

# Jack Frost



Long ago, when the world was young, the spirits of the earth walked and played like excited, little children. The river spirits would splash and dive from waterfalls, causing waves and ripples wherever they went. The spirits of the forest would hide and run between the trees, bright flowers springing from their footsteps and the sweet smells of the forest blew from their mouths. The wind spirits would blow through the smallest gaps, chasing each other, knocking off hats and blowing kites into the air, dancing and diving. But perhaps the most famous spirit of all visited as the seasons changed and the days grew short. His name was Jack Frost.

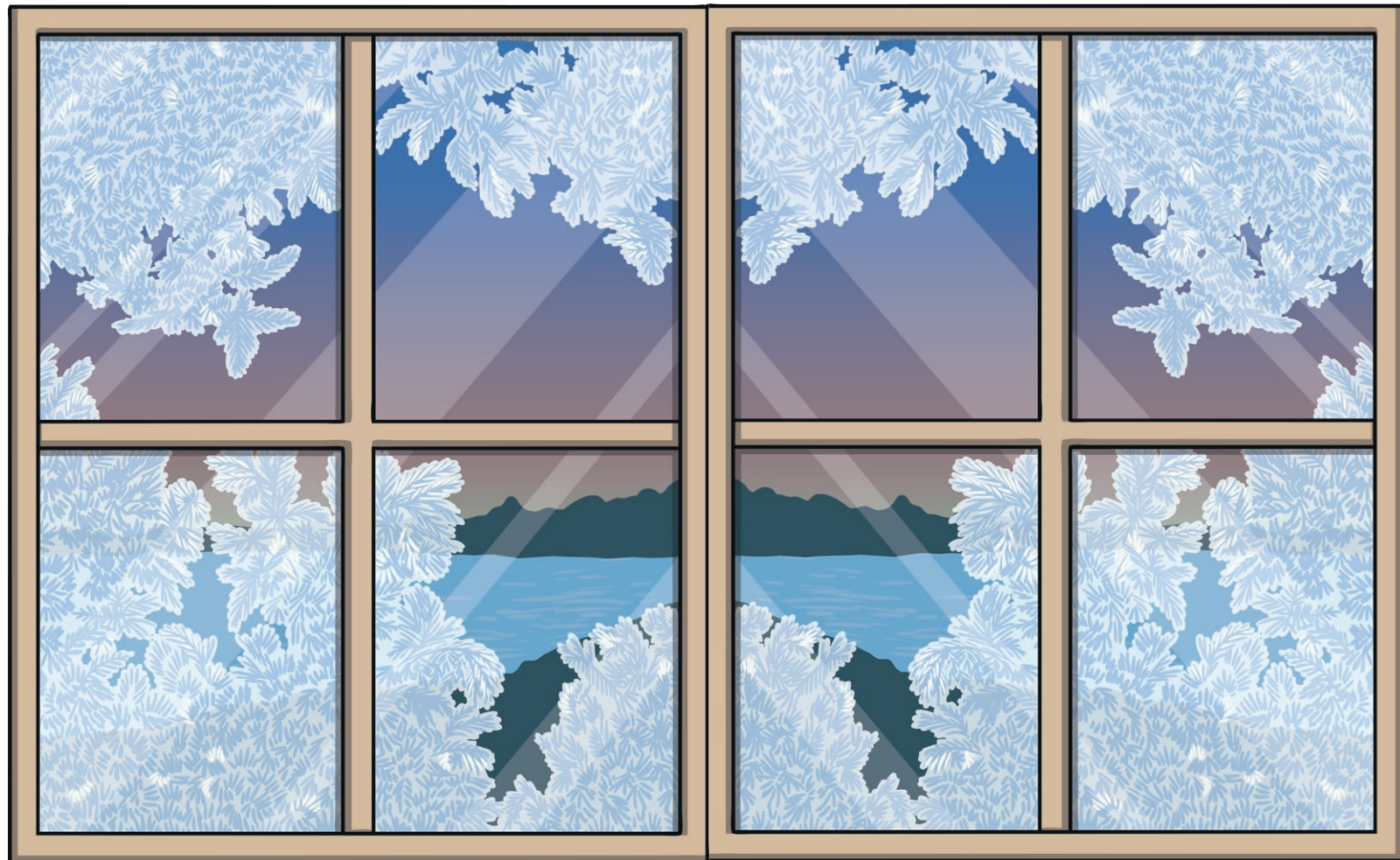


Jack Frost was famous for good reasons and bad. He just liked to have fun and it didn't matter to him whether this made others happy or not.

