The Winter King

Use you year group SC list to continue the story.

The Winter King strolled confidently through the river of ice. This was HIS domain. Here, it was always winter.

This used to be a place of happiness; beams of sunlight would streak down through the trees, pouring warmth onto the forest floor. Birds would sing happily from their nests, fish would swim in the warm waters of the stream and beautiful flowers would burst out of the soft earth. Now, all of that had disappeared, having retreated from this new age of cold.

Wherever he went, the cold followed him. Frost flowed from his fingertips, snow formed around his feet and his cold stare turned all life into statues of solid ice.

Summer was trapped under his spell. Would the world ever experience warmth again?