

The gate creaked open.

Maurice raced through, then slammed it shut after him. Seconds later, with a loud crash, the wolves hurtled themselves against the gate and fell away.

Maurice heaved a sigh of relief. His heart was beating furiously. He turned around, hoping to find that light.

What he saw took his breath away.

He had found the light, all right. It was coming from an enormous castle. A dark, old, crumbling castle surrounded by mist.

It looked as though no one had taken care of the castle for ages. Yet the light meant someone was inside, so Maurice walked toward it.

He crossed over a bridge. Below him was a dried-up moat. On the other side of the bridge were the castle grounds. Weeds and vines crept up garden walls

and the horse, without bidding, went into the same stable as before. The merchant and Beauty walked toward the large hall, where they found a table covered with every dainty, and two plates laid ready. The merchant had very little appetite, but Beauty, that she might the better hide her grief, placed herself at the table, and helped her father. She then began to eat herself, and thought all the time that to be sure the Beast had a mind to fatten her before he ate her up, since he had provided such good cheer for her.

When they had done their supper they heard a great noise, and the good old man began to bid his poor child farewell, for he knew it was the Beast coming to them. When Beauty first saw that frightful form she was very much terrified, but tried to hide her fear. The creature walked up to her, and eyed her all over, then asked her in a dreadful voice if she had come quite of her own accord.

"Yes," said Beauty.

"Then you are a good girl, and I am very much obliged to you."

This was such an astonishingly civil answer that Beauty's courage rose; but it sank again when the Beast, addressing the merchant, desired him to leave the palace the next morning and never return to it again. "And so good night, merchant. And good night, Beauty."

"Good night, Beast" she answered, as the monster shuffled out of the room.

"Ah, my dear child," said the merchant, kissing his daughter. "I am half dead already at the thought of leaving you with this dreadful Beast; you shall go back and let me stay in your place."

"No," said Beauty boldly. "I will never agree to that; you must go home tomorrow morning."

They then wished each other good night, and went to bed, both of them thinking they should not be able to close their eyes; but they immediately fell into a deep sleep, and did not wake till morning. Beauty dreamed that a lady came up to her, who said, "I am very pleased, Beauty, that you have been willing to give your life to save that of your father. Do not be afraid; you shall not go without a reward."

As soon as Beauty awoke she told her father this dream; but though it gave him some comfort he was a long time before he could be persuaded to leave the palace. At last Beauty succeeded in getting him safely away.

When her father was out of sight poor Beauty began to weep sorely; still, having naturally a courageous spirit, she soon resolved not to make her sad case still worse by useless sorrow, but to wait and be

and tangled around broken marble statues.

Just then a thunderbolt split the sky, casting a harsh white light over the castle, and instantly rain began to fall in torrents.

Light still flickered through the castle's open door, so Maurice stepped cautiously inside.

On a table just inside the door there was a beautiful, lighted candelabra and a mantel clock. Beyond them was the largest room Maurice had ever seen. Rich-looking but tattered tapestries hung from the walls. Tarnished and chipped statues stood in corners. The floors were covered with thick, dusty carpets. Dark archways led to dark, faraway rooms.

Staring with wonder, Maurice managed to call out, "Hello!"

His voice echoed in the dim parlor.

Then he heard voices. The first said, "Poor fellow must have lost his way, Cogsworth."

The second snapped, "Keep quiet, Lumiere. Maybe he'll go away."

"Oh, have a heart," came the first voice.

Then, louder, it said, "You are welcome here, monsieur!" "Who said that?" Maurice asked. "Where are you?"

Maurice felt something tugging at his cloak. He whirled around but saw no one.

"Down here!" said the second voice.

When Maurice looked down, his eyes grew wide. The *mantel clock* was tugging at him! It had arms and legs—and a face!

"I am Monsieur Cogsworth," the clock said, in a manner that was not very friendly.

Then the candelabra spoke with a welcoming voice. "And I am Monsieur Lumiere, at your service."

"You're...you're alive!" Maurice said, picking up Cogsworth and poking him. "How can that be?"

"Please put me down, sir," Cogsworth said, "or shall I give you a sound thrashing!"

Maurice obeyed, saying, "I beg your pardon, it's just that—AAAAAAh-CHOO!" The sneeze exploded out of him.

"You are soaked to the bone, monsieur," Lumiere said. "Come warm yourself by the fire."

"No!" Cogsworth retorted. "I forbid it! The master will be furious if he finds him here!"

But Lumiere ignored him, pulling Maurice into a spacious drawing room where a roaring fire gave off a warm, amber glow. Maurice settled himself in a comfortable leather armchair. A footstool, yapping happily like a dog, scooted under Maurice's feet.

"Well, hello there boy!" Maurice said.

"Oh, no, no, no, no, no!" Cogsworth cried,

patient. She walked through the rooms of the palace, and the elegance of every part of it much charmed her.

But what was her surprise when she came to a door on which was written "BEAUTY'S ROOM"! When she opened it her eyes were dazzled by the splendor and taste of the apartment. What made her wonder more than all the rest was a large library filled with books, a harpsichord, and many pieces of music. "The Beast surely does not mean to eat me up immediately," said she, "since he takes care I shall not be at a loss how to amuse myself." She opened the library, and saw these verses written in letters of gold on the back of one of the books:

Beauteous lady, dry your tears:

Here's no cause for sighs or fears.

Command as freely as you may,

For you command, and I obey.

"Alas," she said, sighing, "I wish I could only command a sight of my poor father, and know what he is doing at this moment."

Just then, by chance, she cast her eyes on a looking-glass that stood near her, and in it she saw a picture of her old home, and her father cnding mournfully up to the door. Her sisters came out to meet him, and although they tried to look sorry it was easy to see that in their hearts they were very glad. In a short time all this picture disappeared, but it caused Beauty to think that the Beast, besides being very powerful, was also very kind.

About the middle of the day she found a table laid ready for her, and sweet music was played all the time she was dining, although she could not see anybody. But at supper, when she was going to seat herself at the table, she heard the noise of the Beast, and could not help trembling with fear.

"Beauty," said he, "will you give me leave to see you sup?"

"That is as you please," answered she, very much afraid.

"Not in the least," said the Beast. "You alone command in this place. If you should not like my company you need only say so, and I will leave you this moment. But tell me, Beauty, do you not think me very ugly?"

"Why, yes," she said, "for I cannot tell a falsehood; but then I think you are very good."

"Am I?" sadly replied the Beast. "et, besides being ugly, I am also very stupid: I know well enough that I am but a beast."

"Very stupid people," said Beauty, "are never aware of it themselves."

putting his hands over his eyes. "I'm not seeing this!"

A tea cart rolled into the room. On it was a round teapot with a plump, friendly face, and a small, chipped teacup.

"I'm Mrs. Potts and this is my son Chip," she said. "Would you like a spot of hot tea, sir?"

"No!" Cogsworth shouted. "No tea!"

"Yes, please," said Maurice gratefully.

As Mrs. Potts poured tea, Cogsworth grabbed Lumiere. "We've got to get him out of here! You know what the master will do if..."

"Calm yourself," Lumiere said. "The master will never have to know. Now hush, our guest is falling asleep."

Cogsworth sputtered with frustration. But Maurice was indeed falling into a deep, blissful sleep...
WHAMMMMMMM!

The door flew open and Maurice jumped in his chair. The footstool yelped and scrambled under a table. The tea cart quickly rolled away, and Cogsworth dashed under a carpet.

Maurice spun around. There was someone—something—standing in the doorway. It towered on thick, hairy legs, and its head and arms were covered with matted fur. As it stepped toward Maurice, its foot pounded the floor like mallets. Under thick, tangled brows, its eyes glared angrily and its nostrils flared. "There's a stranger here," he growled.

Maurice wanted to run, but he couldn't. Fear had him frozen.

Lumiere stepped forward quickly. "Master," he said, "you see, the gentleman was lost in the woods, so..."

"RRRRAAAAGGGGHHH!" The force of the Beast's roar blew out Lumiere's candles.

Cogsworth peered out from under the carpet. "I was against it from the start," he said. "I tried to..."

The Beast sneered at Maurice. "What are you doing here?"

"I was lost in the woods," Maurice answered, his eyes wide with fright, "and I..."

"What are you staring at?" the Beast demanded.

"N-n-nothing," Maurice stammered.

"You come into my home and stare at me!" the Beast accused.

Maurice bolted for the door, but the Beast blocked his way. "I meant no harm," Maurice said. "I just needed a place to stay."

The Beast grabbed Maurice's by the shirt with his claws. In a sinister voice that made Maurice's blood run cold, he said, "I'll give you a place to stay!"

At this kindly speech the Beast looked pleased, and replied, not without an awkward sort of politeness, "Pray do not let me detain you from supper, and be sure that you are well served. All you see is your own, and I should be deeply grieved if you wanted for anything."

"You are very kind—so kind that I almost forgot you are so ugly," said Beauty earnestly.

"Ah, yes!" answered the Beast with a great sigh. "I hope I am good-tempered, but still I am only a monster."

"There is many a monster who wears the form of a man. It is better of the two to have the heart of a man and the form of a monster."

"I would thank you, Beauty, for this speech, but I am too stupid to say anything that would please you," returned the Beast in a melancholy voice, and altogether he seemed so gentle and so unhappy that Beauty, who had the tenderest heart in the world, felt her fear of him gradually vanish.

She ate her supper with a good appetite, and talked in her own sensible and charming way, till at last, when the Beast rose to depart, he terrified her more than ever by saying abruptly, in his gruff voice, "Beauty, will you marry me?"

Now Beauty, frightened as she was, would speak only the exact truth: her father had told her that the Beast liked only to have the truth spoken to him. So she answered in a very firm tone, "No, Beast."

He did not go into a passion, or do anything but sigh deeply and depart.

When Beauty found herself alone she began to feel pity for the poor Beast. "Oh," said she, "what a sad thing it is that he should be so very frightful, since he is so good-tempered!"

Beauty lived three months in this palace very well pleased. The Beast came to see her every night, and talked with her while she supped: and though what he said was not very clever, yet she saw in him every day some new goodness. So, instead of dreading the time of his coming, she soon began continually looking at her watch, to see if it were nine o'clock, for that was the hour when he never failed to visit her. One thing only vexed her, which was that every night before he went away he always made it a rule to ask her if she would be his wife, and seemed very much grieved when she firmly answered, "No."

At last, one night, she said to him, "You wound me greatly, Beast, by forcing me to refuse you so often: I wish I could take such a liking to you as to agree to marry you; but I must tell you plainly that I do not think it will ever happen. I shall always be your friend:

Right then, the only thing Maurice could think of was Belle.

He had a strange feeling that he would never see her again.

CHAPTER FOUR

Gaston and Lefou walked briskly down the road from town. They wore their finest formal clothing. Behind them was a priest, a brass band, and just about every person who lived there.

When they reached Belle's house, Gaston turned. He held up his hands and everyone stopped. "Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to thank you all for coming to my wedding! But first," he said, chuckling, "I'd better go in there and propose to the girl!"

The crowd laughed. Gaston marched to Belle's door and knocked hard.

Inside, Belle was reading. She put down her book, went to the door, and opened it a crack. "Gaston, what a pleasant surprise," she said, trying to hide her disappointment.

Gaston pushed the door open and barged in. "You know, Belle," he announced, "there's not a girl in town who wouldn't love to be in your shoes. This is the day your dreams come true!"

"What do *you* know about my dreams?" Belle said.

Gaston plopped down on Belle's chair and plunked his muddy boots on the table—right on her book. "Picture this," he said. "A rustic hunting lodge. My latest kill roasting on the fire. And my little wife massaging my feet while her little ones play on the floor—six or seven of them. And do you know who that little wife will be? You, Belle!"

Belle's jaw fell open in shock. He was proposing to her—and he had invited the whole town to watch! The nerve!

He stood up and tried to throw his arms around Belle. But she backed away toward the door, thinking frantically. "Gaston, I'm...I'm...speechless! I don't know what to say!"

Gaston followed her in a circle around the room, finally pinning her to the door. "Say you'll marry me!"

"Well, I'm really sorry, Gaston," Belle said, groping behind her for the doorknob. "But...um, I...I just don't deserve you. But thanks for asking!"

She found the doorknob and pushed. As the door opened, she ducked out of the way. Gaston lost his balance and tumbled out.

She slammed the door shut just as Gaston landed in a mud puddle.

so try to let that content you."

"I must," sighed the Beast, "for I know well enough how frightful I am; but I love you better than myself. Yet I think I am very lucky in your being pleased to stay with me. Now promise me, Beauty, that you will never leave me."

Beauty would almost have agreed to this, so sorry was she for him, but she had that day seen in her magic glass, which she looked at constantly, that her father was dying of grief for her sake.

"Alas," she said, "I long so much to see my father that if you do not give me leave to visit him I shall break my heart."

"I would rather break mine, Beauty," answered the Beast. "I will send you to your father's cottage: you shall stay there, and your poor Beast shall die of sorrow."

"No," said Beauty, crying, "I love you too well to be the cause of your death; I promised to return in a week. You have shown me that my sisters are married and my brothers are gone for soldiers, so that my father is left all alone. Let me stay a week with him."

"You shall find yourself with him tomorrow morning," replied the Beast; "but, mind, do not forget your promise. When you wish to return you have nothing to do but to put your ring on a table when you go to bed. Good-by, Beauty!" The Beast sighed as he said these words, and Beauty went to bed very sorry to see him so much grieved.

When she awoke in the morning she found herself in her father's cottage. She rang a bell that was at her bedside, and a servant entered; but as soon as she saw Beauty the woman gave a loud shriek, upon which the merchant ran upstairs, and when he beheld his daughter he ran to her and kissed her a hundred times. At last Beauty began to remember that she had brought no clothes with her to put on; but the servant told her she had just found in the next room a large chest full of dresses, trimmed all over with gold, and adorned with precious stones.

Beauty, in her own mind, thanked the Beast for his kindness, and put on the plainest gown she could find among them all. She then desired the servant to lay the rest aside, for she intended to give them to her sisters; but as soon as she had spoken these words the chest was gone out of sight in a moment. Her father then suggested that perhaps the Beast chose for her to keep them all for herself; and as soon as he had said this they saw the chest standing again in the same place.

While Beauty was dressing herself a servant brought word to her that her sisters were come with their

The crowd fell silent. Lefou walked slowly up to Gaston. "She turned you down, huh?" he said.

Gaston got up, furious. His fists were clenched, his eyes were burning. Nervously, people began to back away.

Then, suddenly, Gaston burst into laughter. "Turn *me* down? Nonsense! She's just playing hard to get!"

Smiling, with his head held high, he strode back to town.

The crowd stood silently, watching him. Many of them admired his dignity. Many of them wanted to laugh.

But none of them could see the expression on his face change. None of them could see the smile quickly turn into a fierce, angry grimace.

And none of them could hear his solemn vow: "I'll have Belle for my wife. One way or another."

Belle stayed in her house until every last person had left. "Imagine me, the wife of that brainless fool," she said to herself. As she opened the door to take a walk, she heard a familiar noise—Philippe's whinny.

"Papa!" she thought. "Back so soon?"

But when she looked up the road, she saw Philippe was alone. She ran toward him, crying out. "Philippe! What's the matter? Where's Papa?"

Philippe snorted and whinnied anxiously.

Belle was terrified. "We have to find him! Take me to him!"

She leapt on Philippe, and he galloped down the road. Carefully he retraced his steps until they came to the forest, which was as dark and creepy as before.

But this time Philippe was determined to make it through. The wind howled and whistled, pushing branches in his path, but he trudged onward.

Belle felt her skin crawl. In her worst nightmares she had never imagined a place so horrible.

Suddenly, at the sight of the rusted gate, Philippe began to buck anxiously. "Steady, Philippe," Belle said. She hopped off and pulled him toward the gate. Pushing it open, she spotted a hat lying on the ground.

It was her father's hat.

"Papa!" she cried. "Come on Philippe!" She dragged her horse onto the castle grounds, barely noticing the surroundings. Tying Philippe to a post, she ran into the castle.

"Papa?" she called out as she entered the grand hall. She ran through it and up a curved marble staircase. "Papa, are you here? It's Belle!"

When she reached the top of the stairs, Belle ran down a corridor—right past Cogsworth and Lumiere.

husbands to pay her a visit. They both lived unhappily with the gentlemen they had married. The husband of the eldest was very handsome, but was so proud of this that he thought of nothing else from morning till night, and did not care a pin for the beauty of his wife. The second had married a man of great learning; but he made no use of it, except to torment and affront all his friends, and his wife more than any of them.

The two sisters were ready to burst with spite when they saw Beauty dressed like a Princess, and looking so very charming. All the kindness that she showed them was of no use, for they were vexed more than ever when she told them how happy she lived at the palace of the Beast. The spiteful creatures went by themselves into the garden, where they cried to think of her good fortune.

"Why should the little wretch be better off than we?" they said. "We are much handsomer than she is."

"Sister," said the eldest, "a thought has just come into my head: let us try to keep her here longer than the week for which the Beast gave her leave; and then he will be so angry that perhaps when she goes back to him he will eat her up in a moment."

"That is a good idea," answered the other, "but to do this we must pretend to be very kind."

They then went to join her in the cottage, where they showed her so much false love that Beauty could not help crying for joy.

When the week was ended the two sisters began to pretend such grief at the thought of her leaving them that she agreed to stay a week more; but all the time Beauty could not help fretting for the sorrow that she knew her absence would give her poor Beast, for she tenderly loved him, and much wished for his company again. Among all the grand and clever people she saw she found nobody who was half so sensible, so affectionate, so thoughtful, or so kind.

The tenth night of her being at the cottage she dreamed she was in the garden of the palace, that the Beast lay dying on a grass plot, and with his last breath put her in mind of her promise, and laid his death to her forsaking him. Beauty awoke in a great fright, and burst into tears. "Am not I wicked," said she, "to behave so ill to a Beast who has shown me so much kindness? Why do I not marry him? I am sure I would be more happy with him than my sisters are with their husbands. He shall not be wretched any longer on my account, for I should do nothing but blame myself all the rest of my life."

She then rose, put her ring on the table, got into bed again, and soon fell asleep. In the morning she

Cogsworth was frozen with surprise. Lumiere burst into tears. "A girl!" he cried. "A beautiful girl! After all these years, she's come to fall in love with the master and break the spell. Soon we will be human again!"

"Nonsense!" Cogsworth snapped. "She's here because of that fellow locked in the tower. He must be her father."

"Then we must help her!" Lumiere said. He ran through the castle, taking a shortcut to get ahead of Belle. He stopped in the corridor that led to the tower stairs.

Belle reached the stairs. When she saw Lumiere's flickering light, she called out. "Hello? Is someone there? I'm looking for..."

Lumiere moved up the stairs, then sat on a small shelf. Belle quickly followed him. When she got to the top she looked around, puzzled. There was a candelabra and a row of doors with small slots at the bottom. "That's funny," she said. "I'm sure there was someone..."

"Belle?"

The voice that called her was hoarse, but she knew exactly who it was. "Papa!" she screamed. "Where are you?"

Maurice's face peered out from the slot in one of the doors.

"here." He reached his hand through the bars.

Belle ran to the door and grasped his hand. "Oh, Papa, your poor hands are like ice," she said. "We have to get you out of there!"

Shivering, Maurice said, "I don't know how you found me, Belle, but I want you to leave at once."

"Who's done this to you?" Belle demanded.

"No time to explain!" Maurice said. "You must go. Now!"

"No, Papa, I won't leave you!" Belle vowed.

Suddenly Belle felt darkness settle over her. She thought the candelabra had flickered out.

But when she turned around, she realized the darkness was a shadow. The shadow of someone enormous, someone she couldn't see.

"Who's there?" she said.

But the Beast didn't answer, not a first. He couldn't. The words wouldn't come. He felt ashamed of his ugliness as he stared at the most beautiful human being he had ever seen.

"Who are you?" Belle asked, as she peered into the darkness.

Softly, the Beast said. "The master of this castle."

with joy found herself in the palace of the Beast. She dressed herself very carefully, that she might please him the better, and thought she had never known a day pass away so slowly.

At last the clock struck nine, but the Beast did not come. Beauty, dreading lest she might truly have caused his death, ran from room to room, calling out, "Beast, dear Beast"; but there was no answer. At last she remembered her dream, rushed to the grass plot, and there saw him lying apparently dead beside the fountain. Forgetting all his ugliness, she threw herself upon him, and finding his heart still beating, she fetched some water and sprinkled it over him, weeping and sobbing all the while.

The Beast opened his eyes. "You forgot your promise, Beauty, and so I determined to die, for I could not live without you. I have starved myself to death, but I shall die content, since I have seen your face once more."

"No, dear Beast," cried Beauty passionately, "you shall not die; you shall live to be my husband. I thought it was only friendship I felt for you, but now I know it was love."

The moment Beauty had spoken these words the palace was suddenly lighted up, and all kinds of rejoicings were heard around them, none of which she noticed, but continued to hang over her dear Beast with the utmost tenderness. At last, unable to restrain herself, she dropped her head over her hands, covered her eyes, and cried for joy; and when she looked up again the Beast was gone. In his stead she saw at her feet a handsome, graceful young Prince, who thanked her with the tenderest expressions for having freed him from enchantment.

"But where is my poor Beast? I only want him, and nobody else," sobbed Beauty.

"I am he," replied the Prince. "A wicked fairy condemned me to this form, and forbade me to show that I had any wit or sense till a beautiful lady should consent to marry me. You alone, dearest Beauty, judged me neither by my looks nor by my talents, but by my heart alone. Take it, then, and all that I have besides, for all is yours."

Beauty, full of surprise, but very happy, suffered the Prince to lead her to his palace, where she found her father and sisters, who had been brought there by the fairy lady whom she had seen in a dream the first night she came.

"Beauty," said the fairy, "you have chosen well, and you have your reward, for a true heart is better than either good looks or clever brains. As for you, ladies"—and she turned to the two elder sisters—"I know

"I've come for my father," Belle pleaded. "There must be some misunderstanding. Please let him out. He's sick!"

"He shouldn't have trespassed!" the Beast replied.

Belle struggled to see the face of her father's captor. "Please, I'll do anything to save his life," she said. "Take me instead!"

Silence hung in the air. The Beast looked at Belle carefully. Her hair, her eyes, her lovely face, made him feel warm inside. It was the first time in years he had felt that way. "You would take his place?" he asked.

"Belle, no!" Maurice shouted. "You don't know what you're doing!"

"If I did take his place," Belle continued, "would you let him go?"

"Yes," the Beast answered, "but you must promise to remain here forever."

The corridor froze with silence again. Belle thought for a moment. Who was this man? Before she could give an answer, she needed desperately to know. "Come into the light," she said.

The Beast stood still. He was ashamed to show his face in the presence of such perfect beauty.

But a desperate hope glimmered inside the Beast. Maybe, just maybe, she wouldn't mind what she saw. Maybe she would like him.

Slowly, he moved into the light.

Belle's eyes widened. She gasped with horror and turned away.

"No, Belle!" Maurice said. "I won't let you!"

But Belle was gathering her strength. She knew there was only one thing to do, as dreadful as it seemed.

She turned to face the Beast. "You have my word."

"Done!" the Beast said. And he quickly unlocked the door and began dragging Maurice out of the castle. Belle screamed and Maurice struggled, but he couldn't break the Beast's iron grip. "Please spare my daughter," he pleaded. "She had no part in this!"

But the Beast didn't even hear him. As he forced Maurice off the castle grounds, there was only one thought on the Beast's mind.

He had the girl all to himself now. Forever.

all you ill-deeds, but I have no worse punishment for you than to see your sister happy. You shall stand as statues at the door of her palace, and when you repent of and have amended your faults you shall become women again. But, to tell you the truth, I very much fear you will remain statues forever."

CHAPTER FIVE

Now that Belle was locked in the tower, the Beast had no idea what to do with her. He mumbled to himself, pacing back and forth beneath the tower stairs. "After all these years...after I'd given up...what do I say

to her?

Lumiere watched him for a long time. He wanted so much for the Beast to do the right thing. Maybe, just maybe, the Beast could make Belle fall in love with him. And if he did, the spell would finally be broken.

It was the only hope for Lumiere, and for all the other servants, to become human again.

Gathering up his courage, Lumiere said, "Uh, master, since the girl is going to be with us for quite some time, perhaps you should offer her a more comfortable room."

The Beast growled, and Lumiere backed away in fright.

Then, muttering again, the Beast began to climb the tower stairs. He shuffled down the corridor to Belle's door and paused. Now it was *his* turn to gather up courage.

When he opened the door, Belle was on the ground, her head in her hands. She looked up at him with tearful eyes. "I'll never see him again—and you didn't even let me say good-bye!"

The Beast frowned. He hadn't seen this kind of behavior before. He didn't know people could care so much for one another. "I'll show you to your room," he growled. He walked back into the corridor, snatching up Lumiere in his thick hand.

"My room?" Belle was confused. She thought the Beast wanted to keep her in the tower. She followed him down the stairs and through a long maze of corridors. They both remained silent, until Lumiere could stand it no longer. "Say something to her," he whispered to the Beast.

The Beast felt butterflies in his stomach. "I...uh, hope you'll like it here," he finally said to Belle. Quickly, he looked back at Lumiere for approval.

Lumiere smiled. "Go on," he urged.

"The castle's your home now, so you can go anywhere you like," the Beast said. He thought a moment then added, "Except the West Wing."

"What's in...." Belle began to ask.

Before she could finish, the Beast whirled around angrily. "It's forbidden!"

Lumiere groaned. The Beast wasn't exactly charming Belle.

They walked in silence again until they reached a large guest room. The Beast opened the door, and Belle walked in cautiously.

"If you need anything, my servants will attend you," the Beast said.

"Invite her to dinner!" Lumiere whispered to him.

"Oh." The Beast nodded, then turned back to Belle. "You'll...uh, join me for dinner."

But Belle wanted nothing to do with him. Silently, coldly, she pushed the door closed.

But the Beast stopped the door with his hand. There was fury in his eyes, the fury of a person who had never been disobeyed in his life. In a gruff, threatening voice, he said, "That's not a request!"

Belle slammed the door in his face. The Beast snarled and stomped away.

Lumiere sighed with frustration. This love affair was not getting off to a good start.

Back in the village, in a noisy tavern, Gaston was doing what he did best—bragging. He was bragging about his hunting, about his eating, and about his drinking.

He only stopped bragging once, when the tavern door swung open with a loud WHACK!

The tavern fell silent. Everyone watched as a filthy, wet man stumbled in from the snow. At first no one recognized him.

"Help!" he cried out, his face pale with terror. "He's got her! He's got Belle locked up in his castle!"

Laughter filled the tavern. "It's crazy old Maurice!" one of Gaston's friends yelled.

"Slow down, Maurice," Gaston said. "Who's got Belle locked up?"

"A horrible monstrous beast!" Maurice replied. "You've got to help me!"

"All right, old man," Gaston said. "We'll help you." With a wink at his friends, he pointed to the door.

Two of the men lifted Maurice by his arms, walked him to the door, and tossed him outside. As they slammed the door behind him, the tavern crowd hooted and cheered.

But Gaston grew serious. He pulled Lefou aside and said, softly, "Crazy as he is, that old man may be of use to us, Lefou. I have just thought of a plan, a plan that will make Belle my bride!"

With a sinister grin, he whispered his plan to Lefou.

Maurice ran frantically through the village streets. "Please help me!" he shouted to everyone he saw. "My daughter has been captured by a beast!"

Everyone ignored him. "Old Maurice has finally lost his marbles," they all thought as they walked away.

As the snow continued, Maurice sank to his knees in the street. He raised his head upward and gave one last, desperate cry: "Will no one help me?"

But the only answer was a harsh, whistling

wind. Maurice was all alone. And he knew poor Belle was doomed.

CHAPTER SIX

Belle threw herself on her bed and sobbed.

