Somewhere in a lonely place but in western Africa, an aged storyteller prepares for the arrival of the village children. He tells stories of ancient the spider stories of how Amrid's hand came to be so small and of how journeys came to the Ancestors tribe.

The storyteller is ready, except for one important thing: a highly colored horn. As he wraps the cloth around him, he must transform into that of a young native. As an old man, he has forgotten the many stories; but when he wears his magic horn, the stories are quick and clear in his mind. The horn restores his memory.

The storytelling ritual continues for many years. When children grow up, have their own children, and send them to hear and to learn, but one day the storytelling must come to an end.
Indians capture the villagers and steal their property. The prisoners are loaded onto ships that cross the ocean to the southern island of America, where the African people are sold into slavery.

The magic knows no end. It passes through generations, even after slavery is no more. A token, lost from an ancient treasure trove, is discovered on a continent. But it still preserves the magic... in still other worlds to return.
Jacob Miller always woke up late on Saturday mornings. But not today. When his eyes opened, his heart was beating rapidly. He did not remember his dreams, but it must have been a bad one. He felt frightened. He felt angry.

Jacob reached out to turn on the light. On the base of the lamp, a cowboy was seen to kneel; his hands were fumbling for the bottom of the shade. The cowboy’s left hand was chipped, the knee torn. The boy who owned that lamp for the very first time would be an old man by now.

Jacob would have chosen a lamp with remote or space warriers, but the everything else he owned, the lamp was old and well-used. It made Jacob hesitate just to look at it.
Jacob dressed quickly and followed delicious brak-fast smells coming from the kitchen. His younger brother, Proven, was reading beside their mother at the stove.

"Can we go Christmas shopping today?" Provee asked.

"Well, not today," Mama said.

"Not today or any day," Isaac interrupted. "Your folks like we can't afford Christmas."

"Now Jacob..." Mama spoke, trying to smooth over the hurt she saw nesting into Proven's eyes. "Maybe we won't go shopping together, but I know there's gonna be presents!"

"Sure!" said Jacob. "Maybe we'll get some old suits from that well-known clothes store, the Salvation Army!"

Jacob's bitter words smirked his mother. Hard, she pulled back at him. "Don't you ever talk like that in this house! Ever! Do you hear you, Jacob?" "Please don't fight!" Provee cried. "Mama, Jacob's sorry!"
But Jacob wasn't sorry, for this scene was repeated at least once a week. The words were not always the same, but the hurt was the same. Jacob walked away and sat quietly on the steps until he was sure she had given up. He held his head in his hands, then stared out the kitchen window, holding back his tears.

Nothing was said as Mama smiled and passed pancakes buttered into the skillet. Jacob knew his mother was waiting for an apology, but he couldn't speak to her.

Mama stammered over her words, "I know it's hard on you, too. We're just going through some tough times now, but ..."

Jacob broke down in a rage. "I hate being black! I hate it!"

A chill ran down Mama's back as if her spine were a huge sickle. "Being black isn't just nothing to do with it, son!"

"Everything black is bad," Jacob repeated words he'd heard others say. "You ever hear of the Black House? No! But there's a White House. A white man makes your rules; a black one destroys your home. And how about fairy tales? It's the white knight who wins, the black one who loses. Good magic is white, black magic is bad."

"That's nonsense, Jacob!" Mama answered. "Those are just tired old words I've been hearing since I was a girl!"
Forever clung to his mother's skirt. "Mama!"

"She said, Forever," Mama said, making silly as her older sons.

"Forever cried again. "Mama!"

"Shhh," Mama said, but she turned around, she noticed smoke rising from the pan. She looked inside and started to laugh. Forever laughed, too.

"What's so funny?" Jacob asked.

"That is," she said, "The man in the pan."

"There's no man in there," said Jacob. "Just a black pancake."

"Child, you have no imagination," Still laughing, Mama bustled about the kitchen until her masterpiece was complete. She gave the pancake one Kiss on her eyes and a sausage for a mouth.

Jacob tried to hold back a smile but could not. He laughed so hard he felt ready to burst. Mama tickled Jacob, then both boys tickled her back, and they all band themselves on the kitchen floor. Mama doubled over, Jacob and Forever kicking their feet in the air.

"Do you think our pancake man is happy being black?" Jacob asked.

"Why, of course," said Mama. "Happy ain't got no color."

Then Jacob's laughter subsided as quickly as it had come. "This is James," he said as he grabbed his coat and walked out the door.
The morning air was crisp and cool. Patches of white snow glistened brightly between patches of gray, frosty grass. Thomas looked at children who used their snowballs to bounce and slide.

Jacob stepped out into the battle. Two snowballs exploded on either side of him. He jumped out into the battlefield, dodged a few minutes, then retreated out back, where he could sit on the cellar door and watch. But it was no use. Percee was already on his trail.

