



Magical Snowflake

(Based on “The Magical Snowflake” by Santa Noel [Leon McBryde])

Mrs. Claus and I have always heard of a rumor up at the North Pole of the “Magic Snowflake,” but we both did not know if it was true or not; so one day I decided to go ask one of the oldest snowmen up here at the North Pole to see if it was true.

Surely the oldest snowman at the North Pole would know if it was true.

I found the biggest and oldest snowman at the North Pole and asked him if he had heard of the “Magical Snowflake” and if it was true.

You know who that snowman is....? Yep it is **FROSTY!**

He said, *“Yes, it is true Santa!”*

I said, *“Do you have the Magical Snowflake in you?”*, and he said, *“I’ve looked up and I’ve looked down and all around, and I don’t have it.”*

He told me to go and ask his wife, **CRYSTAL**. Now she is a bit younger than **FROSTY** but certainly she might know.

I found **CRYSTAL** and asked if she had the “Magical Snowflake?”, and she said, *“I’ve looked up and I’ve looked down and all around, and I don’t have it.”*

But she told me to go find her young son named **CHILLY** and ask him.

She told me to look over by the reindeer barn, and I might be able to find him there.

I looked in the barn, and he was not there. Then I looked out back and found **CHILLY** playing with Dasher. I asked him if he had heard of the story about the “Magical Snowflake?”, and he said he had.

I asked him if he had the “Magical Snowflake in him?”, and he said, *“I’ve looked up and I’ve looked down and all around, and I don’t have it.”*

I was about to give up and go back to the house and tell Mrs. Claus that I could not find the “Magical Snowflake”, and then **CHILLY** told me to go and find his little sister named **MILLY**. She should be by the bakery shop.

So, I went down to the bakery and ask Mr. Jelly if he has seen the little girl snowman named **MILLY**.

He said no, but he would ask his helper, Peaches Marmalade. Peaches saw her talking to Rudolph. I went looking for Rudolph, and there she was, the little girl named **MILLY**.

She was so small and tiny.

I said, *“Smallest and Youngest Snowman...welcome to the North Pole.”*

“Can I ask you something?”

She said, *“Yep, you are going to ask me about the Magic Snowflake aren’t you?”*

She said, *“Its TRUE!”*

I said, *“Well I just thought I would ask you but surely being the youngest snowman at the North Pole you don’t have the Magical Snowflake in you.”*

She said, *“I’ve looked up and I’ve looked down and all around, and...,”*

“Do you know what she told me?”

Was I ever surprised when she said, *“Yes, I have the “Magical Snowflake in me!”*

She said, *“Santa, don’t you know that every snowflake that falls is different. There are no two alike. And so I am made up of all these special snowflakes...and that makes me special and different than anyone else.”*

And I said, *“You are absolutely right, and that is why that little girl snowman means so much to me and Mrs. Claus.”*

“And that is why you, and you, and you, and you, in fact all of you mean so much to me and Mrs. Claus!”

“....because you are special and different from anyone else.”

There is no one just like you anywhere in the world! “And you know what? We love you and there is nothing you can do about it!”