



Chapter Two

Gary aimed a snowball. "That's a funny-looking snowman! Couldn't you get it to stand up? Ours does!"

The snowball spattered on the back of Tom's fleece and a few wet bits slithered down his neck, but he took no notice. He could get Gary back later.



"It's not meant to be standing up," he said. "Anyone can make a snowman. Mine's different. Mine's a snow *cat*."