“What do you want?” Jacob asked.

“I just want to play with my big brother,” said Percee. “Let’s build a snowman.”

“We can’t build a snowman,” Jacob snapped. “Just look at that snow. It’s wet and black from all the people trampling on it.”

“Then we’ll make a black snowman,” said Percee.

“A black snowman,” Jacob sighed. “Just what I’ve always wanted.”
Jacob watched as Perror picked the moose with his small hook.

"At the rate you’re going, you won’t be done till spring," Jacob said.

With Jacob’s help, the work went quickly. The harder Jacob worked, the better he felt.

"This black moose man could use some dressing up," he suggested.

It was Perror’s job to pick through the moose to find a wardrobe: meat used for fuel, buttons for eyes, and a heavy old hat.

Perror looked at their mooseman proudly, but Jacob had a more critical eye. "Something’s missing," he said.

"Like what?" Perror asked.

"Like it’s cold out here. Find him something to warm on his shoulders."

Perror returned to the moose, where a colorful cloth caught his eye.

"Look at this," Perror said as he held up the cloth for his brother to see.
“Huh,” Jacob scooted. “Don’t use that. It doesn’t go with the rest of him. Find something else.”

“Well, I like it,” Forever said. “and I’m going to use it.”

Forever carefully draped the cloth around the monster’s bumpy body.

Though old and torn, the cloth began to come alive again with powers passed down through many generations. Forever had discovered the magic rope.

“Now he’s perfect,” Forever said.

Jacob looked at the sorry monster in his tattered hat and shirt. He felt sad and angry at the same time.

“A black monster,” Jacob said. “Is that ugly?”
"Who are you calling ugly?"
The boys looked around but saw no one.
"Who said that?" Jacob asked.
"I did. Over here."
"It's our snowman," said Feesee, skipping with delight. "Our snowman can talk!"
Jacob stared suspiciously.
The snowman picked up Feesee and lifted him high. "Well, look here," said the snowman, "a little one who still believes."
The snowman put Feesee down again, and they danced.
"We have to go," said Jacob.
The snowman led his partner toward Jacob. "But you haven't danced yet," said the snowman. "Why, it's downright impolite not to dance with a new friend."
“You're no friend of mine,” Jacob said.

The snoozeman walked around Jacob. He pressed his nose to Jacob's forehead and squinted his eyes in concentration.

The snoozeman's color changed from gray to pink; to red, yellow, blue; and finally to solid black. It was as if all the colors in spite had painted themselves onto his body. He opened his eyes wide, as if he had made a sudden discovery.

“So, black is bad, huh?” said the snoozeman.

“That's right” Jacob spoke up.

“What is more important in a book — the white pages, the black words, or the message the book holds?” asked the snoozeman.

“Huh?” Jacob looked puzzled.

“The heavens are black, and the universe is black in it,” the snoozeman said. “Should we call the earth bad because it is cloaked in blackness?”

Jacob didn't know what to say.

The snoozeman continued. “Have you sat at the table of your forefathers? Have you accepted the shield of courage they have passed along to you?”

Jacob hesitated. He didn't know what this snoozeman was talking about.
“Jacob! Perewee!” Mama called from the window.

“Oh, brother, it’s Mama,” Perewee spoke up, then pulled back, “Coming, Ma!”

The snowman broke the spell. “We will meet again, Jacob. My work with you has just begun.”

The boys scurried down the alley into the street.

In the hallway, they agreed not to tell their mother or anyone else about what had happened.
Night's curtain fell upon the day. The room was dark, except for the streetlights that showed dimly through the window.

"So what do you think about our snowman? Pretty neat, huh?" said Prewoo.

"What's so neat about an ugly black snowman?" Jacob asked.

"He's no ordinary snowman," said Prewoo.

"I don't want to talk about him," said Jacob.

"But he's alive!" said Prewoo. "Our snowman is alive!"
"We've got to sleep tonight," asked Lena. "Now go to sleep and have no dreams."

"This is the stuff about Christmas," Pecos said. "I want to get Mama something real special this year."

"But you've been sleeping all day," Lena pointed out. "You don't understand anything! We don't have any money."

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"This is the stuff about Christmas," Pecos said. "I want to get Mama something real special this year."

