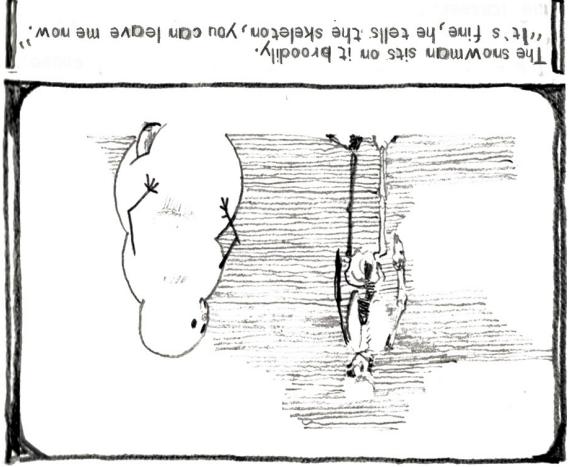
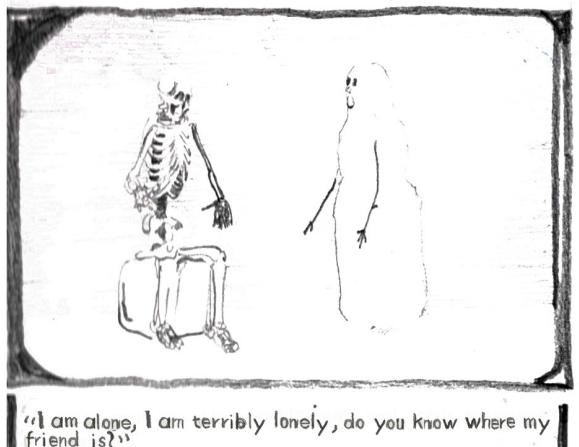
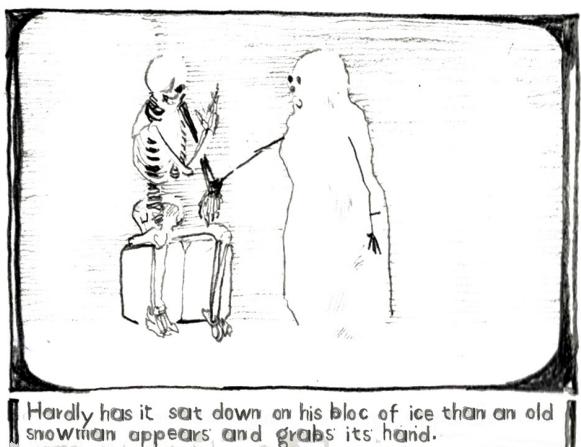
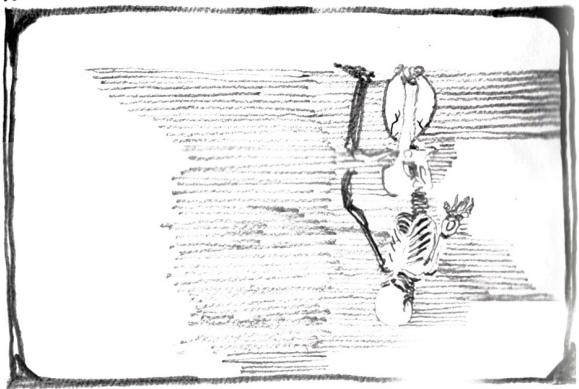
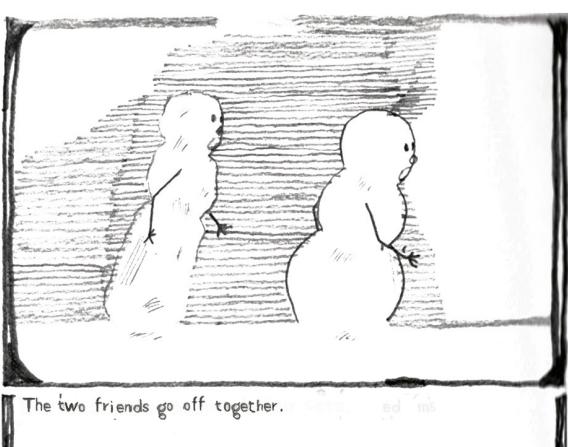
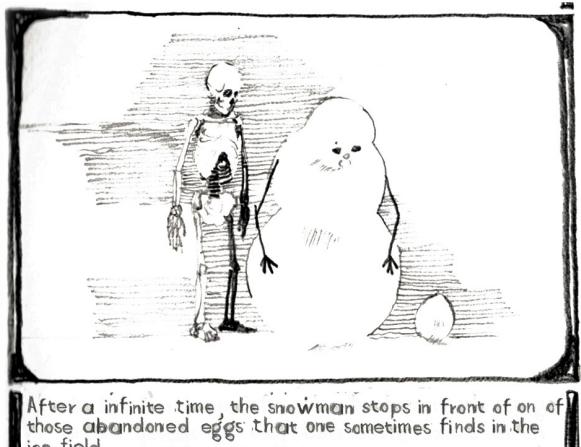
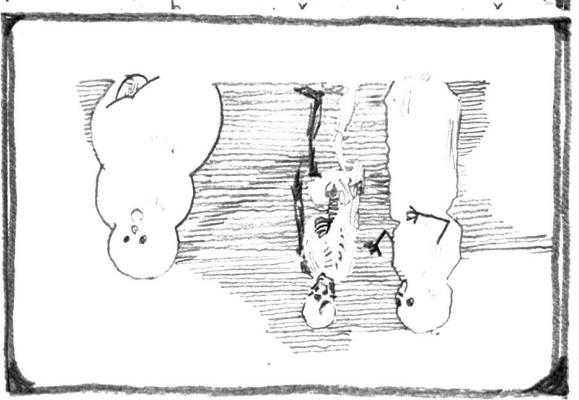


