

Deep in a faraway forest, there once lived a lonely woodcutter called Kai. He spent his days carving beautiful statues for people to enjoy on Christmas Eve.



Every year he waited for someone to pass by his cottage. But no one ever came.



As Kai stared at his statues, he remembered a magical tale that his grandmother had often told him . . .



It was the story of a cursed Snow Prince whose heart was made of ice. He lived imprisoned and alone in a frozen palace. People said that every Christmas Eve the Snow Prince would break free from his wintry prison to rampage through the forest, turning those he met into statues of ice.

So, as a child, every Christmas Eve night, Kai and his grandmother would hide while the snow danced from the shimmering skies. But this year, he was alone. As he looked into the night, Kai wondered if his grandmother's stories were true. Could there really be anyone out there who felt as lonely and trapped as he felt?







Suddenly, the wind began to whisper and moan. The stars shivered and trembled in the night sky. Kai rushed inside, closed the curtains and hid. But the door flung open! A cold gust of wind whipped around the cottage.

And there, looming in front of Kai was the Snow Prince!  
He was dressed in sparkling white with a cloak made from a million tiny snowflakes. Kai shuddered as the Snow Prince took a step towards him . . .

