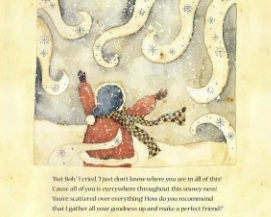





The snow took on an eerie cast
 first and then a cheery grin.
 Then anxious little whirlwinds
 leaped round my feet, so quick!

Suddenly I heard Bob whisper—
 his voice was soft and kind—
 he asked me if I'd help him then,
 if I was so inclined.

To gather up those warm flakes
 and roll them in a ball,
 till he could be, and he with me,
 in shape and form and all.



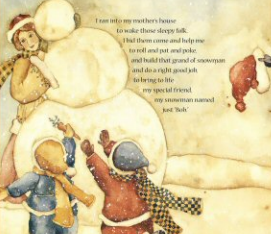
"But Bob," I said, "I just don't know where you are or if that
 Canon all of you is every where throughout this snowy need
 'cause scattered over everything I know do you recommend
 that I gather all your goodness up and make a perfect friend?"



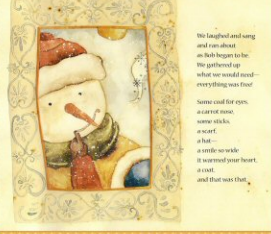
Then they both shared a secret,
 and I knew just what to do.
 But he whispered these few words to me
 that I now share with you—



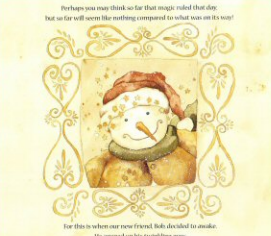
Friendship is a simple thing
 The clue is just to start,
 As long as it is built
 on trust and love from
 in your heart.



I can only say mother's honor
 to make those sleepy folk,
 that they come and help me
 to roll and put and poke
 and build that grand old snowman
 just the right good job
 to bring to his
 my special friend
 my snowman named
 just Bob.



We laughed and sang
 and ran about
 as Bob began to be
 the gathered up
 what we would need—
 everything was there
 Some cast for eyes,
 a carrot nose,
 some sticks,
 so soft
 a hat
 a smile so wide
 it warmed your heart
 a coat
 and that was that.



Perhaps you may think so far that magic ruled that day
 but so far we'll seem the nothing compared to what was on its way!

For this is when our new friend, Bob, decided to awake
 He opened up his twinkling eyes.

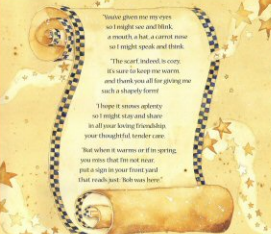


So when I do remember
 was something of a dream
 the confusion or glowing
 something I did want.

And though you might be doubtful
 a talking friend made out of snow?
 This is what we heard from Bob
 he wanted us to know.




Well, that was it,
 "You all help and
 that dream, sorry night."

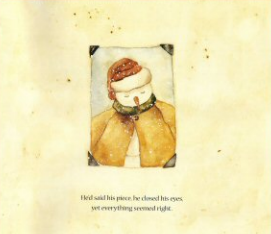


"You'd given me my eyes
 so I might see and think,
 a mouth, a hat, a carrot nose
 so I might speak and think.
 "The soft redness is every
 bit more to keep me warm
 and thank you all for giving me
 such a shapely form!"

"I hope," it seems gently
 we might see and share
 in all your loving friendship
 your thoughtful tender care.
 "But when it warms me in the spring,
 you know that I can't clear
 put a sign in your front yard
 that reads just, "Bob was here!"



Bob said his piece, he closed his eyes
 yet everything seemed right.



We all joined in
 Celebration
 for his message was quite clear
 that, just like all good faithful
 friends,
 Bob
 is always near.



Bob was here.



Bob was here.



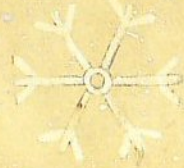
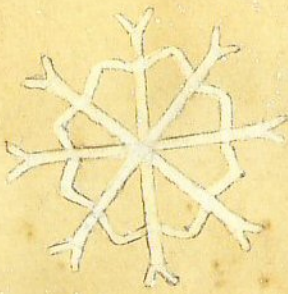
It is the author's hope that this book will be a source of joy and inspiration for all who read it. The author is grateful to the many people who have supported and encouraged him throughout his life. The author is also grateful to the many people who have helped him in his work. The author is also grateful to the many people who have helped him in his work.



