

## A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa:

The cold has never seemed to me so marvelous tonight. I like to feel the snowflakes melt in my skin. Does it mean to feel alive?

I would love to feel like this forever. I would love to remember this scene. Two kids have opened the window in front of me, but their mother has asked them to close it again.

—Mom! The reindeers will not be able to come in —the youngest child said.

—Santa Claus goes down the chimney —her mother replied.

After losing my last chance to talk to them, the children have approached a Christmas tree and, with the help of their mother, they have left a plate of cookies and a huge glass of milk. Will the food be for that man dressed in red?

A few hours ago, they told me Santa Claus would appear on his sleigh that night and he would bring them the gifts which they had asked for in a letter. That is the reason why I am writing to you now. I also want a present.

I like my new black hat, my colourful striped scarf, my wooden arms, my orange nose and my button eyes, but...

I wish I could always be real.

If only I didn't melt when the sun rised up.

A freezing hug,

A snowman