

It was cold... but not too cold. The snow fell like glitter from the sky, sparkling as the wind blew the flurries in

.But he didn't mind.



The snow flakes gathered on every blade of dry grass. It clung to the bare branches on the trees refusing to let go ...

. But he didn't mind.



The snow banks blanketed the rolling hills, repainting the land in shades of soft white and pale blue...

But he didn't mind.



The snowman stood just where the children had made him the day before. When they gave him twigs for arms, dark stones for eyes, the warmest scarf and a black felt hat.

... But he didn't mind.



He did not notice when the sun set, and the moon rose. He payed no attention to the deer running through the snow. He was unaware of the moment the sun returned.



Because something had been left behind that the children did not intend. A shiny picture box containing a world of games, all smooth and sleek with an apple etched on the back. .. But he didn't mind.