A
Snowman
named just Bob

Written by
Mark Kimball Moulton
Illustrated by Karen Hillard Crouch

A
Snowman
named
just Bob



Illustrated by
Karen Hillard Crouch



Written by
Mark Kimball Moulton



ideals children's books
Nashville, Tennessee



For our treasured families and friends,
the moon, the stars, tiny little snowflakes,
carrots... each other...

...and all the innocent bystanders
who get caught up in the magic.

-Karen and Mark





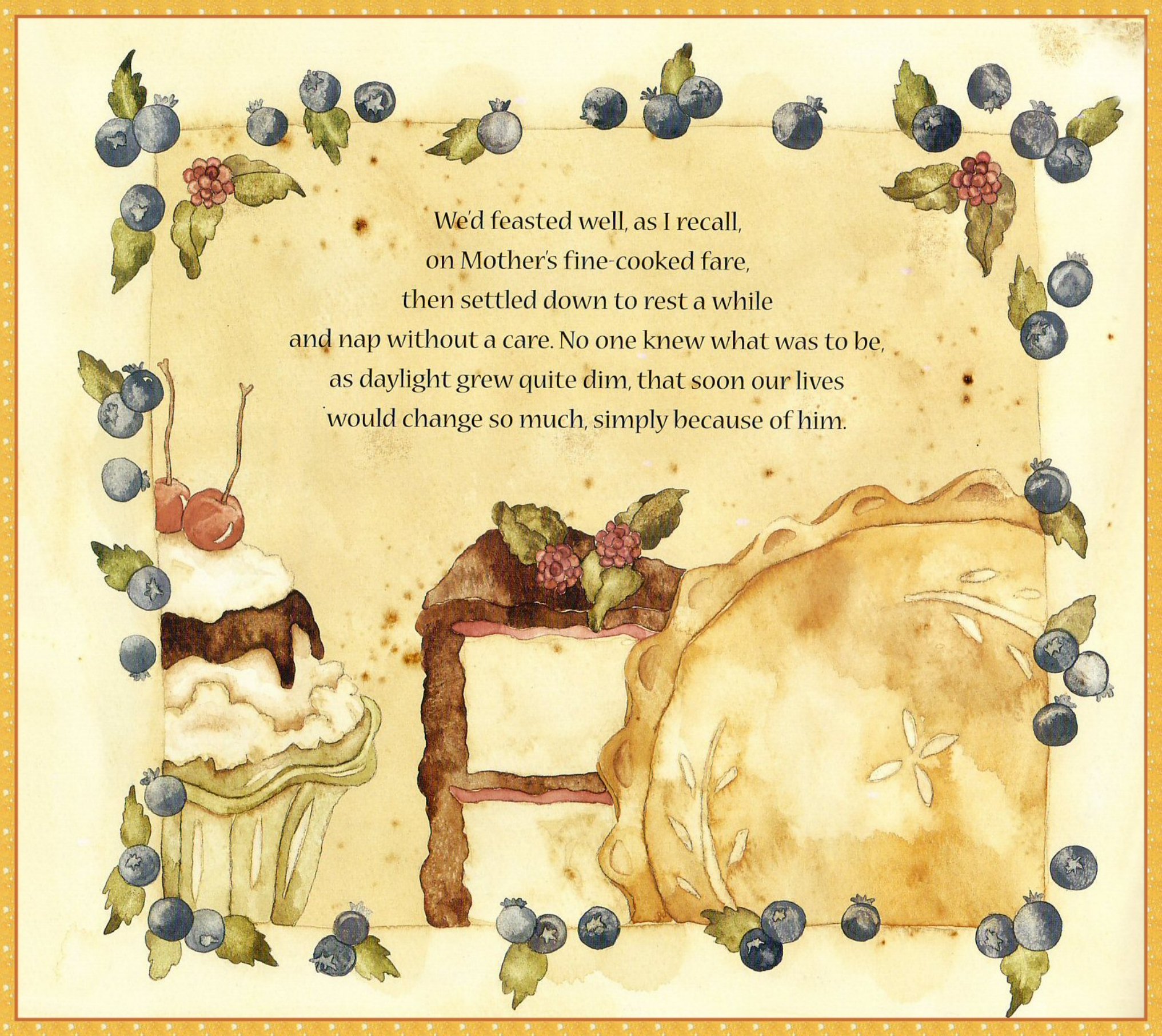
Gladly presented to:

On this day:

from:



It was late
that one Thanksgiving
when Bob first
came to me ...
a joyful day
of food and fun,
with friends
and family.



