

The Little Snowman

A children's story by Karin Godinez

It was the middle of winter and the snow had been falling for days. The earth was covered in glistening snow and the children in the city built a snowman in the city park. They played the whole afternoon with him. They put a cap on his head and wrapped a scarf around his neck and pushed in a carrot for a nose. Then they danced around him singing songs and laughing.

When it started to get dark, the children had to go home and a silence fell around the little snowman. He was sad because he had had so much fun that afternoon and now he was lonely. After a while a dog came by. But the dog only lifted his leg and peed on him.

"Hey, what did you do that for?" asked the little snowman.

"I'm marking my territory," grumbled the old dog.

"I don't understand," said the little snowman, "what do you mean you're marking your territory?"



The dog shook his head at such stupidity.

"Look around you, this park is my home and everything in it belongs to me." The old dog puffed out his chest with pride. "And so that everyone knows that this is my property, I pee on it."

"Does that mean I belong to you too now and I am your property?" asked the little snowman.

"That's right. It's just a shame that you won't be around for long."

The little snowman was startled and looked at him in surprise.

"Why, where will I go?"

"Listen kid, you're starting to get on my nerves rattling on with all your questions," replied the old dog. "But if you want to know the truth, when it gets warmer, you'll melt into the ground and you'll just disappear.

The little snowman was terrified.

"There'll be nothing left of me?" he asked fearfully.

"That's right, I've seen it time and again over the years!" the dog answered and looked hard at him. "I'm sorry about that, but that's the way it is," he mumbled the words in a more friendly fashion when he saw how upset the little snowman was. "Now I've got to go, I've still got a lot of work to catch up on. All my territory is covered with snow and I have to mark everything again!" he said as he turned around and slowly disappeared into the darkness. The little snowman was all alone again and he felt so miserable. He started to cry quietly to himself. Small, round ice crystals rolled down his cheeks. He sighed and his head drooped.

"What are you whining about?"

The snowman was brought up short by a sharp voice. He looked up and saw a grey bird sitting on a tree nearby.

"That dog said I'll just disappear when it gets warmer," cried the little snowman and the tears poured down faster. The grey bird flew to him and perched on his arm.

"That old dog thinks he knows everything, but he only knows what dogs know," he whistled.

"Me, I 'm an expert on the air and can see everything that happens on heaven and earth."



"Can you tell me where I'll go when I melt?" said the little snowman, looking at the bird wide eyed.

"Listen here, things just don't disappear in this world that easily."

He flapped his wings a little and then went on.

"Look at the sky and tell me what you can see." Together they looked up at the sky.

"I see the moon and the stars."

"Look again, and concentrate! What floats in the sky and is white?"

"Do you mean the clouds?"

"That's right! The clouds are made of water, just like you."

"Oh, that sounds very strange" said the little snowman. He cocked his head to one side and looked at the bird suspiciously.

"I'd better explain it to you" said the bird. "When the sun shines and it warms up the earth, the snow melts to water."

"The little snowman sobbed, and started to cry again „So the dog was telling me the truth after all.“

"Yes and no, let me finish my explanation before you bury everything in your

tear balls!" The bird continued. "The water evaporates and rises into the sky." He pointed his wing up. "And one day you will be there too."

"But I don't want to be a cloud," protested the little snowman.

"This is harder than I thought," muttered the bird to himself. He hopped up the arm of the snowman and then climbed onto his shoulder. "I'm going to let you into a big secret," he whispered. The snowman tilted his head so that he could hear the bird better. "But promise me first that you won't tell a soul about it," said the bird in a slightly louder voice.

"Great Snowman's word of honor," said the little snowman and raised his arm in the air. "My lips are frozen. I promise, I won't tell your secret to anybody!" The bird shuffled from one foot to the other, because in the meantime he had got cold. Finally he bent forward and whispered: "What you see in the sky aren't clouds at all. In fact they are all snowmen!"

When he heard that, the little snowman was astonished and wiggled his nose in excitement.

"I visit them from time to time", continued the bird, "they are very funny and chatty and they have seen a lot of the world."

The snowman looked up at the sky. In fact, some of the clouds did look like snowmen.

"Oh, I think one of them is waving at me", he shouted and grinned. Suddenly he wasn't frightened any more.

"Yippee, when the winter is over, I'll be up there and see the world too." He was happy, and if it had been possible for him, he would have danced for joy.

"Shhh, not so loud, it's a secret" admonished the bird.

Then they talked for a while about the heavenly world, the clouds, the snow and snowmen. Time went on and it was getting late and the little snowman was very, very tired.

"I'm going to sleep now," said the little snowman, yawning loudly. "Will you come and visit me tomorrow?"

"Of course! Same time, same place" said the bird.

"I'll not move an inch," joked the snowman. Then the bird flew away and the little snowman fell asleep happily and dreamed of a sky of full snowmen.