And then one morning, it hears a cracking sound. It is not the ice, it is the egg hatching.

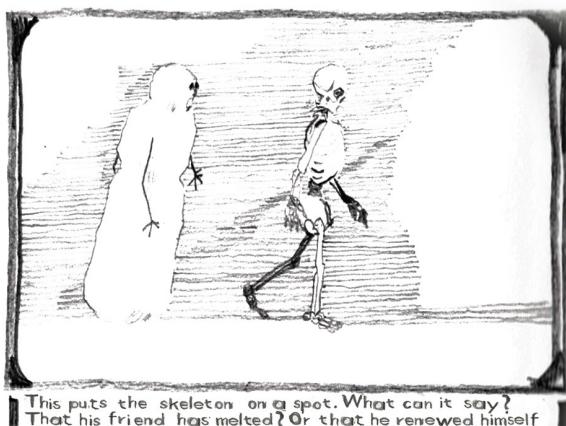
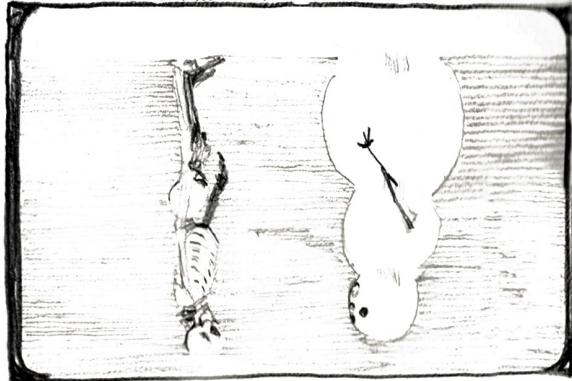


"You do know that all this is totally meaningless, you will never get this egg to hatch, you are far too cold, come back!"





I'm scared, I'm dead scared; murmers the new  
But this time the skeleton says nothing, it doesn't want  
to comfort him and make him melt too.

