



FROZEN HEARTS, BOOK ONE: PROLOGUE

And a brief history of Europe & the Kingdom of Arendelle



<CAPANTILLIES>

A Note from the Author:

This is a project I've had in mind for a long time. I actually began this save file sometime last December in honor of Frozen II's release, never really intending to make much of it, but the story simply became too compelling for me to not share it any way I could. As I was in college at the time, I really didn't have the time to dedicate the effort I thought making an AAR on the level I wanted required, so I left the save file untouched for quite awhile until I'd have time to do it justice. The past few days, with the last of my finals being over and being stuck inside anyway, I finally had some time to work on the beginning of what I think is a story with a massive amount of potential. Because I've really only had a couple of days to work on this, the AAR is very much in its beginning stages, and I intend to carry it on a lot further past this competition. Nevertheless, I thought I'd submit what I do have for the competition and see what happens ☺. I don't know if the fact that the story is (loosely) based on a very popular Disney film will have any effect on you guys' ability to share it on your website, as far as I could tell that wasn't covered in the competition's terms and conditions, but I hope that at the very least I could be in the running for a copy of Crusader Kings III, a game that I am very eagerly awaiting the release of.

Also, even though its pretty funny that this all comes from a Disney princess movie, I am shooting for a spot in the "Most Dramatic" category.

Enjoy!

-CapAntillies

northward, scalding the declining Nordic kingdoms of Norge, Svea Rike, and Danmark. This allowed the Blutdämonen to circumvent the Kaiser almost entirely and plunge deep into the already fractured kingdoms of Poland and Hungary.

However, decades-long imperial campaigns in lands an ocean away from their beloved Aztlán³ at long last took its toll, leaving the Huetlatoani's Imperial expedition weak and depleted, and although their conquests were numerous, the exceptionally cruel nature of the Blutdämonen invasion left these acquisitions in a state of utter devastation, drained by total war and useless to their occupiers in the present moment. With the once-venerable Eastern Roman Empire now shattered by Latin "Crusaders," more concerned with gold than the defense of Christendom, and the heirs of William the Conqueror fighting over scraps in the Isles, hope for the deliverance of the Christian world from certain annihilation lay squarely at the feet of Ludolf von der Lippe, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire. Seeking to meet the task he was met with, Ludolf, in conjunction with Pope Innocentius II, declared the creed of Gotteskrieg⁴, stating his intention to oppose Blutdämonen expansion wherever possible and, ultimately, liberate Europe. The culmination of these efforts came in 1172 AD when, together with the tattered remains of Christendom, the Kaiser led the charge in the renowned Crusade to Liberate France, achieving, for the first time since their landfall, a decisive victory over the Blutdämonen enemy.

Now, nearly 20 years following that fateful conflict, the battered remnants of the Blutdämonen imperial expedition retain only a fragile hold over its conquests. However, Ludolf's successor, Emperor Vittore, affectionately known as the "Son of Satan" by his subjects, refuses to take up the mantle of the Gotteskrieg laid upon him by his predecessor. With the eyes of a destitute and desperate Christendom now looking to the horrifically disfigured Queen Beatrice 'The Butcher' of France for a renewal of leadership, few pay any mind to the fledgling Kingdom of Arendelle, secluded in the remote northern frontiers of the Christian world, and the dark, frigid secrets it holds....

³ Aztlán is native name for the Blutdämonen homeland

⁴ Gotteskrieg literally translates to "Gods' war," but I like to think of it more as "War of the Gods"



The Kingdom of Arendelle: A Brief History

The young, beleaguered Kingdom of Arendelle has had a violent history. The modern realm can trace its origins back to the enigmatic Duke Aren “The Fowler” of Arendelle, progenitor of the Helmehytte dynasty, Duke of Nidaros, and sworn liegeman to King Harald Hardrada of Norge. Inheriting the title from a distant relative in his mother’s lineage, the change in bloodline seemed to foretell a drastic change in the methodology behind the Duchy’s administration. Almost immediately upon his ascension to the title, Aren ordered the transfer of the Duchy’s traditional seat of power in Naumadal, to a small holdfast to the far north that Aren renamed Arenslott⁵. Upon arriving at Arenslott, the Duke implemented a massive construction program that would transform the holdfast into the citadel it is today

⁵ Arenslott is a n artificial contraction of “Arens Slott” and should translate roughly to “Castle of Aren” (again, google translate)

and issued a charter for the City of Arendelle, which would come to form the backbone of the Kingdom that is its namesake.



Existing on the northernmost frontier of Norsk civilization, the Duchy of Nidaros had a longstanding tradition of peaceful coexistence with its Sami neighbors to the south. For reasons that remain unknown, Duke Aren reversed this longstanding policy of toleration with a series of vicious military expeditions against the neighboring Sami chiefdoms that would mark the beginning of over a century of constant conflict between the Sami and Arndalr⁶ peoples.

