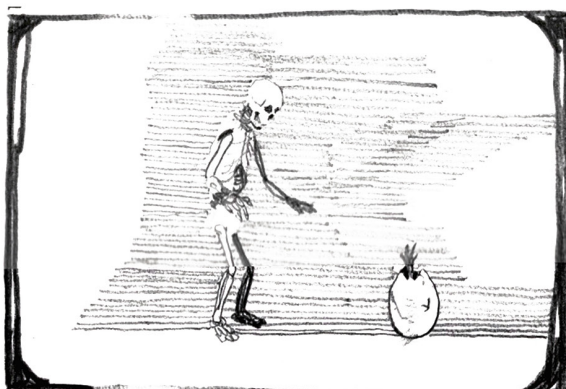
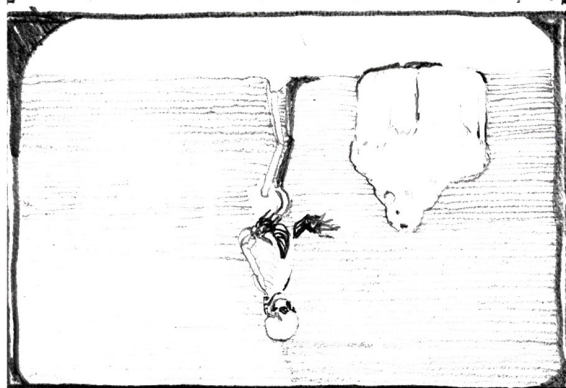


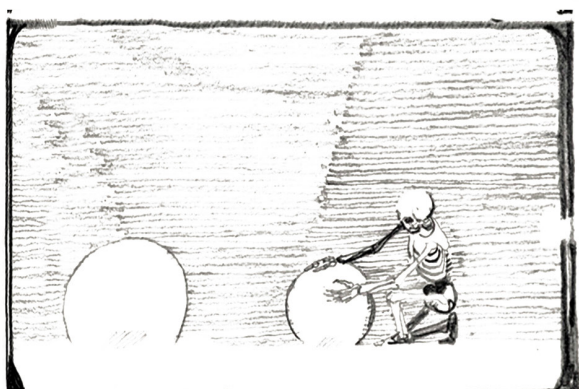
Le squelette et le bonhomme de neige



Says the snowman, before melting in the warmth of the
tears screaming from his little black eyes.

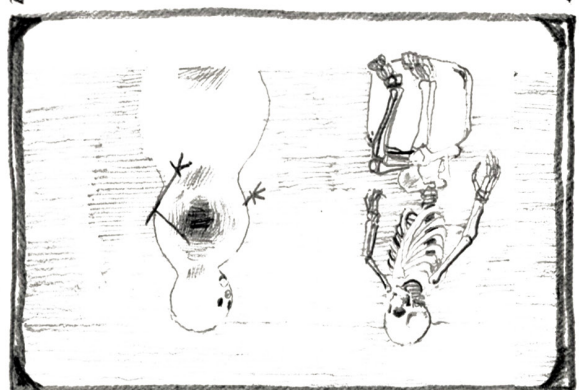


And out of it comes... a story! A tiny little story, barely
formed.

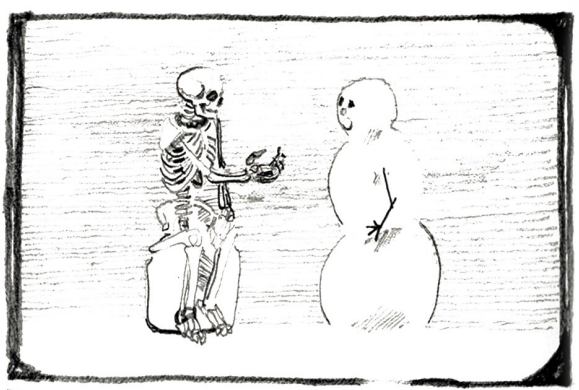
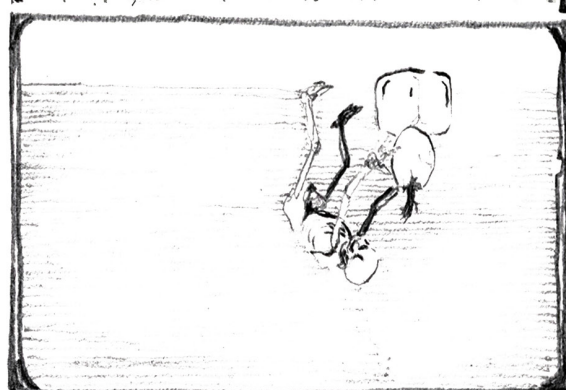


The skeleton gets up, rolls three large snowballs,
places them one on top of the other

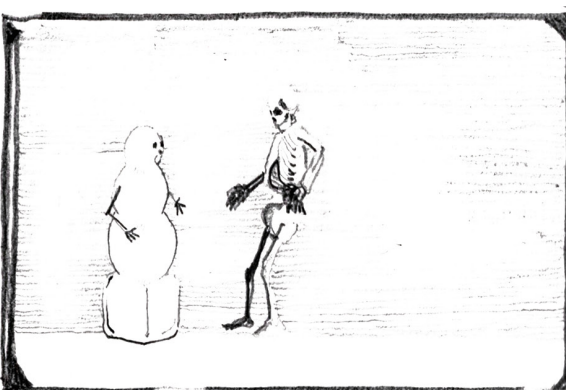
These heart-warming words come as a relief to him. He
stops shivering, and lets himself go.



