The faint sound of singing wafts on the slight breeze from within the trees. The sound is so beautiful to the children that they cannot help but follow it. They step carefully through the woods, coming closer to the source of the song all the while. Soon, they see a circle of trees with a thousand fairies placing little lights delicately on each branch. They crouch down, so as not to be seen, until one little fairy...

Before them they see a large snowy hill. As they begin to walk over it, they hear a deep rumbling and the hill begins to move. Uh on. It's not a hill at all, is it?...

Out of the snow come little elves, dressed all in red, cups of warm sweetness in hand. Fairies fly down with crowns that they place gently upon the children's heads. A path appears in the snow leading up the hill to a magnificent throne. It's empty, but as the children watch, lights appear and begin swirling around...

As the children continue up the seemingly never ending hill the terrain begins to change. The trees look a little bit different here and the ice is beginning to take shape. Why, the ice almost looks like...

The tracks begin to lead up a hill, growing ever steeper. The children notice more curious tracks going the same direction as the first ones. The only thing to do is to follow them until this mystery is solved think both the children...

The path comes to a frozen pond. Seeing the tracks going around the shore, they begin to follow them when a movement on the ice catches their eye. The children look on in wonder as...