We'd feasted well, as I recall,
on Mother's fine-cooked fare,
then settled down to rest a while
and nap without a care. No one knew what was to be,
as daylight grew quite dim, that soon our lives
would change so much, simply because of him.



The weatherman reported that no snow was due that night,
but as we slept, the clouds rolled in, obscuring all the light.
And though that weatherman had tried, he never could have said,
just what was forming in the sky, directly overhead!



The Moon grew bright,
then disappeared,
then broke into a laugh.

The stars began to dance a jig,
the clouds just split in half.



In retrospect I do believe
that magic came that night—
no ordinary storm, you see,
could stir up such a sight.



*The sky began to whip around,
then settled on its way.*

*The wind skipped lightly through the trees,
inviting me to play.*

And late that eve,
there fell the first exquisite, tiny flake—



followed by another

and still others in their wake!




And this is when, I dare to say,

that Bob first came to be,

as peace fell lightly like a robe

o'er every hill and tree.





He fell upon my
windowsill, he landed
in my hair. He frosted
all my neighbors' homes
and blew throughout the air.

Just when it seemed the storm
might pass, or at least be quite mild,
the Moon came out and gave a wink
and then stood back and smiled.

'Twas like he knew the answer
to a real-life mystery—
a delightful understanding that
would soon be clear to me.






The snow took on an eerie cast—
first pink, then blue, then gold.
Then anxious little whirlwinds
leaped round my feet, so bold!

Suddenly, I heard Bob whisper—
his voice was soft and kind—
he asked me if I'd help him then,
if I was so inclined,

to gather up those many flakes
and roll them in a ball,
till he could be, and be with me,
in shape and form and all.



"But Bob," I cried, "I just don't know where you are in all of this!
'Cause all of you is everywhere throughout this snowy-ness!
You're scattered over everything! How do you recommend
that I gather all your goodness up and make a perfect friend?"



'Twas then Bob shared a secret,
and I knew just what to do,
for he whispered these few words to me
that I now share with you—

