

(4)The Perfect Snowman

The first snow of the year had come, and the children in the town rushed outside with joy. The park quickly turned into a snowy playground full of laughter, snowball fights, and, of course, snowmen. Among the happy children, there was a boy named Tommy. He always wanted things to be perfect. He had made up his mind this year. He would build the most amazing snowman anyone had ever seen.

Tommy started by carefully rolling three large snowballs. He stacked them from the biggest to the smallest. He used a carrot for the nose, two stones for the eyes, and lined several smaller stones into a perfect smile. Then, he wrapped a red plaid scarf around the snowman's neck. It stood tall and proud, and the children nearby began to admire it.

Not far from Tommy, Anna and Jack were building their own snowman. Theirs was smaller and slightly crooked, with its mouth tilting to one side. But the two of them giggled happily as they worked, clearly proud of their creation.

When they saw Tommy's snowman, they were amazed.

"Tommy's snowman is so tall! And it's smiling! His snowman is the best," Jack said.

"Yeah, but I like ours. It looks like a chubby snow bear." Anna agreed, but she still preferred their chubby little snowman.

Tommy smiled. "Thanks, but I think mine can be even better."

Determined to surpass everyone, Tommy ran back home and returned with colorful ribbons, sparkling Christmas lights, and even a pair of his mom's fake eyelashes. He added glitter to the snowman's cheeks and used a bit of strawberry jam to give it a blush.

As he dressed up the snowman, Anna walked over and watched with a confused expression. "Don't you think that's a bit too much?" she asked gently. "It looks a

little strange now.”

Tommy waved her off. “You don’t understand. Art needs to be bold. I’m making something truly remarkable.” For his final touch, he bought a small firework and placed it on top of the snowman’s head.

Anna was truly in shock. “Are you sure? You’re going to light a firework on your snowman?”

“It’s going to be epic,” Tommy smiled. “Just wait and see.”

Despite the others’ protests, Tommy lit the fuse. A second later, the firework exploded with a loud BOOM. The snowman shattered, pieces of snow flying everywhere. The carrot nose landed in a muddy puddle, the scarf was singed, and glitter rained down like sad confetti.

The children stared in silence. Tommy stood frozen, staring at the wet mud that had once been his masterpiece.

Jack, standing behind him, whispered, “It was perfect before you put on all the extra stuff.”

Anna placed a hand on Tommy’s shoulder and said softly, “Sometimes, trying too hard to make something perfect just ruins what was already good.”

Tommy sighed and looked down. “I just wanted it to be the best. Now there’s nothing left.”