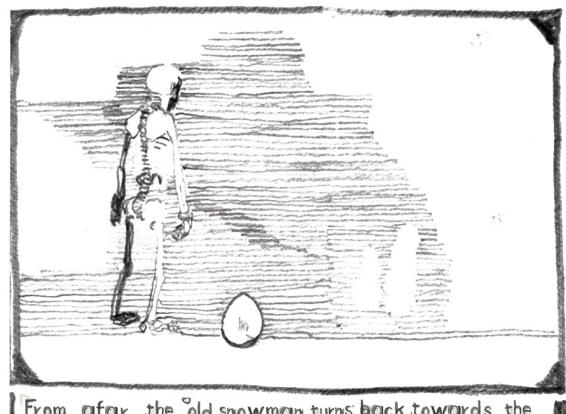
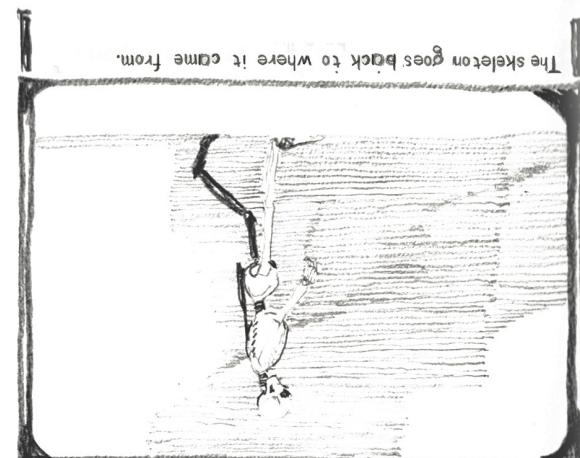
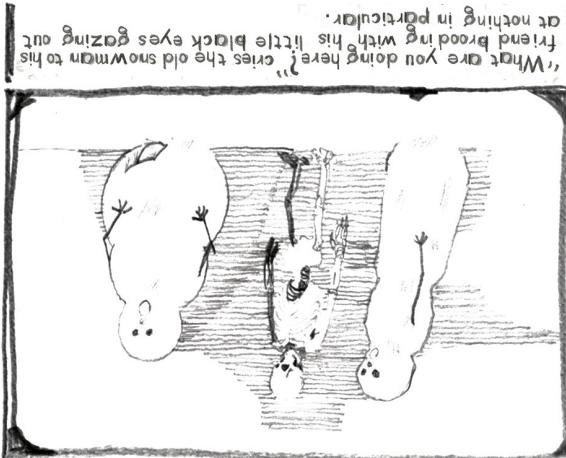


This puts the skeleton on a spot. What can it say?  
That his friend has melted? Or that he renewed himself  
and now sitting on an egg on the far side of the ice  
field.

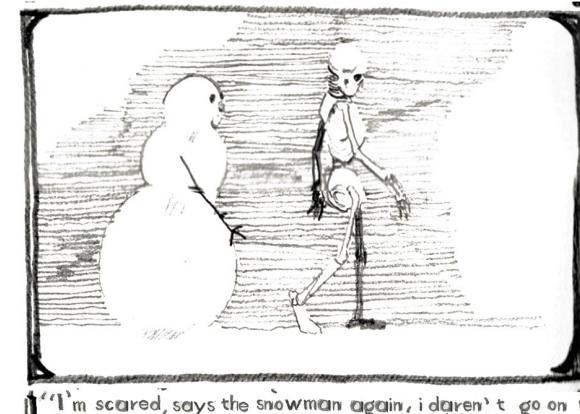
The skeleton decides to take newcomer over to the egg.



Hardly has it sat down on his bloc of ice than an old



From afar, the old snowman turns back towards the skeleton and shouts to it, "You sit on the egg, you can do it!"



"I'm scared, says the snowman again, I daren't go on my journey on my own, you come with me!"  
The skeleton, which has its skeleton's life ahead of it, goes along with him.