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The Snow Girl

Unknown writer

Once upon a time, there lived a poor man named Ivan and his wife Marie. They were very sad because they had no children. On a cold winter day, they sat together by the window and saw the children from the village playing in the snow. The children were busy making a Snow Girl.

"How much fun the children are having," Ivan said to his wife. "Look, they are making a beautiful snow girl. Come, let's go outside and play in the snow too." So, they walked out into the garden of their cottage. "My dear husband," said Marie, "since we don't have any children, what if we make a snow child?"

"That's a great idea!" said the man. And he got to work right away. He rolled two large snowballs for the body and made small hands and feet. A stranger walked by and thought it was strange what Marie and Ivan were doing, but they didn't care. They continued with the Snow Girl's nose, chin, and eyes.



Soon, the snow child was ready, and Ivan looked at her with pride. Suddenly, he noticed that the Snow Girl opened her eyes and mouth. Her cheeks and lips turned pink, and a few moments later, a living child stood before the amazed Ivan and Marie. "Who are you?" Ivan asked, full of wonder.

"I am the Snow Girl. Your little daughter," said the child. Then she hugged the poor man and woman tightly, and they began to cry. The delighted parents took the Snow Girl home, and soon the news spread throughout the village. And because she was such a sweet little girl, with beautiful eyes and shining hair, all the children in the village wanted to play with her.



So, the joyful winter quickly passed, and the Snow Girl grew up quickly. When spring came, she was already as big as a girl of twelve or thirteen. During the winter months, she had been very happy, but now that mild, warm days were coming, she became sad. Her mother, Marie, noticed this and asked, "What's wrong, dear? Why are you sad? Are you not feeling well?"

"No, dear mother, I'm not sick," said the Snow Girl. But she no longer enjoyed playing outside with the other children and sat quietly in the house. Until one beautiful spring day, the children from the village came to get her. "Come on, Snow Girl. We're going to collect flowers in the forest. Come with us!"



"Yes, dear, do that!" said mother Marie. "Go with your friends and collect flowers. It will do you good." So, the children went on a journey together, collected beautiful wildflowers, and made lovely bouquets. And when the sun began to set, they made a big campfire and sang and danced. "Let's all dance," one of the little girls cried. "Snow Girl, watch how we do it, and then you can join in too."

All the children danced happily and freely around the fire, and then it was the Snow Girl's turn. When all the joyful children were out of breath and resting, one of them asked, "Where is the Snow Girl?" "Snow Girl, where are you?" the other children shouted, but no one could find her.



Together, the children ran back to the house and told Ivan and Marie that the Snow Girl had disappeared when they danced around the campfire together. The villagers immediately searched for the little girl but could not find her. She had slowly melted into a small, white vapor during the dance by the fire and had flown away with the wind to the blue sky. There she still floats, like a delicate snowflake.

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