

FROST CRAFT

The History of the World



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Preface

In this book you will learn about the exciting and adventure filled history of Frostcraft. While the history of the world is much more extensive than what could fit into a single book, this text is intended to provide a general overview of FrostCraft history.

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The First Age

Snow and ice covered the land from nearly every direction. The ground itself was much too cold to build upon or sustain any kind of life. Wildlife did not roam the land. Trees did not blow gently in the wind. Those who survived this age were forced to take shelter in underground tunnels where scarce amounts of food and unfrozen water could still be found. This was an extremely harsh and unforgiving time. This was the beginning of the first age of FrostCraft.

The first citizens of the land learned to make tools out of the limited resources found underground. These tools were made of crude bits of stone harvested from stalactites and stalagmites. The tools were used to slowly expand small underground cave systems into what would eventually become expansive networks of homes, shops and even trade routes.

As society began to adapt to the subterranean environment, a new world beneath the surface began to emerge. In time, this brought a new level of comfort and stability. Advances in farming and the discovery of metalworking made the underground world much more habitable.

Caverns which were previously nothing but pools of darkness started to shine brightly with highly polished metals and gems. What were once dark branches of the cave system became humble neighborhoods. Doors made of iron reflected the bright lights which began to appear everywhere. Windows of beautiful ornate stained glass decorated the many homes and shops.

While the underground world flourished, the surface world remained a barren and frozen wasteland. That is, until a few brave souls started getting ideas into their heads about exploration. Was it the everlasting dimness of the caves, or just the boredom of living underground? Perhaps it was simply a result of advancing technologies in clothing and food preservation. Whatever the reason, it was the beginning of some of the most amazing stories that would ever be told.

At first, exploration was extremely slow. It would take months to prepare even the simplest expeditions. As time went on, explorers started to become more experienced and knowledgeable. They quickly learned the things that should never be done, and the places that should be avoided at all costs. Maps were drawn of the most

dangerous parts of the surface world. This sparked an entirely new market.

In a short time, maps, travel gear and all kinds of other equipment started being sold in shops everywhere. Scholars would spend days perfecting the smallest details in a map. Tailors would work tirelessly to make the warmest clothing. Opportunity was plentiful, and competition was fierce.

This lead shopkeepers to band together to protect their investments. Merchant guilds were formed which became deeply invested in research and development of adventure equipment. These advances made it easier than ever to set out and explore the surface world.

As exploration of the surface became more widespread, the shroud of mystery surrounding the world began to fade. As the mystery lessened, it was discovered that just about all land was exactly like the rest. To the north, east, south and west was frozen wasteland. Every mile explored was found to be cold and dangerous in slightly different ways. It was only a question of just how cold, and how dreadfully dangerous.

For many years, it was widely believed that nothing but frozen tundra existed throughout the surface world. Eventually, this reality started to wear away at the interest in adventuring. As a result, the demand for adventure equipment started to settle down. Shops which were once filled with the warmest clothing and shiney new adventure gear began closing their doors. It wasn't until the first great discovery that everything began to change.

The First Great Discovery

During one particularly distant expedition, one brave adventurer discovered a small patch of land to the east which had thousands of colorful plants covering the ground. This land was unlike anything anywhere else at the time. There were flowers and even animals roaming around. It was a wondrous place never thought possible.

No one knew how this land existed, nor what to make of it. It was more mysterious than the deepest, darkest parts of the underground world. What they did know though, was that it was more beautiful and amazing than anything they had ever seen.

It was the wondrous discovery of unfrozen land which led people to begin questioning the ways of the world. Previously, most folks had simply accepted that life was difficult on the surface world. Everyone assumed that things were the way they were, and that was that. The knowledge that places and things could be different was revolutionary. This knowledge sparked an explosion of knowledge seekers and adventurers showing setting out on their own journeys. Questions burned in the brightest

minds about how and why this land existed. This was the beginning of the golden age of exploration and adventure.

The Second Great Discovery

Armed with the knowledge that the world wasn't as it seemed, people began experimenting with all kinds of different ideas. Suddenly, everyone wanted to try to create new and wondrous things. Some of these things live on today, while others were lost in the ages. During this time there were many discoveries, but none were more important than what could only be described as magic.

As excavating tools improved, cave systems grew deeper than previously thought possible. It was one day while digging and expanding a section of the main cave network that one individual discovered a mysterious underground material embedded into the rocks. This material had a bright glow which lit up nearby cavern walls in a vague, but beautiful shimmering light.