The mattress was soft, with a beautiful silk bed cover that matched the curtains. Everything in the room was the finest she'd ever seen, from the carved wooden night table, to the handwoven rug, to the large wardrobe near the bed.

But to Belle, none of that mattered. The room was a prison. No matter how beautiful it was, she could never consider it home. If the Beast was going to forever keep her from her father and the things she loved, then she would hate him and his castle forever.

"And I will never have dinner with him!" she vowed to herself. "Even if he is the only other living thing in the castle."

A sudden knock on the door interrupted her thoughts. "Who is it?" she asked.

"Mrs. Potts, dear," a voice said. "I thought you might like some tea."

So there *were* some other people in the castle, Belle thought. The voice sounded friendly enough, so she opened the door.

But there was no one there—on person, that is. Just a teapot, who happily walked right in. Behind her skipped a little chipped teacup.

Belle gasped. She backed away, right into the wardrobe.

"Careful!" the wardrobe said.

Belle spun around, and gasped again. The wardrobe had a face, just as the teapot and cup did. They were alive—all of them! "This...this is impossible!" Belle said, sitting on the bed.

"I know it is," Wardrobe said, "but here we are!"

The teacup looked up at the teapot and said, "I told you she was pretty, Mama. Didn't I?"

"All right, Chip," Mrs. Potts answered.

"Now hold still." Chip stood next to her obediently, and she carefully poured some tea into him.

Smiling with excitement, Chip hopped over to Belle. "Slowly, now," Mrs. Potts called out. "Don't spill!"

Belle smiled. Chip was cute. "Thank you," she said, picking him up and taking a sip.

"That tickles!" Chip said with a giggle.

"You know, my dear," Mrs. Potts said, "changing places with your father was a very brave thing to do."

"We all think so," Wardrobe agreed, sitting

next to Belle on the bed.

Belle cast her eyes downward. "But now I've lost my father, my dreams--everything!"

"It'll be all right in the end, you'll see," Mrs. Potts said gently. Then, turning to Chip, she added, "Come now! I almost forgot there's a supper to get on the table!"

As Mrs. Potts and Chip scurried out the door, Wardrobe pulled a long, silky gown from one of her drawers. "Ah, you'll look ravishing in this at dinner," she said.

"That's very kind of you, but I'm not going to dinner," Belle answered.

"Oh, but you must!" Wardrobe insisted.

Just then, Cogsworth appeared in the bedroom doorway. "Ahem!" he said, clearing his throat. "Dinner is served!"

But Belle was not going to budge from that room, even if every object in the castle came and begged. Her answer was no!

Snow fell outside the dining room windows. The table was set with the finest china. Mrs. Potts had come out of the kitchen to reassure the Beast, and she sat with Lumiere on the mantel over a roaring fire. They watched the Beast pace back and forth.

"What's taking her so long?" the Beast growled.

"Try to be patient, sir," Mrs. Potts said.

"Master," Lumiere added, "have you thought that perhaps this girl could be the one to break the spell?"

"Of course I have!" the Beast roared. "I'm not a fool! But it's no use. She's so beautiful and I'm...well, look at me!"

"You must help her see past all that," Mrs. Potts said.

"I don't know how," the Beast replied sadly. "And the worst thing is that the rose has already started to wilt."

"Well, you can start by making yourself more presentable," Mrs. Potts said. "Straighten up. Try to act like a gentleman."

"Give her a dashing smile," Lumiere suggested.

"But don't let your fangs scare her," Mrs. Potts added.

"Impress her with your delightful wit!" Lumiere said with excitement. "Shower her with compliments."

"But be gentle," Mrs. Potts said, "and sincere."

"And above all," they said together, "you

must control your temper!"

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Someone was at the door. "Here she is!" cried Lumiere. The Beast ran a paw through his hair and tried to smile. The door flew open.

But it was only Cogsworth.

"Well, where is she?" the Beast demanded.

"Uh...who?" Cogsworth said nervously. "Oh, ha ha! The girl, you mean! Well, she's in the process of...uh, circumstances being what they are..."

The Beast glared at him impatiently. There was no way out for Cogsworth. He had to tell the truth. "She's not coming," he said, his voice a frightened squeak.

"RRRRRAAAGGGGHHH!" the Beast roared, bolting out of the room. He bounded up the stairs to Belle's room with Lumiere, Cogsworth, and Mrs. Potts running behind.

"You come out or I'll break the door down!" he bellowed, banging at her door.

"I'm not hungry!" Belle shouted from inside.

"Master," Cogsworth said carefully, "please attempt to be a gentleman."

The Beast's nostrils flared with anger, but he knew Cogsworth was right. He took a deep breath. "It would give me great pleasure if you would join me for dinner," he said through gritted teeth.

"No thank you," Belle's voice shot back.

That was all the Beast could take. "Fine!" he yelled. "Then go ahead and starve!" He whirled around to face Cogsworth and Lumiere. "If she doesn't eat with me, then she doesn't eat at all!" he roared.

As he stormed away, Mrs. Potts remarked,

"Oh, dear. That didn't go very well, did it?"

Cogsworth threw up his hands and sighed.

"We might as well go downstairs and start cleaning up. Lumiere, stand watch here and inform me if there's the slightest change."

"My eyes will never leave the door," Lumiere replied.

The Beast didn't stop until he'd gotten to his lair in the West Wing. He threw his door open and clomped into the room, muttering to himself. "I ask nicely but she refuses! What does she want me to do, beg?"

He grabbed the magic mirror off his dressing table, the mirror that allowed him to see anywhere he desired. "Show me the girl!" he demanded.

Slowly a vision of Belle's room appeared.

Belle was sitting on her bed, arms crossed in anger. Wardrobe walked over to her and said, "The master's really not so bad once you get to know him. Why don't

you give him a chance?"

"He's ruined my life!" Belle replied. "I don't want to have anything to do with him!"

The Beast didn't want to hear any more. As he put the mirror down, his eyes filled with sadness. "She'll never see me as anything but a monster," he said to himself. "It's hopeless."

Before his last word was finished, another petal fell from the rose. The Beast shuddered as it fluttered to the tabletop.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Later that night, Belle sneaked out of her room. There was no one standing guard, but she could hear giggles down the hall. Glancing to her left, she saw Lumiere flirting with a pretty feather duster.

She tiptoed down the hall. Her stomach was painted with hunger. She hadn't wanted to eat dinner with the Beast, but that didn't mean she wanted to starve!

She walked quietly down the stairs. It wasn't hard finding the kitchen. Down a long hallway she could hear the clanking of pots and pans behind a door.

Slowly she pushed the door open. For a moment, everyone in the kitchen froze. Cogsworth was there, along with Mrs. Potts, and a very angry-looking stove.

Cogsworth was the first to speak. "Splendid to see you, mademoiselle," he said, with a deep bow. "I am Cogsworth, head of the household."

Immediately, Lumiere ran in, out of breath and looking guilty. Cogsworth gave him a sharp glare and said, "And this is Lumiere."

Lumiere reached for Belle's hand and tried to kiss it, but Cogsworth slapped him away. "If there's anything we can do to make your stay more comfortable..." Cogsworth said in an unconvincing tone.

"I *am* a little hungry," Belle replied.

Mrs. Pott's eyes lit up. "You are?" she said. Turning to the others, she called out, "Hear that? Stoke the fire! Take out the silverware! Wake the china!"

"No!" Cogsworth shouted. "Remember what the master said. If she doesn't eat with him she doesn't eat at all!"

But no one listened to Cogsworth. Instead, all the objects flew into action. The stove began cooking on all burners. Platters full of good food leapt into the oven.

Smiling, Lumiere gracefully escorted Belle into the dining room. "Mademoiselle, it's with deep pride and great pleasure that we welcome you," he said grandly. "And now we invite you to relax and pull up a

chair as the dining room proudly presents--your dinner!"

He acted like the master of ceremonies at a show, and that's exactly what Belle saw: a show. She watched in wonder as the plates, platters, and silverware all danced and sang on the table. Then a chair slid underneath Belle, and pushed her toward the table. The first course was served.

The kitchen door swung open time and again. Each time, Belle's mouth watered. And each time, a platter of food came out, more delicious than the last.

The name of each dish was announced in song and dance. There were hot hors d'oeuvres, beef ragout, cheese souffle, and a dessert of pie and flaming pudding. It was a lot of food, but Belle managed to clean every plate. She'd never had a dinner so delicious, no seen a show so unusual!

When it was all over, she burst into applause. Even Cogsworth had gotten into the spirit of things, dancing his heart out. He and Lumiere and the rest of the objects all bowed deeply to her, grinning with pleasure.

"Bravo!" Belle exclaimed. "That was wonderful! I've never been in an enchanted castle before. I'd like to look around now, if that's all right."

Cogsworth snapped out of his good mood.

"Wait a second! I'm not sure that's a good idea. The master..."

"Perhaps you'd like to take me," Belle said to Cogsworth. "I'm sure *you* know everything there is to know about the castle."

"Well, actually," Cogsworth said, his chest puffing with pride. "I do!"

Strutting proudly, he led her on a tour of the castle. He talked and talked, explaining every single detail in every single room. Lumiere followed behind, but he quickly became bored. He looked around, humming and singing to himself.

As they neared the West Wing, Cogsworth and Lumiere realized something terrible. Belle had disappeared.

"Mademoiselle?" Cogsworth called out.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted Belle moving up a dark set of stairs.

Instantly, Cogsworth and Lumiere raced ahead of Belle and blocked the way.

"What's up there?" Belle asked.

"Nothing!" Cogsworth replied. "Absolutely nothing of interest in the West Wing. Dusty, dull, very boring."

"Ah, so this is the West Wing," Belle said, remembering the Beast's warning. "I wonder what he's

hiding up there?"

She started to take a step up, but Cogsworth didn't budge. "Perhaps mademoiselle would like to see something else," he said desperately. "We have tapestries, gardens, a library..."

"You have a library?" Belle asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" Cogsworth said. "With more books than you'll ever be able to read in a lifetime!"

He and Lumiere led her back downstairs.

She followed, as Cogsworth went on and on, "We have books on every subject, by every author who ever set pen to paper..."

The truth was that Belle did not want to see the library, but her curiosity about the West Wing was getting the better of her. She lagged farther and farther behind her two hosts, then stopped.

They were so involved in describing the library that they didn't notice. Belle spun around and ran back to the West Wing stairs.

She raced up the stairs, taking them two at a time. But when she got to the top, she stopped. Before her, a long, gloomy corridor stretched into darkness. Its walls were lined with mirrors, each one broken. Slowly she walked past them into the deep shadows.

At the end of the corridor was an enormous wooden door. Above it, two hideous carved faces sneered at her. They seemed to be saying "Stay away! Stay away!"

Belle took a deep breath. She pushed the door, and it creaked open.

Belle's eyes widened. A gasp caught in her throat. The room was like nothing she'd ever seen before. Every corner, every surface was covered with filth. Vines grew into the room from an open window and twisted around broken furniture, cracked mirrors, and ripped paintings. Closet doors hung crookedly from torn hinges, and bed coverings lay in a dirty pile against one wall. In a corner was a stack of bones that looked as though they had been chewed on.

Belle's stomach began to churn. As she walked into the room, she shivered. "Is this where he lives?" she thought.

A painting on the wall caught her attention. It was a portrait of a young boy. Belle thought there was something familiar about his eyes, but she couldn't be sure. The painting had five deep slashes across it, as if the Beast had ripped it with his claws.

But then Belle noticed the rose. Although it was drooping and most of its petals had fallen off, it seemed to shimmer. She went closer, reaching out her hand toward it. The petals were so delicate, so

beautiful.

Belle was so enchanted by the rose, she didn't notice the hulking shadow of the Beast in the open window.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"AAARGGGHHH!" the Beast roared as he leapt in front of Belle.

Belle screamed and backed away. Her fingers never touched the rose.

The Beast stomped toward her, smashing everything in his way. "I warned you never to come here!" he shouted, hurling a heavy chair as if it were made of paper. "Do you realize what you could have done?"

"I didn't mean any harm," Belle pleaded.

The Beast answered by throwing a table against a wall. "Get out!" he bellowed. "Get out!"

Belle wasted no time. She got out, all right—out of the castle. Promise or no promise, she was *not* going to stay there!

Philippe was waiting outside, exactly where she'd left him. She hopped on and shouted, "Take me home!"

Philippe's hooves thundered against the frozen earth. In seconds they were out of the castle grounds and into the woods. Belle felt a rush of happiness.

But as soon as they plunged into the woods, that feeling ended. The forest was every bit as dark and thick as she remembered it. Philippe had to slow to a walk, dodging branches that hung down like long claws. In the mist, he couldn't see more than a few feet in front of them.

But there was no mistaking the eyes.

The yellow, fierce eyes of the wolf pack.

With angry growls, the wolves attacked Philippe's heels. Philippe whinnied and reared onto his hind legs.

With a crash, Belle tumbled onto the forest floor. One wolf spotted her. Then another.

The wolves lunged at her. She scrambled away, grabbing a thick branch. Her heart raced with fear as she swung the branch at them.

They danced around the branch, stalking closer. Belle tried to back away, but as she did, she tripped on a tangled root. A jolt of pain shot through her ankle, and Belle fell to the ground.

The wolves pounce. Belle felt their claws on her neck. There was nothing she could do but scream.

CHAPTER NINE

Then, suddenly, someone pulled the wolves off Belle.

She could still hear them snarling behind her, only now they were attacking her rescuer! She turned and was startled when she saw who it was. It was the Beast!

She pulled herself to her feet and ran to Philippe's side. Together they watched helplessly as the Beast fought the furious animals. The wolves slashed him with their teeth and claws, and the Beast howled in pain.

But he was more than a match for them. One by one, he grabbed each wolf and hurled it away. The smarter ones slunk away when they realized it was a losing battle.

Soon the Beast stood alone. His face was twisted in agony. He tried to walk toward Belle, but after a few steps, he fell to the ground with a groan.

Belle looked to her left. The road to escape was narrow, but she and Philippe were free to take it. They were free to gallop back to her house, free to leave the Beast and his horrible world behind.

The Beast moaned. He glanced up at Belle with a look of shock and pain.

And Belle realized at that moment that she couldn't leave. Not while the Beast lay wounded in the snow.

"Help me take him back, Philippe," she said softly. She led her faithful horse to the Beast and helped him to his feet. Together they trudged back to the castle. The Beast limped along, leaning against Philippe.

In the castle's grand hall, Belle nursed the Beast's wounds. He squirmed in pain. "If you hadn't run away, this wouldn't have happened!" he said angrily.

"If you hadn't frightened me, I wouldn't have run away!" Belle replied, cleaning one of his cuts with a wet cloth.

"Well, you shouldn't have been in the West Wing!" the Beast snapped.

"And you should learn to control your temper!" Belle said. They glared at each other for a long moment. Then their eyes dropped. Belle pulled her scarf off and began wrapping it around one of the wounds. "Now hold still. This may hurt a little." The Beast gritted his teeth and didn't move. Finally, Belle said what she'd been meaning to say since they were in the woods. "By the way, thank you for saving my life."

"You're welcome," the Beast said with a smile. Pain or no pain, he suddenly felt very good inside.

At that same moment, Gaston and Lefou

were walking toward Belle's cottage with a strange man dressed entirely in brown. His name was Monsieur d'Arque, and he was tall and skinny with a sharp nose and small eyes. He was the head of an insane asylum called Maison des Loons, and was part of Gaston's evil plan.

For a bag of gold, he had agreed to throw Maurice into his asylum--unless Belle would agree to marry Gaston.

What they didn't know was that Maurice had left the cottage to find Belle. At that moment he was entering the woods on foot.

When Gaston found that the cottage was empty, he turned to his partners and said, "They have to come back sometime, and when they do, we'll be ready for them. Lefou, stay here and keep watch."

Lefou waited by the stairway. Gaston and Monsieur d'Arque walked slowly back toward the village to find out where Maurice and Belle were. "No one will stop me from having Belle this time!" Gaston angrily proclaimed.

Snow had fallen during the night, covering the tangled vines and the broken statues. The blanket of white made the castle grounds look almost cheerful.

Since the evening of the wolf attack, the Beast was a lot more cheerful, too. And it was all because of Belle. Her recent kindness and attention had brought out the best in him.

From his bedroom window, he watched Belle walk Philippe, and he thought to himself, "I want to do something for her."

He decided to give her a special gift, and with the help of Cogsworth and Lumiere, he thought of a good one. But it would take a lot of planning--and a lot of cleaning.

After hours of preparation, the gift was ready. The Beast led Belle down a hallway and stopped in front of a set of double doors. "I want to show you something," he said, "but first you have to close your eyes. It's a surprise."

Belle did as she was told. The Beast opened the door, then took her hand. He led her inside a dark room with a high ceiling. "Can I open my eyes now?" she asked.

"Not yet," he said. Letting go of her hand, he went to a window and pulled back a curtain. Sunlight poured into the room. "Now," the Beast said.

Belle opened her eyes, and they sparkled with delight. It was a beautiful library, stacked with shelves and shelves of books. At one end, there was a roaring fire with a stuffed leather armchair in front of it.

"I can't believe it!" Belle said in awe. "I've

never seen so many books in my life."

The Beast smiled. "You like it? It's all yours," he said.

"Oh, thank you so much!" Belle exclaimed.

Hiding around a corner, Cogsworth and Lumiere smiled at each other. Maybe the spell could be broken after all.

Over the next few days, things began to change between Belle and the Beast. They were becoming friends! Belle learned a lot about the Beast, too. He didn't know how to eat with a fork and knife, so she taught him. He didn't know how to read, so she read to him. She taught him how to feed birds and how to play in the snow.

"She doesn't shudder when she touches my paw anymore," noticed the Beast.

"There's something about him I didn't see before," thought Belle. "I thought he was ugly and cruel, but now he seems sweet and gentle."

The Beast was actually learning how to have fun for the first time in his life. He was discovering feelings inside himself, tender feelings he didn't know he could have. Feelings for Belle.

It wasn't long before the Beast realized something shocking: He was in love with Belle, and he knew he had to do something about it.

He had to tell her.

But how? Not just any old way. He had to create a magical moment, sweep her off her feet. He would invite Belle for a night of dancing in the ballroom!

He was delighted when she agreed. On the night of the dance, the Beast did some things he had never done before. He bathed himself, dressed up, and even combed his mane.

As he walked to the ballroom stairs to wait for Belle, the Beast looked completely different. His mane shone in the light; his outfit was elegant. Lumiere provided romantic candlelight, and Mrs. Potts sang a love song.

When Belle appeared at the top of the ballroom stairs in a shimmering gold gown, the Beast felt himself freeze. He was stunned by her beauty, and he was also very nervous.

He walked up the stairs, took her hand, and with a gallant smile, he escorted her down. Then he whirled her into dance position. He lifted his huge, hairy foot and took the first step—and practically mashed her toes.

The Beast was horrified. He'd gone to all this trouble to create a perfect evening, but it wasn't going to work. He was so clumsy!

Belle didn't even frown. She gave him a warm smile and did what she had been doing for the last few days--she taught him.

The Beast slowly picked up the steps, and before long they were sweeping gracefully across the dance floor.

Soon, laughing and out of breath, they decided to go out on the balcony. As the Beast opened the glass door, cool air rushed in. The night was still, and the ground glimmered with snow in the moonlight. Above, the stars winked at them by the thousands.

As she looked up, Belle sighed and smiled. And the Beast knew that this was the moment of truth. "Uh, Belle," he said softly. "Are you...happy here with me?"

Belle thought a moment. She had to admit that she was happier than she had expected to be. "Yes," she answered.

But the Beast could sense sadness in her eyes. "What is it?" he asked.

Belle looked at the Beast. She was close to tears. "If only I could see my father again. Just for a moment," she said. "I miss him so much."

The Beast returned her gaze for a long time. He had the power to let her see her father. And he realized now that he would do anything for her. "There is a way," he said.

Without another word, he led her into the West Wing and up to his room. There, he took the magic mirror from his table and handed it to her. "The mirror will show you anything," he said. "Anything you wish to see."

Belle held it up. "I'd like to see my father, please," she whispered.

The mirror began to glow. An image appeared, dark and blurry. As it became clearer, Belle could see trees and bushes. It was the forest, and there was something moving through it. Something slow and hunched, like a wounded animal.

When the being looked up to the sky, Belle recognized her father. "Belle," he called out, his voice cracked and hoarse. Maurice fell to his knees, shaking and coughing.

"Papa!" Belle screamed. She turned to the Beast with panic in her eyes. "He's sick! He may be dying! And he's all alone!"

The Beast swallowed hard. As he looked at Belle's tear streaked face and saw the pain that was ripping her apart, his heart skipped a beat. He could feel her pain as if it were his very own. "Her father needs her now, but so do I," thought the Beast.

He glanced toward his table and saw two

shriveled petals clinging to the dying rose. Soon they would fall off. If he let Belle go now, he would never know if she loved him and the spell would never be broken. He would remain a hideous Beast forever.

But as he turned and looked into Belle's eyes again, he knew there was only one thing to do.

"You must go to him," he said, slowly speaking the words he knew would seal his doom forever.

Belle stared at him in disbelief. "You mean, I'm free?"

The Beast tried hard to keep his voice steady, without emotion. "I release you. You're no longer my prisoner."

Belle gripped his hand joyfully. "Oh, thank you!" She began to run out the door, but turned back when she realized she was still holding the mirror.

The Beast shook his head. "Take it with you," he said, "so you'll always have a way to look back...and remember me."

Belle clutched the mirror to her chest. "Thank you for understanding how much he needs me," she said.

"I need you just as much!" was what the Beast wanted to say. The words welled up inside his heart and went racing right up to his mouth.

But he never said them. Instead, he just nodded.

Belle touched his hand briefly and ran out, her gown flowing behind her.

The Beast stood on his balcony. He watched Belle emerge from the castle's front door, mount Philippe, and gallop away, the moonlight glinting in her silken hair.

When they were gone, the Beast did something he hadn't done since he was a boy.

He threw back his head and howled, with a pain that cut to the bottom of his heart.

CHAPTER TEN

"Thank goodness he's still alive!" was all Belle could think when she found her father in the snow. He was soaked, he had a fever, and he didn't even recognize her. But he was alive.

She managed to get him onto Philippe, and together they galloped at top speed through the snow-covered forest. All the way home, Maurice kept repeating things. "It should have been me!" he muttered, and "I'm not a thief!" and "Run Belle! Run!"

When they got to their cottage, Belle instantly put Maurice to bed and he fell into a long, deep sleep. For hours, she mopped his brow and held his

hand. Belle worried that he would never recover, never recognize her again.

Finally he awoke with a moan. "It should have been me...me!" His eyes flickered. He gave Belle a blank stare. Then, slowly, he smiled. "Belle?"

Belle was filled with relief. He knew who she was! "It's all right, Papa," she said. "I'm home."

Joyous tears filled Maurice's eyes. He sat up and threw his arms around his daughter. They hugged and laughed and cried. "I missed you so much!" Belle said.

"But how did you escape the Beast?" Maurice asked.

"He let me go," Belle said softly.

Maurice was shocked. "That horrible Beast?"

"He's different now, Papa," Belle said with a sigh. "He's changed somehow."

Just then Belle noticed a small movement out of the corner of her eye. There was something moving in her saddlebag. She flipped open a flap, and there was Chip, Mrs. Pott's teacup son! He gave her a guilty smile.

Belle smiled back. "Oh...a stowaway."

RAP! RAP! RAP!

Belle and Maurice were both startled by the loud knocking on the door. With a shrug, Belle covered Chip again, went to the door, and opened it.

There stood a tall, skinny man dressed in brown. Behind him was a wooden wagon with the words *Maison des Loons* on the side. A crowd, led by Lefou, was gathering next to the wagon.

"May I...help you?" Belle asked.

"I am Monsieur d'Arque," the man said. "I've come to collect your father."

"He was raving like a lunatic outside the tavern!" Lefou added. "We all heard him, didn't we?"

Most of the crowd mumbled in agreement. a few men, dressed in the white uniforms of the *Maison des Loons*, stepped toward the house.

"My father's not crazy!" Belle said, standing firmly in the doorway. "I won't let you take him!"

Maurice walked up behind Belle to see what was going on. As soon as Lefou saw him he shouted, "Maurice, tell us again. How big was that beast?"

"Well, I'd say eight—no, more like ten feet tall!" Maurice answered seriously.

The crowd hooted with laughter. "You don't get much crazier than that!" Lefou shouted.

Forcing their way past Belle, Monsieur d'Arque's men grabbed Maurice and pulled him outside.

"No!" Belle screamed, running after them.

"You can't do this!"

Suddenly Gaston stepped out of the shadows and right into Belle's path. With a calm smile, he said, "Poor Belle. It's a shame about your father."

"You know he's crazy!" Belle snapped, eyeing Gaston with suspicion.

"Hmmm..." Gaston pretended to think hard. "I might be able to clear up this little misunderstanding, if..." His voice trailed off.

"If what?" Belle asked.

"If you marry me," Gaston answered.

Belle stepped back in shock. He was grinning at her, certain that his plan had worked.

"Never!" she said.

Gaston shrugged. "Have it your way." He waved at Monsieur d'Arque's men. "Take him away."

Belle raced back into the house and brought out the enchanted mirror. Standing on the front steps, she shouted, "My father's not crazy and I can prove it!"

The crowd stared at her. Monsieur d'Arque's men stopped. Gaston looked up, worried.

"Show me the Beast!" Belle said to the mirror.

The mirror glowed. The crowd gasped. Slowly the Beast's image appeared. He paced the balcony in torment. Then, raising his head, he let out a blood curdling howl. People in the crowd screamed and ran away. Monsieur d'Arque's men dropped Maurice and quickly rode off in their wagon. "Is he dangerous?" someone yelled out.

Belle looked tenderly at the Beast's image. She knew he was howling from a broken heart. "Oh, no. I know he looks vicious, but he's really kind and gentle. He's...my friend."

Gaston was furious that his plan had failed. He was also very jealous. "If I didn't know better," he said to Belle, "I'd think you had feelings for that monster."

"He's no monster, Gaston!" Belle snapped. "You are!" Gaston grabbed the mirror. He whirled around to the crowd, red with fury. "She's as crazy as the old man!" he announced. "The Beast will come after your children in the night! He'll wreck our village!"

The crowd began to panic, shouting angrily. "No!" Belle protested. But Gaston kept right on.

"We're not safe until his head is mounted on my wall! I say we kill the Beast!"

Belle tried to stop Gaston, but he signaled to his friends. "Lock them in the cellar!" he ordered.

"Get your hands off me!" Belle screamed.

"We can't have them running off to warn the creature!" Gaston yelled to the frightened crowd. So

Gaston's men forced Belle and Maurice down the cellar steps. The door slammed shut over their heads. The last thing Belle saw was Gaston leading the crowd toward the forest. They were yelling over and over. "Kill the Beast! Kill the Beast!"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Lumiere, Cogsworth, and Mrs. Potts were moping in the castle foyer when they heard voices outside. "Is it she?" Mrs. Potts asked excitedly.

They all ran to the window, hoping to see Belle. But their happy expressions turned to shock. It wasn't Belle at all. It was Gaston and his angry mob!

"Invaders!" Lumiere cried out.

The castle objects began running into the room from all directions. "Barricade the door!" Cogsworth ordered. "Mrs. Potts, warn the master!"

BOOOOOM! The castle shook as the mob attacked the door with a battering ram. Cogsworth and the other objects piled themselves against the door. Mrs. Potts sprinted to the beast's lair, where he was sitting silently. His head was bowed, his body slumped. "Master, the castle is under attack," Mrs. Potts said.

The Beast looked up. His eyes were lined with red, as if he'd been crying. "It doesn't matter now," he said. "Just let them come."

"But Master...." Mrs. Potts began.

BOOOOOM! The sound of another battering-ram attack cut her off. "Kill the Beast!" came the chant from the crowd. "Kill the Beast!"

