

AN ISLAND OF CHERISHED THINGS



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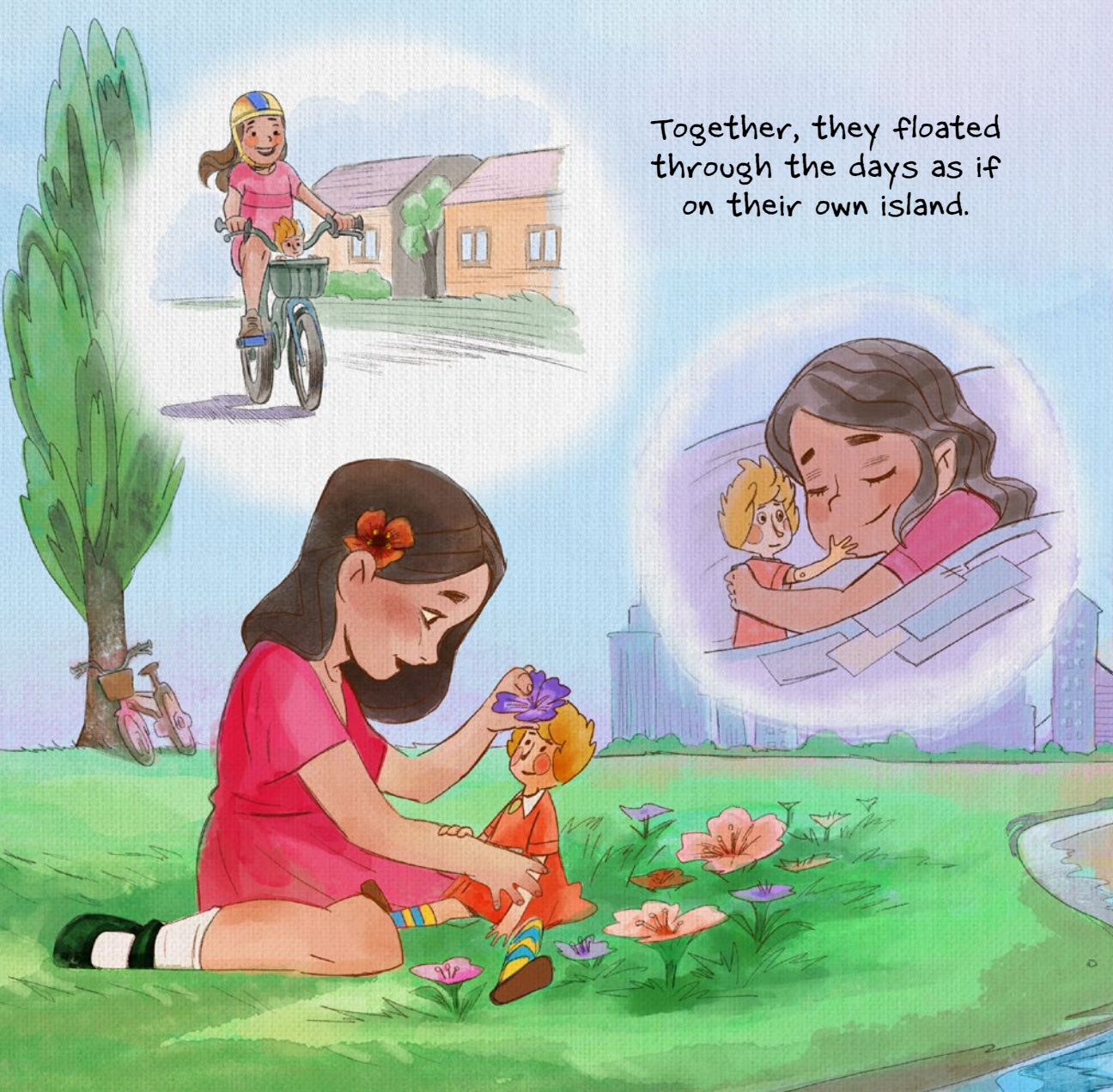




Kiira

was once someone's
favorite doll.