At first, no one knew what to make of this mysterious material. As tunnels grew deeper, more and more of it was found. If this material had been discovered before the great age of exploration, it may have never become anything more than a new way to light up the cave walls. Fortunately, this great discovery was during a time of great

curiosity. Every bit of this magical substance was studied and experimented on vigorously.

After years of wild experiments involving both great losses and triumphs, many great and new uses were discovered for this wondrous material. As time progressed, entire schools of thought started growing around this magical material. Years of hard work and research went into discovering every property and possibility.

It took many years of experimentation, but eventually a tremendous discovery was made. This was a discovery that would literally change the world. By using this magic substance in just the right way, it was found that the very land of the world could be transformed. At first, the power was used for small things like moving rocks and helping out with farming. As time went on, knowledge was expanded into transforming every little detail in the land. From creating flowers, to manipulating the very temperature of the air; the possibilities seemed endless.

By combining all these small magical processes, it eventually became possible to unfreeze parts of the surface world. The frozen tundra which was once thought of as the foundation of reality, could actually be changed.

The very idea of transforming the land led to enormous debates amongst the brightest minds of magic. Many argued that the frozen land had become home, and that it was unnatural for it to be altered. Many others supported this argument, making the point that changing the land in such drastic ways could lead to dire and unforeseen consequences.

On the other side of the debates, it was being argued that the land could be terraformed into beautiful forests and meadows. Many believed it was not only a possibility, but an obligation. This debate raged on for years, with almost no end in sight.

The Catastrophic Event

As with many eventful things, it all started on a relatively quiet day. People wandered the underground streets, conducting business at the shops as usual. The clothing shops were filled with customers looking to brighten up their wardrobe. Meanwhile, a local blacksmith was hard at work repairing tools and equipment.

Magic was being studied and practiced at the various schools and research facilities. Shimmering sparks of many different colors could be seen in several of the building windows. A puff of smoke would sometimes emerge from one building and fly into the next. At times, these smoke clouds took on various shapes and colors. The smoke at one time or another would take on the shape of just about everything. Purple goats, blue sheep with four heads and rainbow colored trees were not a rare sight.

While the underground world went about its daily business, the debates over what to do about the overworld raged onward. It was on this day that the council had

decided to hold their final vote on if the world above would be forever changed. The debates and opinions were so evenly divided, no one could know for sure what the outcome of the vote would be.

A group of people could be seen gathering outside one of the council members' houses.

“Don’t let them do it!” one of the citizens shouted.

“But we must!” Another shouted back.

Several of the citizens pushed towards the house, attempting to get just a little closer as the shouting continued to intensify.

“We can’t survive down here forever!” Someone in the crowd yelled.

“Nonsense, you could say that about anywhere!” Another yelled.

Shortly after that, the crowd began to get restless. The gentle pushing quickly turned into shoving. The few shouts began to turn into a sea of sound coming from all

directions. The citizens in the crowd were extremely restless.

Meanwhile, inside the home footsteps could be heard amongst the shouting outside. A man paced throughout the living room. Back and forth, over and over again he paced. The time to vote was coming up soon, and a decision was to be made that could forever change the world.

Suddenly, shards of glass came flying into the home as a stone shot through one of the windows. The man stopped his pacing and looked towards the window. He let out a great sigh and opened the door to the restless crowd. The shouting was unbearably loud now.

The man stepped outside the door and waved his hand in the air in a swirling motion. Waves of distorted air began to circle around the house. The sea of sound coming from the crowd disappeared into the swirling waves and the house became silent. The man stepped forward and began to speak.

“Fellow citizens. Today we face a difficult decision. One that I do not take lightly.”

“Today we decide the fate of not only our world, but the world of our great grandchildren, and even the world of their great grandchildren.”

“Whatever the outcome of today, know that we will do our best as a people to overcome any obstacles and thrive in whatever world we decide upon.”

“Remember, we are citizens of the great underground city of Frostica, one of the greatest cities ever known to man.”

The man closed the door behind him and turned to the crowd once again.

“We must all understand that today will be a challenge no matter what is decided. There are strong opinions on both sides.”

“Regardless of how this plays out, there will be disappointment. What we cannot do is allow this disappointment to define us. We cannot let ourselves fight each other, we must all work together if this society is going to get anywhere.”

The man started walking down the path and into the crowd.

“As a society we have tamed the underground world and built things never thought possible. We have overcome great odds to even exist today. It is our responsibility to handle this matter with the same clear thinking and persistence that got this great society where it stands today.”