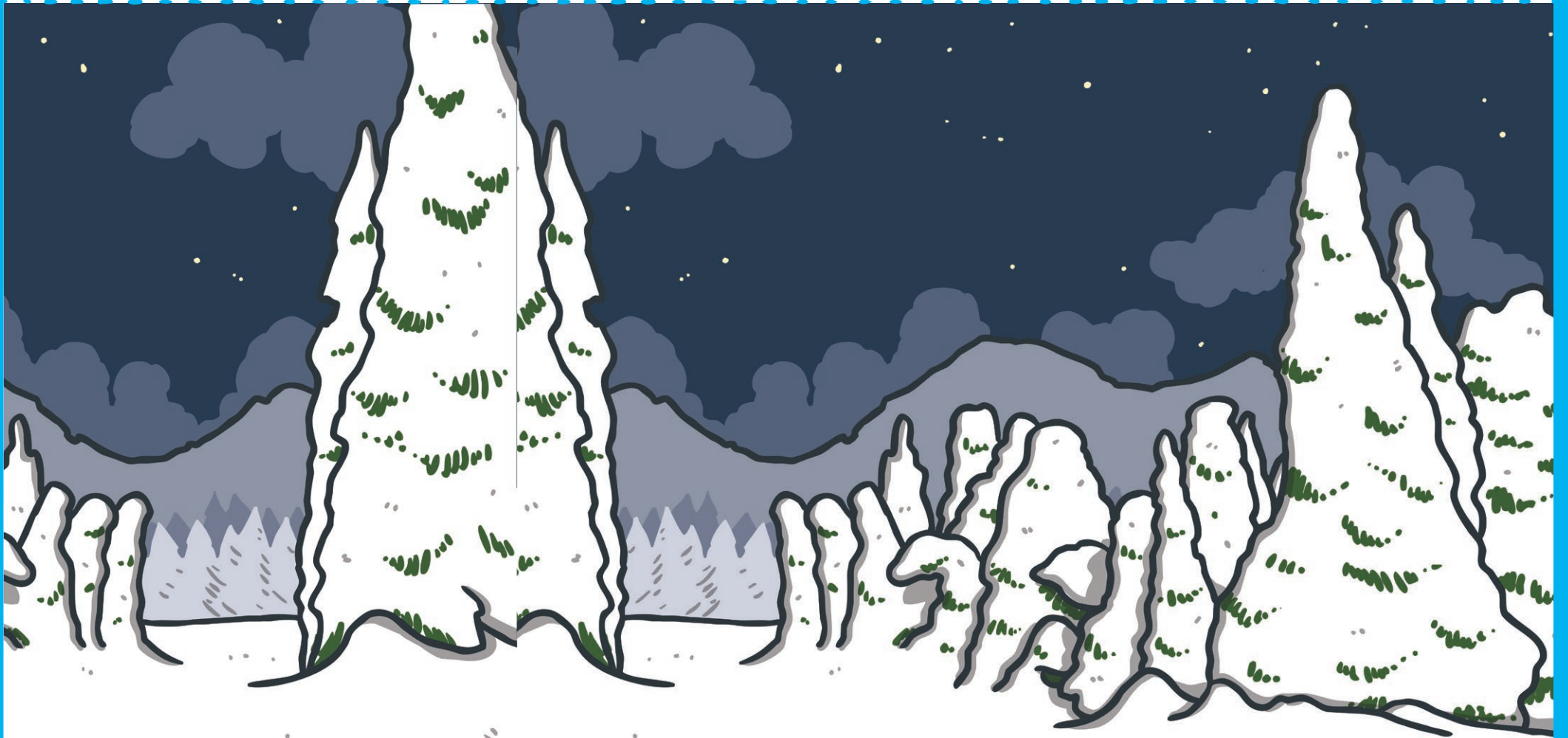




Jack Frost was the spirit of ice and snow, and wherever he went, winter would follow. His hands conjured the delicate frost that covers gardens in the morning. Grass blades cloaked in glistening crystals and spider webs heavy with pearls of ice. He left the most beautiful patterns on windows. Lines of thin frost criss-crossing and weaving to create exquisite pictures. He loved to see the dragon's breath as people walked in the winter land he had created.



But, as I said, he was both good and bad. He would also make shining sheets of black ice, ready to make those who stood on it trip, slide and fall. He would make snow storms so powerful that once they were over, the world was dressed in white silence, all memories hidden under a thick blanket of soft powder. How he laughed as animals and people alike wandered, lost in his blinding snowy creation.





Once, Jack decided he could not wait for winter to have his fun and he arrived in the heat of summer. How he cackled when those enjoying the beach in their shorts and sunglasses were left shivering as the sea froze and the heavy snowflakes stung their faces. Fountains became beautiful, fragile sculptures and drinks, meant to cool down the summer sun, froze solid in their glasses. No one was glad to see Jack Frost then and he soon ran away, followed by the angry shouts of trembling voices.



He ran away as far as he could, heading further and further south. He flew through the blistering heat of the deserts and down to the bottom of the world. Now, in this time so long ago, the bottom of the world was a bright green, beautiful forest, full of life. That is, until Jack Frost arrived. As he stayed, his coldness seeped into the ground, freezing the roots of the tall, forest giants. They grew colder and colder still until they could not grow anymore. Their leaves drifted to the ground and came to rest on the now frozen floor. Snow fell day and night, and over time, the animals deserted this icy wasteland and no new life blossomed. Jack Frost loved the ice world he had created and there he chose to stay.



He is still there now, at the South Pole. The winter never ends in that cold, lifeless place. But sometimes, he still visits the world. Next time, white, pure snow falls from the sky, or the fields and paths are painted in ice and frost, you will know that Jack Frost has visited.