With a deafening crash, the door fell in and the objects scattered. But when Gaston's mob barged in, they stopped short. They knew someone had to have been holding back the door, but now the room was empty. All they could see was a candelabra, a mantel clock, and a few other objects.

"Something fishy's going on around here," Lefou said. He cautiously crept closer and closer to Lumiere. With a sudden jab, Lumiere poked him in the eyes. "YEOUCHHHH!" Lefou screamed.

"CHAAAAARRRRRGGE!" Lumiere bellowed. The battle was on! Gaston's men couldn't believe what they were seeing. Candelabras, clocks, dishes, fireplace tongs, footstools, and brushes—all fighting! As his men fought, Gaston slipped farther into the castle. He would find the Beast himself.

Meanwhile, outside the cottage, Maurice's invention stood on top of a gentle hill. It was a large contraption, a maze of ropes, levers, pulleys, wheels, bells, and whistles. Only Maurice knew what it was supposed to do. Only Maurice knew how to work it. But there was someone else walking around it at that

moment. Someone very small, and very smart.
Someone who could sneak out of the house unnoticed.

It was Chip! He looked the contraption over once, twice. He turned a few knobs, pulled a few levers, gave it a little nudge...WHIIIRRR...BONK...BLEEP...

The invention coughed to life! It began to roll forward. Chip jumped up and down with glee. It rolled to the left, then to the right, then directly toward the cellar door. Maurice and Belle both heard a loud rumble. Maurice peeked through the window in the cellar door and saw the contraption barreling toward them. "Belle, look out!" he shouted. They both ducked away just as the contraption came bursting through the cellar door. On it, hanging from a small lever, was Chip.

"You did it, little teacup!" Belle shouted happily.

"Let's go!" Maurice said.

They ran outside. Philippe saw them and whinnied joyfully. "Philippe, my old friend," Maurice called out. "Take us to the castle!"

In the castle, the battle raged on. Gaston's men stormed the kitchen and the dining room. Everywhere the objects rose up to defend their home. But Gaston was in a quieter place, upstairs, just outside of the BEast's lair. He inched closer to the closed door and pulled an arrow out of his quiver. Lashing out with his foot, he kicked the door down. The Beast slowly turned from his place at the window. When he saw Gaston, he didn't react at all. Nothing mattered to him now.

Gaston fired an arrow. It sliced through the air and landed firmly in the Beast's shoulder.

"RRRAAAAAAHHHHHHRRRRRGGGG GHHHHH!" The Beast shrieked in agony and fell to the floor. He crawled slowly across the floor and out onto the balcony. Gaston ran to him and gave him a sharp kick. With another howl of pain, the Beast tumbled over the balcony railing. He landed on the smooth, sloping slates of the castle room. "Get up" Gaston shouted, as he grabbed a club that hung on the wall.

The Beast tried, but only got as far as his knees. Rain had begun to fall, making the roof wet and slick. Gaston climbed out of the roof and held the club high. With a mighty blow, he brought it down on the Beast's back.

The Beast howled again and collapsed. As he slid down the side of the roof, Gaston repeated, "Get up!"

He hit the Beast again and again. The Beast tried to rise, but he was too weak. He was now dangerously close to the edge of the roof. A few more

inches and he would fall off. A few more inches and it would be all over. He would never again have to think of Belle, his lost love.

As Gaston raised his club for the final blow, the Beast caught one last glimpse through his window. He saw the rose, with one petal left.

"NOOOO!" a scream rang out from below. With his last ounce of strength, the Beast turned his head. The voice was familiar. It made his heart pump wildly. It made his every sense quicken. Could it be?

Yes. It was Belle. She was racing toward the castle on her horse, along with her father. The Beast felt himself come alive again, as if waking from a nightmare. Gaston glared at the back of the Beast's head. "YEEAAHH!" he shrieked at the top of his lungs, and brought the club down as hard as he could.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Beast spun around. Gaston's club was coming toward him at lightning speed. There was no time to think. The Beast's hand darted out. His palm smacked into the side of the club, and stopped it in midair.

Gaston was stunned. He backed away as the Beast slowly rose to his feet. The Beast's shadow seemed to swallow Gaston. He flailed wildly with his club again and again, but the Beast blocked it each time.

Roaring with fury, the Beast stalked after him. With a swipe of his long arm, he whacked the club out of Gaston's hand. Below them, there was a clatter of hooves on the castle stairs. Philippe had galloped right into the castle! But the Beast hardly heard it. He was burning with outrage. He wanted revenge!

The Beast lunged forward and grabbed Gaston by the neck. With a furious roar, he hoisted Gaston into the air.

"Let me go!" Gaston pleaded. "Please...I'll do anything!"

"Kill him!" The words raced through the Beast's mind. He grabbed Gaston with his other arm, twisted Gaston's body, and prepared to break his neck. Then he stopped.

Maybe it was the terror in Gaston's eyes. Maybe it was Gaston's helplessness. Maybe the time spent with Belle had made the Beast softhearted. But whatever the reason, he let Gaston down and said simply, "Get out."

Then he saw Belle. She stood in his room, looking out the window. Her face was pale, her hair wet and messy from her wild ride. She was out of breath and looked exhausted. But she was the most beautiful sight the Beast could ever imagine. He began to limp

toward her. She smiled warmly and held out her arms. But suddenly her body went tense. A look of panic shot through her face. "Beast!" she screamed, as she pointed over his shoulder.

It was too late. Gaston was in midair, lunging toward him with a knife. By the time the Beast could react, the knife was squarely between his shoulders. His agonized roar echoed into the night. He staggered around and faced Gaston with a look of horror and anger. Gaston went white with fear. He took a step back without looking and his foot landed in a rain gutter. He tried to pull it out, but he couldn't take his eyes off the Beast.

The Beast stumbled forward. Gaston yanked his foot out and lost his balance. Whirling his arms like a windmill, he fell and slid to the edge of the roof.

And then, in a flash, he was gone. Only his scream remained as he plunged over the side. The Beast turned back to face Belle. He climbed slowly onto the balcony, tried to plant his feet, and fell. Belle ran to him and cradled him in her arms.

In spite of the pain, he managed a weak smile. "You...came back," he said, gasping with pain. "At least...I got to see you one last time..."

Belle fought back tears. "Don't talk like that," she said. "You'll be all right."

Suddenly there was a sound of clattering footsteps in the Beast's room. Cogsworth, Lumiere, and Mrs. Potts ran to the balcony window. They stopped, frozen with shock at the sight of their fallen master.

Behind them, the rose's last petal wavered in the breeze. "Maybe it's better this way," the Beast said. He was struggling to keep his eyes open.

"No! Please...please!" Belle cried out in anguish. Tears flowed down her cheeks and spilled onto the Beast's face. She leaned closer to his limp, wounded body. She planted a tender kiss on his cheek. "I love you!" she cried. As she spoke, the rose's last petal fell to the table.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

For a moment, all was quiet, except for the muffled sounds of Belle's weeping. Then something remarkable happened. Suddenly the rain began to sparkle and shimmer with light. Then the air began to glow.

The Beast opened his eyes. He felt a healing warmth throughout his body. He looked at his hands. The hair was disappearing! Long, strong fingers remained where a mangled paw had just been. He gasped, then reached up to touch his face.

It was smooth! And his wounds were gone.

He felt as healthy and strong as...as...He could barely bring himself to think the words: "As healthy and strong as a young prince."

Could it be, or was this some sort of dream? One look at Belle's face was enough to give him an answer. She was staring at him as if she'd never seen him before. And behind her, glowing magically, the rose was in full bloom!

The Prince rose to his feet. It all came back to him—how it felt to stand perfectly straight, how it felt to be *human*. He hadn't forgotten.

But he was different now. He was taller, older, stronger. And most important, he was looking at the whole world differently. Not with greed and anger and spite, but with kindness, understanding, strength—and love.

"Belle," he said gently. "It's me."

She looked at him, startled for a moment, not knowing what to believe. But there was something about his smile, about the look in his eyes. It was the same being with whom she had fallen in love.

With a radiant smile, Belle ran into his arms. And there on the balcony, as the sun peeked over the horizon, they shared a long kiss. The kiss seemed to bring new magic to the castle. In a swirl of light and colors, Cogsworth turned into a robust man with a mustache. Lumiere became a tall, dashing *maitre d'*. Mrs. Potts turned into a plump, sweet-faced woman.

"The spell is broken!" Cogsworth said, his voice choked with emotion.

The Prince grinned at his faithful servants. He turned briefly from Belle and embraced them. All over the castle, he could hear screams of joy. The objects, from the East Wing to the West Wing, were all becoming the people they once were. Memories flooded back to the Prince. Memories of a beautiful, shining castle with flags flying and people running about, working, laughing, singing. A lush green meadow. A moat of deep blue water.

The night was lifting—and so were the years of gloom. As the sun rose, the countryside burst into bloom. But none of it was as lovely as the vision the Prince held in his eyes right then—Belle's smile.

It was a smile that the Prince hoped to be looking at for the rest of his life.

In one last burst of magic, everyone in the castle was whisked into the ballroom. Musicians played, lights twinkled, and the floor shone like a mirror. The Prince held out his hand, and Belle joined him for a dance. As they swirled around the room, Belle saw happiness in every corner. Mrs. Potts was hugging her little teacups, who were all real, live children.

including one with a chipped tooth.

"Chip!" Belle called out, waving to him. She swirled around again and saw her father, Maurice, looking at everything in awe. He glanced beside him. Wardrobe was now a lovely lady-in-waiting. She winked at him and he blushed. The footstool, now a happy dog, raced between people's legs as they got up to dance.

Belle laughed. For years, she had thought fairy tales could only be read about in books. But as she looked into the adoring eyes of her Prince, she knew that what was happening to her was real. And she knew exactly what the ending to her real-life fairy tale would be.

She and her Prince would live happily ever after.

DISNEY'S ALADDIN

Adapted from the film by A. L. Singer (1992)

In a faraway land, where the sun scorches the fiery desert, there lies an ancient secret.

It is a lamp, long forgotten and buried deep beneath the shifting sands. It is small and simple. It bears no fancy design and contains no precious jewels. To all but the wisest among us, it would appear dull and worthless.

But this lamp is not what it seems. Long ago, it held the greatest power in all the lands of Arabia. Its magic changed forever the course of a young man's life. A young man who, like the lamp, was more than what he seemed.

The tale begins on a dark night, where a dark man waits with a dark purpose...

CHAPTER ONE

The man's name was Jafar, and he was prepared to wait. His beady eyes and pointed turban gave him the look of a cobra about to strike. Perched on his shoulder, a parrot cocked its head impatiently. Beneath him, his horse shifted and gave a restless snort.

The treasure was buried out there somewhere. Only one person would be able to find it—the person who possessed two halves of an ancient scarab. Jafar had one half, and soon he would have the other. Then the treasure would be his. And with it, he would become the most powerful man in Agrabah.

In the stillness, Jafar heard the clopping of hooves as a rider approached.

The man was a common thief named Gazeem, and he had agreed to bring Jafar the other half of the scarab—in return for a part of the treasure. Jafar had promised. Jafar had lied.

"You are late," he said.

Gazeem dismounted and bowed his head. Jafar was the royal vizier, the chief adviser to the sultan. It was not wise to upset him. "My apologies, O Patient One," Gazeem said.

Jafar glared. "You have it, then?"

With a grin, the thief pulled half the scarab from his pocket. Jafar reached for it, but the thief held it back. "What about the treasure? You promised me..."

Screech! The parrot swooped down from Jafar's shoulder, grabbed the scarab, and dropped it into Jafar's bony hand.

"Trust me," Jafar said. "You'll get what's coming to you."

ANDREW LANG'S ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP (1981)

There once lived in Persia a boy called Aladdin. One day when he was playing in the street a stranger asked him his age, and if he was not the son of Mustapha the tailor.

"I am, sir," replied Aladdin, "but he died a long while ago."

At this the stranger fell on his neck and kissed him, saying, "I am your uncle and I knew you from your likeness to my brother. Go to your mother and tell her I am coming."

Aladdin ran home and told his mother of his newly found uncle.

"Indeed, child," she said, "your father had a brother, but I always thought he was dead."

However, she prepared supper and bade Aladdin seek his uncle, who came laden with wine and fruit. He told Aladdin's mother not to be surprised at not having seen him before, as for forty years he had been out of the country.

Next day he led Aladdin a long way outside the city gates until they came to two mountains divided by a narrow valley. "We will go no farther," he said. "I will show you something wonderful. Gather up sticks while I kindle a fire."

When the fire was lit, he threw on it a powder he had with him, at the same time saying some strange words. The earth trembled a little and opened in front of them, disclosing a square flat stone with a brass ring in the middle to raise it by. Aladdin tried to run away, but his uncle caught him and gave him a blow that knocked him down.

"What have I done, Uncle?" he said piteously.

Whereupon his uncle said more kindly, "Fear nothing, but obey me. Beneath this stone lies a treasure that is to be yours, and no one else may touch it, so you must do exactly as I tell you."

At the word "treasure," Aladdin forgot his fears and grasped the ring as he was told. The stone came up quite easily, and some steps appeared.

"Go down," said his uncle. "At the foot of those steps you will find an open door leading into three large halls. Tuck up your robe and go through them without touching anything, or you will die instantly. These halls lead into a garden of fine fruit trees. Walk on till you come to a niche in a terrace where stands a lighted lamp. Pour out the oil it contains and bring it to me." He drew a ring from his finger and gave it to Aladdin, bidding him prosper.

Quickly he took out his half of the scarab. He could feel his blood pounding as he fit the halves together. They glowed. Then...

BOOOOM! A clap of thunder shook the desert. The scarab leapt from Jafar's hand as if it were alive. It streaked across the dunes in a blaze of light.

Jafar spurred on his horse. "Quickly, follow the trail!" he shouted.

Gazeem mounted his own horse and raced after Jafar. Bright as a comet, the scarab shot toward a small sandstone. It circled around it, then paused in the air. *Crack!* The scarab suddenly split into halves again and plunged into the rock, each half wedging into a small hole.

Jafar stopped his horse and jumped off. The pulsing scarab stared out at him like a huge pair of eyes. An exultating chill bolted through him. There was no turning back now.

RRRRRRROMMMMM! The earth began to tremble. The strange eyes flashed wildly. Gazeem cowered in fright.

Slowly the rock began to grow upward. It expanded in all directions, changing shape. The eyes remained, and now ears formed, then a nose. Last was a mouth, huge and gaping. A column of white light burst from within, almost blinding Jafar.

The rock was now a tiger face, frozen in a furious, silent roar. Jafar stared in awe. His frightened parrot clung to his shoulder, digging in its claws.

"By Allah!" Gazeem murmured. "A tiger-god!"

"At last, Iago!" Jafar said to his parrot. "After all my years of searching—the Cave of Wonders!"

"Awk" Iago screeched. "Cave of Wonders!"

Jafar pulled Gazeem close to him. "Now, remember," he snarled. "Bring me the lamp. The rest of the treasure is yours, but the lamp is mine!"

Gazeem swallowed hard. He turned toward the mouth of the tiger-god and began walking slowly.

"Awk! The lamp!" Iago repeated, loud enough for Gazeem to hear. Then he leaned in close to Jafar's ear and whispered, "Geez, where'd you dig this bozo up?"

"Sssh!" Jafar snapped. Iago allowed no one to know he could speak like a human—no one except his master, that is. But right now, Jafar was in no mood to listen. He was watching. Watching and waiting.

"Who disturbs my slumber?" boomed the tiger-god, its voice rumbling the ground once again.

"Er...it is I, Gazeem, a humble thief." His voice was a nervous squeak, and his knees felt weak and shaky.

Aladdin found everything as his uncle had said, gathered some fruit off the trees and, having got the lamp, arrived at the mouth of the cave.

His uncle cried out in a great hurry, "Make haste and give me the lamp." This Aladdin refused to do until he was out of the cave. His uncle flew into a terrible rage and, throwing some more powder on the fire, he said something, and the stone rolled back into its place.

This man had only pretended to be Aladdin's uncle. He was really a cunning magician who had read in his magic books of a wonderful lamp that would make him the most powerful man in the world. Though he alone knew where to find it, he could receive it only from the hand of Aladdin. Now, since he couldn't force the boy to give him the lamp, he returned to Africa, whence he had come.

Aladdin remained in the dark, crying and lamenting. At last he clasped his hands in prayer, and in so doing rubbed the ring, which the magician had forgotten to take from him.

Immediately a genie rose out of the earth, saying, "What wouldst thou with me? I am the slave of the ring and will obey thee in all things."

Aladdin fearlessly replied, "Deliver me from this place," whereupon the earth opened, and he found himself outside. When he came home he told his mother what had passed, and showed her the lamp and the fruits he had gathered in the garden, which were in reality precious stones. He then asked for some food.

"Alas, child," she said, "I have nothing in the house, but I have spun a little cotton and will go and sell it."

Aladdin bade her keep her cotton, for he would sell the lamp instead. As it was very dirty she began to rub it, that it might fetch a higher price. Instantly a genie appeared and asked what she would have. She fainted away, but Aladdin, snatching the lamp, said boldly, "Fetch me something to eat!"

The genie returned with a golden bowl, twelve gold plates containing rich meats, two gold cups, and a bottle of wine. Aladdin's mother, when she came to herself, said, "Whence comes this splendid feast?"

"Ask not, but eat," replied Aladdin.

So they sat at breakfast till it was dinner time, and Aladdin told his mother about the lamp. When they had eaten all the genie had brought, Aladdin sold one of the gold plates, and so on till none were left. He then summoned the genie, who gave him another set of plates, and thus they lived for some years.

One day Aladdin heard an order from the sultan proclaiming that everyone was to stay at home

"*Know this!*" the tiger-god said. "*Only one may enter here. One whose rags hide a heart that is pure—the Diamond in the Rough!*"

Gazeem cast a doubtful glance behind him. "Go on!" Jafar commanded. Frightened, Gazeem turned back toward the cave's opening. A flight of stairs led downward into...what? He couldn't tell. Carefully he began walking down.

RRRAAAUUUGGGHHHH! The tiger-god's thunderous roar was like nothing Jafar had ever heard. Gazeem's shriek could be heard only for a moment, and then the tiger-god's mouth slammed shut, silencing the thief forever.

"*Seek thee out the Diamond in the Rough!*" the tiger-god commanded. Slowly the rock collapsed into a mound of sand. The scarab halves flickered, then went dark. Jafar stared in silence as Iago dove into the mound and re surfaced, spitting out sand. He picked the scarab halves up and flew back to Jafar. "I can't believe this!" Iago said. "We're never going to get ahold of that stupid lamp!"

"Patience, Iago, patience. Gazeem was obviously less than worthy."

"Now *there's* no big surprise!" Iago said, rolling his eyes. "So what are we going to do? We've got a big problem here—"

But Jafar just reached out and squeezed Iago's beak shut. He needed quiet. "Only one may enter..." he said. "I must find this one—this Diamond in the Rough." The Diamond in the Rough—Jafar understood what that meant. A common person, poor and unwashed, who had shining qualities within.

There was only one way to seek this person out, and Jafar knew just how to do it. An evil grin spread across his face. He hadn't gotten the treasure tonight, but no matter. He was close—oh, so close. And before long, his waiting would be over.

CHAPTER TWO

"Stop, thief!" The guard shouted at the top of his lungs as he chased a raggedly dressed boy through the crowded marketplace of Agrabah. The boy zigzagged skillfully around the outdoor stands—fruit sellers, clothing merchants, bakers, trinket sellers. In his right hand, he clutched a loaf of bread. Beside him ran a small monkey dressed in a vest and a hat.

"I'll get you, street rat!" the guard shouted.

Street rat. If there was one name Aladdin hated, that was it. The sultan's guards looked down on the poor people of Agrabah—people such as himself. Sure, he swiped food sometimes. He had no choice—he had to eat. But he was no street rat.

and close the shutters while the princess, his daughter, went to and from the bath. Aladdin was seized by a desire to see her face, which was very difficult as she always went veiled. He hid himself behind the door of the bath and peeped through a chink.

The princess lifted her veil as she went in, and looked so beautiful that Aladdin fell in love with her at first sight. He went home and told his mother that he loved the princess so deeply he could not live without her and meant to ask her father for her hand in marriage. His mother, on hearing this, burst out laughing, but Aladdin at last prevailed upon her to go before the sultan and carry his request.

She fetched a napkin and laid in it the magic fruits from the enchanted garden, which sparkled and shone like the most beautiful jewels. The grand vizier and the lords of council had just gone into the palace hall as she arrived, so she went up to the foot of the throne and remained kneeling until the sultan said to her, "Rise, good woman, and tell me what you want."

She hesitated, so the sultan bade her speak freely, promising to forgive her beforehand for anything she might say. She then told him of her son's violent love for the princess.

"I prayed him to forget her," she said, "but in vain; he threatened to do some desperate deed if I refused to go and ask Your Majesty for the hand of the princess. Now I pray you to forgive not me alone but my son Aladdin."

The sultan asked her kindly what she had in the napkin, whereupon she unfolded the jewels and presented them.

He was thunderstruck, and turning to the vizier, said, "What sayest thou? Ought I not to bestow the princess on one who values her at such a price?"

The vizier, who wanted her for his own son, begged the sultan to withhold her for three months, in the course of which he hoped his son would contrive to make a richer present. The sultan granted this and told Aladdin's mother that, though he consented to the marriage, she must not appear before him again for three months.

Aladdin waited patiently for nearly three months, but then his mother, going into the city to buy oil, found everyone rejoicing and asked what was going on.

"Do you not know," was the answer, "that the son of the grand vizier is to marry the sultan's daughter tomorrow?"

Breathless, Aladdin's mother ran and told him, and he sent her to remind the sultan of his promise.

The sultan said to her, "Good woman, your

"Come on, Abu!" Aladdin called to his pet monkey. He ran to a nearby house and leapt onto its low, flat roof. Then he and Abu sprinted from roof top to rooftop, landing on a pair of clotheslines and finally falling into a soft pile of clothes. Instantly he was snatched up by a pair of thick, hairy hands. It was Rasoul, the head of the sultan's guard. Rasoul was a man of few words, but if there was one thing he did well, it was catching young thieves.

"Gotcha!" Rasoul said, lifting Aladdin up. Abu leapt onto Rasoul's shoulder and shoved the guard's turban over his eyes. Aladdin quickly wrenched himself free, and he and Abu bolted away. They wove through the marketplace, past a camel salesman, a rug merchant, a jewelry cart...

Suddenly Abu stopped. The little monkey's eyes were fixed on the cart. Abu had one big weakness—sparkling jewels. He crouched beside the cart, reaching up to steal a pendant.

"Stop him!" someone yelled. Dozens of faces turned toward Abu.

Aladdin spun around. He grabbed Abu by the back of his neck. To their right, the guards charged closer. To their left, angry townspeople close in. Aladdin and Abu ran straight ahead toward a stairway that led to a tall tower. They raced up the stairs and in through a window. Aladdin grabbed a rug, and using it as a parachute, he and Abu leapt from another window to the other side of the building. They jumped again, this time landing safely in a quiet little alley, darkened by the shadow of the sultan's palace doors. There the sounds of the marketplace were muffled. Aladdin exhaled and sat down. He was starving.

"All right, Abu, now we feast!" he said, breaking the loaf of bread in half. But before he could eat, he saw a frail boy and girl in the shadows. They said nothing, but their wide, staring eyes spoke for them. Aladdin could tell they hadn't eaten in days.

He looked at the bread. He had risked his life to get it—and his mouth was watering like crazy. But he couldn't let them go hungry. With a sigh, he held his half out to the children. "Go on, take it," he said softly. Abu scowled, but he handed over his piece, too. The girl smiled. She took Abu's bread and gave him a gentle stroke. Abu liked that. People didn't usually treat him so nicely. He tipped his hat and strutted away proudly—and smacked right into Aladdin's legs. But Aladdin didn't even notice. His eyes were focused on something straight ahead. "Wow..." Aladdin muttered.

The marketplace had fallen silent. Right through the middle rode a man on a horse. He wore robes of the finest silk, studded with jewels. As the

son must first send me forty basins of gold brimful of jewels, carried by forty black slaves and as many white ones, splendidly dressed. Tell him that I await his answer."

The mother of Aladdin bowed low and went home, thinking all was lost. She gave Aladdin the message, adding, "He may wait long enough for your answer!"

"Not so long, Mother, as you think," her son replied. "I would do a great deal more than that for the princess." He summoned the genie, and in a few moments the eight slaves arrived and filled up the small house and garden. Aladdin made them set out to the palace, followed by his mother, who presented them to the sultan.

He hesitated no longer, but said, "Good woman, return and tell your son that I wait for him with open arms."

She lost no time in telling Aladdin, bidding him make haste, but Aladdin first called the genie. "I want a scented bath," he said, "richly embroidered clothes, a horse surpassing the sultan's, and fourteen slaves to attend me. Besides this I desire six slaves, beautifully dressed, to wait on my mother, and lastly, ten thousand pieces of gold in fourteen basins."

No sooner said than done. Aladdin mounted his horse and passed through the streets, the slaves strewing gold as they went. When the sultan saw him, he came down from his throne, embraced him, and led him into a hall where a feast was spread, intending to marry him to the princess that very day. But Aladdin refused, saying, "I must build a palace fit for her," and took his leave.

Once home, he said to the genie, "Build me a palace of the finest marble, set with precious stones. In the middle you shall build me a large hall, each side having six windows. There must be stables and horses and grooms and slaves. Go and see about it!"

The palace was finished the next day, and the genie carried Aladdin there and showed him all his orders faithfully carried out, even to the laying of a velvet carpet from his palace to the sultan's. Aladdin's mother then dressed herself carefully and walked to the palace with her slaves. The sultan sent musicians with trumpets and cymbals to meet them, and the air resounded with music and cheers.

At night the princess said goodbye to her father and set out on the carpet for Aladdin's palace, with his mother at her side, and followed by the hundred slaves. After the wedding had taken place, Aladdin led her into the hall, where a feast was spread, and she supped with him, after which they danced till midnight.

people cleared the way and bowed, the man thrust his chin proudly in the air. Aladdin wandered out of the alley and into the crowd. everyone was murmuring about the rich-looking man.

"That's Prince Achmed," a woman said, "on his way to the palace."

"Just another suitor for the princess," an old man said, shaking his head. "He'll ask to marry her, and she'll throw him out—just like all the others."

Aladdin stared in awe. If the princess could reject someone like that, she must be a pretty amazing girl! Aladdin felt a tug on his leg. Abu was pulling him toward the crowd. Aladdin could see a group of poor children clustering too close to Prince Achmed's horse. Suddenly the horse bucked, frightening the children, and the prince shouted, "Out of my way, you filthy brats!"

Angered, Aladdin broke through the crowd and strutted right up to Prince Achmed. "If I were as rich as you," he yelled, "I could afford some manners!"

"Out of my way, you flea-bitten street rat!" Prince Achmed kicked his horse and brushed past Aladdin, knocking him down into the mud. Burning with anger, Aladdin leapt to his feet and started to run after the prince's horse. "I'm not worthless! I'm not a street rat!" he shouted. He ran all the way to the palace doors. With a loud clang, they slammed shut in his face. "And I don't have fleas!" he shouted at the closed doors. Prince Achmed never even turned around. Aladdin bowed his head sadly and slumped back into town.

As a chilly darkness settled over Agrabah that night, Aladdin and abu climbed to the roof of a crumbling old building. There were only a few mats and a couple of worn-out pillows, but to Aladdin and Abu, this was home.

Abu curled up on a pillow and closed his eyes. With a smile, Aladdin covered him with a soft mat. "Someday, Abu, things are going to be different," he said. "We'll be dressed in robes instead of rags. And we'll be inside a palace, looking out—instead of outside looking in."