It sits down on its bloc of ice, gently opens its hands

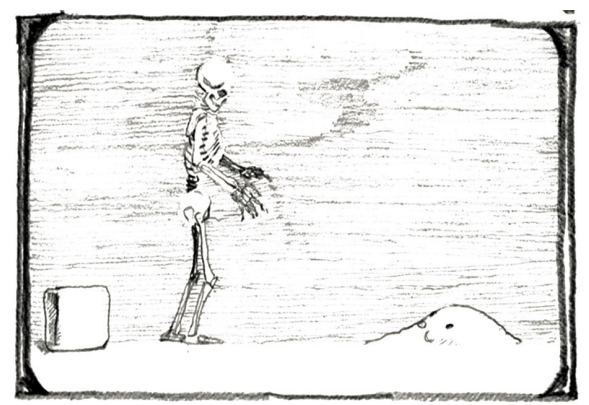
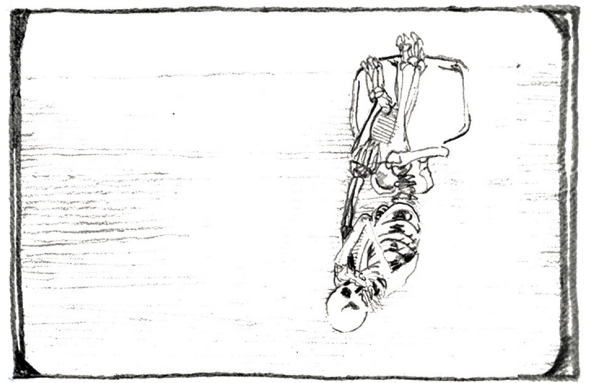


-It's hardly surprising you are cold, you are
made of snow. Being cold is a part of your makeup.
If you weren't cold, you no longer be what you are.
-You reckon so? answers the snowman.



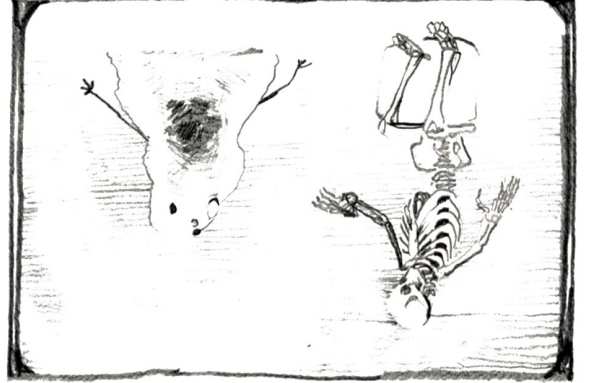
and sees a shivering snowman appear, who says to it,
"I'm cold, i'm terribly cold!"

Somewhere in the ice field, a skeleton is sitting in block of ice in the position of a thinker: elbow on knee, hand under the chin.



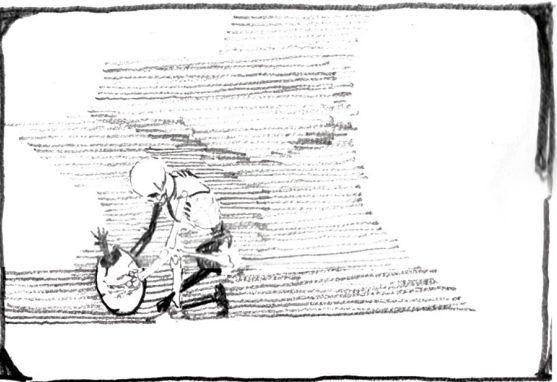
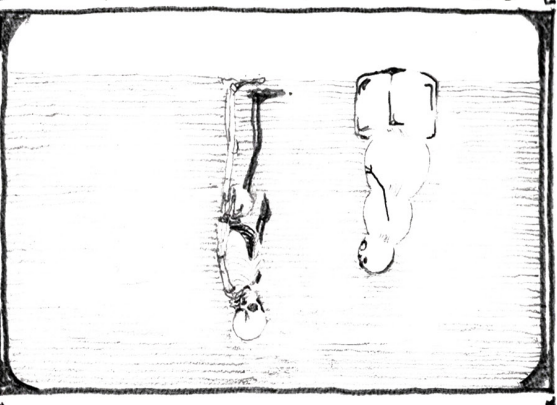
Soon all that is left of him are four stones: two black ones for the eyes, a grey one for the nose, and a white one for the mouth.

And in the rays of the midnight sun, he begins to melt.



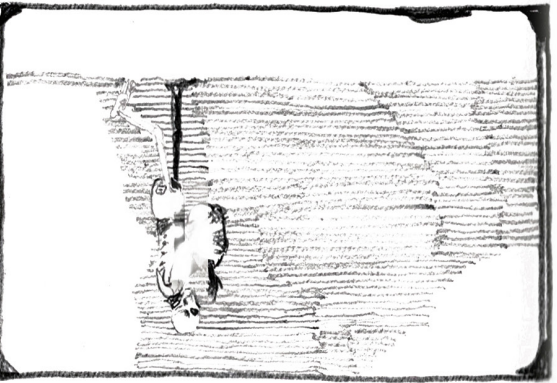
A snowman appears out of nowhere, shivers as he approaches and takes its other hand. "I'm cold, I'm terribly cold" he tells the skeleton.

—But I am your story, don't chase me away, I am your story.



The skeleton takes it and cups it in its hand,

stands up and walks off to its starting point.



—Oh no! the skeleton bursts out, not you again! Go away and just leave me alone with my story!