

# Snowmen at Christmas by Caralyn Buehner

Scripted by Mrs. Brown

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 3

Narrator 4

Narrator 1: One Christmas Eve I made a snowman, very fat and jolly. I dressed him up in red and green and trimmed his hat with holly.

Narrator 2: I saw his arms were trembling as if he couldn't wait. It made me start to wonder – how do snowmen celebrate?

Narrator 3: I think that while I'm snug in bed dreaming of Christmas treats, the merry snowmen slip away and hurry through the streets.

Narrator 4: They glide down snowy avenues with lamp lights all aglow. The sleeping city blanketed in freshly fallen snow.

Narrator 2: They pass by toy shop windows framed with twinkling light, pausing for a peek or two at holiday delights.

Narrator 4: The jolly snowmen gather from everywhere around, for a Christmas party in the center of the town.

Narrator 1: Waving to each other, they call out cheery greetings. All their friends and family so happy to be meeting.

Narrator 3: A few merry snowmen start trimming the square. Soon holly and icicles are strung everywhere.

Narrator 4: And then, reaching high, for everyone to see, they hang balls of snow on the big Christmas tree.

Narrator 3: The snow children play Freeze Tag or Red Rover, or climb in a stack 'til they wobble right over.

Narrator 2: The mothers lay out all kinds of cold treats: ice cream and snow cones and dainty iced sweets.

Narrator 1: Then the dancing begins to the tune of a fiddle. All the snowmen line up, and sashay down the middle.

Narrator 2: Someone says “Hush!” Could that be a jingle? The over the hill glides the snowman Kris Kringle!

Narrator 3: He opens his sack with a jolly “Ho ho!” And pulls out their presents, each made out of snow.

Narrator 1: Santa sips his cocoa, the reindeer romp and play. And then, with a whistle, they’re off on their way.

Narrator 4: Such fun snowmen have! But there’s still one more thing – with hearts full of joy they hold hands and they sing.

Narrator 1: While the fiddler plays, and sweet silver bells ring, they sing songs about snow and the birth of a King.

Narrator 2: The children are sleepy. The grown-ups are yawning. The snowmen go home just as Christmas is dawning.

Narrator 3: They're all back in their places when Christmas Day starts, but these folks made of snow have a glow in their hearts.

Narrator 4: Their smiles are more tender, their eyes softly shine as the snowmen dream dreams of ***their*** Christmastime.

All: Merry Christmas!