

The Snowman Who Always Came Back

By Michael Sunderlin

PAGE 1 — The First Snow

One morning, the world woke up quiet.

Snow had fallen in the night—

soft as a whisper,

bright as a secret.

A child opened the door,

stepped into the sparkling white,

and felt the whole world waiting.

Today was a snowman day.

PAGE 2 — Building the Snowman

The child rolled the first snowball—

round and heavy and perfect.

Then a second.

Then a third.

They stacked them carefully,

like building a friend from winter itself.

A carrot nose.

Two stick arms.

A scarf from the closet.

A smile made of stones.

“There,” the child said.

“You’re alive now.”

And in the way all creations are alive,
the snowman was.

PAGE 3 — The Snowman’s First Day

The snowman stood proudly in the yard,
glistening in the morning sun.

The child circled him,
admiring every angle.

He wasn’t just a snowman.

He was *their* snowman.

And that made him special.

PAGE 4 — A Little Change

The next morning,
the snowman looked a little different.

One arm had slipped.

His smile had shifted.

A bird had borrowed the scarf.

But he was still the snowman.

Still himself.

Still alive in the way creations are alive—

by being cared for.

PAGE 5 — The Snowman Cycle

The child noticed something magical.

Every time the snowman lost something,

he gained something new.

A melted arm became a new shape.

A fallen hat became a new decoration.

A crooked smile became a new expression.

The snowman wasn't disappearing.

He was becoming.

"This must be the Snowman Cycle," the child whispered—

the way he changed,

and changed again,

and still stayed himself.

PAGE 6 — The Child's Realization

The child knelt beside him.

"I think you're trying to teach me something," they said softly.

The snowman didn't speak,
but the child felt the message anyway:

*Things change.

Things fall apart.

Things grow back.

Things return.*

PAGE 7 — The Builder's Part

The child suddenly understood:

"I'm part of your cycle."

When the snowman leaned,
the child propped him up.

When the snowman melted,
the child rebuilt him.

When the snowman changed,
the child changed with him.

The builder wasn't outside the story.

The builder was inside the circle.

PAGE 8 — Many Snowman Days

Day after day,

the snowman lived many lives.

A sunny day made him smaller.

A windy day made him lopsided.

A snowy day made him bigger than before.

He was never exactly the same,

but he was always himself.

A snowman who grew,

shrunk,

tilted,

brightened,

softened,

and became new versions

of who he had always been.

PAGE 9 — The Season Turns

Winter began to warm.

The snowman grew thinner,

softer,

quieter.

The child visited him every day,
touching his cool surface,
feeling the slow change.

“Are you leaving?” the child asked.

The snowman didn’t answer.
But the child already knew.

PAGE 10 — The Melting

One morning,
the snowman was smaller than ever.

His smile had slipped into the snow.
His carrot nose lay beside him.
His stick arms rested gently on the ground.

The child sat beside him,
not sad,
just quiet.

“You’re not gone,” the child said softly.
“You’re just moving to the next part of the cycle.”

PAGE 11 — The Snowman's Journey

The snowman melted into water,
flowed into the ground,
rose into the air,
became cloud,
became sky.

And somewhere far above,
he waited.

Not lost.

Not gone.

Just becoming.

PAGE 12 — The Return

When winter came again,
the first snow fell like a promise.

The child ran outside,
hands ready,
heart ready.

They rolled the first snowball.

Then the second.

Then the third.

A carrot nose.

Two stick arms.

A scarf.

A smile.

“There you are,” the child whispered.

And in the way all returning things are alive,
the snowman was.

PAGE 13 — The Lesson of the Cycle

The snowman taught the child:

Everything changes.

Everything returns.

Nothing stays the same.

Nothing is ever lost.

And the child taught the snowman:

Care brings things to life.

Attention keeps them alive.

Love helps them return.

PAGE 14 — The Final Scene

As the snowman stood tall in the yard,

the child placed a hand on his snowy chest.

“I’ll see you again,” the child said.

And the snowman,
quiet and shining in the winter light,
was already beginning
the next turn
of the Snowman Cycle.