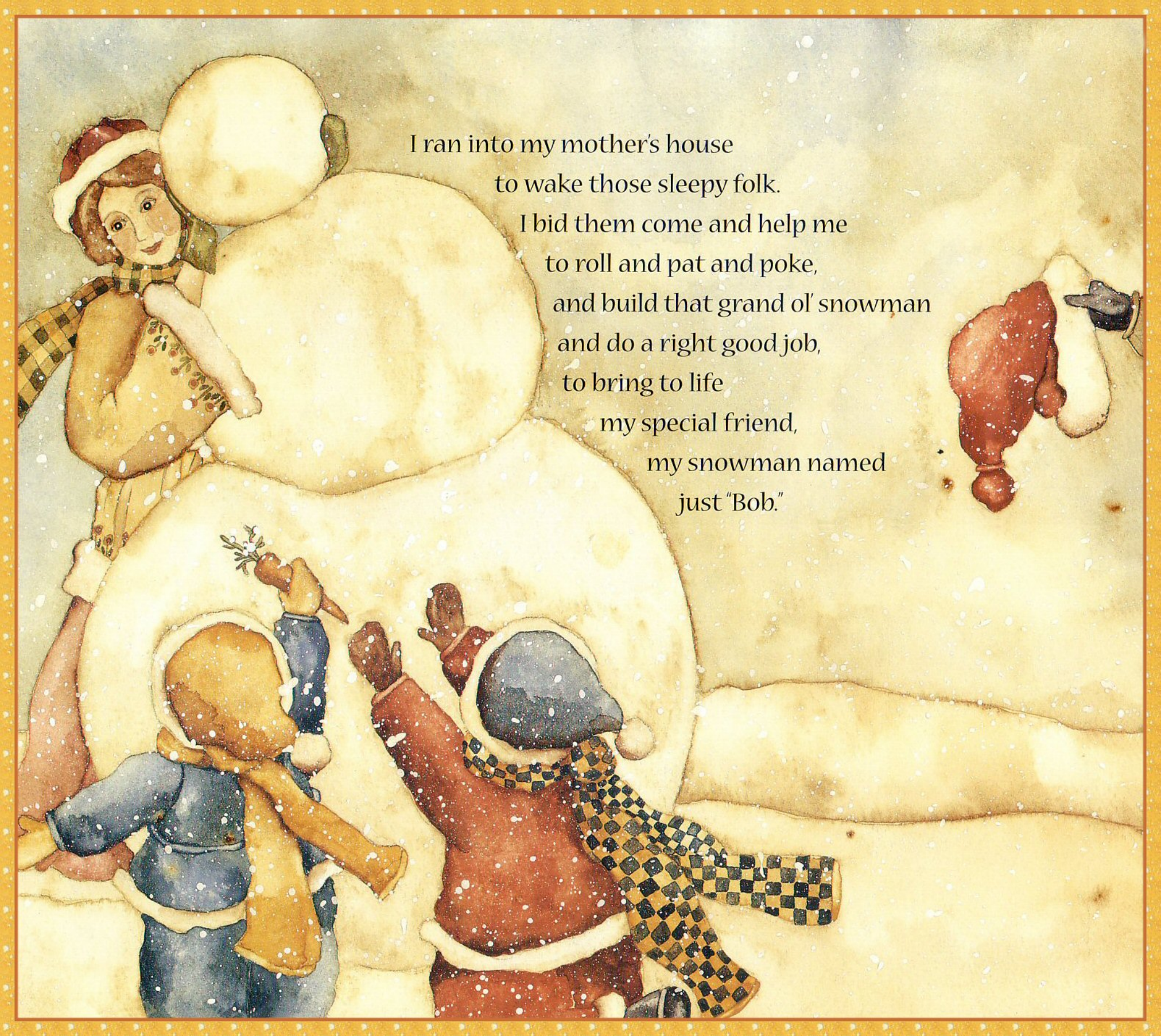


“Friendship is a simple
thing”

The clue is just to start,

As long as it is built
on trust

And love from in
your heart.”

A watercolor illustration of a snowy winter scene. In the foreground, two children are building a snowman. One child, wearing a blue jacket and a brown hat, is holding a carrot. The other child, wearing a red coat and a black and white checkered scarf, is reaching up to place a snowball on the snowman's head. The snowman is made of three large, rounded snowballs. In the background, a girl in a yellow dress and a red hat is holding a large snowball. To the right, a small, red, bird-like snowman is visible. The sky is a pale, hazy yellow, and the ground is covered in snow with small white specks representing snowflakes.

I ran into my mother's house
to wake those sleepy folk.

I bid them come and help me
to roll and pat and poke,
and build that grand ol' snowman
and do a right good job,
to bring to life

my special friend,
my snowman named
just "Bob."



We laughed and sang
and ran about
as Bob began to be.
We gathered up
what we would need—
everything was free!

Some coal for eyes,
a carrot nose,
some sticks,
a scarf,
a hat—
a smile so wide
it warmed your heart,
a coat,
and that was that.


Perhaps you may think so far that magic ruled that day,
but so far will seem like nothing compared to what was on its way!



For this is when our new friend, Bob, decided to awake.
He opened up his twinkling eyes;



his belly, it did shake.

