

The Snowman's Summer Holiday



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Frosty the snowman lived in a quiet, snowy valley where winter stayed all year long. He had three round snowballs for a body, coal-black dot eyes, and a carrot-orange nose. Every day he watched the same white hills and dreamed of something different. "I wish I could see green meadows and colorful flowers," he sighed. "And maybe even a sunny beach!" His red knitted scarf fluttered in the cold wind.



One morning, a songbird with sky-blue and white feathers landed on Frosty's twig arm. "Hello! I'm Pip," the bird chirped, tilting his tiny orange beak. "I fly everywhere, and I've seen the most amazing summer places!" Frosty's pebble smile grew wide. "Summer? Tell me everything!" Pip described gardens full of buzzing bees, markets piled with juicy fruit, and waves sparkling in the sun. Frosty listened with wonder, his coal eyes shining.



Pip said, "My friend Professor Pinewood is a clever inventor. He might help you visit summer safely." So Frosty and Pip traveled to a cozy workshop filled with whirring gadgets. Out came the professor, a short, stooped man with bushy white hair, round glasses, and a green tweed jacket. "A snowman who wants to see summer? How wonderful!" he chuckled. "I have just the thing—a magic cooling vest!"



Professor Pinewood held up a sky-blue vest with silver buttons and a small glowing snowflake badge. "This vest keeps you cool in the summer heat," he explained. "But it needs to recharge in a freezer after a few hours." Frosty put it on over his round snow body. "Thank you!" he beamed. "I'll be careful, I promise." With Pip on his shoulder, Frosty stepped out of the snowy valley for the very first time.



The first thing Frosty saw was a garden bursting with color. Red roses, yellow sunflowers, and purple pansies nodded in the warm breeze. "Oh!" Frosty gasped. "I've only ever seen white snow!" Pip chirped happily. "And look—bees!" Frosty watched the tiny bees dance from flower to flower. He touched a soft petal gently. "Summer is even better than I dreamed," he whispered. The sun felt warm, but his vest kept him cool.



Next, Pip led Frosty to a bustling market. Stalls overflowed with bright strawberries, plump peaches, and shiny green apples. "Try this!" Pip said, dropping a strawberry into Frosty's twig hand. Frosty couldn't eat, but he loved the sweet smell. A baker with a floury apron waved at him. "A snowman in summer! How delightful!" Frosty waved back, his coal eyes crinkling. The market buzzed with friendly voices and happy laughter.



Then Pip flew Frosty toward the coast. "I hear the sea!" Frosty said, listening to the distant rush of waves. They passed a little seaside village with white houses and blue shutters. Children played in the streets, and fishing boats bobbed in the harbor. "Almost there!" Pip chirped. Frosty's heart felt light. He couldn't wait to feel sand between his snowy toes and see the sparkling water up close.



At last, Frosty stood on a sunny beach. Golden sand stretched out, and waves rolled in with a gentle whoosh. "It's beautiful!" Frosty breathed. He wiggled his snowy toes in the warm sand. Pip splashed in the shallow water. "Come on in!" the bird called. Frosty dipped one foot in the sea. The water felt cool and tickly. "This is the best day ever!" he laughed, his scarf flapping in the sea breeze.



On the beach, Frosty met a girl named Marina. She had curly dark-brown hair in two buns, a yellow polka-dot sundress, and a straw sun hat. "Hello! I'm Marina," she said with a gap-toothed smile. "You're the first snowman I've ever met!" Frosty introduced himself and Pip. Marina clapped her hands. "Want to see my sandcastle?" she asked. "And I have a freezer full of ice cream—perfect for a snowman!"



Frosty, Pip, and Marina built a grand sandcastle with towers and a moat. Marina showed Frosty how to decorate it with seashells and seaweed. "You're very creative!" Frosty said. Marina grinned. "So are you—look at that carrot nose!" They laughed together. Pip sang a happy tune. For the first time, Frosty felt like he truly belonged in summer. The afternoon sun climbed higher, but Frosty didn't notice.



Suddenly, the snowflake badge on Frosty's vest began to blink. "Uh-oh," Pip chirped nervously. "Your vest is losing power!" Frosty felt a tiny trickle of water drip from his elbow. "What do I do?" he asked. Marina grabbed his twig hand. "Don't worry! My family's ice-cream freezer is just down the beach. It's super cold—it will recharge your vest!" They hurried across the warm sand.



Marina led Frosty to a little seaside shop with a sign shaped like an ice-cream cone. Inside, a big freezer hummed. "Hop in!" Marina said, opening the lid. Frosty climbed inside, and the chilly air wrapped around him. Pip perched on the freezer's edge. "Phew!" Frosty sighed as the snowflake badge glowed brighter. "Thank you, Marina!" Marina smiled. "That's what friends are for!"



After a few minutes, Frosty's vest was fully charged. He stepped out, feeling cool and strong again. "I thought I might have to leave summer forever," he said. Marina shook her head. "No way! We just need to plan ahead." She gave Frosty a small timer. "This will remind you when to recharge." Frosty hugged her. "You're a genius!" Pip chirped in agreement. "Best friends always find a way!"



Frosty spent the rest of the afternoon playing with Marina and Pip. They flew a kite, collected shells, and watched the fishing boats come in. Frosty even helped Marina's father carry a bucket of fish. Everyone in the village waved and smiled. "A snowman in summer!" they cheered. Frosty felt warm inside—not from the sun, but from friendship. "I'm so glad I came," he said.



As the sun began to set, Frosty knew it was time to go home. "I'll come back next summer," he promised Marina. "And I'll bring my vest—and my timer!" Marina gave him a seashell to remember her by. Pip sang a farewell song. "Thank you for showing me summer," Frosty said. "Now I know that with a little help and friendship, anything is possible."



Frosty returned to his snowy valley, but he didn't feel sad. He had seen green meadows, colorful flowers, and sunny beaches. He had made wonderful friends. And he knew that next summer, with his magic vest and a bit of planning, he could have another amazing adventure. "Summer is possible," he told the stars, "if you're creative and prepared—and if you have friends!"