In the distance, the sultan's palace loomed majestically. "That'd be the life, huh, Abu? To be rich, live in a palace, and never have any problems at all."

With a sigh, Aladdin lay down to sleep.

CHAPTER THREE

"Yeccccooooowww!" The scream came from the palace menagerie. It echoed into the throne room, where the sultan covered his ears.

Whack! The door slammed against the throne room wall. In stomped an angry Prince Achmed. "I've never been so insulted!" he shouted. "Good luck

They lived in peace and contentment for several years, but far away in Africa the magician remembered aladdin and by his magic arts discovered that instead of perishing in the cave he had escaped and had married a princess, with whom he was living in great honour and wealth. He knew that the poor tailor's son could have accomplished this only by means of the lamp, and he traveled day and night till he reached the capital of Persia. As he passed through the town he heard people talking everywhere about a marvelous palace.

"Forgive my ignorance," he said. "What is this palace you speak of?"

"Have you not heard of Prince Aladdin's palace," was the reply, "the greatest wonder of the world? I will direct you if you have a mind to see it."

When he saw the palace, the magician knew that it had been raised by the genie of the lamp. He bought a dozen copper lamps, put them into a basket, and went to the palace, crying, "New lamps for old!" followed by a jeering crowd.

The princess, sitting in the hall of four and twenty windows, sent a slave to find out what the noise was about. The slave came back laughing, so the princess scolded her.

"Madam," replied the slave, "who can help laughing to see an old fool offering to exchange fine new lamps for old ones?" another slave, hearing this, said, "There is an old one on the cornice there that he can have."

Now this was the magic lamp, which Aladdin had left there when he went hunting. The princess, not knowing its value, laughingly bade the slave take it and make the exchange. She went and said to the magician, "Give me a new lamp for this."

He snatched it and bade the slave take her choice, amid the jeers of the crowd. Then he went out of the city gates to a lonely place, where he remained till nightfall, when he pulled out the lamp and rubbed it. The genie appeared and at the magician's command carried him, together with the palace and the princess in it, to Africa.

Nest morning the sultan looked out of the window towards Aladdin's palace and rubbed his eyes, for it was gone. He sent thirty men on horseback to fetch Aladdin in chains. They met him riding home, bound him, and forced him to go with them on foot. He was brought before the sultan, and begged to know what he had done.

"False wretch," said the sultan, "come hither," and showed him from the window the place whether his palace had stood. Aladdin was so amazed

marrying her off!"

"But...but...." the sultan sputtered.

The prince marched right by him and out the other door—revealing a big hole in the seat of his pants.

"Jasmine!" the sultan bellowed. He was a roly-poly old man, happy and kind, and loved by his subjects. Only one person could get him upset—his daughter, Princess Jasmine. He loved her dearly, but she was so stubborn. All he wanted her to do was marry a prince. Every princess did it. But Jasmine? No. No one was good enough for her!

He waddled into the palace menagerie. The sound of water was all around, flowing down marble waterways, spouting into pools from hand-carved fountains. It was the most beautiful place in all Agrabah. But the sultan noticed none of that now. "Jasmine!" he called again.

"Rrrrrr...." came a soft growl.

There was a flash of orange and black. The sultan found himself face-to-face with a tiger, its teeth clamped on to the missing piece of Prince Achmed's pants.

"Confound it, Rajah!" the sultan said, grabbing the ripped material. Rajah slinked away to the back of the garden, where the sultan's daughter sat at the edge of a fountain. "Oh, Father, Rajah was just playing," she said, gently stroking the tiger. "You were just playing with that overdressed, self-absorbed Prince Achmed, weren't you?" she said to Rajah.

Jasmine was more than beautiful. Princes from miles around risked their life crossing the desert to see her. Each vowed to conquer the world for her love. But as for Jasmine—well, she'd had enough of half-witted princes and bragging noblemen. If only one of them would show a little intelligence...some kindness and honesty and a sense of humor wouldn't hurt, either.

The sultan shook his head. "Dearest, you've got to stop rejecting every suitor. The law says you must be married to a prince by your next birthday. You have only three more days."

"The law is wrong!" Jasmine replied.

"Father, I hate being forced to marry. If I do marry, I want it to be for love."

"It's not just the law," the sultan said gently. He hesitated for a minute before continuing. "I'm not going to be around forever, and I just want to make sure you're taken care of."

"But I've never done anything on my own! I've never had any real friends—except you, Rajah," Jasmine said, giving her tiger a pat on the head. "I've never even been outside the palace walls!"

"But Jasmine, you're a princess!" cried the

that he could not say a word.

"Where are the palace and my daughter?" demanded the sultan. "For the first I am not so deeply concerned, but my daughter I must have and you must find her or lose your head."

Aladdin begged for forty days in which to find her, promising, if he failed, to return and suffer death at the sultan's pleasure. His prayer was granted and he went forth sadly from the sultan's presence. For three days he wandered about like a madman, asking everyone what had become of his palace, but they only laughed and pitied him. He came to the banks of a river and knelt down to say his prayers before throwing himself in. In so doing he rubbed the magic ring he still wore. The genie he had seen in the cave appeared and asked his will.

"Save my life, genie," said Aladdin, "and bring my palace back."

"That is not in my power," said the genie. "I am only the slave of the ring; you must ask the slave of the lamp."

"Even so," said Aladdin, "but thou canst take me to the palace, and set me down under my dear wife's window." He at once found himself in Africa, under the window of the princess, where he fell asleep from sheer weariness. Next morning she looked out and saw him. She called to him to come to her, and great was their joy at seeing each other again.

After he had kissed her Aladdin said, "I beg of you, Princess, before we speak of anything else, for your own sake and mine, tell me what has become of an old lamp I left on the cornice in the hall of four and twenty windows, when I went hunting."

"Alas," she said, "I am the innocent cause of our sorrows," and told him of the exchange of the lamp.

"Now I know," cried Aladdin, "that we have to thank the magician for this. Where is the lamp?"

"He carries it about with him," said the princess. "I know, for he pulled it out of his robe to show me. He wishes me to break my faith with you and marry him, saying that you were beheaded by my father's command."

Aladdin comforted her and went into the nearest town, where he bought a certain powder. Then he returned to the princess, who let him in by a little side door.

"Put on your most beautiful dress," he said to her, "and receive the magician with smiles, leading him to believe that you have forgotten me. Invite him to sup with you and say you wish to taste the wine of this country. He will go for some and I will tell you what to do while he is gone."

sultan.

"Then maybe I don't *want* to be a princess anymore!"

"Oooooo!" The sultan threw up his hands and stomped back into the throne room.

A shadow appeared behind him. It was the tall, thin shadow of a man in a pointed turban, with a parrot on his shoulder. In his right hand was a long staff with a snake head carved at the top. The sultan turned around "Ah, Jafar, my most trusted adviser!" he said. "I am in desperate need of your wisdom."

"My life is but to serve you," said Jafar with a tight, thin-lipped smile.

"Jasmine refuses to choose a husband," the sultan said. "I am at my wit's end!"

"*Wit!* Wit's end!" Iago squawked.

The sultan reached into a china bowl and took out a cracker. "I have a cracker. Pretty Polly?" he said.

If there was one thing Iago *hated*, it was eating crackers. Especially the dry, stale ones the sultan had. He practically gagged as the sultan stuffed the crackers into his beak.

"Your Majesty certainly has a way with dumb animals," Jafar remarked. "Now then, I may be able to find a solution to your problem, but it would require the use of the Blue Diamond."

The sultan backed away. He clutched at the ring on his finger. "My ring has been in the family for years—" he protested.

Jafar held his staff in front of the sultan's eyes. The eyes of the snake head began to glow. "It's necessary to find the princess a suitor, isn't it?" Jafar said, moving closer. "Don't worry...everything will be fine."

The sultan could not stop staring at the snake head. His willpower was draining away. "Everything will be fine," he droned as he slipped the ring off his finger and gave it to Jafar. Jafar smiled. "You are most gracious, my sire," Jafar said. "Now run along and play with your toys, hummm?"

Jafar turned and left the throne room. As he hurried down a marble corridor, Iago began spitting out the crackers. "I can't take it anymore! If I have to choke down one more of those moldy, disgusting crackers, I'll grab him by the neck and—"

"Calm yourself, Iago," said Jafar. "This Blue Diamond will reveal to us the Diamond in the Rough—the one who can enter the cave and bring us the lamp."

At the end of the corridor, Jafar entered his private quarters. "Soon I will be sultan, not that jumbo

She listened carefully to Aladdin, and, when he left her, arrayed herself gaily for the first time since she left Persia. Then she received the magician, saying, "I have made up my mind that Aladdin is dead and that all my tears will not bring him back to me, so I am resolved to mourn no more and therefore invite you to sup with me. But I am tired of the wines of Persia and would fain taste those of Africa."

The magician flew to his cellar and the princess put the powder Aladdin had given her in her cup. When he returned she asked him to drink her health in the wine of Africa, handing him her cup in exchange for his as a sign that she was reconciled to him. She set her cup to her lips while he drained his to the dregs and fell back in a deep sleep.

The princess then opened the door to Aladdin, who took the lamp from the sleeping magician and summoned the genie. He bade him carry the magician outside and then transport the palace and all in it back to Persia. This was done, and the princess felt only two slight shocks and could hardly believe she was at home again.

The sultan, who was sitting in his closet mourning for his lost daughter, happened to look up and rubbed his eyes, for there stood the palace as before! He hastened thither, and Aladdin received him in the hall of the four and twenty windows, with the princess at his side.

After this Aladdin and his wife lived in peace. He succeeded the sultan when he died, and reigned for many years, leaving behind him a long line of kings.

portion of stupidity!" "And then," Iago crowed. "I stuff crackers down *his* throat!"

At the other end of the dark room, Jafar pushed open a secret door, revealing a spiral staircase. He began climbing the stairs that led to his private laboratory. In every corner of the room, portions bubbled in glass beakers. There was a huge cauldron in the back and an enormous hourglass on an oid table.

Jafar walked toward the hourglass, holding the Blue Diamond. "Now, Iago, we go to work."

Early next morning, Jasmine crept to the palace wall. Rajah followed close by, his shoulders slumped in sadness. "I'm sorry, Rajah," Jasmine said. "but I can't stay here and have my life lived for me."

Tears welled up inside her. It was hard enough running away from her father. But having to look into Rajah's eyes made it more painful than she could have imagined. She had to make her move now, otherwise she might change her mind. Stepping onto Rajah's back, Jasmine quickly climbed the garden wall. Pausing at the top, she said, "I'll miss you, Rajah. Good-bye." Then she disappeared over the side, into the land of her subjects—a land she had never visited before.

CHAPTER FOUR

"Breakfast is served, Abu!" said Aladdin as he cracked open a ripe, juicy melon. Perched on an awning, the two friends had a perfect view of the bustling marketplace below. All around them, merchants announced their wares. "Buy a pot—brass and silver!" called one.

"Sugared dates and figs!" shouted another as he strolled by a crowd of people watching a fire breather. "Pistachio nuts! Let the fire breather roast them for you!" "Fresh fish!" cried a third vendor. Aladdin watched as the man waved a large fish high in the air, almost smacking it into the face of a young girl who was covered with a thin cloak. She staggered backward, bumping right into the fire breather. He belched a long plume of fire.

"Oh!" the startled girl cried out. "Excuse me. I'm sorry!"

Aladdin stopped eating. He couldn't help staring. Maybe it was her eyes, so deep and kind. Or her hair, like a waterfall made of the blackest silk. Or her perfect skin, or her...

Aladdin blushed. He *never* thought of girls that way. But this one—well, this one was different. Special somehow. Aladdin watched her as she made her way through the market.

Jasmine spotted a ragged little boy standing in a daze in front of a mound of ripe fruit. "You must be

hungry," she said, taking an apple from the cart. "Here you go." The child beamed. Clutching the apple, he ran away.

"You'd better pay for that!" the vendor said.

"Pay?" Jasmine looked puzzled. She had never paid for anything in her life. "I'm sorry, sir. I don't have any money, but I'm sure I can get some from the sultan--"

"Thief!" The seller grabbed her arm. With his other hand, he pulled out a shiny knife. "Do you know what the penalty is for stealing?"

Suddenly Aladdin darted between them and grabbed the vendor's arm. "Thank you, kind sir. I'm so glad you found my sister!" he said. Turning to Jasmine, he scolded, "I've been looking all over for you!" Jasmine was about to protest when Aladdin whispered, "Just play along..."

The seller pulled Aladdin aside and said, "You know this girl? She said she knew the sultan!"

"She's my sister," Aladdin replied. Then, lowering his voice, he said, "Sadly, she's a little crazy. She thinks the monkey is the sultan."

Quickly Jasmine began bowing to Abu. "O Wise Sultan," she said. "How may I serve you?"

People in the crowd began to laugh. Aladdin helped Jasmine up and said, "Now come along, Sis. Time to see the doctor."

As the seller stared at Aladdin and Jasmine, Abu snatched apples off the cart and stuffed them into his vest. Jasmine stopped in front of a camel and said, "Hello, Doctor, how are you?"

"No, no, not that one," Aladdin said. "Come on, Sis." He called over his shoulder. "Come on, Sultan!"

Abu followed after them. He puffed out his chest, imitating the Sultan--and three apples tumbled out of his vest. The seller turned red with fury. "Come back here, you little thieves!" he shrieked.

But it was too late. The three of them broke into a run and disappeared into the crowd.

At the palace, Jafar chuckled with evil glee, Iago was frantically turning a wheel that was attached to a generator. Electricity spurted from the generator into a bubbling cauldron. Slowly a shimmering blue cloud formed in the air. The Blue Diamond was encased in a frame above an enormous hourglass. Jafar swept his arm in front of it chanting, "Part, sands of time! Reveal to me the one who can enter the cave!"

He flipped the hourglass over. Then, with a loud *crack!* a bolt of lightning shot from the cloud. It struck the diamond, which exploded into a pulsing blue light. The sand in the hourglass began to glow and

swirl. Slowly an image began to form—an image of Aladdin running through the marketplace.

"That's the clown we've been waiting for?" Iago blurted out.

"Yes, a ragged little urchin. How perfect—he'll never be missed!" Jafar looked at Iago with a twisted grin. "Let's have the guards extend him an invitation to the palace, shall we?"

Aladdin, Abu, and Jasmine jumped from rooftop to rooftop in the marketplace. Aladdin could tell Jasmine had never been to that part of Agrabah before. But he had to admit one thing—when it came to roof hopping, she was a fast learner. When Aladdin and Abu finally reached their home, Jasmine looked around and said, "Is this where you live?"

"Yep, just me and Abu," Aladdin replied. "It's not much, but it has a great view." He pointed toward the palace. "Amazing, huh? I wonder what it would be like to live there and have servants and valets..."

Jasmine sighed. "And people who tell you where to go and how to dress."

"That's better than here," Aladdin replied. "Always scraping for food and ducking guards—"

"Never being free to make your own choices," Jasmine said. "Always feeling—"

"*Trapped.*" they said at the same time. Their eyes met, and they smiled. Aladdin blushed, then quickly took an apple from Abu and tossed it to Jasmine. "So where are you from?" he asked, changing the subject.

"What does it matter?" Jasmine answered. "I ran away and I'm not going back. My father is forcing me to get married."

"That's awful!" Aladdin said.

Jasmine's eyes met his again. Suddenly Aladdin couldn't speak, couldn't even move. Strange feelings race around inside him, feelings so strong they made him dizzy. Who was this mysterious girl? Aladdin could hear Abu chattering wildly, but he didn't listen. All he could see, all he could hear, was Jasmine.

"Here you are!" a voice roared.

Aladdin snapped out of his trance. Below them stood a group of the sultan's guards, swords drawn.

"*They're after me!*" Aladdin and Jasmine said together. They stopped, looking at each other in confusion, then spoke again at the same time: "They're after you?" But there was no time to figure things out. Aladdin looked over the opposite side of the roof. There was a pile of hay below. "Do you trust me?" he asked Jasmine, pulling her close. Their eyes locked again.

"Well...yes," she replied.

"Then jump!"

Aladdin, Jasmine, and Abu leapt off the roof.

They landed in the hay and quickly got to their feet. Aladdin spun around, ready to sprint for his life. But it was too late. Rasoul loomed over him, smirking. "We just keep running into each other, eh, street rat? It's the dungeon for you, boy!"

Jasmine stepped in Rasoul's path. "Let him go!"

"Look, a street *mouse*!" Rasoul snarled.

With a laugh, he pushed Jasmine to the ground. Jasmine sprang to her feet. Anger flashed in her eyes. Regally drawing back her hood, she said in a firm, commanding voice, "Unhand him, by order of the princess!"

The *princess*?" Aladdin repeated.

The guards froze in shock. "Princess Jasmine?" Rasoul said. "What--what are you doing outside the palace?"

"Just do as I command," Jasmine said. "Release him."

"I would, Princess," Rasoul replied, "except my orders come from Jafar. You'll have to take it up with him." And with a sheepish shrug, he dragged Aladdin away.

"Believe me, I will!" Jasmine exclaimed.

Back at the palace, Jasmine stormed into Jafar's chamber. There he was, looking as sneaky and as sinister as always. "Princess," he said, "how may I be of service?"

Princess Jasmine looked him sharply in the eye. "Jafar, the guards just took a boy from the market--on your orders."

"Your father has charged me with keeping peace in Agrabah," Jafar said. "The boy was a criminal. He tried to kidnap you."

"He didn't *kidnap* me!" Jasmine replied. "I ran away!"

Jafar's brow creased with concern. "Oh, dear, how frightfully upsetting. Had I but known..." His voice trailed off.

"What do you mean?" Jasmine asked.

"Sadly, the boy's sentence has already been carried out."

Jasmine shuddered. "What sentence?"

Jafar sighed. He put a hand on Jasmine's shoulder. "Death," Jafar said softly. "By beheading."

A gasp caught in Jasmine's throat.

"How...how *could* you?" She turned and ran out, not stopping until she reached the menagerie. Rajah bounded happily toward her, but Jasmine ran right by

him. She collapsed by a fountain, tears running down her cheek. *Do you trust me?* the boy had asked her. Yes, she had. This boy was so different from the others—funny, kind, friendly...And now he was dead. Because of a stupid mistake.

"Oh, Rajah," she said. "This is all my fault. I didn't even know his name." Jasmine buried her head in Rajah's fur and wept.

CHAPTER FIVE

The palace dungeon was cold, dark, and dirty. Not even the sultan had ever entered it. All prisoners were brought there by Jafar—and not one had escaped.

Aladdin was determined to be the first. He grunted loudly, struggling at his chains, but they held him fast to the stone wall. Jafar had lied to Jasmine. Aladdin was alive—but not for long, if everything went according to Jafar's plan.

Aladdin collapsed to the floor with a sigh. "She was the *princess*," he said to himself. "I can't believe it!"

Just then a shadow appeared on the wall—the shadow of a small monkey poised between the bars of the prison window. "Abu!" Aladdin cried, spinning around. "Down here!"

Abu hopped down. He frowned at Aladdin and chattered angrily as he did an imitation of a pretty girl walking. Aladdin knew he was being scolded for paying too much attention to Jasmine. "Hey, she was in trouble," he said. "I'll never see her again, anyway. I'm a street rat, remember?" Besides, there's some law that says she's got to marry a prince." He exhaled with frustration. "She deserves a prince."

Abu pulled a small pick out of his vest pocket and unlocked Aladdin's cuffs. Grinning with triumph, he pulled Aladdin toward the window. But Aladdin just slumped to the floor. He was still thinking of Jasmine. "I'm a fool," he said.

"You're only a fool if you give up," came a crackly voice.

Aladdin turned to see an old snaggletoothed man hobble out of the shadows. His white beard hung to the floor, and he had a hump on his back. He looked as though he had been in the dungeon for years. "Who are you?" Aladdin asked.

"I am a lowly prisoner like yourself—but together, perhaps we can be more. I know of a cave filled with treasures beyond your wildest dreams." The man shuffled closer, smiling. "There's treasure enough to impress your princess, I'd wager."

Abu's eyes lit up at the mention of treasure.

He tugged at Aladdin's vest. Neither of them saw Iago peek out of the old man's hump and whisper. "Jafar, could you hurry up? I'm dying in here!"

Aladdin gave the prisoner a forlorn look. "But the law says she has to marry--"

Jafar cut Aladdin off. He raised a bony finger and spoke once again in an old man's voice. "You've heard of the Golden Rule? Whoever has the gold makes the rules!"

"Why would you share this treasure with me?" Aladdin asked.

"I need a young pair of legs and a strong back to go in after it." Jafar walked to the dungeon wall and pushed one of the stones. Slowly an entire section of wall opened, revealing a hidden stairway. "So, do we have a deal?"

Aladdin was hesitant, but he shook the old man's hand. Jafar cackled with excitement. "We're off!"

It was dark by the time they reached the Cave of Wonders. Jafar took out the scarab pieces and fit them together once again. Aladdin stared in awe as the pieces flew into the sandstone and the massive tiger-god arose.

"*Who disturbs my slumber?*" the intimidating voice boomed. Jafar motioned for Aladdin to go closer. Abu jumped into Aladdin's vest. Aladdin tried to keep from trembling. "Uh, it is I...Aladdin."

A tunnel of harsh light shot from the tiger-god's mouth. Aladdin had to turn away. "Proceed," the voice continued. "*Touch nothing but the lamp.*"

"Quickly, my boy," Jafar urged in his old man's voice. "Fetch the lamp, and then you shall have your reward!"

Cautiously Aladdin stepped inside the tiger-god's mouth. Through the blinding light, he saw a long stairway leading downward. At the bottom there were mountains of gold. *Cascades* of gold. Coins, jewels, plates, bowls, goblets, chests, all piled together as far as he could see. Abu was practically hypnotized by the sight of all that gold and went straight for an enormous treasure chest.

"Abu!" Aladdin warned. "Don't touch anything! We have to find that lamp."

Abu grumbled, but turned from the chest and followed his master through the cave--until he sensed a strange movement behind him. He spun around to look. Nothing--just a purple carpet with gold tassels, lying on the floor. Abu turned and ran toward Aladdin. This time something tapped Abu on the shoulder, then snatched his hat. Abu spun around again. It was the carpet, walking along behind him.

"Eeeeeee!" Abu shrieked, jumping on Aladdin for protection. In fright, the carpet quickly ran behind a large pile of coins.

"Cut it out, Abu!" Aladdin said.

Abu jabbered away, pointing to the large mound. Aladdin turned and saw a tassel stick out, then quickly pull itself in. Aladdin moved closer for a better look. He could see the carpet moving away from him. "A magic carpet!" he said. Then he called, "Come on out, we're not going to hurt you."

Using its two lower tassels as legs and its upper ones as hands, the carpet slowly emerged and handed Aladdin Abu's hat. Aladdin's mouth hung open in disbelief. Abu snatched the hat and began scolding the carpet. The carpet slowly walked away, drooped over in shame.

"Hey, wait a minute, don't go!" Aladdin said. "Maybe you can help us find this lamp..."

The carpet whirled around and began pointing excitedly. Aladdin grinned. "I think he knows where it is!" Rising off the ground, the carpet began to fly. Aladdin and Abu followed it into another cavern. Aladdin stopped in his tracks. This cavern made the other one look like a waiting room. It stretched upward so high Aladdin couldn't see the ceiling. The walls were a cool blue, unlike any color he had ever seen in the desert. A lagoon of aqua blue water stretched from wall to wall. In the center of the lake stood a tower of solid rock with only a series of stepping stones leading to it. On top, lit by a magical beam of light, was a small object. It was too far away to see, but Aladdin knew that it must be the lamp. His heart began to race. It wouldn't be easy to get to the top. First he would have to hopscotch across the rocks, then he would have to climb the steep, jagged tower of rock.

"Wait here," he said to Abu and the carpet. "And remember, don't touch anything." Springing from stone to stone, Aladdin arrived at the base of the tower. With a sudden groan, the sloping rock transformed into a staircase. Aladdin smiled. Someone-something-was on his side. He raced upward, two steps at a time. At the top, the lamp came into clear view. It was dusty and dented and cheaper looking than the worst used lamp he had ever seen in the marketplace.

Aladdin picked it up. "This is it?" he said to himself. "This is what we came all the way here for?" Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted Abu and the carpet. They were in front of a large golden statue that looked like a giant monkey idol. Its arms were outstretched, and in its cupped palms it held an enormous red jewel. And Abu was reaching right for it.

"Abu!" Aladdin shouted. "No!"

But it was too late, Abu had the jewel in his hands. The ground began to rumble instantly. Rocks and dust fell from above. The voice of the tiger-god echoed like a cannon: *"Infidels! You have touched the forbidden treasures! Now you shall never again see the light of day!"*

The jewel began to melt in Abu's hand. Panicked, he put it back into the palms of the statue. But the damage had already been done. The stairway beneath Aladdin transformed into a long chute, and his feet gave way. With a last-minute lunge, Aladdin grabbed the lamp. Tumbling down the chute, he saw the lagoon become a pool of boiling lava. He closed his eyes, bracing himself for the end. *Whoosh!* He stopped in midair. Something was pushing him upward. His eyes sprang open. The carpet had caught him, and it was whisking him away! The cavern shook violently. Aladdin held tightly to the carpet. It dodged right and left as large rocks fell from the ceiling. Aladdin looked down, searching for Abu.

"Eeee!" came a cry from below. There he was, hopping across the steppingstones and screeching. Over his head, a boulder hurtled toward him. With a burst of speed, the carpet streaked down. Aladdin plucked Abu away from danger, then flew toward the cavern entrance. The ground below erupted as the piles of dazzling treasures burst into flames. Aladdin and Abu looked down in horror. The coins and jewels were melting! The carpet raced to the stairway, charred by a wave of lava. They could see the starry night sky through the entrance above. Just a few more feet...

Thunk! A jagged piece of rock fell onto the carpet pinning it to the ground. Aladdin and Abu tumbled onto the stairs. Aladdin looked down at the carpet in dismay. There was no way he could save it. It would be hard enough to save himself. He looked up. He could see the opening at the top—freedom. Abu scaled the steps and hopped outside. Aladdin followed as fast as he could, but the stairs began to shake. He lost his footing. Springing to his feet, he lunged for the top step. His fingers clutched on to it—just as the entire stairway buckled beneath him. Aladdin dangled over the collapsing cave. "Help me!" he cried. "I can't hold on!"

Still dressed as a beggar, Jafar peeked over the edge. "First give me the lamp!"

There was no time to argue. Aladdin held it out. Jafar's eyes gleamed as he grabbed the lamp and stuffed it into his robe. "At last!" he shrieked in triumph. Leering at Aladdin, he pulled out a dagger.

"What are you doing?" Aladdin cried.

"Giving you your reward!" Jafar replied.

"Your *eternal* reward!"

Abu leapt at Jafar, biting him hard on the arm. "Yeeegggh!" Jafar screamed. He fought hard, but Abu held tight. Finally Jafar dropped the dagger. With a furious gesture, he flung Abu into the cave.

Aladdin's fingers could hold on no longer. He let go. The walls of the cavern raced by him as he and Abu fell head over heels.

CHAPTER SIX

Aladdin awoke on the cave floor. The fire was out, the lava gone, only the steady drip of water echoed throughout the cave. On top of him lay the carpet and Abu. Aladdin groaned and sat up. The carpet fell off, and Abu began to stir. Above him Aladdin could see no opening, only the solid ceiling of the cavern.

"We're trapped," he said. "That two-faced son of a jackal! He's long gone with that lamp."

Abu jumped up. Something bulged in his vest—a jewel, Aladdin figured. Like a magician, Abu waved his arms, reached into his vest, and pulled out the hidden object. Aladdin blinked and shook his head. It was the lamp! "Why you little thief," Aladdin said with a smile. He took the beat-up lamp and studied it carefully.