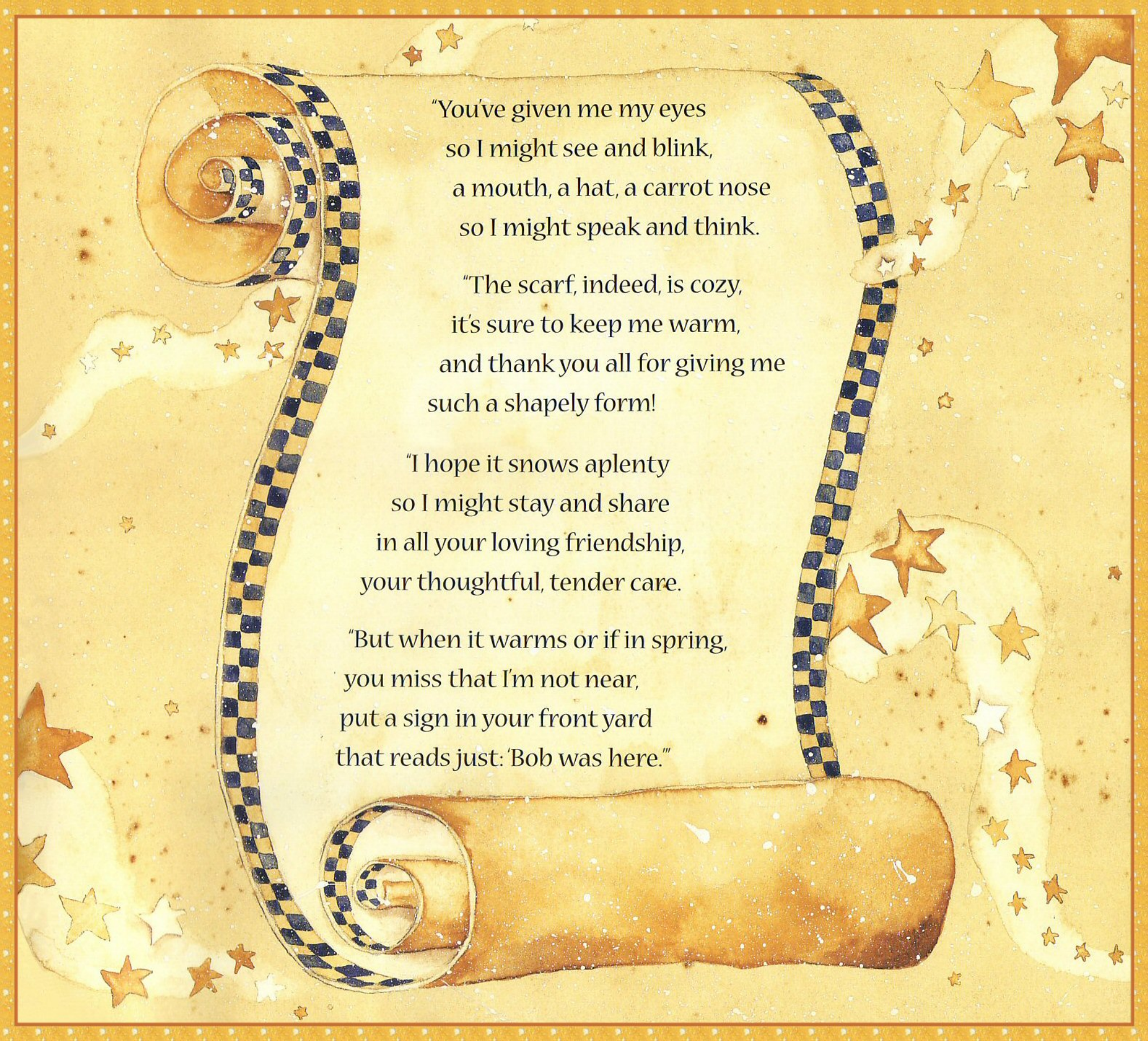


His voice, I do remember,
was something of a dream.

His countenance, so pleasing—
unearthly, it did seem.

And though you might be doubtful—
a talking friend made out of snow?

This is what we heard from Bob—
he wanted us to know:



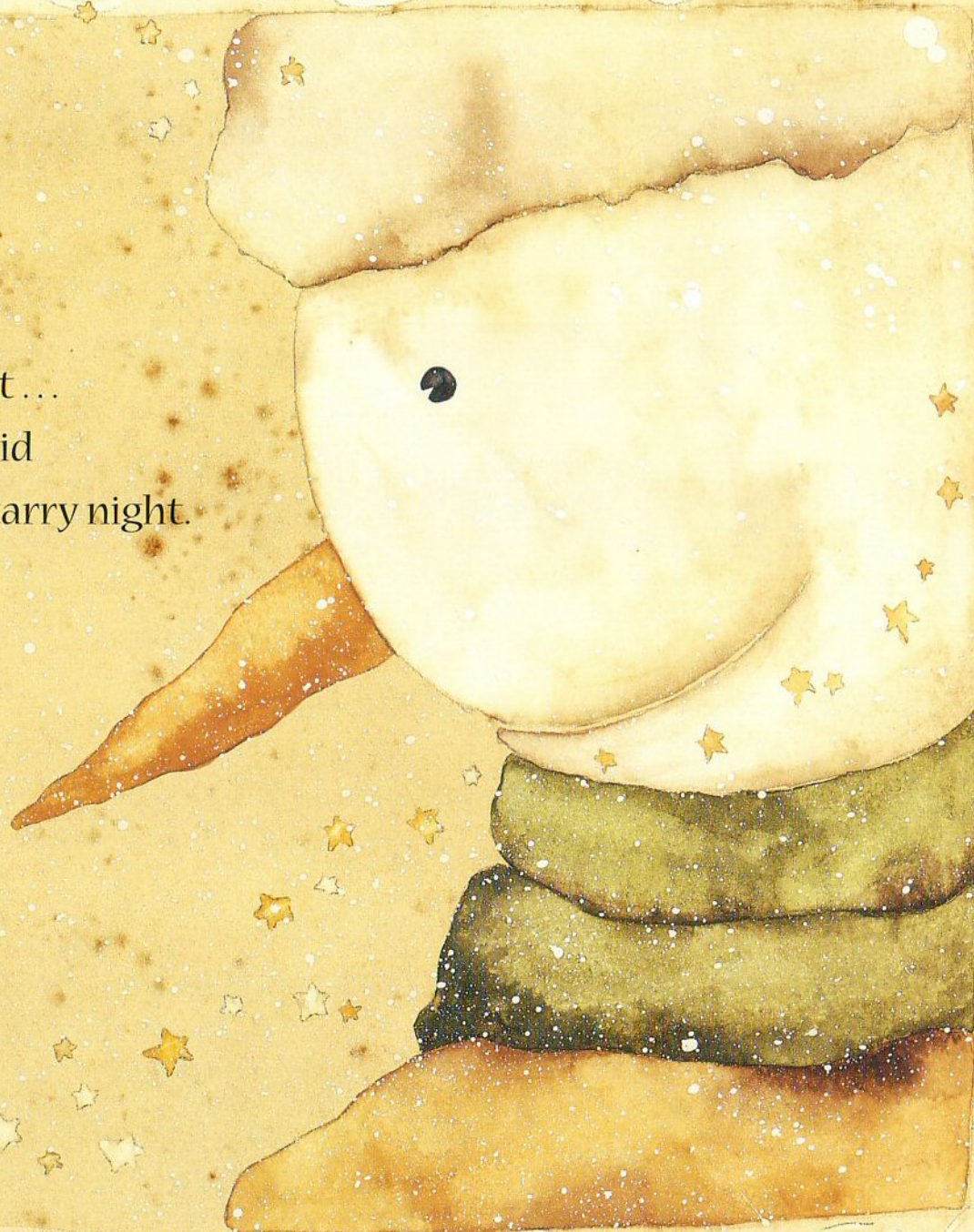
"You've given me my eyes
so I might see and blink,
a mouth, a hat, a carrot nose
so I might speak and think.

"The scarf, indeed, is cozy,
it's sure to keep me warm,
and thank you all for giving me
such a shapely form!

"I hope it snows aplenty
so I might stay and share
in all your loving friendship,
your thoughtful, tender care.

"But when it warms or if in spring,
you miss that I'm not near,
put a sign in your front yard
that reads just: 'Bob was here.'"

Well, that was it ...
'twas all Bob said
that dreamy, starry night.







He'd said his piece, he closed his eyes,
yet everything seemed right.



We all
joined in

Celebration,

for his message was quite clear,
that just like all good faithful
friends...



Bob
is always near.





BOB
was here.

forget
me
not



Sometimes life presents us with unexpected and magical moments. So it is in this tale of a snowman named just Bob: when a young child builds a snowman, he comes to life just long enough to impart a few thoughts about the importance of building and holding friendships dear. Illustrated with warmth and whimsy, *A Snowman Named Just Bob* is a classic story the whole family can share.