

Chapter Two

Warmer

Cole stepped outside and squinted his eyes against the glare of the morning sun.

He pulled his scarf around his neck and set off in the direction of *Big Bob's* burger van for a proper breakfast.

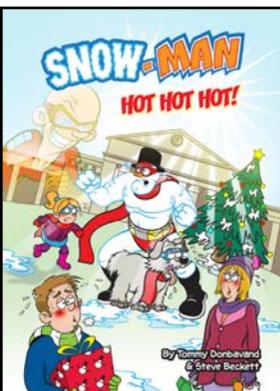
He listened for the crisp *crunch* sound of the snow beneath his boots.

Except, there was no crisp *crunch* sound today. It was more of a '**SPLISH, SPLASH, SPLOSH**' sound.

Cole looked around. Everything was different.

The mounds of snow had almost all disappeared.

Colourful flowers were peeking out from the grass. Buds were sprouting on trees, and the next-door neighbour was sunbathing in his garden!



The material creaked as the bag inflated further and further, until...

BOOM!

It exploded, sending all the stolen goods flying into the air.

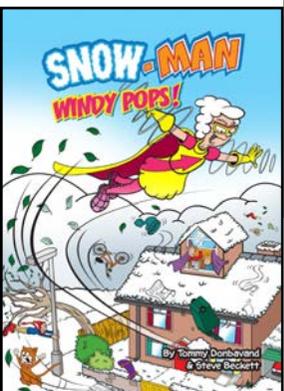
Thankfully, everything landed safely in the deep snowdrifts at the sides of the road – as did **Snow-Man**.

Thin Ice and Frostbite raced over to arrest **Gail Force**.

The old woman looked weird – half of her hair had been blasted away when the Superfan exploded.

“Now all we have to do is return all this stuff to the original owners,” Thin Ice pointed out.

Snow-Man jumped up, chuckling. “Don’t worry,” he said. “It will be a breeze!”



“I know you!” said Cole, jumping out of his go-kart’s seat.

“You’re **Hayley Stone** – the smallest girl in town.”

“No one will laugh at me for being small now that I have my Grow-Gun!” laughed Hayley.

She aimed her weapon up to the nearest cloud and fired.

Instantly, huge hailstones hammered down from the sky, smashing into everything in sight.

WHEEEEE! SMASH!

WHEEEEE! SMASH!

“OK,” said Cole urgently. “I think it may be carrot time!”

Chapter Three

Stone

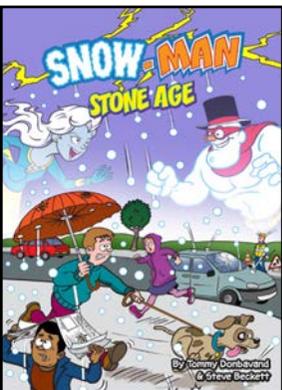
Back inside the covered garage, Cole pulled a raw carrot from his pocket and took a huge bite.

Instantly, a frozen whirlwind blew up from the floor next to the go-kart and wrapped itself around the trio. Icicles flashed, rain showered and snow settled at their feet.

A moment later - exactly where Cole had been – stood a white giant of a figure, dressed in a top hat and red scarf.

He had eyes as black as coal, and what remained of the carrot formed his nose.

This was **SNOW-MAN** - the world’s chilliest superhero!



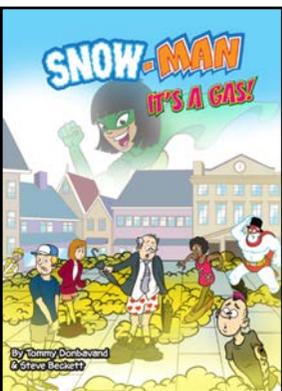
Misty Morning sighed. “I was at the Town Hall, being given an award by the mayor. I spotted a thief in the crowd and filled the street with fog – but it was a trap! The real bad guys used my mist as a cover, and they stole the mayor’s pet dog!”

“**GRRRRR!**” said Frostbite, hiding behind **Snow-Man**’s leg.

“The mayor blamed me for what happened, and I lost my job as the town’s superhero. But, today I’ll get my revenge!”

And, with that, **Misty Morning** spun on the spot to whirl up another blanket of fog.

Then she vanished.



Pulling hard, **Snow-Man** managed to drag his boots out of the sticky puddle, then he hurried over to release his fellow heroes from their own gooey gloop.

“This is a sticky situation!” he said. “We have to find a way to stop **Chuck Ingit-Down** or Shiverton will be in a fix! If I stay out in this tacky torrent for too long, I won’t be able to move.”

“We need nail polish remover!” said Thin Ice.



Snow-Man blinked. “But, I’m not wearing any nail polish,” he said.

He held his snow-white hands out to prove his point.

Winter shook her head. “There is a chemical in nail polish remover called ‘acetate’,” she explained. “It’s the best thing you can get for unsticking glue.”

“Brilliant!” said **Snow-Man**. “But where can we get enough acetate for this downpour?”

Thin Ice smiled. “Mum always does her nails before her weather reports,” she said. “I suspect they’ll have lots of nail polish remover at the TV studio.”

“Then that’s where we’re headed!” **Snow-Man** cried. “To the Snow-Mobile, let’s go!”



Thin Ice pulled a small wooden sledge from her backpack and dropped it onto the snowy ground.

Frostbite took one look at it and began to sulk. **"WHINE! WAIL! SNIFFLE! WHINE! WHINE!"** he said.

"Frostbite is correct," said **Snow-Man**. "There are too many of us to sit on the Snow-Mobile. He wouldn't be able to pull it."

"Then how do we get to Mum I mean – **Weathergirl** – and whatever she's up to?" asked Thin Ice.

"There's no need!" shrieked a voice. "I'll bring my wicked scheme straight to you!"

The team looked up.

Weathergirl was charging down the street towards them, tossing everything from wheelie-bins to cars aside in her windy wake.