"There's something written on it, but it's hard to make out." Aladdin rubbed the faded words with his sleeve. It was almost impossible to get the grime off. He rubbed harder and harder—then suddenly stopped. The lamp was glowing! Aladdin gasped. Abu and the carpet backed away. Then...*Pooooof!* Colorful smoke erupted from the lamp's spout. It whirled crazily, growing into a blue cloud, slowly forming into a shape—an enormous flowing shape with arms, a chest, a head, and a wild-eyed face with a long, black, curling beard.

"Ten thousand years will give you such a crick in the neck!" the blue creature said. Aladdin and Abu watched as he then grabbed his own head and twisted it all the way around. "Wow, does that feel good!" he said. "Nice to be back, ladies and gentlemen. Hi! What's your name?"

"Uh...Aladdin."

"Hello, Aladdin! Can I call you Al? Or maybe just Din? Or how about Laddie? "Here, boy" Come on, Laddie!" He whistled and pretended to call a dog. Then, in another puff of blue smoke, he became a giant dog. His eyes wide, Aladdin turned to the carpet. "I must have hit my head harder than I thought."

The creature changed back to his original form. "Say you're a lot smaller than my last master!" he

said.

"Wait a minute," Aladdin said. "I'm your master?"

"That's right! And I am your genie, direct from the lamp! Right here for your wish fulfillment! Three wishes, to be exact—and inay on the wishing for more wishes! *Three*, that's it! No substitutions, exchanges, or refunds!"

"Three wishes?" Aladdin said. "Any three I want?"

"Uh...almost," the genie replied. "There are a few limitations. Rule number one—I can't kill anybody, so don't ask. Rule number two—I can't make anybody fall in love with anybody else. Rule number three—I can't bring people back from the dead. Other than that, you got it!"

Aladdin liked this genie. He decided to tease him a little. "Limitations?" He sighed. "Some all-powerful genie. I don't know. Abu, he probably can't even get us out of this cave."

The genie put his hands on his hips. "Excuse me? You don't believe me?" Jumping onto the carpet, he scooped up Aladdin and Abu in his mammoth hands. "You're getting your wishes, so sit down, and we are out of here!"

He put them down, then swung his arm overhead. A thunderous boom resounded above the, and a crack opened in the cavern's ceiling. Rocks and sand fell aside, and early morning light poured in. The carpet began to rise. It spiraled upward, picking up speed. Aladdin held tight as the genie reared back and let loose a laugh that shook the walls. Aladdin couldn't keep from laughing himself. The desert air never smelled so good. He was free.

And he still had his three wishes left.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"Jafar, this is an outrage!" the sultan yelled, pacing the throne room. "From now on, you're to discuss sentencing of prisoners with me—*before* they are beheaded!" Princess Jasmine scowled at Jafar as he bowed his head. On his shoulder, even Iago looked sorry. "My humblest apologies to both of you," Jafar said.

"At least some good will come of my being forced to marry," Jasmine said. "When I am queen, I will have the power to get rid of you, Jafar!" With that, she stalked out of the menagerie.

"Jasmine!" the sultan called, running after her. Jafar watched them leave. His sad, sorrowful look began to disappear. All his rage and frustration bubbled up. "If only I had gotten that lamp," he muttered

through clenched teeth.

"To think we've got to keep kissing up to that chump and his chump daughter the rest of our lives," Iago said. "Until she finds a chump husband." Jafar remarked. "Then she'll have us bansihed—or beheaded!"

"Wait a minute, Jafar!" Iago said. "What if you marry the princess? Then you become the sultan, right?"

Jafar walked slowly to the throne and sat down. It felt *wonderful!* "HMMMM," he said. "The idea has merit..."

"Yeah!" Iago squawked. "And then we drop papa-in-law and the little woman off a cliff—ker-splat!"

Jafar burst out laughing. "I love the way your foul little mind works!"

In a desert oasis just outside Agrabah, the carpet swooped down to the sand. The genie turned to Aladdin with a proud grin. "Well, how about that, huh? Do you doubt me now?"

"Nope," Aladdin said. "Now, about my three wishes..."

"Three?" the genie said. "You are down by one, boy!" Aladdin smiled mischievously. "I never actually wished to get out of the cave. You did that on your own!"

The genie thought for a moment. "All right," he said with a laugh. "You win. But no more freebies!"

Aladdin hopped off the carpet and began pacing around. "HMM...three wishes...What would you wish for?"

"Me? No one's ever asked me that before." The genie thought it over for a moment. "Well, in my case...freedom."

"You mean, you're a prisoner?" Aladdin asked.

"That's what being a genie's all about." The genie shrugged. "Phenomenal cosmic powers, itty-bitty living space."

The carpet, Abu, and Aladdin peered inside the small lamp. "Genie, that's terrible," Aladdin said.

"To be free, to be my own master—that would be greater than all the magic and all the treasures in the world." The genie sighed. "But the only way I can get out is for my master to wish me out, so you can guess how often that's happened."

Aladdin thought about this for a moment. "I'll do it," he finally said. "I'll set you free."

"Yeah, right," the genie said, rolling his eyes.

"No, I'm not lying," Aladdin said. "I promise—after my first two wishes, I'll use my third wish to set you free."

"Okay, here's hoping!" said the genie. "Now,

what is it *you* want?"

"Well, Aladdin said, "there's this girl--"

"Wrong! I can't make anyone fall in love, remember?"

"But Genie, she's smart and fun and beautiful..." Aladdin shrugged and looked at the ground. "But she's the princess. To even have a chance, I'd have to be--" That was it! The answer was right in front of him!

"Hey!" Aladdin said. "Can you make me...a prince?"

The genie raised an eyebrow. "Is that an official wish? Say the magic words..."

"Genie, I wish for you to make me a prince!" Aladdin blurted.

"All right!" The genie began circling around Aladdin. "Now, first we have to get rid of the fez-and-vest combo." With a sweeping gesture, he conjured up a robe of fine silk and a turban with a dazzling jewel and shining gold trim. "Oooh, I like it!"

"Wow!" Aladdin could hardly believe how... princely he looked. No one would dare call him "street rat" now. He picked up the lamp and hid it under his turban. No decent prince would dare be seen with such a piece of junk.

"Hmmm, you'll need some transportation..." The genie looked at Abu. "Uh, excuse me! Monkey boy!"

Abu shot away, trying to hide. But it was no use. With a snap of his fingers, the genie turned him into a camel. "Hmmm...not good enough," the genie said, snapping his fingers again. This time Abu appeared as a magnificent stallion. "Still not enough..." With a decisive snap, Abu was transformed again, this time into an elephant. "What better way to make your entrance down the streets Agrabah than riding your very own elephant! Talk about trunk space!"

Aladdin could do nothing but stare, dumfounded. The genie was on a roll. He gestured wildly, laughing at the top of his lungs. "Hang on to your turban, Kid!" he shouted. "We're going to make you a star!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

Jafar rushed into the throne room, holding a large scroll. "Sire," he called to the sultan, "I have found a solution to the problem with your daughter!"

"-tawk!" squawked Iago. "Problem with your daughter?"

"It's right here." Jafar unfurled the scroll and began reading: "If a princess has not chosen a husband by her sixteenth birthday, then the sultan shall choose

for her!"

The sultan nodded. "But Jasmine hated all those suitors. How can I choose someone she might hate?"

"Not to worry, there is more," Jafar said, unrolling the scroll further. "In the event a suitable prince cannot be found, a princess may be wed to—" Hmmm, interesting..."

"What?" the sultan demanded. "Who?"

"The royal vizier," Jafar looked up. "Why that's me!"

"But I thought the law says only a prince can marry a princess," the sultan said, reaching for the scroll.

Jafar quickly set it on a table and picked up his staff. "Desperate times call for desperate measures, my lord." The snake head began to glow with hypnotic light.

"Yes," the sultan said, his eyes glazing over. "Desperate times..."

"You will order the princess to marry me," Jafar said confidently.

"I will order the princess to—"

Ra-ta-ta-aaaaah! The sound of trumpets blared in through the window. The sultan blinked and turned toward the noise. "Wha—what? I heard something!" Instantly the spell was broken. The sultan rushed to the window and looked out. Muttering, Jafar followed. A huge band was marching down the main street. A giant peacock float moved slowly behind, lions and bears in colorful painted cages rolled by. People filled the streets to see the grand procession approaching.

"Make way for Prince Ali Ababwa!" the band leader sang. Behind him strode a majestic elephant, its trunk held proudly in the air. On its back, a canopy bounced up and down. From the canopy, Aladdin grinned and waved. The crowd roared with admiration. Dancers whirled around him, swordsmen marched in perfect step, and dozens of attendants walked alongside. Abu lumbered on proudly, and the carpet made a perfect cushion for Aladdin on Abu's bumpy back. The genie floated among the crowd, changing himself every few minutes into a drum major, a harem girl, an old man, a child. In each disguise, he told everyone what a splendid prince was approaching.

By the time Aladdin got to the palace gates, he was the talk of Agrabah. His entire entourage—Abu, swordsmen, brass band, dancers, and all—marched right into the throne room. As the sultan and Jafar stared, Aladdin slid off Abu's back and onto the carpet. "Your Majesty," Aladdin said, bowing in front of the sultan. "I have journeyed from afar to seek your daughter's hand."

"Prince Ali Ababwa!" the sultan said with a bright smile. "I'm delighted to meet you. This is my royal vizier, Jafar."

Jafar did not look delighted at all. "I'm afraid, Prince Abooboo--"

"Ababwa," Aladdin corrected him.

"Whatever," Jafar said. "You cannot just parade in here uninvited and--"

"What a remarkable device!" the sultan exclaimed, looking at the carpet. "May I try?"

"Why, certainly, Your Majesty!" Aladdin said. He helped the sultan onto the carpet. It took off, flying the sultan around the room. As the old man hooted with delight, Jafar eyed Aladdin suspiciously. "Just where did you say you were from?"

Before Aladdin could answer, the carpet swooped down and let the sultan off. "Well, this is a very unimpressive youth, and a prince, besides!" Lowering his voice, the sultan said to Jafar, "If we're lucky, you won't have to marry Jasmine after all!"

"I don't trust him--" Jafar said.

The sultan ignored him. "Yes, Jasmine will like this one."

"And I'm sure I'll like Princess Jasmine," Aladdin said.

"Your Highness!" Jafar blurted. "On Jasmine's behalf, I must say--"

"Just let her meet me," Aladdin interrupted. "I will win your daughter."

None of them had seen Jasmine enter from the menagerie, with Rajah behind her. "How dare you!" she said. "Standing around, deciding my future. I am not a prize to be won!" With that, she turned and stormed out. Aladdin's heart sank. He was sure she'd like him as a prince. He never thought this would happen.

"Don't worry, Prince Ali," the sultan said. "Just give her time to cool down. She'll warm to you."

Aladdin and the sultan walked into the menagerie. Jafar watched them silently, then turned to Jago. "I think it's time to say bye-bye to Prince Abooboo..."

CHAPTER NINE

For the rest of the day, Aladdin waited in the menagerie. Jasmine's room was overhead, but she refused to come to her balcony. As night fell, Aladdin began to give up hope. "What am I going to do?" he moaned. "I should have known I couldn't pull off this stupid prince act."

Abu looked at his master and swung his trunk in sympathy.

"All right," the genie said, looking up from a game of chess with the carpet. "Here's the deal. If you want to court her, you have to tell her the truth. Just be yourself!"

"No way!" Aladdin said. "If Jasmine found out I was really some crummy street rat, she'd laugh at me." He looked up at Jasmine's balcony and drew himself up straight. "I'm going to go see her," he said. "I've got to be smooth. Cool. Confident."

The genie sighed. He knew Aladdin was in for trouble. The carpet slid beneath Aladdin, lifting him up to Jasmine's balcony. Through her window, Aladdin could see her playing with Rajah. "Princess Jasmine!" he called out.

Jasmine turned and walked to the window. "Who's there?"

"It's me," said Aladdin. Then, remembering his Prince Ali voice, he added, "Prince Ali Ababwa."

"I do not want to see you!" Jasmine snapped. As she turned back into the room, Aladdin stepped off the carpet and onto the balcony. "Please, Princess, give me a chance!" Rajah leapt into his path. Aladdin jerked away, almost losing his turban. Jasmine narrowed her eyes. "Wait. Do I know you? You remind me of someone I met in the marketplace."

Aladdin backed into the shadows. "The marketplace? Why, I have *servants* who go to the marketplace for me! So it couldn't have been me you met."

"No, I guess not," Jasmine said, looking disappointed. A bee buzzed by Aladdin's ear. He moved to swat it until he heard it speak—in the genie's voice! "Enough about you," he said. "Talk about her!" "Princess Jasmine, you're—uh, beautiful," Aladdin said. "Rich, too," she said. "And the daughter of the sultan."

Aladdin smiled. "I know."

A fine prize for any prince to marry," she said, playing along.

"Right! A prince like me!"

"Right! A prince like you!" Jasmine repeated. "And every other swaggering peacock I've met. Go jump off a balcony!" Jasmine turned and strode into her chamber.

"Mayday! Mayday!" the genie said, still disguised as a bee. "Stop her! Want me to sting her?"

"Buzz off!" Aladdin replied.

"Okay," the genie said. "But remember—bee yourself!"

"Yeah, right," Aladdin muttered as the genie flew under his turban into the lamp.

Jasmine looked over her shoulder. "What?!"

"Uh...I said you're right!" Aladdin sighed. "You...aren't just some prize to be won. You should be free to make your own choice." Dejected, Aladdin turned away. He climbed over the railing and stepped off the balcony into space.

"No!" Jasmine cried. But Aladdin didn't fall--he was hovering in midair.

"How are you doing that?" Jasmine said, stunned.

"It's uh, a magic carpet," Aladdin said. Jasmine looked over the railing and touched the carpet. "It's lovely."

"You don't want to go for a ride...do you?" Aladdin gave her a hopeful look. "We could fly away and see the world..."

"Is it safe?" Jasmine asked.

"Sure." Aladdin held out his hand and smiled. "Do you trust me?"

Do you trust me? Jasmine had heard those exact words before, said in the same way. "Yes, she said softly, taking his hand. She stepped onto the carpet, and it took off. Losing her balance, she fell into Aladdin's arms. He blushed, but he like the feeling--and he could tell Jasmine did, too. The carpet soared over the palace. Agrabah stretched out below them, a cluster of twinkling lights. And above them, the stars of the desert sky winked a thousand times as they glided over the sands. In the distance, the sea seemed to be made of the blackest ink. Swooping among the pyramids, Aladdin and Jasmine whooped with joy. When the carpet flew through an apple orchard, Aladdin reached way out and grabbed an apple for the princess.

He flipped it to her with a lopsided smile. The casual flip; the smile; *Do you trust me?*--all of it was exactly like the boy in the marketplace. Was it possible? She decided to find out. The carpet finally set them down on the roof of a tall pagoda, and they watched a fireworks display in the distance. "It's all so...magical," Jasmine said. "It's a shame Abu had to miss this."

"Nah," Aladdin said. "He hates fireworks. He doesn't really like to fly--" Aladdin caught himself in mid sentence.

"It is you!" Jasmine blurted. "Why did you lie to me? Did you think I wouldn't figure it out?"

"No! I mean, I hoped you wouldn't--that's not what I meant--" Aladdin groped for words. His stomach churned. He couldn't let Jasmine know the truth.

"Um...the truth is, I sometimes dress as a commoner, to escape the pressures of palace life. Yeah. But I really am Prince Ali Ababwa!"

Jasmine looked unsure. "Why didn't you just

tell me?"

"Well, you know...royalty going into the city in disguise...sounds a little strange, don't you think?"

Perfect! He knew he had her now. After all, she had been in disguise when he met her.

"Not that strange," she said, resting her chin on Aladdin's shoulder. Together they watched the fireworks until they were too tired to keep their eyes open. The carpet then flew them back to the palace, hovering outside Jasmine's window. Jasmine stepped onto the balcony, then turned toward Aladdin. They smiled at each other over the railing--until the carpet gave Aladdin a gentle nudge forward. His lips suddenly met hers. She didn't move a bit. In the soft light of the stars, they shared a long kiss.

"Good night, my handsome prince," she said, backing into her chamber.

"Sleep well, Princess." Aladdin replied. As she disappeared behind a curtain, Aladdin grinned. "For the first time in my life," he murmured dreamily as the carpet floated down to the garden, "things are starting to go right."

He snapped back to reality when he felt the hard grip of rough hands on his shoulder. Turning around, Aladdin came face-to-face with Rasoul. Before Aladdin could move, another guard slapped manacles on his wrists and ankles. Rasoul stuffed a gag in his throat.

"Abu!" Aladdin tried to yell through the gag. "Abu, help!" He looked around wildly until he spotted Abu--hanging from a tree, tied up with thick rope. The carpet tried to fly away, but another guard threw it into a cage. Jafar emerged from the shadows. On his shoulder, Iago was grinning. "I'm afraid you've worn out your welcome, Prince Abooboo," Jafar hissed.

Aladdin whirled around. He struggled with his chains. If only he could reach his turban. The lamp was underneath--and the genie was inside the lamp.

Jafar looked calmly at the guards. "Make sure he is never found."

CHAPTER TEN

In the chill of the desert night, the guards rushed Aladdin to the sea by camel. And without a word, they pushed him over a cliff. Aladdin plunged into the water with a loud splash. In the dim moonlight, he could see his turban floating away. The lamp slowly emerged, then dropped to the seafloor. He kicked his legs, desperate to reach the lamp. He groped with his hands...There--he had it. But his strength was leaving him. He tried to rub the lamp, but he was weak...so weak...

Splooosh! The genie materialized, wearing a

shower cap and holding a scrub brush. "Never fails," he said. "You get in the bath, and there's a rub at the lamp. Hello?" Instantly his smile disappeared. Aladdin was limp.

"Al! Kid! Snap out of it!" the genie pleaded, grabbing Aladdin. "I can't help you unless you make a wish. You have to say, 'Genie, I want you to save my life!' Got it?" Aladdin's head bobbed ever so slightly.

"I'll take that as a yes!" The genie let go of Aladdin and swam in a circle. A whirlpool formed, spinning Aladdin upward. He burst through the surface, coughing and flailing. Before he could fall, the genie scooped him up and flew away. "Don't scare me like that!" the genie scolded.

Aladdin looked around with excitement. He was alive—wet and humiliated, but alive. As they flew back toward Agrabah, Aladdin looked into the smiling face of his rescuer.

"Genie, I...Thanks" was all he could say.

Jasmine had never been happier. She couldn't stop humming, and she couldn't stop thinking about Aladdin. As she unbraided her hair in the bedroom mirror, she didn't notice her father walk in, with Jafar behind him.

"Jasmine...." the sultan began.

She turned around. "Oh, Father! I just had the most wonderful time. I'm so happy!"

The sultan stared straight ahead. "You should be, Jasmine," he said in a dull voice. "I have chosen a husband for you. YOU will marry Jafar." Jasmine gasped. Jafar stepped forward. The snake head of his staff glowed brightly, working its hypnotic spell on the sultan.

"Never!" Jasmine said. "Father, I choose Prince Ali!"

Jafar laughed. "Prince Ali left, like all the others. But don't worry. Wherever he went, I'm sure he made quite a splash."

"Better check your crystal ball, Jafar!" came a voice from the window. Jafar turned. Iago squawked in surprise. It was Aladdin. Jasmine ran to him. "Prince Ali!" she cried. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," Aladdin said, "but no thanks to Jafar. He tried to have me killed!"

"Your Highness," Jafar said, "He's obviously lying."

"Obviously...lying...." the sultan repeated mechanically.

"Papa, what's wrong with you?" Jasmine said with dismay. Aladdin leapt across the room toward Jafar. "I know what's wrong!" He pried the staff loose from Jafar and smashed the snake head on the floor.

"Oh! Oh my...." the sultan said, shaking his head. "I feel so strange."

"Your Highness," Aladdin said, holding the broken staff in the air. "Jafar's been controlling you with this!"

The sultan's eyes narrowed. "Jafar? You—you traitor! Guards! Arrest Jafar at once!" But Jafar had caught sight of something he hadn't noticed before—peeking out of Aladdin's turban was the magic lamp! He lunged for it, but the sultan's guards seized him.

"This is not done yet, boy!" Jafar said. Reaching into his robe, he pulled out a magic pellet and threw it on the floor. In a puff of smoke, he and Iago were gone.

"Find him!" the sultan yelled to his guards. "I can't believe it—Jafar, my trusted counselor, plotting against me!" His shocked expression changed to a smile when he turned back to Jasmine and Aladdin. "Can it be? My daughter has finally chosen a suitor?"

Jasmine nodded, and the sultan threw his arms around Aladdin. "Oh, you brilliant boy! You two will be wed at once! You'll be happy, prosperous—and then you, my boy, will become sultan!"

Sultan? Aladdin swallowed nervously. This was supposed to be the happiest moment of his life, but he was suddenly very worried.

Iago flew around Jafar's lab in a blind panic. "We've got to get out of here" he said. "I've got to pack!" But Jafar was deep in thought. He burst out with a sudden laugh and gripped Iago by the throat. "Prince Ali is nothing more than that ragged urchin Aladdin!" he said. "He has the *lamp*, Iago!"

Iago's eyes narrowed. "Why, that little cheating—"

"But you are going to relieve him of it!" Jafar said with a sinister grin. "Listen closely."

Iago leaned in as Jafar whispered his master plan.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Aladdin was given the most comfortable suite in the palace, but he barely slept that night. By dawn he was pacing back and forth, holding his turban, the lamp inside. Abu and the carpet sat outside by the window, watching him with concern.

"Huzzah!" the genie cried, popping out of the lamp. "Aladdin, you've just won the heart of the princess! What are you going to do next?" He lowered his voice to a whisper. "Psst. Your next line is, 'I'm going to free the genie!'"

"Genie," Aladdin said sadly, "I'm sorry, but I

can't. They want to make me Sultan--no, they want to make *Prince Ali* Sultan. The only reason anyone thinks I'm worth anything is because of you! What if they find out the truth? What if Jasmine finds out? She'll hate me." Aladdin looked into the genie's pale, disappointed face. "Genie, I need you. Without you, I'm just Aladdin."

The genie tried to control his anger. "I understand. After all, you've lied to everyone else. Hey, I was beginning to feel left out. Now, if you'll excuse me..."

With that, he disappeared into the lamp.

"Genie," Aladdin called out, "I'm really sorry."

The genie's lips stuck out of the spout and razed him.

"Fine!" Aladdin snapped, throwing a pillow over the lamp. "Then just stay in there!" As he stomped away, he could see Abu and the carpet watching him from the window. "What are you guys looking at?"

As Abu and the carpet turned away, Jasmine's voice came from the menagerie. "Ali? Will you please come here? Hurry!"

"Coming, Jasmine!" Aladdin called out the window. He rushed outside. As he ran to the menagerie in the direction of Jasmine's voice, he passed a group of flamingos in a pond. At least they all looked like flamingos. Iago snickered to himself. His imitation of Jasmine had worked--and his flamingo disguise was perfect, thanks to Jafar's magic. When Aladdin was gone, he hurried into the empty room and quickly stole the lamp. Hooking it with his beak, he flew outside and straight back to Jafar's lab.

"Ali! There you are," said Jasmine. "I've been looking all over for you!"

Aladdin turned around, puzzled. Abu and the carpet scampered to his side. Jasmine was running toward him. But how could she have been "looking all over" when she had just--

"Hurry," she said, taking him by the hand. "Father's about to make the wedding announcement."

They climbed the stairs of a tower that overlooked the courtyard. Townspeople clogged every square inch trying desperately to see the royal couple. Jasmine stepped onto the platform and took her place next to her father. Smiling, the Sultan announced to the crowd: "Ladies and gentlemen, my daughter has chosen a suitor--Prince Ali Ababwa!"

CHAPTER TWELVE

High in another tower that overlooked the courtyard, Jafar and Iago watched as Aladdin was about

to step before the roaring crowd. "Look at them cheering that little pip-squeak," cried Iago.

"Let them cheer," Jafar said as he held the lamp tightly and began to rub it. "At last," he said. "The power is mine!" In a puff of smoke, the genie appeared. "Al, if you're going to apologize, I—" The genie's jaw dropped when he saw Jafar.

"I am your master now!" Jafar said.

"I was afraid of that—"

"Keep quiet!" snapped Jafar. "And now, slave, grant me my first wish. I wish to be sultan!"

As Aladdin stared down from the platform, the crowd suddenly became hazy. Clouds swirled over the palace, and with a loud tearing sound, the canopy over the platform was ripped off. Jasmine and Aladdin looked around in confusion as a strange magical light engulfed the sultan. And when it stopped, the sultan was on the floor—in his underwear! The crowd gasped.

There was someone else on the stand now—someone tall, dark, and dressed in the sultan's robes. He held a snake staff in his right hand.

"Jafar!" Aladdin exclaimed.

Jafar turned with a sneer. "*Sultan* Jafar to you!"

"What manner of trickery is this?" the sultan demanded.

"Finders keepers," Jafar said. "I have the ultimate power now!" A shadow fell over the courtyard. Everyone looked up. Aladdin's breath caught in his throat. Abu and the carpet clutched each other in terror. Looming over them like an evil giant was the genie. He placed his hands on the palace as if he were about to crush it.

"Genie, stop!" Aladdin shouted. "What are you doing?" The genie's eyes were full of sadness. "Sorry, kid," he said. "I've got a new master now."

With a mighty heave, he lifted the entire palace off the ground. The people of Agrabah scattered, screaming as debris fell around them. The genie then flew to a mountain high above the city and set the palace down there. Jafar let out a deep, triumphant laugh. "Now, you miserable wretches—bow to me!"

"We will *never* bow to you!" Jasmine replied. Aladdin and the sultan stood by her.

"Then you will cower!" Jafar said. He whirled around to face the genie. "My second wish is to be the most powerful sorcerer in the world!" His snake began to glow, and green lightning crackled around it. Rajah let out a roar and lunged at Jafar. Jafar waved his staff, and in midair, Rajah was transformed into a kitten. As Rajah landed softly on his paws, Jafar glared at Jasmine and Aladdin. "Take a look at your precious

Prince Ali—or should we say, *Aladdin!*”

A bolt of light shot from the staff. It surrounded Aladdin and Abu. Instantly Abu became a monkey again. Aladdin's robe, slippers, and turban disappeared. He fell to the floor, dressed in his old rags. “He's nothing more than a worthless lying street rat!”

Jasmine looked at him, confused and hurt. “Ali?”

Jasmine...I'm sorry,” Aladdin said.

“Face it, boy, you don't belong here,” Jafar said.

“Uh, where does he belong?” Could it be...the ends of the earth?” Iago taunted.

“Works for me!” Jafar cried as he waved his staff again.

Aladdin and Abu suddenly levitated off the ground and into the open window of a narrow tower. In an instant, the tower rocketed over the horizon. The carpet sped after it. Jasmine watched in horror as the tower vanished over the horizon. The genie sadly turned away.

With a devious laugh, Jafar shouted. “At last! Agrabah is mine!”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

When Aladdin awoke, he was cold—freezing cold. As he made his way out of a snow bank, an icy wind whipped snow into his face. Where is he? Through the raging blizzard, he could see the tower lying in pieces, half-covered with snow. Just beyond it, a cliff plunged downward into darkness.

A crash...that was all he remembered. He must have been thrown out of the tower, unconscious. A brown lump caught his attention. “Abu!” he called through chattering teeth. He raced over and dug his pet out of the snow. “Are you all right?”

Shivering, Abu nodded weakly. Aladdin tucked Abu into his vest. “Oh, Abu, this is all my fault. I should have freed the genie when I had the chance. Somehow, I've got to go back and set things straight.” He felt a tickling sensation on his leg. Spinning around, he saw the carpet reaching toward him. It was caught beneath a huge chunk of the tower. Aladdin tried to pull the carpet free, but it was stuck tight. He and Abu started digging a trench around it, but the tower began to teeter. “Look out!” Aladdin shouted. The tower began rolling toward them. Calculating quickly, Aladdin ducked, curling Abu into his arms. The tower rolled over them, right where there was a window opening. Unharmed, they watched as the tower plunged over the cliff. Freed from the tower, the carpet scooped up Aladdin and Abu and flew above the clouds. “All

right," cried Aladdin. "Now, back to Agrabah!"

