



When the ski-lift could not go any further, they got off and Little Mole went right to work.





He rolled up two big snowballs and two little ones. He fit them together and Snowman was back together again. So Little Mole rented him some skis, and sat down on his sled. Over his shoulder he called: "Bye bye, Snowman. See you again in winter!" And he raced back down to the valley.





And all of a sudden they were worlds apart...
While the snowman was skiing in the mountains,
Little Mole was enjoying all the blooming, buzzing,
and chirping around his molehill.

And whenever they thought of each other, which was often, they always waved—even though they couldn't see each other. Because for friends, knowing is more important than seeing.