Together, they floated
through the days as if
on their own island.



But favorites are
sometimes misplaced...



cast aside or set adrift.



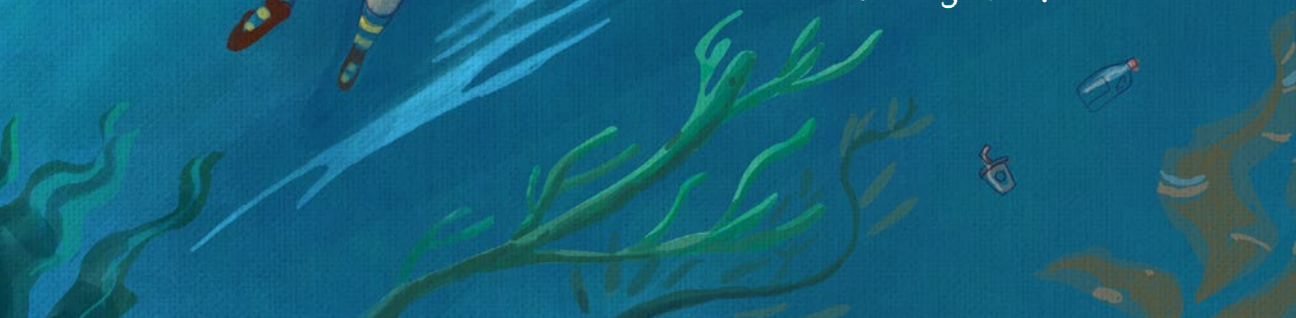
Favorites aren't forever.



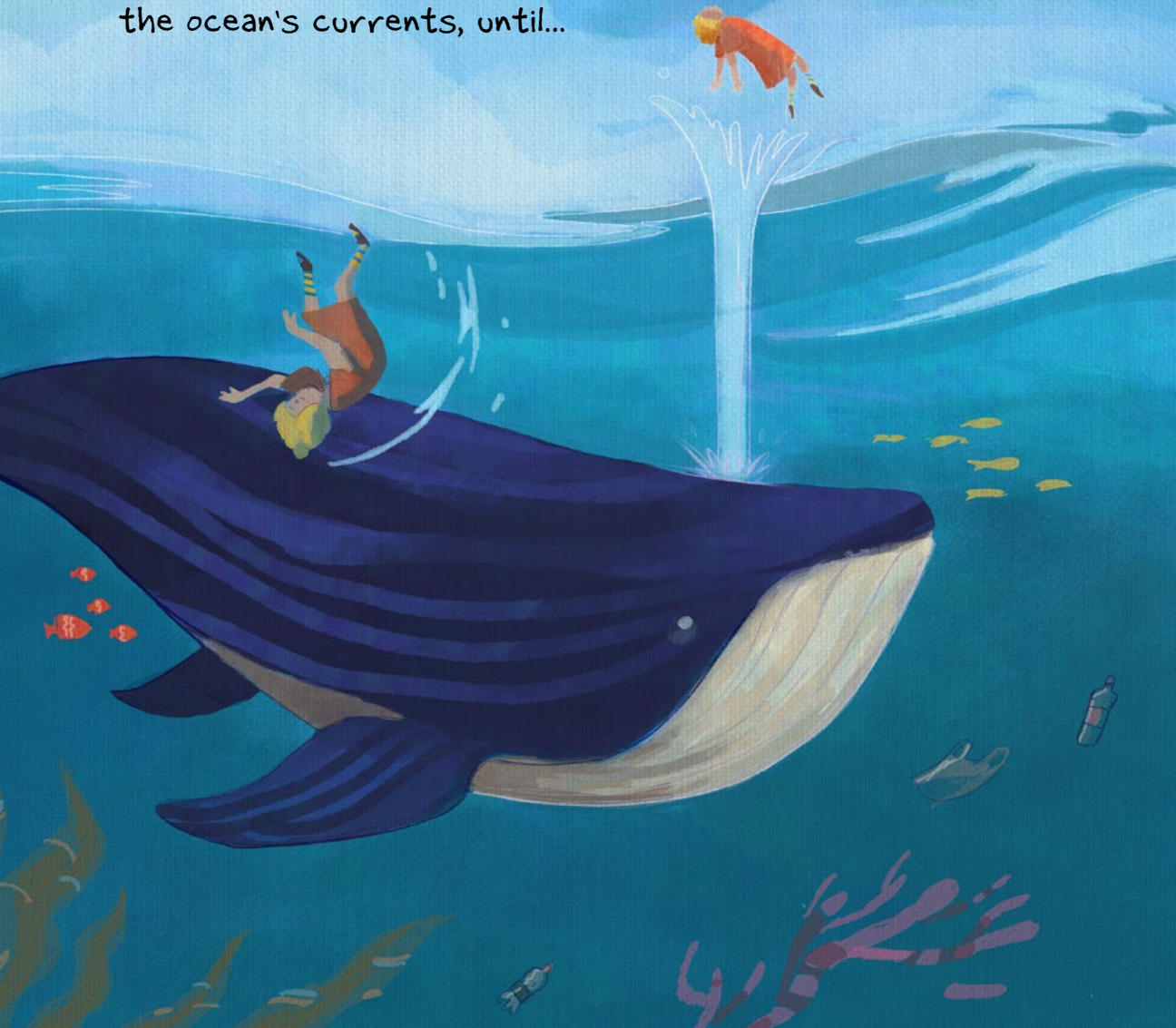
Kiira traveled far and away from the child she loved.