Jafar loved the view from his new throne room. The palace was where it *belonged* now—on a mountain top, not in the midst of the rabble. He happily sipped from his wine glass while the genie massaged his feet. The *former sultan* was now suspended from the ceiling like a marionette. He was dressed in a jester's outfit, and Jafar and Iago snickered at the ridiculous sight. Rajah, still a kitten, paced anxiously in a cage.

Jasmine sat at the window, her wrists in shackles, her eyes filled with sadness. Jafar reached out with his staff. He hooked her shackles and pulled her close. "It pains me to see you reduced to this, Jasmine. You should be on the arm of the most powerful man in the world." With a wave of his staff, he made her chains vanish. A crown appeared on her head. "Why, with you as my queen—"

Jasmine took his glass and threw the wine in his face. "Never!"

Jafar bolted up from the throne. "Temper, temper, Jasmine," scolded Jafar. "You know what happens when you misbehave...I'll teach you some respect!" He glared at the genie. "Genie, I have decided to make my final wish—I wish for Princess Jasmine to fall desperately in love with me!"

"No!" Jasmine said, backing away.

"Uh, Master," the genie said, "I can't do that—"

"You will do what I order you to do, slave!"

Jafar roared as he grabbed the genie's beard. Nobody noticed Aladdin and Abu peeking into the throne room window behind them—nobody except Jasmine. She was about to scream when Aladdin shushed her with a finger over his mouth. He, Abu, and the carpet climbed silently into the room. Jasmine thought fast. "Jafar," she said with a seductive smile, "I never realized how incredibly handsome you are!"

Jafar spun around. His jaw hung open in disbelief—and so did the genie's.

"That's better," Jafar said. He slinked toward Jasmine, a cocky smile on his face. "Now tell me more about...myself."

"You're tall, dark..." Jasmine could see Aladdin, Abu, and the carpet sneaking toward the lamp. Now the genie saw them, too. He was trying to stifle an excited giggle. "Go on..." Jafar said.

Abu was inches from Iago now—and Iago was turning around. Jasmine quickly put her arms around Jafar, locking him in place. "You're well dressed," she continued. "You've stolen my heart..."

With a quick leap, Abu grabbed Iago off his perch and put a hand over his mouth. They both

tumbled to the ground. "And the street rat?" Jafar said, drawing closer to Jasmine.

"What street rat?" Jasmine asked.

Crassshhh! Abu and Iago knocked into a table, sending a pot to the ground. Jafar started to turn. Jasmine had no choice but to pull him close and kiss him—passionately and on the lips. Now was Aladdin's chance for action. But he couldn't move. All he could do was stare. There she was, the girl for whom he had risked his life, kissing...*him*. Jafar pulled back. He was dazed with joy—until he saw the reflection of Aladdin in Jasmine's crown.

"You!" he said, whirling around in blind rage. His arm snapped forward, pointing his staff at Aladdin. *Zzzzap!* A flash of light struck Aladdin in the chest. He flew backward, crashing into a pile of jewels.

"How many times do I have to kill you, boy?" Jafar said, drawing his arm back for a second shot. Jasmine leapt at him, pushing his arm aside.

"You deceiving shrew!" Jafar snarled. "Your time is up!" He turned his staff on Jasmine. Instantly she was trapped inside a giant hourglass. The upper chamber was full of sand, and it slowly spilled through the opening onto her. There was more than enough to bury her alive. *Zzzzap!* With a stroke of the staff, Jafar turned Abu into a cymbal-clanking toy monkey. *Zzzzap!* The carpet began to unravel. Aladdin ran to stop it. Jafar called out, "Things are unraveling fast, boy."

"This is all your fault, street rat! You never should have come back!" *Zzzzap!* Aladdin jumped back. A sword clattered to the ground beside him, then another. He looked up. Dozens of razor-sharp swords fell from the ceiling. Jafar gestured again, and a wall of fire burst from the floor.

Aladdin grabbed one of the fallen swords.

"Are you afraid to fight me yourself, you cowardly snake?" Aladdin said, batting away the swords as they fell. Jafar made his way toward Aladdin, forcing him closer to the fire.

"A snake, am I? Perhaps you'd like to see how snake-like I can be!" Jafar held out his snake staff with both hands. It began to grow, coming to hideous life, wrapping Jafar himself into its skin. Swelling, hissing, Jafar became a monstrous cobra, his head rising toward the ceiling. The flames rose with him, becoming a ring of deadly coils surrounding Aladdin. With an unearthly roar, Jafar lunged. Aladdin swung his sword.

Shink! He struck two of Jafar's fangs, which clattered onto the floor.

"Rickum-rackum, stick that sword into that snake," the genie shouted.

"You stay out of this!" Jafar hissed. He lunged again, knocking Aladdin to the floor. The sword flew out of his hand.

"Ali!" the sultan cried, watching helplessly from above. "*Jasmine!*"

Aladdin rolled away, catching a glimpse of the hour-glass. The sand had risen swiftly, covering all but Jasmine's head. Without his sword, there was only one chance. Aladdin ran for the window and leapt onto the balcony. Jafar slithered after him. Quickly Aladdin ran back in, then ducked out another window. Jafar followed from window to window, tangling his long body into a knot. He shrieked with pain. Aladdin picked up his sword and ran toward the hourglass. Jasmine's nose was barely above the sand, her eyes wide with fear. Aladdin drew back the sword, ready to smash the glass. With a resounding boom, Jafar pulled down the wall. He was free—and he threw his coils around Aladdin. Aladdin's sword was caught in midair. He struggled to get loose. "You thought you could outwit the most powerful being on earth?" Jafar bellowed. Aladdin wrenched left and right. In a corner of the room, the genie watched helplessly. *The genie!*

Thinking fast, Aladdin said, "You're not so powerful. The genie has more power than you'll ever have! He gave you your power, and he can take it away!"

The genie ducked behind a pillar. "Al, what are you doing? Why are you bringing me into this?"

"Face it, Jafar, you're still just second."

Aladdin continued. Jafar loosened his coils. He turned his slimy face to the genie. "You're right. His power does exceed my own—but not for long!" Aladdin fell to the floor as Jafar slithered across the room. "Slave!" Jafar called to the genie. "I'm ready to make my third wish. I wish to be—an all-powerful genie!"

The genie looked at Aladdin, his blue face now chalk white. "Your wish," he said in a small, wavering voice, "is my command!"

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The genie gestured. A swirling current of energy encircled Jafar, and he began to change shape. The fire disappeared. His cobra body became wider and wider until he took on the roundness of a genie. "Yes!" Jafar shrieked. "The power! The absolute power!"

Quickly Aladdin picked up his sword and smashed the hourglass. Jasmine slid forward with the cascading sand. "What have you done?" she asked as Aladdin pulled her free.

Aladdin smiled. "Trust me."

"The universe is an open book before me!"

Jafar yelled. "Mine to command, to control!" The dome

of the palace exploded as Jafar rose to the sky. Before he could say another word, gold shackles clamped around his wrists—just like the ones the genie wore. A lamp began to materialize beneath him, new and shiny.

"Whaaat! What is happening?" Jafar demanded.

"You wanted to be a genie?" Aladdin picked up the new lamp and held it out to Jafar. "You got it—and everything that goes with it!"

Jafar's legs were now a trail of vapor, a trail that disappeared into the lamp's spout. "No!" he said, his eyes bugging out in terror. "Noooooo!"

Screaming with anguish, Jafar reached his hand upward. His fingers clasped Iago's feet.

"Wha—hey! Let go!" Iago screamed. With a dull thooomp, Jafar and Iago were sucked into the lamp. Everyone in the throne room fell into an awed silence. Jasmine, the sultan, and the genie stared at Aladdin.

"Phenomenal cosmic powers," Aladdin said with a shrug. "Itty-bitty living space!"

The genie let out a loud cackle. "Al, you little genius!"

Instantly the room began to return to normal. Back on his feet, the sultan sighed with pleasure as his robes materialized on him. Abu became a live monkey again. Rajah grew back into a tiger, breaking free of his small cage. And the carpet looked brand new.

The genie grabbed the lamp and went to the balcony. "Shall we? Ten thousand years in the Cave of Wonders ought to chill him out!" He wound up and hurled the lamp, sending it end over end toward the desert.

Smiling proudly, the genie flew outside. He grew to a gigantic shape, picked up the entire palace, and began carrying it back to its rightful place.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Later that day, when Agrabah had returned to normal, Jasmine and Aladdin stood on the throne room balcony. "Jasmine," Aladdin said softly, "I'm sorry I lied to you...about being a prince."

Jasmine nodded. "I know why you did."

"I guess...this is good-bye?"

Jasmine turned away. "That stupid law! It isn't fair!" Slowly, tearfully, she faced Aladdin again. "I love you." Suddenly the genie popped through the window. "Al, no problem—you've got one wish left. Just say the word, and you're a prince again!"

"But, Genie," Aladdin said. "What about your freedom?"

"Al, you're in love. You're not going to find another girl like this in a million years. Believe me, I've

looked."

Aladdin looked from the genie to Jasmine. He knew how much freedom meant now. Not only to the genie but to Jasmine—and to himself. Just as she needed to be free of the sultan's laws, Aladdin needed to be free, too. Free to be himself.

"Jasmine...I do love you," he finally said.

"But I can't pretend to be something I'm not."

Jasmine bowed her head. "I understand."

"Genie," Aladdin said. "I wish for your freedom. It's about time I started keeping my promise."

In a flash, the genie's gold cuffs vanished. He was stunned. "Quick! Wish for something—anything! Say, 'I want the Nile!'" Aladdin said.

"NO WAY!" said the genie, with a laugh.

"I'm free!" he shouted, his face lighting up. "I'm free! I'm off to see the world!"

"Congratulations!" the sultan said, peeking out behind him.

"Genie, I'm going to miss you," Aladdin said.

"Me, too, Al," the genie replied with a fond smile. "No matter what anybody says, you'll always be a prince to me!"

"That's right!" the sultan agreed. "You've certainly proved your worth as far as I'm concerned. If it's the law that's the problem, then what we need is a new law!"

Jasmine looked at him, stunned. "Father?"

"From this day forth, the princess shall marry whomever she deems worthy!"

"I choose you, Aladdin!" Jasmine cried instantly.

Aladdin was ecstatic. "Call me Al," he said. He and Jasmine burst out laughing. Aladdin took her in his arms, and the two of them began twirling around the balcony.

"Well!" the genie said with a huge smile. "I can't do any more damage around here. And now I am out of here! Bye-bye, you crazy lovebirds!"

Like a rocket, the genie launched himself into the sky. The sultan followed him with his eyes until the genie disappeared over the horizon.

Aladdin and Jasmine didn't even notice him leave. As they shared a long, dreamy kiss, they didn't notice much of anything—except each other.

DISNEY'S SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN
DWARFS

Adapted from the film by Lisa Ann Marsoli (1994)

Long, long ago in a magnificent castle, there lived a pretty young princess named Snow White. Her stepmother, the queen, was a wicked woman whose greatest fear was that Snow White's beauty would one day become greater than her own.

And so Snow White was dressed in rags and forced to be her stepmother's servant. Her long days were spent scrubbing floors and cooking meals.

Still, the evil stepmother worried that as Snow White grew, so would her beauty. Every day the queen looked in her magic mirror, anxiously asking: "Magic mirror on the wall, Who is the fairest one of all?"

You are the fairest one of all, the mirror would always reply. And the queen would be content for another day.

Snow White was an obedient stepdaughter who happily did her work while daydreaming of a handsome prince who might one day fall in love with her and take her to live with him in his castle.

One morning, as she drew water from the well, she made a wish that someday her dream would come true. As if by magic, a handsome young prince appeared before her. He had been watching Snow White as she drew water from the well, and was entranced by her beauty. But Snow White was shy and fled to the tower balcony. As the prince sang her a love song below, Snow White placed a kiss on her friend the dove, who carried it to her beloved.

On that day, the queen's magic mirror told the queen that Snow White was the fairest in all the land. In a jealous rage, the queen called one of her royal huntsmen.

"Take Snow White far into the forest and kill her," she commanded. "and as proof of your deed, bring me back her heart in this." And she handed him a carved box.

The huntsman began his deadly mission. Telling her they were going for a walk, he took Snow White deep into the forest. Snow White sang a happy tune, gathering flowers and thinking of her handsome prince.

Among the flowers she heard the cry of a baby bird that had fallen out of its nest. When she found the little creature, she picked it up and comforted it. "Don't worry, your mama and papa can't be far," she cooed. Feeling better, the little bird set off to find its parents.

GRIMM'S SNOW WHITE

Retold by Louise Betts Egan (1990)

One winter's day long, long ago, a queen sat sewing by a castle window. It was snowing outside, and she liked looking up and seeing the white, feathery snowflakes gather on the shiny ebony window frame. Suddenly, she pricked herself with her needle. She opened the window to cool her sore finger, and three drops of blood fell onto the snow.

The queen smiled and thought, "If only I had a child with skin as white as snow, cheeks as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony!"

In time, a daughter was born who looked just as the queen had wished. The queen named her little girl Snow White. Unfortunately, the queen died soon after the child was born.

Within a year, the king remarried. His new queen was very beautiful but she was also cruel and proud. This wicked queen had a magic mirror and she would often look into it and ask:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
who is the fairest one of all?"

Then the mirror would answer:

"You, my queen, are the fairest of all."

This reply always satisfied the queen, for she knew the mirror never lied.

The years went by and Snow White grew lovelier each day. The wicked queen was jealous of Snow White, but never more so than when the queen asked her mirror one day who was the fairest in the land.

The mirror replied:

"You, my queen, may have a beauty quite rare, but Snow White is a thousand times more fair."

The queen was filled with rage and envy. From that moment on, she knew no peace, for her hatred of Snow White grew stronger every day. At last, the queen called one of her huntsmen to her. She told him to take Snow White deep into the forest and kill her with his knife. "To prove that she is dead," she told him, "you must bring me her heart."

The huntsman led Snow White deep into the forest, but he could not bring himself to kill the beautiful girl. He simply left her there and warned her never to return home. Then he shot a deer and took its heart back to the queen, who threw it into the fire.

Meanwhile, Snow White wandered deeper and deeper into the woods. Dead tree branches stuck out like bony, crooked fingers. Wild animals scooted past her, grunting and growling. The poor girl was terribly frightened. She ran and ran, until she came upon a little cottage. When no one answered the door, she tiptoed

When they reached the heart of the forest, the huntsman drew his dagger. As he crept up behind Snow White, she turned and screamed, realizing what was about to happen. When the huntsman saw the fear in the princess's eyes, he fell to his knees.

"I beg of you, Your Highness, forgive me," he pleaded. He told Snow White of the queen's jealousy, and how he was ordered to bring Snow White's heart back to the castle as proof of his deed. "Now quick, child," he told her, "Run away! Hide!"

Snow White was very frightened. She gasped, whirled around, and ran into the forest.

The woods were dark and full of strange noises and frightening sights. As Snow White ran past, owls hooted and bats beat their wings overhead. Even the trees seemed to reach out to her with their branches and watch her with glowing eyes. Snow White ran faster and faster, and when she could run no more, she fell to the ground and began to weep.

When she had finished crying, Snow White looked up and found herself surrounded by forest animals. Slowly they moved closer, realizing that they had nothing to fear from the kind princess. The forest creatures comforted their new friend, and soon Snow White was feeling much better. "I do need a place to sleep at night," she told them. "Maybe you know where I can stay. Will you take me there?"

Instantly, two raccoons tugged at the hem of her skirt and began to guide her through the woods. The deer, rabbits, chipmunks, squirrels, and birds followed close behind.

Soon they were at the edge of a clearing. Snow White pushed aside the bushes and saw a charming little cottage nestled among the trees. She ran toward the house, crossing over the little bridge just in front of it, and peered in one of the windows. "I guess there's no one home!" she exclaimed.

Inside the cottage Snow White saw seven little chairs. "Why seven little children must live here—seven very untidy children!" she remarked to the animals.

Indeed, wherever Snow White looked she saw dirty dishes, dust on the furniture, and cobwebs everywhere. "I know, we'll clean the house and surprise them," she told the forest creatures. "Maybe when they see what we've done, they'll let me stay."

Together Snow White and the animals cleaned the little cottage and made it tidy. When they finished cleaning downstairs, Snow White and her friends went to see what they might find upstairs. At the top of the staircase was a door, and beyond it Snow White saw seven little beds. "Look! Each bed has a

inside. The little house was lovely! Everything was dainty and neat and very small. There was a table set with a clean, white tablecloth, seven small plates, and seven little goblets. Over by the wall were seven little beds with fluffy covers.

Snow White was hungry, but even so, she only took a bite of food from each plate and a sip of wine from each goblet. She then went over to the beds and tried each one, until she found one that was comfortable. Soon Snow White was fast asleep.

A short while later seven little dwarfs came marching and singing into the cottage. They were most startled to see Snow White asleep on the bed, but the little men were so taken with her beauty that they did not wake her.

The next morning, Snow White was afraid when she saw the seven dwarfs around her. But they were so kindhearted that she soon told them her sad story. The seven dwarfs then invited her to live with them, provided she do the cooking and housework. Snow White gratefully agreed.

Each morning, the dwarfs left the house early and went to the mountains, where they mined for minerals and gold. They warned Snow White never to let anyone into the cottage. "Your wicked stepmother will soon discover you're here, beware!" they told her.

Back at the castle, the queen picked up her mirror and asked who was the fairest of all. To her surprise, the mirror replied:

"You, my queen, my have a beauty quite rare, but beyond the mountains, where the seven dwarfs dwell, Snow White is thriving, and this I must tell:

Within this land, she's still a thousand times more fair."

The queen instantly realized that the huntsman had deceived her. Trembling with fury, she vowed to kill Snow White and soon came up with a plan.

She dressed herself up as a poor peasant woman selling apples. Then she crossed the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs' cottage, where she knocked on the door and called out, "Apples! Lovely apples!"

Snow White looked out the window and said, "Please go away. I'm not allowed to let anyone in!"

"Never mind," said the peasant woman. "I'll leave you this apple as a gift."

Snow White started to refuse, but the apple looked so rosy and beautiful that she hesitated. "Here," said the wicked queen, "let me show you how good the apple is." She picked it up, cut it in half, and took a bite. The apple had been so cunningly made that her half was

name carved on it." Snow White said, and she read the names out loud. "Doc, Happy, Sneezzy, Dopey, Grumpy, Bashful, and Sleepy."

Snow White yawned. "I'm a little sleepy myself," she said. Then she stretched out across three beds and fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile, in a nearby mine, the seven dwarfs were hard at work digging for diamonds. They--not seven little children--were the ones who lived in the cottage Snow White had found. Each dwarf had his own special job to do. Doc stood at a table and peered at the diamonds through a jeweler's glass. He saved the good diamonds and tossed away the bad ones, which Dopey swept up.

As night fell, the dwarfs headed for home. With their picks slung over their shoulders, the seven dwarfs marched in a line. Doc took the lead, with Grumpy, Happy, Sleepy, Sneezzy, Bashful, and Dopey following behind.

Even though they were very hungry and tired from their hard day's work, the dwarfs sang a happy song as they marched along. When the dwarfs neared their cottage, Doc stopped in his tracks. "Look! The lit's light. I mean, the light's lit! Somethin's in there!" he cried.

Though they were worried that they might find a ghost or other scary creatures inside, all the dwarfs bravely followed Doc into the house to investigate.

The dwarf's slowly opened the door and crept into the cottage, trying not to make a sound.

"Careful, men," Doc whispered. The others tiptoed up behind him.

"Our window's been washed," said Happy.

"Look--the floor! It's sween bept--I mean, been swept," noticed Doc.

"There's dirty work afoot!" Grumpy grumbled. He was always suspicious. Suddenly, they heard a noise upstairs.

"One of us has got to go down and chase it up...I mean...go up and chase it down," muttered Doc. The dwarfs quickly elected Dopey to lead the way.

"Don't be afraid. We're right behind you," they all whispered.

Quietly and carefully, the dwarf's climbed the stairs one by one until they reached the bedroom. They inched into the room, and saw a sheeted figure stretched across the beds. Snow White yawned and stretched under the sheet. It was a frightening sight for the poor dwarfs, who cowered on the floor. "A monster!" they gasped.

Doc gathered all his courage and pulled back

harmless, while the other half contained poison.

When Snow White saw the woman eat the apple, she accepted the other half. But no sooner did the girl take a bite of it than she fell down dead.

The queen quickly returned home and asked her mirror, "Now who is the fairest in the land?" the mirror replied, "you, my queen, are the fairest of all."

The dwarfs were heartbroken to find their dear Snow White dead, and they wept for three days. They intended to bury her, but Snow White looked so alive, and her cheeks were still so red, that they put her in a glass coffin and carried it to the top of a woodland mound.

For many years, Snow White lay in the coffin. She still looked as lovely as ever, as though she were not dead, but only sleeping.

One day, a prince came to the forest. When he saw Snow White in the coffin, he begged the dwarfs to let him take her back to his castle. He pleaded so desperately that at last the dwarf's agreed.

The prince and his servants carried Snow White along the forest paths in her coffin. Suddenly, one of the servants tripped and the coffin fell to the ground. The piece of poison apple was jolted from Snow White's throat, and she sat up and looked around in amazement. The prince and the dwarf's were overjoyed.

The prince knelt at Snow White's side and told her how much he loved her. When he asked her to be his wife, Snow White happily agreed and put her hands in his.

That day, the wicked queen gazed proudly into her mirror and asked who was the fairest of all.

The mirror replied:

"Fairest is she who, though she died, now lives to be the prince's bride."

The queen was so furious that she hurled the mirror to the ground. And her cruel heart shattered into a thousand pieces.

the sheet. "Why it's a girl!" he exclaimed.

Snow White was very surprised to see seven dwarfs peering at her from the foot of the bed. "Why, you're not children," she said, sitting up. "You're men!"

Looking at them, Snow White could easily guess the name that belonged to each dwarf. "And you must be Grumpy," she said with a giggle, folding her arms to imitate him.

Then Snow White introduced herself and told the dwarfs about the wicked queen and how the animals had rescued her from the forest. "Please don't send me away," she pleaded. "If you do, the wicked queen will surely find me."

The dwarfs took pity on Snow White. And when she told them that she would clean and cook for them in return for their kindness, they quickly decided that she should stay—all except Grumpy, who simply said, "Hmph." He wanted nothing to do with a wicked queen—or a tidy princess.

Back in the castle, the huntsman had delivered the box back to the queen. He had fooled the queen by placing a pig's heart inside it instead of Snow White's. Thinking Snow White was dead, the queen eagerly asked her magic mirror: "Magic mirror on the wall, who now is the fairest one of all?"

But the mirror replied: *Over the seven jeweled hills, beyond the seventh fall, in the cottage of the seven dwarfs dwells Snow White, fairest one of all.*

The queen was enraged. Snow White was still alive! The queen stormed down the winding staircase that led to a dark dungeon beneath the castle. There she went to a hidden room filled with bottles, potions, and a book of magic spells. She opened the book, and finding a spell for a disguise, mixed a terrible potion. Then she drank the brew and was instantly transformed into an ugly old hag.

Next, the queen found another spell and, following the recipe carefully, filled her cauldron with a bubbling liquid. She took an apple and slowly dipped it into the poisonous potion. "And now," she cackled, "a special sort of death for one so fair. One bite of this poisoned apple and Snow White will close her eyes forever! Then I shall be the fairest of them all once more!"

Far away from the castle dungeon, Snow White and the dwarfs were about to have dinner. "You'll just have time to wash," Snow White decided. "Let me see your hands."

One by one, the dwarfs slowly took their hands from behind their backs and showed them to Snow White. "Worse than I thought," she said. "March straight outside and wash, or you'll not get a bite to eat."

The dwarfs didn't really want to wash, but they were willing to do it to make Snow White happy—except Grumpy.

"Her wiles are beginnin' to work!" he muttered. He stood groaning and grumbling as he watched the others. Well, let them—he was not going to wash! Six dwarfs quickly scrubbed up. Then they all turned to Grumpy. And, before he knew what was happening, they jumped on him!

"Get 'im!" shouted Doc. They grabbed Grumpy and pulled him over to the tub, where they washed his hands and face—even his beard! Now all seven were ready for dinner.

When they had finished eating, it was time for some fun. The dwarfs played their musical instruments while Snow White danced around the room. Each dwarf took a turn dancing with Snow White. The last was Dopey, who climbed onto Sneezzy's shoulders and covered them both up with a long cloak. Now he was as tall as Snow White! But only until Sneezzy sneezed—and sneezed Dopey right off his shoulders!

While laughter rang out from the dwarfs' cottage, the wicked queen began her journey to find Snow White. Disguised as a peddler woman, she took a boat across the moat that separated the castle from the forest. She placed the basket of shiny red apples at her feet. On top was the poisoned fruit intended for Snow White.

The next morning, the dwarfs prepared for another day at their diamond mine. Each one said good-bye to Snow White and, as he did, received a kiss on the head in return. Even Grumpy didn't seem to mind much being kissed by the princess. "Now, I'm warmin' you," he said, "don't let anybody into the house!"

"Why, Grumpy!" she exclaimed. "You do care!"

After she had waved good-bye to the dwarfs, Snow White decided to make them a pie for dessert that night. Her animal friends looked on as she mixed the dough and rolled it out. She especially wanted to make the pie for Grumpy, because he seemed to have a sweet side to him, after all.

While Snow White worked, she thought about the handsome prince she had met at the castle well. She wished he would find her—then she would feel truly safe.

Suddenly the queen, disguised as an old woman, appeared outside the window, interrupting Snow White's daydream. The animals, becoming frightened, scurried away to hide inside cupboards and behind furniture.

"I see you're making a pie," the hag said in a

gravelly voice. "And I have just the thing. It's apple pies that make the menfolk's mouths water." She held a beautiful, shiny red apple out to Snow White. "Go on, have a bite."

The animals sensed something terrible was about to happen and emerged from their hiding places. They went outside and tried to chase the hag away. Snow White didn't understand why they were behaving so badly, so she shooed them off. As she invited the old woman inside, the animals raced into the forest to get help from the dwarfs.

The animals ran and flew as quickly as they could. When they finally reached the diamond mine, they found the dwarfs hard at work. The animals pulled and tugged at their clothing, trying to tell them that Snow White was in danger.

"They aren't acun' this way for nothin'," Grumpy said.

"Maybe the queen's got Snow White." Sleepy said with a yawn.

The queen! That was it! There was no time to lose. The dwarfs grabbed their picks and clubs and ran to the rescue. They didn't know it, but they were too late. Snow White had already taken a bite of the poisoned apple and was lying lifeless on the floor.

The queen cackled with glee. "The only thing that can save her now is a kiss from the one who truly loves her, but no prince will ever find her in this great big forest!"

Still in her disguise, the wicked queen ran out of the cottage. The bright sunshine had been replaced by dark, threatening clouds, and the air was damp and cold.

At that moment, the dwarfs neared the clearing and saw the queen fleeing into the forest. With the help of the animals, they chased her through the trees. The sound of thunder boomed overhead and lightning flashed in the sky. The rain began to pour down. The dwarfs could hardly see, but they managed to trap the queen on a narrow cliff. She began prying a large boulder loose, intending to send it toppling onto the dwarfs below. The queen's laughter echoed as the boulder began to move. "Look out!" cried Grumpy to the others.

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning split the air and struck the part of the cliff where the queen was standing. The piece of rock broke away and sent the queen falling into the blackness far below, never to be heard from again.

