



One day, after a heavy snowfall, the children made two beautiful snowmen. They gave the snowmen two great carrots for noses and then put a nice scarf on one of them and two woollen mittens on the other.

Just then a big grown-up man was passing by. He sighed and said something, but so softly that almost no one heard him.

The night came, and all the windows went dark. But when the moon came out from behind the roofs, one of the snowmen suddenly stirred and opened his eyes.

‘Hey!’ he said. ‘Hey-hey! Hey-ho! I’m alive though made of snow. I’ve got hands and I’ve got feet. Can I scamper down the street? I’m a Snowman, made of snow. I’m alive – so here I go!’





He blinked a few times, swayed back and forth on his little feet, turned his head – and saw another Snowman, just like him.

«Hey, there, neighbour!’ he cried. “Hey there, brother! I’m so glad we have each other! Hey, wake up, and look around: snow is covering the ground.’

The other Snowman stirred, woke up, blinked a few times, and said:

‘You’re one and I am the other. I’m your sister, not your brother!’

‘Even better, sister dear. I am so glad to have you near. I’m so glad that you’re awake, and your name shall be Snowflake!’

‘You are round though not too small, so your name shall be Snowball!’

