

Snowman Story

13th December 1998

Dear Diary,

Last night, I had the most incredible adventure. It was probably the best night of my entire life. I'm still trying to figure out whether it was a dream.

I'd spent the day building the most magnificent snowman, who was as tall as my father, with three coal buttons dotted straight up his barrel chest. He had two lumps of coal for eyes and a wide, beaming smile that I had drawn with my finger. I couldn't find a carrot to pop into the nose position so settled for a juicy apple instead. To finish him off, I wrapped a scarf around his neck and perched a hat on top of his head. I was over the moon with how fantastic he looked!

Although I was incredibly tired, I found that I just couldn't get to sleep after I'd built him. Something kept me awake. I noticed a strange feeling in the air. At last, I crept out of bed, pulled on my dressing gown and tiptoed downstairs to check on my frozen friend.

As the grandfather clock's chime struck midnight, my astonishing adventure began. When I peered out of the window, the brightest light shone from the snowman – it was as if he had a heart! Amazingly, he sprang to life! He smiled and waved as if invited him in out of the cold. What was going to happen next?

Our cat, Whiskers, took an instant dislike and bolted off to the other room, but the snowman didn't notice because he was having too much fun! He watched a bit of telly, tried different fruits for noses (the pineapple looked stupidly funny) and nearly knocked our Christmas tree over! I could barely stop myself from howling with laughter when he tried my father's false gnashers and my mother's make-up!

After a while, we ventured outside and found Father's motorbike. It seemed to be begging us to take it for a ride, so we did, although I nearly chickened out! We rumbled through the silent streets of our village, the bright yellow headlamp sweeping across the thick blanket of snow that stretched as far as the eye could see. I watched in wonder as we raced past pheasants, foxes, and even a wild horse, snaking through the woods on our way home.

Worryingly, the heat of the engine had started to melt my snowy companion's legs, so when we arrived home, we hurried to the freezer to cool him down again. Neither of us had had enough fun. When he found a box of frozen fish fingers, his coal eyes shone with excitement. Then, he leapt from the freezer and led me outside by the hand.

If what I've written so far has seemed hard to believe, I promise I'm not telling porky-pies, just wait until you hear what happened next...

Without a word, the snowman and I sprinted down my garden and just as we were about to crash into the fence, he leapt into the air and started to fly! There's so much more to this story, but Mum's shouting me down for tea, so I'll continue in a bit.

James