When the weary dwarfs returned to the cottage, they found the poisoned Snow White. Unable to awaken her, they laid her across their beds. Tears

streamed down their faces as they knelt beside her motionless body.

Even in death, Snow White was so beautiful that the dwarfs could not bring themselves to bury her. Instead they laid her in a casket of glass and gold, and they kept watch over her day and night.

Far away in another part of the kingdom, the handsome young prince heard of a beautiful maiden who slept in the forest. Hoping that this was the princess he had fallen in love with at the well, he searched far and wide to find her. One day when he was out riding, he came upon her casket. Gently lifting the glass lid, he gazed on Snow White's beauty once more.

The prince bent down and softly placed a kiss on Snow White's lips. Then he knelt and bowed his head in silence, surrounded by the animals and the seven dwarfs.

At that moment, the princess began to stir. She sat up and rubbed her eyes.

Snow White was alive!

Joyously, the prince gathered her in his arms, while shouts of jubilation rang out around them. The dwarfs hugged each other with happiness.

Snow White kissed each dwarf good-bye. Then the prince lifted her up onto his horse and led her to his castle on the hill. Though the dwarfs would miss Snow White, their hearts were glad, because they knew that she and her prince would live happily ever after.

DISNEY'S CINDERELLA

Adapted from the film by Lisa Ann Marsoli (1995)

Once upon a time there was a beautiful little girl named Cinderella who was loved by everyone. She was sweet, kind, and gentle. She and her widowed father lived happily together. But her father worried that Cinderella needed a mother. So he married again, to a widow who had two daughters of her own.

Then Cinderella's father died, leaving his daughter with her new family, with her husband gone. Cinderella's stepmother revealed herself for who she really was: a mean and spiteful woman who was jealous of Cinderella's charm and beauty. She cared only for her daughters, Drizella and Anastasia. They were no better than their mother. They could have been pretty, but their selfish, cruel natures made them look ugly.

So the three of them put Cinderella to work as their maid and cook, ordering her about day and night. They kept her busy with sweeping, cleaning, washing, and dusting. And while they wore pretty gowns, Cinderella had only old dresses and aprons to wear.

But in her attic bedroom, Cinderella was comforted by the animal friends who came to visit her. The birds woke her in the morning with their sweetest songs. Cinderella sang to them about dreams of happiness that she hoped would come true.

Some of Cinderella's friends were mice. She made clothes for them, and always made sure they had food. One day Jaq, her favorite mouse, rushed in, saying, "Hurry, Cinderella! Come-come!"

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Visitor! Caught in trap!" Jaq told her.

Cinderella and the mice ran to the trap and found a frightened young mouse trembling inside. Cinderella freed him and then said, "We must give him a name. I've got one: Octavius. But for short, we'll call you Gus."

The mouse nodded happily when he heard his new name.

Cinderella dressed him in a little shirt and cap, and the newest member of her attic family looked right at home.

Soon it was time for Cinderella to feed the chickens. "Breakfast!" she called, scattering corn for them. The chickens came running as Bruno the dog and Major the horse watched. When the mice heard Cinderella call, they came running, too. Cinderella always gave them some corn to nibble.

But the mice stopped in their tracks when

AI-LING LOUIE'S YEH-SHEN: A CINDERELLA STORY FROM CHINA (1982)

Adapted from before the time of Ch'in (222-206 B.C.)

In the dim past, even before the Ch'in and the Han dynasties, there lived a cave chief of southern China by the name of Wu. As was the custom in those days, Chief Wu had taken two wives. Each wife in her turn had presented Wu with a baby daughter. But one of the wives sickened and died, and not too many days after that Chief Wu took to his bed and died too.

Yeh-Shen, the little orphan, grew to girlhood in her stepmother's home. She was a bright child and lovely too, with skin as smooth as ivory and dark pools for eyes. Her stepmother was jealous of all this beauty and goodness, for her own daughter was not pretty at all. So in her displeasure, she gave poor Yeh-Shen the heaviest and most unpleasant chores.

The only friend that Yeh-Shen had to her name was a fish she had caught and raised. It was a beautiful fish with golden eyes, and every day it would come out of the water and rest its head on the bank of the pond, waiting for Yeh-Shen to feed it. Stepmother gave Yeh-Shen little enough food for herself, but the orphan child always found something to share with her fish, which grew to enormous size.

Somehow the stepmother heard of this. She was terribly angry to discover that Yeh-Shen had kept a secret from her. She hurried down to the pond, but she was unable to see the fish, for Yeh-Shen's pet wisely hid itself. The stepmother, however, was a crafty woman, and she soon thought of a plan. She walked home and called out, "Yeh-Shen, go and collect some firewood. But wait! The neighbors might see you. Leave your filthy coat here." The minute the girl was out of sight, her stepmother slipped on the coat herself and went down again to the pond. This time the big fish saw Yeh-Shen's familiar jacket and heaved itself onto the bank, expecting to be fed. But the stepmother, having hidden a dagger in her sleeve, stabbed the fish, wrapped it in her garments, and took it home to cook for dinner.

When Yeh-Shen came to the pond that evening, she found her pet had disappeared. Overcome with grief, the girl collapsed on the ground and dropped her tears into the still waters of the pond.

"Ah, poor child!" a voice said. Yeh-Shen sat up to find a very old man looking down at her. He wore the coarsest of clothes, and his hair flowed down over his shoulders.

"Kind uncle, who may you be?" yeh-Shen asked.

"That is not important, my child. All you

they saw the cat blocking their way. "That's Lucifée." Jaq told Gus. "Lucifée *mean*. But I got an idea! Somebody has to let Lucifée chase him, then everybody else run out to yard."

The mice put their tails together to see who would be the unlucky one to have Lucifer chasing him. Jaq pulled one of the tails and it was his own! Jaq ran out and gave Lucifer a bid kick. As Lucifer chased him, the other mice scurried past the cat toward the chicken yard. Before Lucifer could catch him, Jaq jumped into a teeny-tiny mouse hole.

The mice rushed to pick up the corn before the chickens could eat it all up. One chicken got very angry as it saw Gus picking up its food. "Take it easy," Gus said to the chicken as Cinderella shooed it away. Then he hurried around to pick up as much corn as he could carry.

Jaq, who was still hiding in his mouse hole, saw Gus carrying his load of corn back into the house. Gus wasn't watching out for Lucifer at all. But Lucifer was watching Gus. The cat crouched down quietly and began to sneak up on him. Lucifer moved in close, ready to pounce. Finally Gus saw him, dropped the corn, and raced away. The cat was just about to catch him when there was a loud BANG!

Gus turned to see Lucifer lying dazed on the ground. Jaq had saved him by knocking the broom over onto Lucifer. Cinderella didn't see Gus's close call. She was too busy getting the breakfast trays ready. RRRING! RRRING! Already, her stepmother, Drizella, and Anastasia were ringing their bells for her.

Before the bells even stopped ringing, Cinderella was carrying the three breakfast trays up the stairs. But Anastasia and Drizella were already yelling at her. "What are you doing? What a slowpoke you are!" they cried. "If you don't come at once," her stepmother threatened, "you'll have to iron my entire wardrobe!"

Poor Cinderella was used to complaints and threats. She heard them every day.

Miles away, at the royal palace, the King was doing some complaining of his own. "It's high time my son got married and settled down," he said to his Grand Duke. "I'm not getting any younger. I want to see my grandchildren before I go." He thought for a moment, then said, "The boy's coming home today, isn't he?"

When the Grand Duke nodded, the King continued, "Well, what could be more natural than a ball to welcome him? And if all the eligible maidens in the kingdom just happen to be there, why, he's bound to show interest in one of them, isn't he?"

must know is that I have been sent to tell you of the wondrous powers of your fish."

"My fish, but sir..." The girl's eyes filled with tears, and she could not go on.

The old man sighed and said, "Yes, my child, your fish is no longer alive, and I must tell you that your stepmother is once more the cause of your sorrow." Yeh-Shen gasped in horror, but the old man went on. "Let us not dwell on things that are past," he said, "for I have come bringing you a gift. Now you must listen carefully to this: The bones of your fish are filled with a powerful spirit. Whenever you are in serious need, you must kneel before them and let them know your heart's desire. But do not waste their gifts."

Yeh-Shen wanted to ask the old sage many more questions, but he rose to the sky before she could utter another word. With heavy heart, Yeh-Shen made her way to the dung heap to gather the remains of her friend.

Time went by, and Yeh-Shen, who was often left alone, took comfort in speaking to the bones of her fish. When she was hungry, which happened quite often, Yeh-Shen asked the bones for food. In this way, Yeh-Shen managed to live from day to day, but she lived in dread that her stepmother would discover her secret and take even that away from her.

So time passed and spring came. Festival time was approaching. It was the busiest time of the year. Such cooking and cleaning and sewing there was to be done! Yeh-Shen had hardly a moment's rest. At the spring festival young men and young women from the village hoped to meet and to choose whom they would marry. How Yeh-Shen longed to go! But her stepmother had other plans. She hoped to find a husband for her own daughter and did not want any man to see the beautiful Yeh-Shen first. When the holiday arrived, the stepmother and her daughter dressed themselves in their finery and filled their baskets with sweetmeats. "You must remain at home now, and watch to see that no one steals fruit from our trees," her stepmother told Yeh-Shen, and then she departed for the banquet with her own daughter.

As soon as she was alone, Yeh-Shen went to speak to the bones of her fish. "Oh, dear friend," she said, kneeling before the precious bones, "I long to go to the festival, but I cannot show myself in these rags. Is there somewhere I could borrow clothes fit to wear to the feast?: At once she found herself dressed in a gown of azure blue, with a cloak of kingfisher feathers draped around her shoulders. Best of all, on her tiny feet were the most beautiful slippers she had ever seen. They were woven of golden threads, in a pattern like the scales of a

So that very day, as Cinderella scrubbed the floor that Lucifer had purposely dirtied, there was a loud knock at the door. "Open in the name of the King!" called a royal messenger.

Cinderella went to the door. "An urgent message from His Imperial Majesty," the messenger announced as he handed her a sealed envelope. Then he left to deliver the rest of the envelopes just like it to all the other eligible maidens in the kingdom.

Cinderella's stepmother opened the envelope and read the invitation to the ball out loud. The two stepsisters could hardly contain their excitement. Each of them was so excited, in fact, that she could already imagine the prince falling in love with her and asking her to be his bride.

Cinderella listened with growing excitement. "Why, I can go, too!" she said.

"You dancing with the Prince?" Drizella shrieked with laughter.

"I can see it now," said Anastasia, imitating Cinderella. "I'd be honored, Your Highness. Would you hold my broom?" And she burst into cruel laughter.

"Well, why not?" said Cinderella. "The Royal Command says that every eligible maiden is to attend."

"So it does," said her stepmother. "I don't see why you can't go...if you get all your work done, and if you can find something suitable to wear." Cinderella rushed to the attic and found an old dress that had been her mother's. "It's a little old-fashioned," she said, holding the dress up to her, "but I'll fix that."

She opened a book of dress patterns and found one she liked. But as she started to plan just how she would alter the dress, her stepsisters and stepmother called her away. Cinderella sighed. "Oh, well, I guess my dress will just have to wait."

After she left, the mice took a look at the dress pattern she'd picked. "We can do it!" they said. "We can help our Cinderella!"

And with that, they transformed the old dress into a beautiful ball gown. The birds helped lift things to where the mice couldn't reach. Everyone pitched in, gathering material from all over the house and pinning and sewing it onto the dress. Gus and Jaq even managed to get a sash and some beads from Anastasia and Drizella. Lucifer saw them, but they escaped his sharp claws.

When Cinderella was at last finished with her chores and with helping Anastasia and Drizella, she looked out the window at the palace. It was too late to get ready for the ball, even if her evil stepmother would let her go. Sadly, she climbed the stairs to her room.

fish, and the glistening soles were made of solid gold. There was magic in the shoes, for they should have been quite heavy, but when Yeh-Shen walked, her feet felt as light as air.

"Be sure you do not lose your golden shoes," said the spirit of the bones. Yeh-Shen promised to be careful. Delighted with her transformation, she bid a fond farewell to the bones of her fish as she slipped off to join in the merrymaking.

That day Yeh-Shen turned many a head as she appeared at the feast. All around her people whispered, "Look at that beautiful girl! Who can she be?"

But above this, Stepsister was heard to say, "Mother, does she not resemble our Yeh-Shen?"

Upon hearing this, Yeh-Shen jumped up and ran off before her stepsister could look closely at her. She raced down the mountainside, and in doing so, she lost one of her golden slippers. No sooner had the shoe fallen from her foot than all her fine clothes turned back to rags. Only one thing remained—a tiny golden shoe. Yeh-Shen hurried to the bones of her fish and returned the slipper, promising to find its mate. But now the bones were silent. Sadly Yeh-Shen realized that she had lost her only friend. She hid the little shoe in her bedstraw, and went outside to cry. Leaning against a fruit tree, she sobbed and sobbed until she fell asleep.

The stepmother left the gathering to check on Yeh-Shen, but when she returned home she found the girl sound asleep, with her arms wrapped around a fruit tree. So thinking no more of her, the stepmother rejoined the party. Meantime, a villager had found the shoe. Recognizing its worth, he sold it to a merchant, who presented it in turn to the king of the island kingdom of To Han.

The king was more than happy to accept the slipper as a gift. He was entranced by the tiny thing, which was shaped of the most precious of metals, yet which made no sound when touched to stone. The more he marveled at its beauty, the more determined he became to find the woman to whom the shoe belonged. A search was begun among the ladies of his own kingdom, but all who tried on the sandal found it impossibly small. Undaunted, the king ordered the search widened to include the cave women from the countryside where the slipper had been found. Since he realized it would take many years for every woman to come to his island and test her foot in the slipper, the king thought of a way to get right woman to come forward. He ordered the sandal placed in a pavilion by the side of the road near where it had been found, and his herald announced that the shoe was to be returned to

Suddenly the mice yelled. "Surprise!"

Cinderella turned to see the pretty gown she would wear to the ball. "Why, I...I never dreamed...it's such a surprise!" she said. "Oh, thank you so much!"

Then she hurried to put on the gown and reach the coach before it left with her step family.

"Wait for me!" Cinderella called as she rushed down the steps. "Do you think it will do?" she asked, touching her gown.

"How very nice," said her stepmother. "Don't you think so, girls?"

Then Anastasia and Drizella noticed the sash and other things of their that the mice had used. "That's mine! Give it here!" they cried, and tore at Cinderella's dress. Soon the beautiful ball gown was nothing but rags. Cinderella's animal friends watched sadly as she sobbed in the garden. As they wondered what they could do to comfort her, they noticed a bright, sparkling light overhead. It grew larger and brighter, then dropped beside Cinderella—and turned into Cinderella's fairy godmother!

Cinderella looked up in wonder.

"Now dry those tears," her fairy godmother said. "You can't go to the ball looking like that."

"Oh, but I'm not going," Cinderella told her.

"Of course you are," said her fairy godmother. "But we'll have to hurry." She waved her hand in the air and a magic wand appeared. Cinderella and her mice friends could only stare.

"First, I'll need a pumpkin." With a wave of her wand, the fairy godmother made a pumpkin run over to where she was standing. Then it grew and its vines grew until it changed into a magical coach for Cinderella!

"Oh, it's beautiful!" said Cinderella.

"Isn't it?" asked her godmother. "Now with an elegant coach like that, we'll simply have to have...ah...mice!"

She waved her wand again, and Gus and Jaq and two of their friends turned into four white horses! Astonished, Cinderella watched her fairy godmother change Major the horse into the coach driver and Bruno the dog into the footman. Then she turned to Cinderella.

"And now for you. What a gown this will be!" With a smile, the fairy godmother changed Cinderella's torn dress into a beautiful ball gown, with glass slippers for her feet. Cinderella was ready to leave for the palace. Before she stepped into the coach, however, her fairy godmother said, "You must understand, my dear, that on the stroke of midnight, the spell will be broken and everything will be as it was. The coach will change back into a pumpkin, the horses

its original owner. Then from a nearby hiding place, the king and his men settled down to watch and wait for a woman with tiny feet to come and claim her slipper.

All that day the pavilion was crowded with cave women who had come to test a foot in the shoe. Yeh-Shen's stepmother and stepsister were among them, but not Yeh-Shen—they had told her to stay home. By day's end, although many women had eagerly tried to put on the slipper, it still had not been worn. Wearily, the king continued his vigil into the night.

It wasn't until the blackest part of night, while the moon hid behind a cloud, that Yeh-Shen dared to show her face at the pavilion, and even then she tiptoed timidly across the wide floor. Sinking down to her knees, the girl in rags examined the tiny shoe. Only when she was sure that this was the missing mate to her own golden slipper did she dare pick it up. At last she could return both little shoes to the fish bones. Surely then her beloved spirit would speak to her again.

Now the king's first thought, on seeing Yeh-Shen take the precious slipper, was to throw the girl into prison as a thief. But when she turned to leave, he caught a glimpse of her face. At once the king was struck by the sweet harmony of her features, which seemed so out of keeping with the rags he wore. It was then that he took a closer look and noticed that she walked upon the tiniest feet he had ever seen.

With a wave of his hand, the king signaled that this tattered creature was to be allowed to depart with the golden slipper. Quietly, the king's men slipped off and followed her home.

All this time, Yeh-Shen was unaware of the excitement she had caused. She had made her way home and was about to hide both sandals in her bedding when there was a pounding at the door. Yeh-Shen went to see who it was—and found a king at her doorstep. She was very frightened at first, but the king spoke to her in a kind voice and asked her to try the golden slippers on her feet. The maiden did as she was told, and as she stood in her golden shoes, her rags were transformed once more into the feathered cloak and beautiful azure gown.

Her loveliness made her seem a heavenly being, and the king suddenly knew in his heart that he had found his true love.

Not long after this, Yeh-Shen was married to the king. But fate was not so gentle with her stepmother and stepsister. Since they had been unkind to his beloved, the king would not permit Yeh-Shen to bring them to his palace. They remained in their cave home, where one day, it is said, they were crushed to death in a shower of flying stones.

will become mice again, and your gown will be rags."

"Oh, I understand," said Cinderella. "but it's more than I ever hoped for."

When Cinderella reached the palace, everyone wondered who would be arriving in such a beautiful coach. "It must be royalty," they murmured. Who could have guessed that it was Cinderella, who just that afternoon had been scrubbing muddy footprints off the floor?

The ball was just beginning as Cinderella ascended the gigantic staircase. "Oh, how happy I am!" she said to herself. The King and the Grand Duke watched from the balcony as the maidens of the kingdom were announced to the Prince. He didn't seem very interested in any of them, and even yawned.

As Anastasia and Drizella curtsied before the Prince, the King said, "Oh, I give up! It's useless!"

But then, as the Prince straightened up from bowing to the stepsisters, he saw Cinderella. He left her stepsisters behind and led her into the ballroom. The King commanded the band to play a waltz, and the Prince began dancing with Cinderella. Both had found true love. The King was overjoyed.

But Cinderella's stepsisters and stepmother were not. "Who is she?" they asked. No one in the crowd seemed to know. As her stepmother watched, she said, "There's something familiar about her..."

Cinderella and the Prince went out into the palace garden. They were about to kiss when the clock began to toll midnight.

"Oh, my goodness!" said Cinderella. "It's midnight!" She ran out of the palace before the Prince or the Grand Duke could stop her. As she rushed down the palace steps, she lost one of her glass slippers. The coach dashed away from the palace, racing against the tolling of the clock. Midnight came closer and closer.

When the clock stopped tolling, Cinderella was back in her ragged gown, and her fine horses were mice again. All that remained of her magical night was one sparkling glass slipper.

The King slept right through Cinderella's disappearance. Already he was dreaming that Cinderella had married his son, and that he was playing with his first grandson.

The following morning, Cinderella was so happy that her stepmother watched her suspiciously. Then the news came that the Grand Duke would visit every household to try to find the glass slipper's owner. Drizella and Anastasia piled Cinderella's arms high with her clothes. "Hurry with these! We have to get dressed!"

Cinderella nodded dreamily and handed the clothes back to Drizella. "Oh, yes, we must get

dressed." Suddenly her stepmother knew that Cinderella had been the one dancing with the Prince. She quietly followed Cinderella to her room and locked her in!

"Let me out!" Cinderella cried, but her stepmother put the key in her pocket and went downstairs. Jaq and Gus saw what happened and hurried after her. They pulled the key out of the stepmother's pocket and slid down her dress with it. Struggling up the stairs with their load, they tried to reach Cinderella before it was too late.

Meanwhile, the Grand Duke and his footman were trying to squeeze the tiny slipper onto Anastasia's big foot.

As Jaq and Gus made their way toward Cinderella's door, Drizella tried on the slipper. It didn't fit her, either, no matter how she tried to squeeze her big foot into it. Finally Jaq and Gus reached Cinderella's door and slid the key to her. As Cinderella ran down the steps, the Grand Duke said, "These are the only ladies of the household, I presume?"

"Please wait!" Cinderella called. "May I try it on?"

Her stepmother told the Grand Duke to ignore Cinderella, but he insisted on having her try the slipper. So her stepmother slyly tripped the footman. The glass slipper fell and smashed.

"Oh, no!" cried the Grand Duke. "This is terrible!"

"Perhaps if it would help..." Cinderella started to say.

"No. Nothing can help now," said the Grand Duke.

"But, you see, I have the other one," Cinderella said, holding up her glass slipper.

The Grand Duke quickly slipped it on her foot. It fit perfectly! He had found the Prince's true love!

Soon Cinderella and the Prince were married. The Grand Duke and the King watched the wedding happily.

Cinderella's mouse friends watched, too, dressed in their royal best.

And they all lived happily ever after.

DISNEY'S POCAHONTAS
Adopted from the film (1995)

The dock around the proud ship *Susan Constant* was buzzing with activity, for this was the day she and her hardy crew of settlers would sail on a dangerous expedition from London to the New World.

Three crew members—Lon, Ben, and Thomas—bid their families tearful farewells before boarding the ship. Another, John Smith, stood alone on deck, impatient for the ship to be on its way.

The last person to appear was John Ratcliffe, the ruthless and ambitious governor of the New World. In his polished leather boots he strode onto the boat. Close behind the haughty Ratcliffe was his enthusiastic and ever-cheerful manservant Wiggins, carrying Ratcliffe's snooty and spoiled pug dog Percy. Soon the *Susan Constant* had set sail and was on its way.

After many months at sea, the ship was caught in a terrible storm. One huge wave crashed over the deck, and John Smith's friend Thomas was unable to hold on. He was swept overboard like a tiny doll.

"Hang on, Thomas!" Smith called into the howling wind. And as the rest of the crew on deck watched, frozen in horror, the brave John Smith quickly secured a rope to his waist and jumped into the turbulent water. Moments later, he and Thomas were hauled to safety.

Hearing the commotion, Ratcliffe appeared on deck. "Don't lose heart, men!" he told them. "It won't be long before we reach the New World. And remember what awaits us there. Freedom! Prosperity! And nothing, not even a band of bloodthirsty Indians, shall stand in our way!" With that, Ratcliffe returned to his cabin.

"Just leave the Indians to me..." John Smith smiled.

"You think they'll give us much trouble?" Lon asked.

"Not as much trouble as Smith'll give them!" declared Ben.

Across the Atlantic, unaware that the *Susan Constant* was making her way toward them, a party of Indian warriors was returning home from battle. At the tribal village the learned medicine man Kekata, and the rest of the tribe greeted noble Powhatan, their leader, and Kocoum, their bravest young warrior. Powhatan anxiously scanned the welcoming throng for his beloved daughter.

As usual, Pocahontas was off on an adventure with her two mismatched sidekicks: Meeko, an inquisitive raccoon, and a protective hummingbird

INGRI AND EDGAR PARIN D'AULAIRE'S
POCAHONTAS (1946)

In the year 1607 the first Englishmen came sailing across the ocean to settle the part of the new world which they called Virginia after their virgin queen Elizabeth. They might all have perished if it had not been for the help they got from the Indian Princess Pocahontas. This is her story.

In the dark woods of Virginia, where dusky owls hooted over the treetops and prowling beasts howled at the moon, there lived a stern old Indian chief. His name was Powhatan, and he ruled over thirty tribes.

He had a little daughter who was the very apple of his eye. She was as sweet and pretty as he was ugly and cruel.

He gave her the finest feathers and the shiniest shells when he came home from the warpath, for he was so very fond of her.

"Oh, that little one is sweet, but full of pranks, and only wants to play," said the squaws. They worked from morning till night and their girls had to help them. But the mighty Powhatan's dearest daughter was allowed to skip and dance. He gave her the name Pocahontas, which means the one who plays mostly.

While the shadows were long and the woods around were black, Pocahontas slept snugly in her father's longhouse. But at the dawn of day she jumped from her bed mat, ran out the door and down to the bank of the river. Warm or cold, summer or winter, she took her morning bath every day, for that would make her healthy and strong. When the sun rose she stood on the bank and beamed toward the sun and sang a small song in its honor. Round and red the sun beamed back. With a splash she jumped into the water. After her swim she tied a deerskin around her waist and some beads around her neck.

Now Pocahontas could run and play with the boys. But the other girls must go home to help the squaws cook and garden.

Pocahontas ran and frolicked in woods and fair meadows. She grew strong and straight and supple as a cat, and could find her way in the deepest forest. There she gathered berries and herbs and brought them to her grandmother's hut. Grandmother was so old and frail that she sat in the smoke by her fire and shivered and froze. But there was no end to all that she knew! She made healing drinks and ointments from the berries and herbs that Pocahontas brought. She made pots of clay and mats of sweet-smelling grass. With sharp flint she cut clothes from deerskin. While she worked she talked and mumbled. She was full of stories and magic.

named Flit. Graceful and quick, the free-spirited young woman stood atop her favorite cliff beside the waterfall. As she gazed out over the breathtaking landscape, her best friend Nakoma called to her from a canoe below.

"Come down here, Pocahontas! Your father is back!"

Pocahontas leapt off the cliff to join her friend, with a startled Meeko and an unhappy Flit tumbling after her.

Pocahontas entered the pool at the base of the waterfall with barely a splash and disappeared under the canoe. With one playful shove, she overturned the boat, Nakoma and all. Laughing, the tow girls righted the canoe and climbed in.

"What are you doing up there?" Nakoma asked.

"Thinking about that dream again. I know it means something. I just don't know what," Pocahontas said.

"Maybe you should ask your father about it," Nakoma suggested.

"You're right," Pocahontas told her friend. "Let's go!"

As soon as she and Powhatan were reunited, Pocahontas told her father about her dream, which told her something exciting was about to happen. A smile crept across her father's face. "Something exciting is about to happen," he said. "Kocoum has asked to seek your hand in marriage."

Pocahontas couldn't believe her ears. Though Kocoum was a mighty warrior, he was too serious, and certainly not someone Pocahontas pictured herself married to.

"But Father," Pocahontas protested. "I think my dream is pointing me down another path."

In reply, Powhatan gave his daughter the necklace her mother had worn at their wedding many years before. As he placed it around her neck, he told her, "Even the wild mountain stream must someday join in big, steady river."

Later, Pocahontas told Meeko, "He wants me to be steady as the river, but to me, it's not steady at all. It's always moving and around each bend in the river is something new and exciting."

Deep in thought, Pocahontas went to a very special glade in the forest inhabited by Grandmother Willow, a magical and wise tree. The Indian maiden told her enchanted friend about her dream.

"I am running through the woods," began Pocahontas, "and then, right here in front of me, is an arrow. It spins faster and faster until suddenly, it stops! Then I wake up. What does it mean. Grandmother

She told Pocahontas about the Great Spirit the Indians worshiped, and about the other spirits that lived in the sun, in trees, in rocks, and even in animals. Some of the spirits were good. They watched over the Indians. Pocahontas must never forget to praise the good spirits. But there were other spirits that were mischievous and even very wicked. Gentle words might keep them from doing harm. Oh, it was much that Grandmother knew.