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"Mama has a plan. We can either empty grando's
As dusk approached the warrior, a shaman, took
his place on the stage below. The audience was
watching with awe, as the shaman began to
dancing. The drums beat with a steady
rhythm, while the dancers moved in
harmony. The smoke from the ritual
fire filled the air. As the dance reached its
climax, the shaman raised a large, sacred
ceremonial object. The crowd gasped as
it was lifted into the sky. As it spiraled, it
transformed into a massive, black
cloud.
The snowman stepped upon a mound of snow, then waved his arm and asked, "Have you studied with the scholars of Timbuktu?" Suddenly a small chunk of snow transformed into a giant figure. "Or ridden with the horsemen of Bormu?" With just a wave of his arm, a horse and rider rose out of the snow. "Have you danced with the Zulu? Wrestled with the Makua? Hunted with the Bantu? Have you known the secrets of the Ashanti? The prayers of the Tuareg? The songs of the Zulus?"

"Who are these people?" Jacob asked.
"They are people like you," the snowman replied. "These are strong, brave Africans from whom you descended — black people who should make you proud of your great heritage."

"I'm not like them," Jacob said. "I'm not a warrior, I'm just a boy."

Jacob ran back upstairs and hid under his blankets. But he could not fall asleep for a long, long time.
The next day, Jacob woke to see Perwez at his bedside with a shopping bag in his hand.

"This is your last chance," Perwez said. "Are you coming or not?"

Jacob rolled over, turning his back toward Perwez.

"Go haul garbage by yourself," said Jacob, and he pretended to go back to sleep until his brother left the room.

After Jacob dressed, he poked around the kitchen stove to see what Mama was cooking for Sunday dinner.

"I'm making your favorite," said Mama.

Mama was always trying to make things better. Perwez was right. She deserved something special for Christmas.

"I'm going out for a while," Jacob said.
Jacob looked up and down the block, but Peewee was nowhere in sight.

Then SISSBOOMMM! An explosion.

Jacob hit the ground and hit his head. When he looked up, he saw smoke and fire coming from the abandoned building across the street.

The black snowman appeared at his side.

"Peewee is in that building," he said.

The snowman ran into the burning building with Jacob close behind.

Great licking flames devoured everything they touched. Wooden beams collapsed as the fire consumed their last bit of moisture. The air was filled with smoke — smoke that seemed to form the shapes of the great Africans — giving Jacob courage and leading him to his brother.

Jacob pressed himself close to the coolness of the snowman's body, and the snowman covered himself and the boy with the snow. Beneath this magical cloth, they were safe from the smoke and the flames.
In a room on the second floor, they found Passou, huddled in a corner, sobbing between coughs, sitting next to the shopping bag that was half filled with clothes and cases.

As Jacob hugged his brother, he noticed the trail of water that the snowman was leaving behind him; the snowman’s feet had melted away.

"Rescue! Rescue!" the snowman said, and the snow returned to his feet.

The snowman removed the snow from his own shoulders and wrapped the two boys in his protective magic. Under the safety of the snow, there was only room for two.

The snowman worked rapidly. His eyes and legs had turned to dust. He walked awkwardly, bumping into burning beams and stumbling over fallen debris. His nothing arms felt for the doorway and found Jacob’s outstretched hand.

"Snowman," Jacob whispered.
“Rescue! Rescue!” the snowman repeated, but he was weakening. “Jacob, get your brother out! Jacob! Believe, Jacob. Believe in yourself. Gather up your courage. Fight, Jacob. Fight off the flames of all those bad feelings you carry inside. Believe in your strength. Believe in your love for your brother. Believe that you can save Pempee — and you will!”

Almost overcome with tears, Jacob said softly, “I believe, snowman, I believe.”

“Rescue!” said the snowman once again.

Jacob wrapped the cloth even more tightly around himself and his brother, and fought smoke and flames all the way down the stairs. Once again, the Atrians appeared and showed Jacob the way.

When the boys reached the bottom, they turned around. The snowman was gone, leaving only a puddle of water, water that soon evaporated in the extreme heat.
“Where do you think he is?” Forever asked.
On one of the lowest steps, Jacob noticed a old
wool jacket, and a burly old hat.
“I think he’s gone,” Jacob said.
As the boys left the barn building, they saw their
mother break through the crowd. Jacob felt awakened
as hugs and kisses. He decided that it was a good
feeling.
Jacob closed his eyes and took a long, deep breath.
He suddenly felt lucky to have Forever and Mama. He
felt glad to be alive and he felt good about himself.
Resolved — yes!
“My case,” said Forever. “I forgot my case for
Mama’s present.”
“Dude,” said Jacob. “We’ll look for ours tomorrow.
Tomorrow we’ll go together.”
It took several hours for the fire department to put out the blaze. Finally it was all over. On his way back to the truck, one of the firemen noticed a colorful cloth hovering over the snow. Thinking his daughter could use the cloth to make a dress for her doll, he picked it up and put it into his pocket.
Sign-Symbol Relationships
Self Determination, Personal Style and Uniqueness, Resilience, Emotional Vitality, Rhythm and Musicality
Communalism, Unity, Faith,