Where was the ocean
taking her?




For months, Kiira circled in the ocean's currents, until...





A seabird plucks up Kiira and
takes her to an island
forgotten by everyone.

A colorful illustration of a child with blonde hair and a red dress lying on a sandy beach. A large hand from the left holds a colorful bird. The child is looking up at the bird. The background shows a blue sea and a sky with birds. The child's cheeks are flushed, and a sparkle is visible near her heart.

On the silky sand of
the magical island,
a breeze circles her.

Her cheeks flush –
a sparkle dances in
her new tiny heart.
Does this mean she is
alive?

she hears footsteps
crunching towards her.
other toys are alive too?

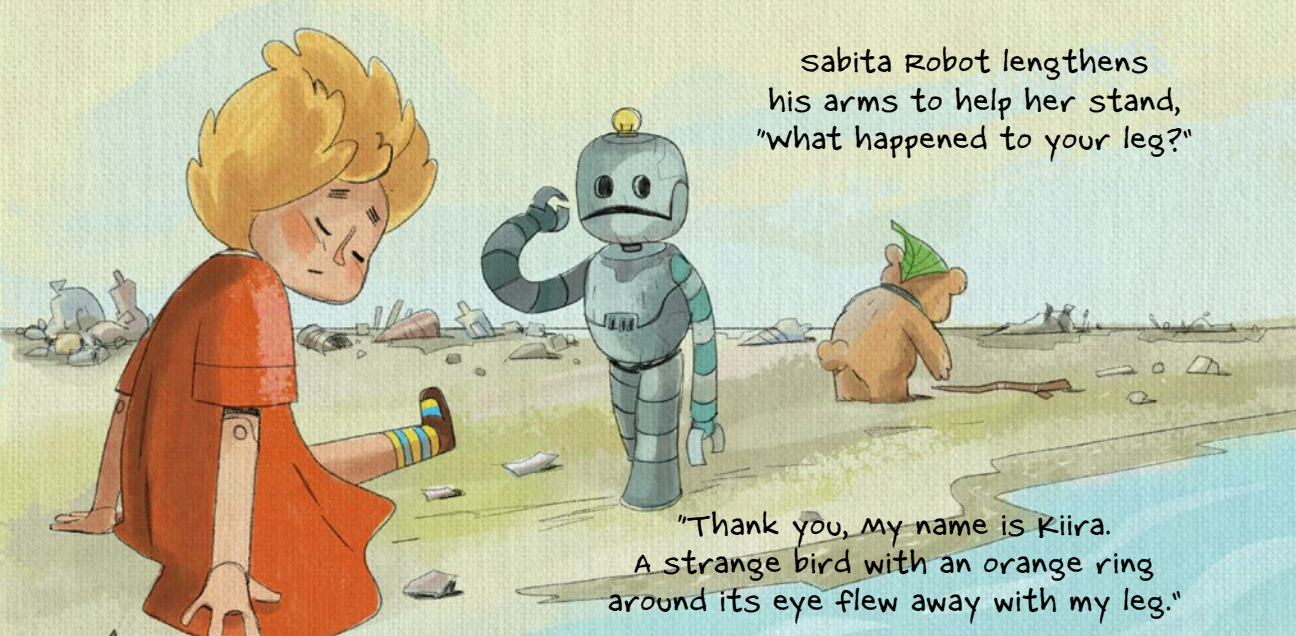


"oodles of welcomes
to you, fellow toy!"




"I am Gruz Gruz!
This is sabita Robot!"






sabita Robot lengthens
his arms to help her stand,
"what happened to your leg?"

"Thank you, my name is Kiira.
A strange bird with an orange ring
around its eye flew away with my leg."



"We will help you
find your leg!"



Gruz Gruz hands
Kiira a walking stick.

other toys, who were also brought to the island by the ocean currents, crowd to meet Kiira.



"Who are the Giants?"
Kiira asks.



"They never ever speak. No one knows what their silence means," replied the blue-haired toy.



Gruz Gruz tugs on Kiira, "Chop chop lollipop!
we gotta go. Our trek won't be a skip and a hop."



The milky way spills across the dark sky.
