

# *Sam the Snowman, My Best Friend*

*by R J Tomlin*

One morning I peered out my window, and was met with an unusual sight,  
A snowman was sitting at the end of my garden – it gave me quite a fright,  
At first I was quite startled; *what on earth was it doing here?*  
Yesterday I hadn't seen it – it was like it had just appeared!

I remember the date exactly, December twenty-third,  
Apart from birds a-chirping, not a sound was to be heard,  
The silent streets were covered brightly white from head to toe,  
And the trees bathed in that orange light upon the morning's glow.

I was still in my dressing gown when I tiptoed down the stairs,  
And went out the front door to find out why the snowman was there,  
It was cold outside, so cold in fact my breath turned into mist,  
My fingers soon grew numb, and my hands balled into fists.

My feet crunched in the snow as I walked out on the lawn,  
The leafless branches stark and bold against the light of dawn,  
A moment later I stopped and looked directly ahead to see,  
That I was stood before the snowman, and the snowman before me...

The snowman wasn't very tall – maybe four-foot-six,  
Its body was made of three big snowballs, its arms of broken sticks,  
It had a carrot for a nose, and two pebbles for its eyes,  
A leaf made up its lips, though it was crooked at one side.

Not a single garment draped it; it was naked, stricken, bare,  
But upon its head sat three dead weeds that must have been its hair,  
It stood there, still and silent, not a touch here out of place,  
A stiff and unmoved posture, and a blank look on its face.

“Who are you?” I asked suddenly. “Why are you in my garden?”  
The snowman laughed, though its mouth didn't move.  
So I said, “I beg your pardon...  
You shouldn't be here.” I went on.  
It said, “Well, here I am.”  
I asked what he was called.  
He told me his name was Sam.

I repeated my first query. “Well... what business brought you here?  
Let me guess – to ‘share the joy of Santa Claus’ and ‘spread out Christmas cheer’.

Well, it's a little early for that – you see, tomorrow's Christmas Eve.  
You'll have to come back then, so as for now you'll have to leave..."

"Oh dear," he said again to me, "that really is quite rude."

"Well, you've got no ruddy clothes on!" I cried. "You're standing in the nude!  
You just appeared from thin air; you weren't here last night...  
Turning up to somewhere unannounced isn't alright... *alright?!?*"

"You've got me there, old chap!" he said. "Guess I caught you by surprise.  
But just let me explain..." he said.

"Mhmmm..." I rolled my eyes.

"I apologise for my appearance – standing naked in the fray.  
I was just, well, passing through... I swear I don't intend to stay.  
I just wanted a friend to spend time with on this fine winter's day.  
Is that alright with you?" he asked.

"I guess..." I shrugged. "...Ok."

"First thing's first, I'm freezing," he said, "can you get me something to wear?"

"What?!" I said. "You're a snowman!"

"Well, that isn't very fair..."

"I can't believe you..." I retorted. "A cold snowman? What in the heck..."  
And so I marched inside and fetched him a scarf, which I wrapped around his neck.

"Oh that's slightly better..." he said.

I sighed. "What, you're still cold?"

"But for these wisps of hay..." he said, "my head is bare and bald."

"Ok, calm down, Sammy. I'll be back in a minute." I said.  
And went inside to get him a hat, which I put on his head.

When he finally did warm up, me and him, we talked,  
We went in circles around the garden – well, he rolled whilst I walked,  
After breakfast I got dressed and went out to play some more,  
Sam watched me roll around and make snow angels on the floor.

Before I knew it we were throwing snowballs in the street,  
But we couldn't do much running; Sam the Snowman had no feet.

At lunch Mum brought out hot chocolate, and though Sam said how good it smelt,  
He said he couldn't have any, as it would make him... suffer from stomach cramp because he  
was lactose intolerant.

Sam the Snowman knew how to juggle, he could solve a Rubik's cube,  
He knew the name of every station on the London Tube,  
He told me stories of all the things he'd done, the places he had been,  
All the countries that he'd visited, the things that he had seen.

He'd cycled through Alaska, he'd seen the Northern Lights,  
He said without a doubt it was one of the most incredible sights,  
I asked his favourite Christmas film, he said that it was *Elf*,  
And he said he always hogs the pigs in blankets to himself.

He'd been sledging with Santa, and ice-skating with Mrs. Claus,  
He'd even aided inside their workshop, helping them pick out their toys,  
He'd spent nights with all the elves, singing songs and drinking beer,  
And even been on holiday with all of the reindeer:

He'd watched comets with Comet, and he'd danced the waltz with Dancer,  
He'd been skiing with Dasher, and been snowboarding with Prancer,  
He says Cupid's quite stupid, and the clever clogs is Vixen,  
He'd sat and watched thunder with Dunder, and had pork schnitzels with Blitzen.

Soon evening drew near, the sun began to fall,  
I watched the sky grow purple-pink as I perched on the garden wall,  
Mum called me in for tea – she said, "Playing time is done!"  
"But Mum!" I whined. "*Please!* I'm having so much fun!"

"Come in!" she called again to me. "Your dinner's getting cold!  
And while you live under my roof... *you'll do as you are told!*"

Sam the Snowman had been such a surprise, I didn't want the day to end,  
Although I'd only just met him... he was probably my best friend.

As darkness fell, I stood back up and walked across the lawn,  
"Goodnight, Sam," I said to him, "I'll see you in the morn."  
I gave him a pat on the shoulder, before heading inside,  
I ate my tea, watched some TV, and laid down for the night...

The next day was quite different, I woke up quite late,  
Christmas Eve had rolled around, December twenty-fourth the date,  
I threw myself out of bed, brushed my teeth and washed my hair,  
But when I looked out the front door, Sam the Snowman... he wasn't there.

I went outside and peered around, I even called his name,  
“Come on, Sam,” I said, “now let’s stop this silly game.”  
But no matter where I looked, he was nowhere to be found,  
And in his place the hat and scarf were laid out on the ground.

I spent the rest of the day in a really foul mood,  
I didn’t speak much to my parents and I barely touched my food,  
Although it was Christmas Eve, I feared that I would have to spend,  
My Christmas day without him – Sam the Snowman, my best friend.

Mum and Dad were tucked in bed when midnight eventually struck,  
And as I sat there in my grumpy state, to my great surprise and luck,  
I spotted a small present, laid down by the tree,  
And the label written on it told me that it was for me...

*Where had it come from? – I thought – It wasn’t there before,*  
I picked it up from beneath the tree and sat down on the floor,  
It was a box, long and thin, and on it was a note,  
Whoever it was from, the following is what they wrote:

*I bought you this present so that wherever I reside,  
Keep this close and you’ll know part of me is always by your side,  
No matter how far apart we’ll be, where we are or what we do,  
Even if oceans and mountains separate us, I’ll always be there for you.*

*But as for me, well... I guess for now this is goodbye,  
This planet’s too big to see everywhere, but I’ll certainly try!  
I don’t know where I’m going next, or where on this earth I’ll end,  
But I’m just so glad I met you,*

*Sam the Snowman,  
Your best friend*

I tucked the note away, and then I opened up the box,  
But it wasn’t full of underpants, a scarf, or brand new socks,  
In it was a carrot, and I laughed, knowing what it may suppose:  
That somewhere far away, there was a snowman travelling the world... without his nose.