And with that, the man walked past the last few members of the crowd and continued down the path. Just before leaving entirely, the man turned back and spoke once more.

“And someone better fix my damn window!”

As the man began down the path, a noise could be heard from a distance. This time it wasn't the crowd.

Suddenly, the windows of the shops started to shake.

Rumble...

“What was that?” Several people in the underground streets shouted as the rumbling began to intensify.

Rumble, Rumble, CRASH...

Ornate lanterns and beautiful gemstone statues started crashing to the ground from the shop shelves. The shimmering street lamps began falling to the ground. Tools hanging on wooden beams in the blacksmith shop banged together like wind chimes. Large pieces of rock started falling from the ceiling.

Citizens came pouring out of their homes and shops. Running for their very lives.

“The sky is falling!” Someone shouted.

This was dreadfully true in a way. The underground caverns were collapsing.

Shortly, foundations of buildings began to crack and chip away. It wasn't long before the first house came crashing down into a pile of rubble.

The council man from earlier could be seen casting spells, attempting to hold the cavern together just a little longer for people to escape.

The man sighed again as he waved his hand in the air to move a giant piece of stone, “It’s just been one of those days...”

The Second Age

The underground world of wonderful beauty was no more. The loss was one that would be remembered throughout time. Many sons and daughters would need to grow up in the harsh new world without mothers and fathers. No one would be there to protect them, or show them the ways of the world. This was a time of great sadness.

The loss wasn't just isolated to human life. Thousands of years of ancient knowledge housed in the libraries and schools had also been lost. Knowledge from the ages, lost to the land. History books, ancient spells, years of research. Nearly all of it was gone. Just about every inch of the old world had been buried and destroyed during the collapse.

With the collapse of the previous world, no one was sure of the future. How would anyone survive? What would happen to society? Those who made it out of the caverns were only a handful of fortunate citizens. The majority were less than fortunate

With all of the unknowns, there was one thing that was certain in this new world. There would be no vote, the world must be transformed. It was now a matter of survival. With the collapse, there weren't even any caves to seek shelter in anymore. Changing the land was the only hope of survival left.

The few remaining bits of magic were gathered as people banded together to melt away bits of the frigid land. At first, small victories were celebrated as single blades of grass and flowers began to spring up. Chunks of ice were melted away from the land, revealing the petrified remains of trees.

There were many failed attempts to revive the petrified trees. Years of time and priceless magic was wasted on the effort. The land around could be unfrozen, but the trees could not be brought back to life. At a certain point, people began to doubt whether the trees were ever really alive to begin with. The task of bringing even a single one back to life seemed impossible.

The first tree didn't come from the rejuvenation of a petrified tree as everyone thought it would. Instead it was born from a single seed. This seed was found on top of a nearby mountain, buried deep within the ice. Like the

nearby trees, the seed itself also appeared to contain no life. That is, until one of the brighter minds of the time decided to run a few experiments on it with magic.

It was found that this seed reacted to magic in a very strange way. As it was exposed to magic, it began to shine with a faint shimmering light. When exposed to heat, the shimmering would fade again. When exposed to both magic and just the right amount of cold, the seed would shimmer brighter than ever. Shimmer was all it would do with the meager amount of magic that was still available.

After careful consideration, it was decided that the seed would be planted in an area of tundra that was believed to be sitting over one of the largest known underground deposits of magic. Lack of proper mining equipment meant that no one could make use of the buried magic. However, maybe somehow this magical seed could benefit from it.

So the seed was planted and given a generous amount of magic. After a few days, small glowing branches started sprouting out of the seed. No one knew just what to think of the seed, nor how it worked. Perhaps if so much knowledge of magic hadn't been lost in the

collapse, there would have been a better chance to understand.

After many months, the seed began to grow into a tall shimmering pine tree. People from all over came to see this wonderful structure of magic and nature. Even though the land around was surrounded by cold tundra, those who approached the tree felt a strange warmth.

Years went by, and the tree remained. Eventually all the visitors of the tree resulted in a settlement being built around it. The tree itself began to grow branches throughout the various houses and shops around the settlement. Since no one would think of doing harm to the great and wonderful tree, the branches were allowed to spread outward and into world.

Branches would spring up miles away from the settlement and into some of the warmer parts of the world. From these branches came new seeds. From these seeds came new and different types of trees. Entire forests sprang up throughout the world. A world of forests and beauty, all from a single tree.

