

# CHAPTER 1



## QUEEN ELSA AND PRINCESS ANNA

raced around their bedrooms anxiously getting ready . . . and trying their best not to look at the time. Their good friend Kristoff had invited them on an adventure, but he had kept the details a secret. Whenever they asked questions about where they were going, he would cheerfully say, “A true adventure is

full of surprises, and this is going to be a true adventure.”

All day long, the sisters had busied themselves with little tasks around the castle, trying to keep their eyes off that seemingly lazy clock. They’d been told to meet Kristoff in the courtyard at three, and now that it was finally after two, they felt as if they might burst.

Anna knocked on Elsa’s bedroom door. “Two-fifteen!” she called.

Elsa popped out of her room and grinned. “I know,” she said.

They ran downstairs to the foyer, nearly bumping into Gerda and Kai, longtime castle servants and family friends. “Oops, sorry!”

said Anna. “We’re just a little excited.”

Gerda and Kai smiled at the sisters. They hadn’t seen them behave this way in quite some time. “Yes, we can see that,” said Gerda. “Why don’t you sit down and relax for a bit?”

Kai agreed. “You do still have a little time before you have to meet Kristoff. Would you like some tea?”

There was no way they could have a cup of tea—they were way too excited! “No thanks,” said Elsa. “But sitting down for a few minutes does sound like a good idea.”

The sisters sat beside each other in the foyer and immediately began talking about the few things Kristoff *had* told them.

“He said we didn’t have to bring anything,”

Anna said slowly, as if trying to decode his words. “Do you think we’re going to harvest ice?”

“I don’t think so,” said Elsa. “Since we’ve harvested ice with him before, I don’t think he’d see that as a surprise.”

“It will be dark soon,” said Anna, gazing out the window at the autumn sky. “Maybe it’s a campfire . . . with music. A sing-along?”

“Or . . . maybe we’re going to look at the stars?” offered Elsa.

They continued to try to figure out where they could be going, but Kristoff hadn’t offered many clues. They recalled what he had told them earlier: “It’s something you’ve never seen before,” he’d said. “You’ve

probably never even heard of it!”

“How can we possibly guess if we don’t even know it exists?” asked Elsa.

“I can’t stand the wait any longer!” Anna eyed the clock. “Fifteen minutes,” she cheered, rapidly tapping her feet on the floor.

Elsa grinned. “It will take us at least two to get to the courtyard.”

The sisters sprang from their chairs, said goodbye to Gerda and Kai, and rushed out of the castle and into the courtyard.

Kristoff and his reindeer, Sven, were ready and waiting. They had arrived early, too, and seemed just as impatient as the girls.

As they greeted each other, their friend Olaf ran toward them, waving his twig hand.

“I’m ready for the super-secret adventure!” he announced. Ever since Elsa had built him, the cheerful snowman had become a part of their family. No journey would be complete without him.

“Great,” said Kristoff. “We’re all here, so let’s go.” He began leading the way.

“So . . . ?” Anna said eagerly, walking alongside him. “Can you tell us where we’re going now?”

Kristoff smiled, thoroughly enjoying keeping the secret. “Well,” he said, pausing. “We’re going up into the mountains.”

“Up into the mountains,” Anna repeated. “Okay. And . . . what are we doing once we get up into the mountains?” She tried digging

for more information, to no avail.

“Oh, I can’t tell you that,” Kristoff teased. “It would ruin the surprise. And a true adventure—”

“Is full of surprises,” said Elsa and Anna together, finishing Kristoff’s sentence for him.

“We know, we know!” said Anna.

The sisters groaned in frustration. They had to find out where they were going!

Kristoff laughed. “Okay, okay,” he said. “I won’t torture you any longer. . . . We’re going to Troll Valley for the annual crystal ceremony!”

Elsa and Anna’s eyes widened with excitement, and their pace quickened as they started up the path. They were intrigued by

what little they knew about trolls and their mysterious ways. They had both visited the trolls on several occasions and knew that the elder troll, Grand Pabbie, was a wise and kind leader. They also knew that trolls used crystals. But Kristoff was right—they had never heard of the crystal ceremony before.

“Every year, Grand Pabbie honors the young trolls who have earned all their level-one crystals,” Kristoff explained. “It’s a huge achievement. And the ceremony is incredible.” He had wonderful memories of ceremonies he had attended over the years and was certain his friends would love the experience as much as he did.

Anna’s and Elsa’s minds filled with

questions as Kristoff went on to tell them the ceremony happened once a year, during autumn, and could only be performed under the bright Northern Lights. “The lights never look as amazing as they do during the crystal ceremony,” he added.

The girls gasped at the mention of the Northern Lights, which had fascinated them since they were young. The thought of the lights reminded them of their childhood adventures. It wasn't just the beauty of the lights they loved; it was the mystery as well. Why were the lights sometimes green and sometimes pink? Why did the colors sometimes swirl together? One thing Anna and Elsa knew for sure: they loved watching

the lights—especially when they were colorful and bright.

“Oh, I love the Northern Lights,” agreed Olaf. “They’re like a giant sky party.”

Kristoff told them that this year’s ceremony was going to be very special—and not just because his friends were joining him for the first time. There was another reason. When they asked him to explain, he smiled that sly smile again and said, “You’ll see.” He didn’t want to hand over all his secrets just yet!