

The Frost Fairies

Once upon a time, the far north was home to King Winter and his children. It was so cold and icy there, you couldn't tell where the land stopped and the clouds began.

Silvercap was King Winter's youngest son and he loved playing with his sisters and brothers in the snow. They built snowmen together and skated around the icy lakes all day long. But when his brothers and sisters grew older and started to work, Silvercap felt lonely. He longed for something important to do, so when his father summoned him to his ice palace one day, Silvercap was excited.

King Winter was seated on his crystal throne and his expression was serious. Silvercap's brothers and sisters – Princess West Wind, Prince North Wind, Princess Ice and Prince Snow – were already there and they looked worried too.



“Son, I have summoned you here because your sister, West Wind, has reported that King Autumn is refusing to stop his work this year. We must join forces to get rid of him. It is now time for winter’s reign.”

The King gave instructions to each of his children. “Princess West Wind, fly to the fields and gardens, and nip off the heads of the late blooming flowers, send away the birds! Prince North Wind, blow on the trees and scatter the leaves – King Autumn’s fairies are still painting them, but the branches should be bare by now. Princess Ice, skate across the ponds and lakes until they look like glass. Prince Snow, fill your bags with flakes and sprinkle them everywhere, while the children are fast asleep.”

At last, King Winter turned to young Silvercap. “My son, you are now Prince Frost and you will rule over the Frost Fairies. They have rested long enough. Wake them and give them your instructions. Cover King Autumn’s fiery reds and golds with your frosty paint!”

“Thank you, Father,” said Silvercap.

He was pleased to have a proper job at last, but he was worried too. The Frost Fairies were a grumpy lot, who loved nothing better than spreading icy chills and making people shiver.

Silvercap had a kind heart and a playful spirit. He couldn’t bear the idea of children waking up to a world with no flowers or birds or colour. He didn’t want to give them frostbitten noses and toes, but he couldn’t disobey the king. →



Silvercap paced his chambers wondering what to do, and then he called a meeting with the Frost Fairies. They slouched in, looking bad-tempered, then moaned and sulked about being disturbed.

“Frost Fairies, I am your leader now and we have lots of good work to do.”

The Frost Fairies groaned. “Good!” they cried. “We don’t like being good.”

Silvercap ignored them and went on.

“Aren’t you tired of nipping noses and doing the same old thing every year? This year, let’s do something special.”

The Frost Fairies stopped grumbling and looked at Silvercap with interest.

“This year,” continued Silvercap, “We are going to enjoy ourselves more than ever before. My sisters and my brothers can drive away King Autumn, and they can bring the snow and ice that makes children happy, but why can’t frost be fun too?”



Some Frost Fairies nodded, and one said, “Yes, why can’t it be fun?”

“I say we get creative,” said Silvercap. “Let’s use our frosty paintbrushes to make the world shimmer and sparkle!”

The Frost Fairies smiled and cheered. “What are we waiting for?” they cried, and they dashed away to fill their chariots with pots of frosty paint.



When it was twilight, they set off with Silvercap leading the way. All night long they worked hard, but the Frost

Fairies enjoyed every moment of it. There wasn’t a grumpy face in sight.

Together, they strung the branches of every tree with frosty crystals, which sparkled like diamonds. They turned leaf skeletons into delicate white feathers. They dipped the tip of every twig, and draped every bush with lacy garlands. They even scattered frosty blossoms wherever they went.

“Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?” asked Silvercap. →



They all stepped back to admire their work and, for the first time, the Frost Fairies glowed with pride.

“This is much better than nipping little noses,” said one smiling fairy.

“Oh, we haven’t finished yet!” cried Silvercap. He led them to a large house. “Let’s decorate the windows so the children have something wonderful to see in the morning.”

The Frost Fairies set to work. They crept from house to house, painting every window with beautiful scenes. They painted snow palaces, unfurling ferns, silvery forests, and icy birds with fine-feathered wings.

Just as the sun began to rise, they finished their last pot of frosty paint. King Autumn’s colours were gone for another year. Happy with their work, Silvercap and his Frost Fairies climbed into their silver chariots and set off for home.

HIDDEN TREASURES

There are five fairy paintbrushes hiding on this page. Can you spot them all? **Colour in the frosty feather when you do.**



When the children woke and saw the frosty art on their windows, they cried out with joy. “Look at the icy palaces! See the silvery forests!”

They ran to the windows and saw the magical world outside, twinkling and gleaming in the winter sun and they couldn’t wait a second longer. They pulled on their coats and boots and rushed outside to play – just as Silvercap used to do with his brothers and sisters.

King Winter was so pleased with Silvercap’s work, he asked him to do the same all winter – and, instead of being famous for their grumpiness, the Frost Fairies became known as winter’s greatest artists. 🧚