Overall, this was a time of great peace and prosperity in the land. Much of the land was transformed into warm

forests and meadows. Once again, people began to spend time learning about the world around them. New magics and mining technology began to emerge in the world for the first time in many years.

The Third Age

The third age was marked by the unfortunate nature of humanity. It was easy for everyone to get along during the second age, as they all started with nothing. After the collapse, there was nothing worth stealing or fighting over. Everyone was working towards the common goal of survival. Tragedy and loss brought the world together, while the opposite tore it apart.

In the third age, the new found riches and resources of the land had made its mark on society. Magic had been used to transform the majority of the world into a paradise. Great forests sprawled across the land. Towns and cities grew richer by the day.

With the new found richness, came a new found problem. The council which had ruled over the first society was no more. For a time, no one saw a need for such a council. There was no one to enforce rules and fairness. But for a time, there wasn't a great need.

With all the plentiful riches of the land, the inevitable happened. Some worked harder than others, and some were more fortunate than others. With this brought a

divide in resources. Some had vastly more resources than others. Seeing no better way, some resorted to theft and violence to get what they wanted.

Without anyone to enforce rules, it was left up to individual towns and organizations to punish individuals who wouldn't follow the rules. This led to many different sets of rules and many different parts of the world. Each group had their own idea of what the rules governing the world should be.

This resulted in war amongst groups of people, which resulted in alliances of different factions. Eventually these alliances grew together and were known as kingdoms. Many kingdoms rose and fell during this time. Some of these kingdoms were so great and mighty that their names are still remembered today.

The great jungle kingdom of Emeralia was amongst the stronger kingdoms. It's riches derived from gemstone mines found under its great jungles. The first settlers of this land were once thought of as both incredibly brave and stupid for choosing the jungle. Cities of this kingdom were built within the canopy of the trees. This provided citizens with both protection from the dangers of the jungle

below, and an offensive advantage against any invading kingdom.

Another great kingdom known across the land during this era was the kingdom of Frostica. This kingdom was named after the once-great underground city of Frostica. Citizens of Frostica believed that the catastrophic event was no accident. They believed that what humans did to the beauty of the tundra was a terrible crime, brought forth by a desire for control over the world.

Perhaps one of the most interesting kingdoms arose out of the opposite opinion of the Frosticans. The kingdom of Chaos. Citizens of this kingdom believed that the land transformations stopped too early. They thought that warming of the land should have continued further. These citizens believed that the chaos brought forth from extreme heat was a beautiful representation of the natural chaotic state of the universe. This kingdom had transformed all nearby land into a chaotic wasteland of lava and fire.

On the more moderate side of things was the kingdom of the Flatlands. This kingdom had decided to settle in one of the richest and most prosperous regions of the world. This kingdom arose mostly from a need to

protect its resources. People of the flatlands were hard working, and didn't want to stand for outsiders trying to take what was theirs. This resulted in several of the towns joining together to form a kingdom to protect its citizens.

To the far east within a vast desert, the kingdom of the scorched arose as a great power. There was very little opposition to this kingdom, which was mostly what had allowed it to rise in power very quickly. This kingdom was left alone as the other kingdoms had little interest in gaining control of a desert. Life was difficult in the scorched kingdom, but at least it was mostly peaceful.

The Kingdom Wars

As the great kingdoms rose to power, the land began to feel smaller. Resources which were once plentiful, started to become scarce. What were vast stretches of untamed lands became farms and homes, claimed by one kingdom or another. With the land's resources running in short supply, it was only a matter of time until war broke out among the kingdoms.

There have been great debates over which kingdom started it all. Many point to the kingdom of Chaos as the catalyst to it all, but others say that they were merely a pawn being played in a much larger game. In the end, it didn't matter which had started it. In the end, they all lost.

The great kingdom wars raged on for many years, with nearly no end in sight. Magic was studied by each kingdom and used as a specialized weapon of war. Each of the kingdoms twisted magic in its own terrible ways.

The people of Emeralia learned to use the power of nature to entwine their enemies in a maze of branches

and thorns. It is said that they were the first to learn how to conjure arrows out of thin air. The archers of Emeralia were one of the most feared forces in the land. They combined both magic and chemistry to create some of the most wicked projectiles the world had ever known.

The people of Frostica learned to use the cold to their advantage. They learned to weave magic into ice and freeze their enemies from afar. Once frozen, they were able to summon icicles at their enemies at tremendous speed. They were known for riding into battle on polar bears, wielding razor sharp blades of ice.