As the borders of the budding Helmehytte realm grew, so did its animosity towards its overlord, the King of Norge. Even as the conflict between Arendelle and the Sami chiefs continued to intensify, The King refused to aid in the defense of Arendelle from increasingly barbaric Sami raids, and attempted to halt Arndalr expansionism by brokering a peace between the two groups, all the while sending thousands of Arndalr men to their deaths in failed military expeditions overseas. These grievances soon became too much to bear, provoking Duchess Elsa (Aren's successor) to declare Arendelle's independence.

⁶ The Arndalr is the name that the people of Arendelle began to use to call themselves in this universe, beginning shortly after the founding of Arendelle city, and becoming widespread once Arendelle gained independence. This does not directly translate into anything.

The war that followed was brief, but brutal. Thanks in equal parts to favorable terrain, talented leadership, and the aid of several bands of mercenaries, the Arndalr army was able to repel the much larger Norsk host in the mountain passes outside Arenslott, in what came to be known as the climactic “Battle of Arendelle.” By 1095, Queen Ragnhild of Norge came to recognize what had already become a fact, and the Kingdom of Arendelle was born. While its newfound independence left Arendelle to fend for itself, it also spared the Kingdom the horrors of the Blutdämonen occupation that befell the Kingdom of Norge in 1131.



Now, in 1191 AD, Arendelle stands as the last bastion of Christ in Northern Europe, besieged on all sides by heathens and infidels. On its throne sits the pious King Agnarr “The Missionary” Helemehytte, renowned across Christendom for his heroics at the “Battle of Mortain” during the Crusade for France, and lauded as a model of Christian charity for sponsoring several successful missions throughout the Baltic and Finnic chiefdoms to his south. So well-loved is King Agnarr that Pope Eugenius III himself saw fit to risk life & limb to travel to the northern realm for the honor of baptizing Agnarr’s firstborn daughter, Princess Elsa⁷. To the world, King

⁷ Not to be confused with Duchess Elsa, who won Arendelle’s war of independence, and is the Princesses’ great great grandmother & namesake.

Agnarr is a model of Christian benevolence & virtue. Appearances have been kept well. But, all is not quite as it seems...

CHAPTER ONE: PREMONITIONS

AGNARR

There is something wrong with Princess Elsa...

Agnarr knew it, Biella knew it, half the kingdom suspected it, but even with the eyes of the entire realm trained on the young toddler since birth, none have been yet been able to discern the exact nature of what ails Agnarr's heir apparent.

Nevertheless, something was wrong.



Agnarr had spent many a late night in his study, thinking back to the first time he laid eyes on the young Princess. Even then, the whispered apprehensions of the ancient prophecy abounded in his mind, a prophecy handed down through generations of Helmehytte rulers...

Is it her?

No. He was tired. It was late again. He had spent far too long staring at this blasted map.

"Darling, it's late, again" called Biella, Queen of Arendelle and Agnarr's wife, as she stepped softly into the King's war room.

"Yes, Iduna⁸," a loving nickname Agnarr had reserved for Biella since their youths, "I am aware. The levies have been raised and we march at sunrise, so I'd best know where we're headed." As Iduna softly pecked his cheek.

"Surely this is not a matter that requires your presence, send Thorbor-"

"Thorborg is 57 years old." Agnarr snapped, "Besides, the Blutdämonen haven't set foot on Arndalr soil in nearly a decade and last time I didn't go, the people need to see that their king still has the will to defend them."

"You're in no condition to go." Anger flashed through Biella's eyes. "Besides, they're raiders, looking for gold not conquest, and even now Throborg is twice the fighter you are." Seeing Agnarr's gaze unbroken, Iduna relents. "Nevertheless, even kings need sleep, especially the ones leading armies. Come soon." After pecking his cheek once more, Biella glides through the door as softly as she entered. Recognizing his wife's wisdom, Agnarr soon follows.

Yet, even in bed, sleep eludes him.

Perhaps I am to blame? Agnarr's thoughts tormented him. Afterall, was he not committing one of the most grievous of sins? Perhaps the same God he turned his back to now saw fit to punish him by cursing his closest of kin, his own daughter. His father would be ashamed.

⁸ *Iduna is derived the name of the goddess "Idun" in Norse mythology, who is the goddess of spring, rejuvenation, and guardian of the apples of immortality.*

“Agnarr you must rest,” Iduna softly caressed her husband’s arm. “and you must stay safe. Your children need you, both of them.” She gently pulled his hand to her belly to feel the babe she claimed to be growing inside of her.

“How could you possibly kno-“

“I just do.”

“But Elsa- “

“Your own Chaplin said she will be fine, have some faith darling.”



It was true, Chaplin Tryggve had given Agnarr his every reassurance that Elsa was a peculiar, but ultimately natural toddler. Even with that conceded, Agnarr knew there was something amiss with the young Princess, and deep down, he knew Biella could see it as well. Throughout his empty consoles, Tryggve did not once attempt to explain Biella’s vision. Nor did he provide an explanation for the snake, nor the poison, nor the animals. Not to mention that incident with the cook...

“Agnarr, please rest...”

“How can I?” Agnarr smirked, oddly amused by the strange and terrifying turn the fate of his family seemed to be taking, and turned to his side to witness the brilliant lights dancing through the sky outside his window. “The sky’s awake.”