sabita robot's eyes light the path of earthy lumps and bumps.



Gruz Gruz points to the glowing top of a volcano where the starman, a bizarre and ancient toy, lives.



Up the steep, ashy clamber to the molten rim, the toys cling to each other. A sudden wind pushes down on the little toys. Together, they tromp steadfast along the cliff path.



Polar Lights twist around the full moon. Colors flicker off the chubby face of the starman. In a shushed voice, he tells them an ancient story.



"I fell from the deep ocean above.
Past glowing stars and curly clouds,
and like you, I fell under the spell of
the mo'ai, the giants."

"The mo'ai told me I was brought
to life by an ancient magic found
deep within the volcano that
created this island."



"The island is home to animals,
plants, the mo'ai, and now us.
Together we create a
delicate web of life."


"The spirits of the volcano are rumbling and angry. The island is being polluted by people who have never even been here."



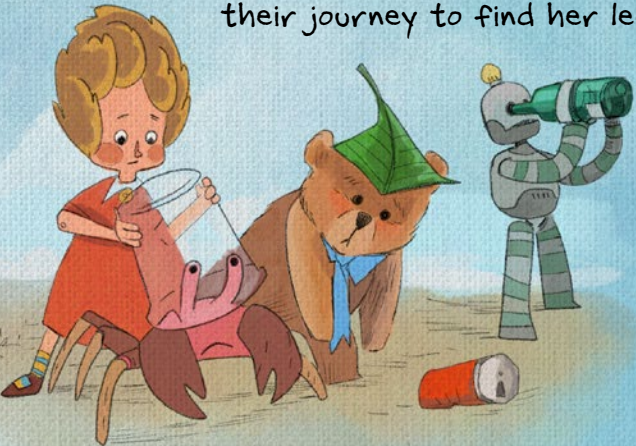
"I'm afraid the lava will burst with a fury and melt the island forever into the ocean."



"The Mo'ai were looking for brave friends to protect the island, but all they ever got was us stray toys."



The starman points, "Far across
the island, those noisy seabirds build their
nests made of scraps, junk and loot.
Your leg is sure to be there."




Kiira, Gruz Gruz and
Sabita Robot set out on
their journey to find her leg.

