

Christmas Memories

Full of sorrow, I was awoken by the sound of cars roaring through the street. With my head hung low, I trudged down the stairs feeling as glum and alone as always. Even though it was Christmas, I was as hopeless as a stranded snail. As I walked passed the bare and gloomy Christmas tree, the rain drizzled down into the street. The only sound I could hear was my rasping breath. My face was drained of colour and my hands gradually turned pale beige. Moments later, my vision begun to blur and I felt strangely dizzy. . .

I was still in this house but everything seemed different. Happier. More joyful. Curiously, I raced into the kitchen. Like many times before, I saw my husband sat in his favourite seat smiling from ear to ear. Full of excitement, I sprinted in to embrace him. To my despair, he slowly faded from view. Desperately, I grabbed at him as a single solemn tear trickled down my pale cheek. He was gone. There was no one. Nothing.

In an instant, a blinding flash of light enveloped me. Crackling like a volcano, the fireplace released sparks filling the room with heat and light. The sound of Christmas carols filled the ear and laughter echoed in the distance. The next thing I knew, I was watching my little boy racing down the stairs. Without hesitation, he sat down by the colourful and ornate tree awaiting his present. Holding it in his hands, he ripped it open. His jaw dropped as he saw the shimmering toy car he always wanted. As I went to sit beside him, he faded away as tears of anguish drizzled down my face. There was nothing, no-one.

I held my head in my hands as ocean-blue tears streamed from my blood-red eyes. Feeling desperate, I searched for a happier memory. Before long, I began to reminisce about my childhood. . . .

It was Christmas and I had sat by the bright crackling fire. I was surrounded by my family and friends that were smiling down on me. My mom gave me a present. It was a hamster. I was overwhelmed: my jaw hung low as my eyes opened wide and I gave out a huge scream of delight.

Waking up from the trance the mellifluous sound of Christmas Carols filled the air as the doorbell rang. Opening the door, I saw my family smiling joyfully at me. There was everything, everyone!

By Phoebe