



The snowman

There were four of them in the gang: Laia, William, Martha, and Alex. They were inseparable friends and spent every day of their Christmas holidays together. One afternoon, Laia came up with a great idea.

"Hey! Why don't we build a snowman?"

"Okay!" the others all cried out.

So they got to work straight away.

First, they made a big pile of snow. Then they shaped it into a snowball and rolled it around and around until it was huge. They made it so quickly that they didn't notice the small shovel from the fireplace in the house had ended up inside the snowball.

"That'll be the body," said Alex, once they had the big ball of snow firmly on the ground.

They then made a smaller snowball, which strong Alex lifted up and set it on top of the bigger one.

"And that'll be the head!" he added.

Then they used a couple of pine cones for the snowman's eyes, a twig for the nose and two stones for coat buttons. The snowman was finished in next to no time.

"Don't you think there are still a couple of things missing?" said William. "What do you think?"

The truth is the snowman looked terrific with a striped scarf draped around his neck and a nice elegant red hat.

"He's a little cross-eyed, but he's very handsome," giggled Martha, as she threw a snowball at the others.

Then the four friends had yet another snowball fight that went on until dinner time.

With the children gone, everything fell silent. Once the snowman saw that he was all alone, he stretched his arms out and yawned.

"Ahhhhh!"

Suddenly, he caught sight of a dog poked its head out of a nearby dog house.

"Hey! Who are you?" asked the Snowman.

"I'm Sparky. What's your name?" the dog replied.

"I'm a snowman and snowmen don't have names," said the snowman sadly.

Once the introductions were made, the snowman and the dog began chatting. The snowman was quite a talker. He was only a couple of hours old, but he still had lots to say.

After getting to know the dog a little better, the snowman grew serious and shyly confessed to Sparky,

"I still haven't told you what I like best in the whole world!"

"Tell me!" said Sparky. "I promise I'll keep it a secret!"

Suddenly, the snowman opened up to his new friend.

"Do you know what I dream of, Sparky?" whispered the snowman as if it was the biggest secret in the world.

"My dream is to travel to the sun. Don't laugh! Wouldn't it be wonderful to fly between the satellites, voyage to the stars, cross the Milky Way, zoom past the planets, and reach the sun?" he added wistfully.

"But that's impossible! You'd melt faster than butter in a frying pan!" said Sparky.

"Sparky, have you ever seen a real fireplace?"

"Yes, of course I have!" answered Sparky.

"Oh, please, please, do tell me what it's like! Is it true that it breathes out fire like a dragon?"

So Sparky told him just what a fireplace was like, leaving nothing out.

"Look, Mr. Snowman," said Sparky, "If you stretch your head to the side a bit, you can see for yourself, over there in Martha's house, through the window. Can you see it now? Well, I'm going back to bed now. All this talk of fire is beginning to make me feel chilly out here."

The snowman seemed to be hypnotized as he stood gazing at the distant fire in awe. It seemed the fire was beckoning him from the other side of the window.

"I have to get closer! I just have to!"

It was as if the snowman had suddenly come under a spell. He couldn't resist the call of the fire. He tried to walk, but he didn't have feet. If only the children had given him shoes instead of a scarf!

He knew he was stuck to the ground and couldn't move, but the pull of the fire was so strong that the far-off flames flickered strangely in his pine cone eyes. Overwhelmed by sadness, the snowman burst into tears.

The next morning, the four friends met up, as they always did, next to Sparky's dog house. Minutes later, it was Alex who noticed that the snowman had vanished.

"Look! The snowman's gone!" he shouted.

"It's true! He's disappeared!" cried the others.

And there, where the big, round snowman had stood, was just a scarf, a hat, and a small metal shovel half buried in the snow.

"Hey, that's the fireplace shovel from my house!" exclaimed Martha in surprise.

"How on earth did it get here? My father has been turning the house upside down looking for it, but he couldn't find it anywhere! How strange!"

Laia, who was sharp as a tack, said:

"Maybe we accidentally rolled the shovel up into the snowball yesterday and that's why the snowman melted. The poor snowman was so warm inside he just thawed. What do you think, Sparky? You were here the whole time. Tell us what happened to the snowman!"

"Woof! Woof!" barked the dog in reply, wagging his tail.

And while the rest of them laughed at Sparky's antics, William scooped up some snow and hurled it, starting another snowball fight.

Script: J.M. Hernandez Ripoll

- 
- 
-  Amb el suport de

© CCRTV Interactiva, S.A. | Televisió de Catalunya, S.A.

- [Avís legal](#) |
- [Segell de qualitat](#) |
- [Contacta](#)  |
- - [Idiomes](#)
 - [Català](#)
 - [Castellano](#)
 - [English](#)