The people of the Scorched kingdom tried their best to stay out of the battles. They learned to conjure vicious sandstorms to hide their cities. In the end, they were dragged into war with the rest of the kingdoms. They learned to twist both the sand and life itself to their will. They learned how to resurrect the dead into a state of partial life. The people of the Scorched brought undead armies onto the land to drive their enemies away.

The people of the Flatlands had mostly turned away from magic during the battles. Instead, they relied on the plentiful metals and resources their land provided. Their blacksmiths learned to craft some of the best weapons

and armor that had ever been made. It is said that even their horses wore armor into battle.

Perhaps the most fearsome were the people of the Chaos kingdom. It could be said that war was only a natural state for them. They learned to manipulate the very essence of heat and fire. In battle, they would hurl fireballs at their enemies, which would then explode on impact. The most powerful of their citizens learned how to summon creatures from fire itself.

Years went by, and the battles went on. There was no end in sight. No end that is, until one eventful day. This would be a day that would be remembered, as it nearly caused the end of the world as it is known today.

The kingdom of Frostica was busy planning its latest strategy. Deep within one of the castles, a general debated strategy with his officers.

“They’ll never fall for it, they..”, an officer began to say.

General Paul turned towards the officer and interrupted him.

“They most certainly will! Who do you really think we’re dealing with here?”

The general turned away and began to walk towards the large table in the center of the room.

Suddenly, a bell tower outside began to ring.

“Defend the town!” the general shouted.

“Get to it!”

The officers emptied from the room as the general climbed the stairs to the roof of the castle. Upon getting to the roof, he could see no enemy. The soldiers were running around below, searching for the threat. Suddenly, the general turned to the east and his jaw dropped when he saw it.

An officer climbed up the stairs and stopped in front of the general.

“What is it? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.” The officer said.

The officer then turned around and looked in the same direction as the general. The officers' faces turned a pale color, matching the generals.

Both of them stared for a second. "WATER! GET WATER!" the general shouted.

It was too late though, the blazing fire had started to overtake the great tree. The great tree that was responsible for every tree in the world, was engulfed in an inferno of flame. Bucket after bucket of water was poured onto the tree, but no amount of water seemed to help.

The flames raged on for what seemed like hours. First yellow, then red, and eventually shades of blue. The tree itself began to shrink as bits of colored smoke flew into the air. The flames traveled down the branches and into other parts of the town. Soon, the entire city was in a blaze of fire.

Eventually, the flames burned their way through the town and began to waver just enough for the townspeople to gain control. A nearly endless amount of water buckets were brought in from the nearby lake. Bucket after bucket, until the flames were finally tamed.

The amount of magic unleashed during the burning of the Great Tree was that of legend. It was said that a dragon was even seen destroying what remained of Frostica. Where it came from, or whether it was even really there is something that is still argued about to this day. All that was left of the city were a few structures and a burnt outline of what was once the Great Tree.

The Dark Ages

What came next would be considered an age of its own. However, not much was written about it. This time was only known as the Dark Ages of Frostcraft. There are very few stories or written works of this time, so there isn't much that can be said.

What is known is that after the great tree was burnt, the world began to change. Trees everywhere began to shrivel up. Lakes began to freeze over. Large areas of land began to revert to frozen tundra once more. The wars of the kingdoms faded into nothing but moments of history. The kingdoms themselves collapsed into ruin.

Each kingdom blamed the others for what had happened. In the end, the citizens of the kingdoms had simply lost faith. As the kingdoms fell, the land descended into chaos. The roads became unsafe, and travel anywhere became unwise. For a very long time, this was the state of the world.

It is unknown just how long this period of time lasted. What is known though, is what had ended it. A group of

scholars roaming the land had determined to make it their mission to put an end to the chaos. After tracing the decline of civilization back to the burning of the great tree, they knew what must be done.

They traveled through the tundra to the remains of the burnt tree and set up a small camp nearby. With what magic they had, they created a magical barrier around the area, protecting it from nearby bandits. As word began to spread, they were able to convince others to join the camp. At first only people from nearby areas joined the camp. Over time, the few became many.

As more and more joined, word spread and more wanted to join. The camp began to grow and quickly became known as a safe haven. Time went on and more powerful magic was added to the barrier. Eventually, a watch tower was constructed to watch over the growing camp and defend against the dangers of the land.

The protective barrier expanded and before long the camp became a thriving town. It was at this time that the original scholars decided to announce their true intentions. A meeting was called in the town square and one of the scholars stepped forward.

“Fellow citizens, what brings you to this place?” The man shouted.

“You called us here!” a girl shouted back.

