

For Mom, who teaches us everyday what strength looks like.

Hannah

First published in the United Kingdom in 2021 by Lantana Publishing Ltd.  
[www.lantanapublishing.com](http://www.lantanapublishing.com) | [info@lantanapublishing.com](mailto:info@lantanapublishing.com)

American edition published in 2021 by Lantana Publishing Ltd., UK.

Text © Hannah Carmona, 2021  
Illustration © Anna Cunha, 2021

The moral rights of the author and illustrator have been asserted.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

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

Distributed in the United States and Canada by Lerner Publishing Group, Inc.  
241 First Avenue North, Minneapolis, MN 55401 U.S.A.

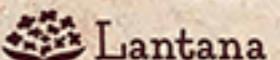
For reading levels and more information, look for this title at [www.lernerbooks.com](http://www.lernerbooks.com)  
Cataloging-in-Publication Data Available.

Printed and bound in China.  
Original artwork using mixed media, finished digitally.

Hardcover ISBN: 978-1-911373-63-6  
PDF eBook ISBN: 978-1-911373-69-8  
Trade ePub3 ISBN : 978-1-913747-60-2  
S&L ePub3 ISBN: 978-1-913747-47-3

# ANITA AND THE DRAGONS

HANNAH CARMONA  
ANNA CUNHA





"They aren't real dragons," my brother Juan reminds me.  
"They're just planes in the sky."

"Humph," I say. "Leave my palace at once. You servants  
can be such a nuisance."

"We don't live in a palace!" my older brother Tony retorts.

"Of course you don't! I, Princesa Anita, would never  
allow a toad like you inside my walls."

A woman with dark hair tied back is sitting on a beach, facing away from the camera. She is wearing a light-colored bikini. The background features large tropical leaves like monstera and palm fronds in shades of green, blue, and orange. Small yellow flowers are scattered throughout the scene.

I breathe in the sea salt-drenched air deeply. I send a silent message to my island. A message filled with mango-sweet kisses; black, stormy nights; glassy, blue waves; spicy, hot heat—and sandy, snug hugs. I will see you again.