In all the world there was only one who knew still more about spirits and magic than Grandmother, thought Pocahontas. That was Powhatan's medicine man. He knew secret magic ways to find answers to every question.

Then one day white men came to Powhatan's land. Their like the Indians had never seen. On huge boats they were blown straight in from the great waters. From their boats roared the voice of thunder itself. At once they began to build a village in Powhatan's land. They chopped down his trees, they hunted his game, and acted as though they owned his land. They were not afraid of offending Powhatan even though he was so mighty that everyone trembled when he frowned.

They must be dangerous sorcerers, Powhatan's people thought. It wasn't only that they did not look like regular people with their pale faces and their hair like corn silk. But in their hands they carried magic sticks that spat fire which killed whatever it hit.

Yes, they were so dangerous and full of sorcery that even Powhatan did not go against them quickly with all his braves to chase them out of his land. His medicine man sat at his side and juggled and conjured to try to find out what kind of magic the palefaces practiced, but he could not make it out.

All that summer the Indians worried and wondered, and the children cried and went into hiding when anybody said "Paleface."

One day Pocahontas sat in the garden, playing with a doll she had made of a corncob. Suddenly she laughed right out loud! The palefaces looked just like her corncob doll. Then she was certain their magic could not be evil, for corn was the Indian's best friend.

When fall came the Indians captured one of the white leaders. He had ventured too far away from the white men's village and a band of Indian warriors caught him in a swamp. They dragged him through the woods to Powhatan's village, so the mighty chief himself could decide what should be done with him.

Powhatan called his medicine man and the medicine man called his helpers. They painted their faces in the most awesome manner with green and red

Willow?"

"Well, it seems to me this spinning arrow is pointing you down your path," the old tree replied.

"But what is my path? How am I ever going to find it?" continued Pocahontas.

"Your mother asked me the very same question. I told her to listen," Grandmother Willow went on. "All around you are spirits, child. They live in the earth, the water, the sky. If you listen, they will guide you."

Just then a breeze began to blow, picking up speed. Pocahontas climbed high into Grandmother Willow's branches, trying to hear what the wind might be telling her. As she looked out over the trees, she saw clouds billowing in the distance—strange white clouds.

Back aboard the *Susan Constant*, the crew was ready to land, and Ratcliffe gave John Smith special instructions. "I'm counting on you to make sure that any Indians we find won't disrupt our mission," Ratcliffe told him.

"Don't worry, sir," Smith replied, as he ruffled Percy's fur. "If they're anything like the ones I've fought before, it's nothing I can't handle."

As the ship eased into the shore, Pocahontas was climbing a rock face not far from the water's edge. Though she knew the forest and the waters of her home well, this was a sight she had never before seen. There, much closer now, were the strange "clouds" she had seen earlier—they were really the sails of the *Susan Constant* flapping in the breeze.

The settlers struggled to pull the ship in and drop the anchor, but one crew member was missing. John Smith was already on the shore, climbing a tall tree to get a better look at this magnificent land. As he climbed, he got closer to Pocahontas's hiding place on the cliff. Though Flit was worried about the stranger's approach, Meeko couldn't wait to meet him. Before Pocahontas could stop him, the mischievous little raccoon darted out into view.

"Well, you're a strange-looking fellow!" Smith said as he held a biscuit out to Meeko. As Meeko gobbled down the treat, he looked back triumphantly to where Pocahontas and Flit were hidden. Smith was just about to investigate when Flit burst out of the bushes, zipping to and fro to distract the stranger. Just then a bugle sounded from below, calling Smith back to the ship. Pocahontas remained undiscovered—at least for now.

Smith arrived just in time to watch Ratcliffe ceremoniously plant the British flag on the shore. Secretly, Ratcliffe didn't care much about King James and glory for his native England. What he did care

and black paint, and the medicine man adorned his head with stuffed snakes and weasels.

When the prisoner was brought into the village the children yelled. But Pocahontas was not the least bit afraid. She thought he was the handsomest man she had ever seen. His eyes were strange and blue as the sky, but she could see no evil in them.

She painted her face a glowing red and hurried into her ceremonial robe of white turkey feathers, so she could take her place beside her father when he judged the prisoner.

He was an English captain and his name was John Smith. He was the hardest and shrewdest of the white men who had come to Powhatan's land. In Powhatan's longhouse John Smith faced the chief bravely. With words and with signs he answered all questions outright. Powhatan looked pleased with what he heard. "My father will let him live," thought Pocahontas. But the medicine men were scowling as they danced and shouted and worked their magic.

At last they spoke to Powhatan, and said that the spirits had told them the white man's magic was evil, the prisoner must die. But as the medicine men made ready to kill John Smith, Pocahontas suddenly rushed forward. She took his head in her arms and laid her head upon his to save him from death.

The medicine men grumbled but Powhatan said the prisoner should live. For there was a custom among the Indians that a maiden could save a prisoner from death if she had taken a liking to him. Then he was her property.

So the English captain and the little Indian princess became fast friends. He whittled dolls and toys for her with his sharp knife of steel and showed her some of his things, which the Indians thought were magic.

In his big pocket he had many strange things. There was a little spirit that lived in a box. This spirit always pointed straight to the north. With it John Smith could never get lost in the thickest woods. It really was a compass, but to Pocahontas it was magic. He told about his country, England, far away on the other side of the sea, and about his chief, who was the King of England. This king was still mightier than Powhatan. His house of snow-white stone was as large as a whole Indian village. There, little princesses ran about clad in silk and silver and gold and played with pearls and diamonds.

Of more and more wondrous things he talked, until even Powhatan was so impressed that he called John Smith his son and said if he wanted he might return to the white men's village. So John Smith

about were the gold and other riches this new land had to offer. Just to make sure nothing would get in his way, Ratcliffe sent Smith out to scout the forest for Indians.

The Indian village council was in a heated discussion. A party of warriors had seen the pale settlers, and now Powhatan asked Kekata to reveal what their arrival meant. The medicine man threw a handful of powder into the fire. The smoke that rose from the flames first took the shape of armored warriors with weapons spouting fire and thunder. Then they changed into hungry wolves. Powhatan was cautious. "Take some men to the river to observe these white visitors. Let us hope they do not intend to stay," he told Kocoum.

As he scouted further in the forest, John Smith sensed that he was not alone. Thinking he had gone, Pocahontas crept down from her hiding place as Smith cautiously edged closer to a nearby waterfall. Unable to see the figure on the opposite side of the cascading water, Smith jumped through the falls with his gun aimed directly at her. The startled pair stared at each other for a long moment—and in that lingering moment, their two souls touched. Smith reached out his hand to the lovely young woman before him.

"No, wait, please. . ." he called as Pocahontas darted away.

Smith trailed Pocahontas back to the river. "It's all right, I'm not going to hurt you," he assured her as she climbed into her canoe. "I'm John Smith. What is your name?"

As Smith held out his hand, a light breeze swirled around them, and Pocahontas remembered what Grandmother Willow had told her—to listen with her heart to the voices all around her.

She allowed the pale stranger to help her out of the canoe, and when they touched, neither one wanted to let go.

Hidden in the bushes around the settlers' camp, Powhatan's warriors watched as the settlers dug up the land.

"We must find gold!" Ratcliffe ordered. He took one bite of a juicy drumstick and tossed it into the bushes. Percy saw the drumstick land near one of the Indians. His startled yelp sent the settlers scurrying for their guns. In the confrontation that followed, a brave warrior, Namontack, was shot in the leg.

The chief looked at the wounded Namontack and his anger grew. He instructed Kocoum to gather warriors from every village to fight the new enemy.

Powhatan stepped outside and addressed the villagers. "These white men are dangerous!" he said. "No one is to go near them!"

At the river, Pocahontas and John Smith

bade good-bye to his little Indian princess and said: "My priceless jewel, bring me your little basket and I will fill it with blue beads."

The other Indian girls all envied Pocahontas her beautiful beads. But to her nothing seemed much fun after her white friend had left. When she heard that John Smith and his people were sick and hungry in their village, she begged and prayed till her father let her go to them with food. She filled great baskets with corn and asked her playmates to help her carry them. Leading the procession through the woods, she trudged the long way to Jamestown, the white men's village.

The white men had not provided for winter and now they were sick and hungry. They wept and lamented and wanted to leave the dreary land to which they had come. For all that he tried, John Smith could not cheer them up. He thanked and praised Pocahontas when she came with all the corn, for when his men had eaten their fill they cheered up. Pocahontas was so happy to see John Smith again that she stood on her head and turned somersaults. Many times that winter Pocahontas came with food for the Jamestown settlers. Her father let her go, but he was not too pleased.

Powhatan liked it still less when John Smith and his men came sailing straight up the river to his village to buy corn. Gruffly he sold them a little, but he made them pay a very high price. When, soon afterward, they came sailing again in their ships, he flatly refused to see them. But John Smith sent a message to him that this time he did not come for corn but to bring rare gifts from the King of England himself.

For when King James of England had heard of the mighty Powhatan who ruled over thirty tribes, he said: "Why, he is a king and an emperor and my royal brother! Royal gifts must be taken to him, and a crown must be put upon his head."

So Powhatan received the English. They brought a huge bed into his longhouse.

"That is from your royal brother the King of England," they said. They carried in a shiny basin and pitcher. "These are from your royal brother the King of England," they said. They hung a purple cape over his shoulders. "This is from your royal brother the King of England," they said. Powhatan was mighty pleased, and gave them his shaggy coonskin robe as a present for their king.

But when they wanted Powhatan to kneel so they could put the crown upon his head he refused. For Powhatan had never stooped for anyone. Crowned he must be, for the King of England had ordered it. So they pushed and pulled till they made him bend just a little, and quickly they put the crown upon his head. This

talked, slowly getting to know each other. Meeko reached into Smith's pouch and snatched his compass, thinking it was a biscuit!

As they spoke, Pocahontas shared some of her people's ways with Smith. She showed him the Indian gestures for "hello" and then "good-bye."

"Let's stick with 'hello,'" Smith told her.

As Smith spoke of London, Pocahontas realized that these settlers meant to re-create their old world here among her people. "There is so much we can teach you," concluded Smith. "We've improved the lives of savages all over the world."

Pocahontas glared. "Savages?" John Smith fumbled for the right words. "Uh, not that you're a savage..."

"Just my people," said Pocahontas.

"Well, what I actually mean," Smith continued feebly, "is *uncivilized*..."

"What you mean is, not like *you*,"

Pocahontas said cool

Before he could protest, Pocahontas took Smith by the hand and led him through the forest. As they ran through the trees, Pocahontas showed him how all the parts of nature—animals, plants, the wind, the clouds, even people—are alive and connected to each other. Her words and the importance of what she showed him so touched his heart that Smith was changed. He could see the colors of the wind that Pocahontas saw, and feel what Pocahontas felt.

Drums echoing through the forest ended their magical time together. "Something's wrong at the village!" Pocahontas said as she ran for home before Smith could say another word.

Later on at the settlement, Ratcliffe was in a rage. Since his men had found no gold, he was sure the Indians had it all. All Smith could think about was Pocahontas.

While Ratcliffe fretted, the always-hungry Meeko sneaked into the tent to steal food from Percy's elaborate dinner place. Percy spotted him, and the two dashed out of the settlement past the palisade wall the men were building to protect them from the natives.

The Indian warriors were also erecting a palisade wall to protect their village from the settlers. Powhatan warned Pocahontas to stay inside the wall. Then he gazed fondly at his daughter and said, "When I see you wear that necklace, you look just like your mother."

"I wish she was here," Pocahontas answered.

"But she is still with us," replied her father.

"Whenever the wind moves through the trees, I feel her presence."

done, the English gave a sign to their ships on the river, and the ships answered with a thundering salute from all their guns. Powhatan jumped up in alarm, but English quickly assured him that the thunder was all in his honor.

After that Powhatan was in great good humor and had a feast prepared for the Englishmen. They were led out into a fair meadow and asked to sit down around a fire.

There they sat, toasting their toes, when suddenly they heard loud shouts and shrieks from the woods. Now it was the English who jumped up in alarm, but they sat down again quickly.

Out from the trees whirled Pocahontas, leading a band of young girls. The girls were painted in gleaming colors and each had a pair of antlers tied to her head. Leaping and yelling, they stormed up to the fire and danced an Indian dance around it. As suddenly as they had come, they ran back into the woods. There they took off their antlers and paint, and gently walked back to the meadow.

Now the Indians led the white men to the house where the food was prepared, and they made merry and feasted together. They ate corn and fish, turkey and venison and pumpkin and berries till far into the night. Next day they parted as friends.

By spring the Indians themselves had little food left and were hungry and cross. Then John Smith came sailing again for the third time. He threatened and thundered that his people must have corn, and he would not take no for an answer.

This made Powhatan so angry that he decided to make an end to John Smith and his men. But the cunning old chief hid his wrath and calmly told the Englishmen to spend the night in a house off in the woods. He planned to come with his braves and do away with them while they slept. But once more Pocahontas saved John Smith's life.

She did not want to take sides against her father, but she could not let him kill her white friend. She wept and wrung her hands and did not know what to do. But in the dark of the night she slipped silently through the woods and warned John Smith not to go to sleep. He wanted to reward her with pretty beads, but with tears in her eyes she refused.

John Smith and his men got away safely. But after that there were no more signs of friendship between the red men and the white men. They fought and took from each other whatever they could. Pocahontas was not allowed to go to Jamestown to see John Smith any more.

Later she heard that he was hurt when his

Later, as Pocahontas and Nakoma gathered corn nearby, John Smith emerged from the woods.

"Please don't say anything," Pocahontas begged Nakoma, as she took Smith's hand and disappeared into the forest.

Soon the two arrived at the enchanted glade. "To think we came all this way just to dig it up for gold," Smith said.

"What is gold?" Pocahontas told him the startling truth: *There was plenty of golden corn to eat, but no gold.*

Suddenly they heard a voice, and Grandmother Willow revealed herself in the bark of the old tree. Smith was startled.

"Hello, John Smith," Grandmother Willow said.

"Pocahontas, that tree is talking to me," said the shaken John Smith.

"Don't be frightened, young man," the old tree quipped. "My bark is worse than my bite."

Within minutes, Smith and Grandmother Willow were chatting like old friends; and Pocahontas knew that Grandmother Willow approved of her new friend.

Their conversation was interrupted by a voice. "Smith! Where are you, mate?" cried Ben as he and Lon came through the forest. Pocahontas and Smith ducked behind Grandmother Willow.

"This place gives me the creeps," said Lon. "Savages could be hiding anywhere."

They were about to spot Smith when Grandmother Willow gently raised up one of her roots and tripped Lon, sending the two Englishmen scurrying away in fear.

John Smith prepared to return to the camp. "Meet me tonight. Right here," said Smith.

"I'll be waiting," Pocahontas said, staring deeply into his eyes.

"I should just stay in the village and forget about him," Pocahontas said to Grandmother Willow. "But still, something inside is telling me it's the right thing."

"Perhaps it's your dream," Grandmother Willow suggested.

"My dream!" Pocahontas cried. "Do you think he's the one the spinning arrow was pointing to?"

Grandmother Willow smiled. "Maybe you've found your path, child." Pocahontas thought about these words as she made her way home.

"Pocahontas!" Kocoum said as he looked over the warriors assembled in the village. "Look at them! Now we have enough warriors to destroy those

gunpowder blew up. Dying or dead he had been carried aboard a ship that sailed for England.

A few years passed and Pocahontas grew to a beautiful maiden. She had many suitors, but she turned them all down and her father was not pleased with her. One day he sent her on an errand to a village far away. There she was the guest of the village chief and his wife. They were ugly and cruel people.

An English sea captain sailed his ship up to the village. When he saw Pocahontas there he thought: "I'll kidnap her and in exchange for her Powhatan will be sure to give us back all that he has taken from us." So he promised the village chief and his wife a shiny copper kettle if they would help him.

The wife made a fuss and pretended she would never be happy again if she could not go aboard the ship. But her husband would not take her unless Pocahontas went with her. Pocahontas did not want to go, but the wife carried on till Pocahontas came with her. Then the captain used sweet words and lured Pocahontas to the gun room, to show her where the thunder was made. While she was there the chief and his wife grabbed the copper kettle and hurriedly paddled off without her.

Pocahontas wept and begged to be put ashore. But to no avail. The sea captain pulled up his anchor, hoisted his sail, and took her away to Jamestown. Thus was the princess Pocahontas sold for a copper kettle.

In Jamestown her friends were kind to her and did what they could to cheer her up while they waited for her father to buy her free. But Powhatan fooled them. He would give back to the Englishmen only half of what they asked for his daughter.

Among her friends in Jamestown there was a young man whose name was John Rolfe. He grew so fond of her that he felt he could not live without her. While she sat there and wept and sorrowed that her father would not buy her back, John Rolfe came to her and said he would give her all that he had in the world and always be kind to her if she would marry him. Yes, maybe some day he would even take her to England.

She gave him her hand and vowed to marry him if her father said yes. That he did. So Pocahontas was christened and named Rebecca, for she must also have a Christian name.

Then they had the wedding in Jamestown and made merry and feasted for many days. Powhatan did not come to her wedding, for never would the mighty chief set foot in the white men's village. But many of her friends and relatives came. Both the Indians and the English were pleased with the wedding. They hoped

white demons!"

Horrified by his words, Pocahontas found Powhatan and begged him to talk to the settlers instead of fighting.

"They do not want to talk," answered her father.

"But if one of them did want to talk, you would listen to him, wouldn't you?" she asked.

"Of course," Powhatan answered impatiently. "But it's not that simple. Please stay here where it's safe. I must go and speak to the war council."

When Smith arrived at the settlement, Ratcliffe was waiting.

"Prepare the men for battle!" he ordered. "We are going to eliminate those savages once and for all. Then the gold will be ours for the taking!"

Smith tried to convince Ratcliffe that there was no gold. He even brought back an ear of corn, explaining that the Indians had food that would make a welcome change from biscuits and gruel, but Ratcliffe would hear none of it.

"Anyone who so much as looks at an Indian without killing him on sight will be tried for treason and hanged!" he declared.

That night, as Pocahontas crept through the village on her way to meet Smith, Nakoma surprised her at the palisade wall.

"Pocahontas!" cried Nakoma. "You can't go to him. He's one of them! You're turning your back on your own people."

"I'm trying to help my people," she said, as she slipped into the woods. But she could see that her friend did not understand. Nakoma was worried for Pocahontas's safety, so she told Kocoum where Pocahontas had gone.

While their people prepared for battle, Smith and Pocahontas arrived at the enchanted glade.

"Maybe it's not too late to stop this," said Pocahontas. "Come with me and talk to my father."

Suddenly Percy raced into the glade, still looking for Meeko. The two chased each other around the glade as Smith and Pocahontas tried to separate them.

"Once two sides want to fight, nothing can stop them," Smith said sadly.

Just then Grandmother Willow dipped one of her branches into the water. "Look, the ripples," she said to Smith. "So small at first, then look how they grow—but someone has to start them." Smith understood Grandmother Willow.

"All right. Let's go talk with your father," he said. Pocahontas threw her arms around him in

that with Powhatan's dearest daughter married to an Englishman there would be no more wars between the white and the red men in Powhatan's land.

When some time had passed Pocahontas had a little boy child. He was pinker than a white child and paler than an Indian child. The Indians said: "Oh, he will be darker when he grows up." The white people said: "Oh, he will be fairer when he grows up." but to Pocahontas he was the most beautiful child in the whole world.

It was told about in England that one of the Jamestown settlers had married an Indian princess. Everyone who heard about her wanted to see what she looked like. Soon it was decided that John Rolfe should take his family to England for a visit.

Oh, how happy Pocahontas was. Now she would see for herself the wondrous things that John Smith had told her about. Powhatan, too, was pleased, for he would like to find out how mighty England was and what kind of man his royal brother the King of England might be. He sent one of his most trusted braves with his daughter, for he thought that four eyes would see more than two.

So Pocahontas and her family and train of attendants sailed off across the great waters. They sailed for days and they sailed for weeks and they sailed for months. At last they came to an English port.

As soon as they landed Powhatan's trusted brave started to notch away on a stick he had brought with him. For Powhatan had given him a sheaf of sticks and told him to make a notch for every Englishman he saw so he would know how many men the King of England had.

The Indian notched and notched, but the faster he notched the more people popped up. It was the deuce how many men there were in England.

From the port they traveled on. At last they came to London itself. Pocahontas could hardly believe her own eyes, for across the huge river stood London Bridge, and on top of the bridge were built houses as high as the tallest trees in the forest at home. All of a sudden a span of the bridge swung open, and there, far up the river, lay the King's snow-white palace glistening in the sun. White swans swam on the river, and all around were wondrous gardens with beautiful flowers and strange fruits. Fine ladies and gentlemen, all dressed in shimmering silks, walked about.

So Pocahontas came into the turmoil of London town. There was a din of carriage wheels and horses' hoofs and the voices of thousands of people. Powhatan's brave glanced around. Then, with a grunt, he threw the sticks away. Powhatan would never

excitement, and the two shared a loving kiss.

At that moment Kocoum emerged from the forest. He pulled the couple apart and leapt at Smith. They wrestled for control of Kocoum's knife.

Suddenly, Thomas appeared out of the bushes to see Kocoum with his dagger poised above Smith's body. Thomas fired his musket, fatally wounding the brave warrior. As Kocoum fell, his hand caught on the necklace Pocahontas was to wear at their wedding, and it fell to the ground near his lifeless body.

"Thomas, get out of here!" yelled Smith as a party of warriors descended on them. Pocahontas watched in disbelief as Smith was dragged away, accused of being Kocoum's murderer.

Back at the village Powhatan condemned Smith to die at sunrise the next day. When Pocahontas protested, her father's words were harsh.

"Because of your foolishness, Kocoum is dead," he told her. "You have shamed your father!"

Smith was placed in a hut where he was to remain, alone, until morning. Nakoma and Pocahontas told the guards that Pocahontas wanted to look at the man who had killed Kocoum. "It would have been better had we never met," she said sadly. "Then none of this would have happened."

"I'd rather die tomorrow than live a hundred years without knowing you," protested Smith.

"I can't leave you," whispered Pocahontas.

"You never will," Smith replied. "No matter what happens, I'll always be with you. Forever."

Meanwhile, Thomas raced back to the settlement as fast as his legs could carry him. "The savages!" he screamed as he reached the clearing. "They've captured Smith!"

"You see!" said Ratcliffe. "Smith tried to befriend them and look what they've done to him. I say it's time to kill them all and rescue our courageous comrade!"

Pocahontas drifted into the enchanted glade, her head hung in sadness. Just then Meeko handed her John Smith's compass. As she took it, something amazing happened: its arrow was spinning and she knew it was the sign from her dream. "I have to go back," she said excitedly. Suddenly the arrow stopped. Pocahontas looked where it pointed and saw the morning light. "The sunrise! It's too late! What can I do?"

"Let the spirits of the earth guide you," urged Grandmother Willow.

The settlers armed and ready for war with the Indians, marched through the forest like an angry army. At the same time, the Indians moved in a fateful

believe there could be so many people in all the world as he saw there in London.

Much ado was made of Pocahontas. Great ladies opened their doors to her. They gave balls and banquets in her honor and took her to the theatre to see plays written by William Shakespeare. Artists painted her portrait. Poets wrote songs in her honor. Her name was on everyone's lips.

Then one day, whom should Pocahontas see but John Smith. There he stood among all the strangers, for the skillful doctors in England had healed his serious wounds. He bowed low before Pocahontas and called her Lady Rebecca. He had not forgotten his little Indian friend who had become so lovely a lady.

He wrote a letter to the Queen of England and told her all that Pocahontas had done for him and the other Jamestown settlers. Without her help many Englishmen would have died of hunger. And so the Queen of England herself invited the Princess Pocahontas to come to her palace.

The Queen showed her much honor and everybody admired the beautiful Virginia princess. Perhaps, if they had seen her running about in the woods, barefoot and dressed only in a skin, they would not have thought her so much of a princess.

And as for Pocahontas, when she bowed before the King and saw the skinny legs that could hardly carry the fat body of the King of England, she thought of her stately father. He needed neither a crown on his head nor a scepter in his hand to show that he was a ruler.

She held her head as high as though she had been born in a snow-white palace. She was proud of being her father's daughter and of having been born in a hut of bark in the midst of the deep, dark woods of Virginia. Pocahontas herself never returned to her home across the great water. But Powhatan's brave and the other Indians went back, and told such tall tales of the wonders of England, that nobody would believe them. And when Pocahontas's son was a grown man, he sailed to his mother's country. There he became the father of a great, big family, which lives on to this very day.

procession toward the execution site. They could not know that the settlers were nearing the cliff. It seemed that nothing could stop these enemies from a violent clash.

Atop the cliff, the warriors placed Smith's head on a large stone slab. Just as Powhatan raised his club to deliver the fatal blow, the settlers burst through the woods, ready to open fire.

Suddenly, Pocahontas appeared and threw herself over Smith. "No," she shouted. "If you kill him, you'll have to kill me too! Look around you. This is where the path of hatred has brought us!" As everyone stared in stunned silence, Pocahontas said, "You have the power to change that, Father."

The wind swirled, and Powhatan felt the spirit of Pocahontas's mother guiding him to hear with his heart and heed the wisdom of his daughter's words. "Pocahontas speaks with courage and understanding," she said. "From this day forward there will be no more killing. Let us be guided instead to a place of peace."

The Indian warriors put down their weapons uncertainly. "Now's our chance, men!" yelled Ratcliffe. "Fire!" But the settlers finally understood the governor's greed, and one by one they lowered their muskets. Ratcliffe desperately grabbed a gun and fired at Powhatan.

The brave John Smith threw himself in front of the chief and knocked Powhatan out of the way. But the bullet meant for the Indian caught Smith instead. The settlers were enraged. "Get him!" shouted Ben as he, Lon, and Thomas lunged at Ratcliffe. The governor was quickly put in chains and taken back to the ship.

John Smith lay on a stretcher as the *Susan Constant* prepared to set sail for England.

Pocahontas appeared at the edge of the clearing. Behind her were Powhatan, Nakoma, and the rest of the village, bearing blankets and corn for the settlers.

Thomas approached Pocahontas. "Going back is his only chance. He'll die if he stays here," he told her.

"Pocahontas knelt by Smith's side. "here," she said, handing him a small pouch. "It's from Grandmother Willow's bark. It will help with the pain."

Powhatan approached and placed his cloak over Smith's body. "You are always welcome among our people. Thank you, my brother," he said softly.

Just then Meeko, Flit, and Percy arrived. They carried with them her mother's necklace, which they lovingly placed around Pocahontas's neck.

Smith looked up at Pocahontas. "Come with

me?" he asked.

Pocahontas turned to her father.

"You must choose your own path," he said.

But as Pocahontas watched the Indians sharing baskets of food with the hungry settlers in the first signs of peace between them, she knew what her path must be.

"Pocahontas, the fighting stopped because of you. If you leave..." Nakoma begged.

Her tears told John Smith better than words ever could what Pocahontas had decided. She would stay and help forge a bond between her people and the settlers. "Then I'll stay with you," Smith whispered.

"No, you have to go back," Pocahontas answered. "No matter what happens, I will always be with you. Forever." Then Pocahontas leaned down and the two gently shared their last kiss.

Pocahontas watched as John Smith was placed into a dinghy and rowed away. Choking back the tears, Pocahontas placed her head on Powhatan's shoulder as he tried to comfort her.

Smith was lifted onto the ship, and the sails of the *Susan Constant* unfurled in the breeze. Pocahontas broke away from her father's embrace and disappeared into the forest.

Steadfast Pocahontas stood atop her favorite cliff, the wind swirling around her. She watched as that same wind carried the ship that bore John Smith down the river and out to the open sea.