

Winter came. Billy was lonely. He missed his old friend.

He had written a letter to Father Christmas and was about to take it downstairs when he tripped over a loose floorboard . . .





"What's this?" thought Billy as he pulled out an old shoebox. Inside he found a worn-out hat, some pieces of coal, a shrivelled tangerine and a tatty green scarf.

As Billy unfolded the scarf, an old photograph dropped out. How odd! And then he realized. Another boy had lived here and made an amazing snowman.

"I'm going to make a snowman too," thought Billy. "Just like his one!"