The man turned towards the girl and spoke again.

“Indeed” he said.

“But what brings you to this place?” He repeated.

The crowd looked at each other and mumbled for a few moments. The man then smiled and spoke again.

“Let me tell you a story....” the man said.

“Countless years ago, this was the home to one of the most powerful kingdoms in the land. The Kingdom of Frostica. This kingdom had been named after one of the most powerful cities of a very ancient world.”

“Somewhere along the road, people made a wrong decision and destroyed the original meaning of Frostica. It was meant to be a place for all to come and work together. The kingdoms seemed to have messed that up though.

The kingdoms completely missed the point of working together and nearly destroyed everything in the process.”

The man stood there for a moment, and then began to speak again.

“I feel that it's finally time to repair some of the damage that was done. You came here because this place offered protection from the difficult realities of the world. We would like to extend that protection to as much of this harsh world as possible.”

“Long ago, a great and magical tree stood tall over the land.”

The man pointed to the tall frozen pile of petrified ashes in the distance.

“This tree was once a beacon of progress and hope around the world. With your help, I believe we can make that true once again.”

The man took a deep breath of frigid air and began speaking one last time.

“I'm going to need the help of each and every one of you. I need you to travel the land and bring others to this place. We need to make this the greatest city the world has ever seen. If we are to have any chance of reviving the great tree, we first need to revive the greatness within our society.”

With that, the man began to walk away from a cheering crowd.

The Great Tree

Time marched onward and people from all over the world began to gather in the revived city of Frostica. The magical barrier protecting the surrounding land became stronger than ever. Magic was once again being studied with great curiosity. The newly built academy allowed students from all over the world to practice magic in a safe environment.

The man once again called a meeting in the city square. This time, thousands of people attended.

The man stood in the center of the crowd and began to speak.

“The time has come. We have prepared for this moment for many years. A vast amount of time has been spent studying the magic of the tree. We believe that the tree drew its power from large underground veins of magic. When it was burned down, its roots lost their connection with the magic underground. I believe we finally have both the knowledge and resources to bring the tree to life once again.”

The crowd cheered from all directions as the man once again walked away.

The next morning, a group of people stood in a large circle around the burnt remains of the tree. These were people who devoted their life to studying every aspect of magic. They had been preparing for this moment for years.

Others from all over the world traveled to the city and donated what magic they could to the cause. Some donated small magic trinkets, while others brought stockpiles of raw magic. New and wonderful magic items from all over the world came into the city. All of it was in the hope that in some way, it would help in the cause. These items were all gathered and placed at the foot of the great tree's ashes.

The people around the tree began to wave their hands in the air and chant in an ancient language. First, the chanting was soft, and very slow. The items at the foot of the tree's ashes began to glow as the chanting continued. As the chanting grew louder and faster, magic started pouring through the air nearby.

Eventually, sparks of magic shot from the air onto the pile of ashes. As the sparks intensified, water started

pooling around the base of the tree. The layer of ice over the ashes was beginning to melt away.

In the distance, another group began to cast a spell onto the pooled water. Suddenly, the water began to evaporate into clouds. The clouds then began to merge into the magic sparks shooting through the air. Before long, shimmering blue snowflakes start falling from the clouds.

All at once, thousands of people throughout the city joined in the chanting. Faster and faster the snow swirled around the tree. The swirling snowflakes turned into a blizzard that blanketed the entire city. The pile of dark ashes began to glow a pale blue color.

The chanting continued, louder and louder. As the pile of ashes started to glow more intensely, the blizzard began to expand even further. As the blizzard expanded into nearby towns, those from the towns began chanting the magic spell.

Onward the chanting continued. Brighter the ashes shimmered. Soon, the blizzard covered the entire continent. Cracks began to appear within the ashes.

Within the cracks, a bright green glow shimmered through. Tiny green pine needles started sprouting from the cracks.

It is said that at a certain point, the blizzard covered the entire world. As people from across the world started joining in, the ashes around the tree began to fall away. Bright green pine needles began to shine through. People all around the city began to feel the strange warmth of the great tree.

As the chanting slowed, the blizzard started clearing away. Amongst the snow, the tree stood tall and bright. All across the land, life started to become revitalized. Forests sprang to life. Lakes that had been frozen for years began to melt away. Rivers began to flow through the valleys again.

The entire city celebrated the revival of the tree with a great festival. This festival became known as the Frostcraft Festival. It was a celebration of not only the tree's revival, but of the end of the dark ages. It was the celebration of a new future for the world.