

The Hairy Snowman

By Dom Conlon

Early one morning, as the sun peeped its head over the horizon, two snowmen were having a chat.

“Good morning,” said Albert.

“Hello! You’re new,” said Philippe.

“So I am,” said Albert.

“Pleased to meet you,” said Philippe.

“Pleased to meet you too. Feeling well?” asked Albert.

“I am,” said Philippe. “Are you?”

“Not really,” said Albert.

“Oh dear,” said Philippe. “Why not?”

“Have you ever heard of a snowman with... hair?” asked Albert.

“Air?” said Philippe.

“Hair,” said Albert.

“Like, here today, gone tomorrow?” said Philippe.

“No,” said Albert. “Hair, not here.”

“Like a big rabbit?” said Philippe.

“No,” said Albert. “Hair, not hare!”



“Oh,” said Philippe. “Like the hair of your chinny chin chin?”

“Yes,” said Albert. “That.”

“Then no,” said Philippe. “I haven’t. Why?”

“No reason,” said Albert.

“Go on,” said Philippe. “You can tell me.”

“Really?” said Albert. “Do you promise you won’t laugh?”

“Snow-one laughing here,” said Philippe.

“Well, okay then,” said Albert. He gestured at his head. “Take a look at this.”

“Oh,” said Philippe. “You have hair.”

“I know,” said Albert.

“That’s bad,” said Philippe.

“Bad?” said Albert. “Do you think so?”

“Well, maybe not bad...” said Philippe.

“Thank goodness,” sighed Albert.

“...but definitely not good,” said Philippe.

“Oh, that’s bad,” said Albert.

“It isn’t good,” agreed Philippe.

“What should I do?” said Albert.

“Have you tried brushing it off?” asked Philippe.

“Like this?” said Albert.

“Oh dear,” said Philippe.

“What now?” said Albert.

“You’ve made it worse,” said Philippe.

“What can be worse than a hairy snowman?” asked Albert. ➔

“A hairier snowman,” said Philippe.

“What should I do?” said Albert.

“Have you tried covering it with something?” asked Philippe.

“Snow?” said Albert.

“Well, you should,” said Philippe.

“I said snow, not no,” said Albert.

“Oh,” said Philippe. “Good idea. Yes.”

“Yes, what?” said Albert.

“Yes, cover it with snow,” said Philippe.

“Can you help me?” asked Albert.

“Certainly,” said Philippe.

“Thank you,” said Albert.

“Oh, I can’t reach,” said Philippe.

“I’ll kneel down,” said Albert.

“You have knees?” asked Philippe.

“Yes,” said Albert. “Don’t you?”

“No,” said Philippe. “Snowmen do not have knees.”

“Oh dear,” said Albert. “Is that bad?”

“It isn’t good,” said Philippe.

“So, can you help?” asked Albert.

“With the knees or the hair?” said Philippe.

“Which is worse?” said Albert.

“I’d say they’re pretty much the same,” said Philippe.

“Why?” said Albert.

“You have hairy knees,” said Philippe.



BUILD IT!

Next time it snows, instead of building a snowman, why not build your very own snow bear? Don't forget to give it hairy knees!



“Oh dear,” said Albert, looking at his knees. “That’s bad.”

“It isn’t good,” said Philippe.

“Can you help?” pleaded Albert.

“How?” asked Philippe.

“Cover them with snow,” said Albert.

“Snow good,” said Philippe.

“Why not?” said Albert.

“I still can’t reach,” said Philippe.

“Why not?” cried Albert.

“I think I’m melting,” said Philippe.

“So you are,” said Albert.

“Is that bad?” said Philippe.

“It isn’t good,” said Albert.

“Can you help?” asked Philippe.

“I don’t think so,” said Albert.

“Why not?” asked Philippe.

“Because I’m melting too,” said Albert.

“Oh dear,” said Philippe.

“Don’t worry,” said Albert.

“Why not?” asked Philippe.

“I just remembered something,” said Albert.

“What?” asked Philippe.

“I’m not a snowman after all,” said Albert, shaking off the snow. **“I’m a BEAR!** Philippe? Philippe, are you there?”