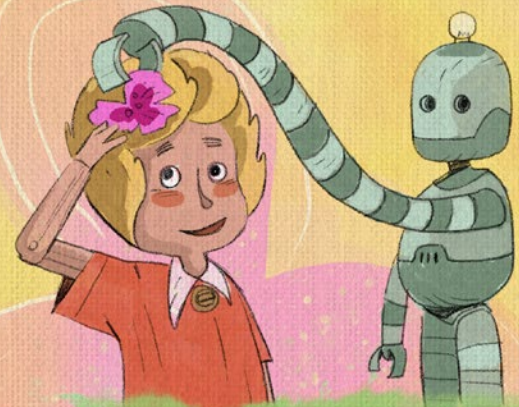


They find many animals of
the island tangled in trash.




A young girl with blonde hair, wearing a red dress and a gold medallion, sits on the ground in a field of vibrant pink and red flowers. She holds a long wooden stick and looks down with a sad expression. In the background, a small blue robot and a brown bear are visible among the flowers.

After months floating in the ocean's gyre, Kiira knows all too well how fearful it feels to be trapped and alone.

A close-up of Kiira's face as she looks thoughtful. She has a pink flower in her hair. A blue robot with a long, striped arm is behind her, touching her hair.

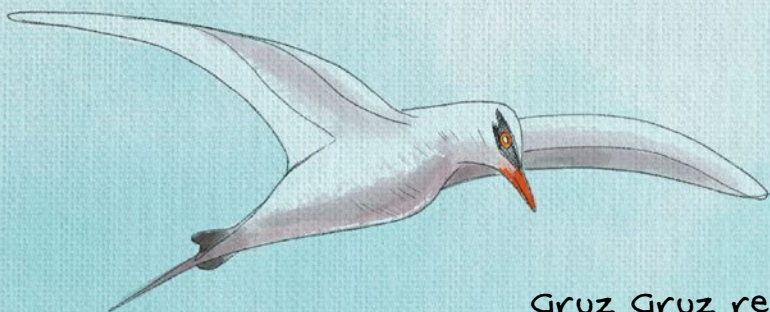
she wonders, "Will I ever again be anyone's favorite?"

Kiira stands in a field of flowers, holding a wooden stick and looking happy. She has a pink flower in her hair. A blue robot and a brown bear are in the background.

maybe they can be each other's favorites.

There's that seabird!
The chase is on!






Gruz Gruz reaches,
"Grab my fur!
I'll pull you over!"

The land crumbles
beneath Kiira's feet.





A young girl with a large, curly blonde wig and a red dress stands on a grassy hill. She has a wooden prosthetic arm on her right side and is holding a long wooden staff. She is looking up at a massive, brown stone Moai statue. The statue has a large, flat-topped head with a crown of dried grass. In the background, another Moai statue is visible, and a small black dog is sitting on the ground. The sky is blue with a few birds and a pinkish cloud.

There it is. Kiira's leg.
How will they ever get
to the top of the
gargantuan mo'ai?



WHIR-ZZZING!
Sabita robot hurls his arms
fifteen feet to the top of
the mo'ai's head. Kiira and
Gruz Gruz scramble up.



Kiira peers into the nest. Carefully, she grasps her long-lost leg.



suddenly, the seabird swoops in — but Kiira's grip is too strong for her leg to be taken again.



The seabird dives for Gruz Gruz instead.




Kiira tosses her leg
to the seabird to
save Gruz Gruz.




"stay away from
Gruz Gruz!"

The toys lose their
balance and fall
down - down - down.





BZZZT-OOSH!




The mo'ai merge their mystifying powers and release Kiira's leg from the seabird's bristly beak.




Kiira thanks the mo'ai.

The row of mo'ai slowly roll open their stone eyes and turn their gazes towards the toys. And finally smiles.



Hearts pump as Kiira leads the toys in a jubilant parade for the mo'ai.



"Thank you for taking care
of our island. We are a little
less lonely with you all here."

Delighted, the mo'ai invite the toys
to stay and become the keepers of
the island. The toys agree.

Together, they spend their days sharing stories, mending the island's beauty and building forever friendships.



The ocean continues
to bring toys to the enchanted
island. No one knows why.

maybe the ocean knows more than
people will ever know. maybe the
ocean knows that love is
never lost – that love can drift
until it finds its home.

