

Seasonal Cruelty

Please help me. I woke up a few days ago the middle of a snow covered field and I have no idea what's going on.

I can't seem to move. Whoever has put me here has paralyzed me completely and mutilated me in unimaginable ways.



I'd scream for help but I can't move my mouth. Sharp stones and other small objects have been placed around my face to create a cruel caricature. The fiend who has done this to me has taken small objects and pushed them into my face. Outwardly it looks like I am smiling but inwardly I am screaming in agony.

I'm so cold. Whatever decided to do this to me has barely given me anything to keep myself warm. A tattered hat has been placed upon my head and a tattered piece of material has been wrapped around my neck. They do nothing to relieve the pain of this exposure and only serve to humiliate me. I ache for something I could drape over myself so I could warm myself. The pain in my face is nothing compared to the razor sharp cold.

I could remove the tattered clothes and run away from this place, but I have been cruelly altered. My limbs have been removed. My legs have been taken clean off and so have my arms. I am now little more than a body with a head on top. Two sticks have been crudely stabbed into my torso. I don't know who or what did this to me. I can only assume this is how they get their twisted kicks.

As much as the cold hurts me I am learning to fear the heat. Yesterday the snow

stopped and the sun came out. At first I was glad that some heat would get to my battered body but as I warmed up I felt a pain worse than anything before. It felt as if I was being doused in flames, as if I was being roasted alive inside an oven. For hours I begged in agony for the pain to stop and the cold to return.

A child just walked past me a few moments ago with his mother. The child walked up to me. He played around with the things on my face and placed more snow onto my body. The child was smiling as he mutilated me I desperately tried to scream for him to stop but nothing happened. Soon his mother took him away and they both walked off. Smiling.

Please help me. I can't take the pain anymore. I'm alone and confused. I have no idea how I got here or why I'm here. Why do people take so much pleasure in my suffering? And why did the child call me a 'Snowman' as he grinned at me?

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