

The mising snowman! Ounts there was a snowman that was named Frosty and he livd in the north poll. And this is the story. Ounts there was a snowman named Frosty. Frosty smitherd the nice erre. And said oh what a nice day he said to him self nuthing can stop me now! But then it was Chrismis! And he had to go back to the north poll. But then it was winter agen and the childrin got out of scoll and they bilt Frosty like evry uther winter. And with the majic hat they playd. But this Čhrismis he stade.

The End