

Candidate 2 evidence

Broadly Creative: Personal
The Christmas Season

Christmas is a time to be spent with family and loved ones and will always be a time of year that I hold close to my heart. Family time has always been important to me and I cherish all the memories of Christmas past. The passing of time sadly means that things can't always stay the way we want them too and traditions cannot always be kept. As I've grown up throughout the year's traditions have been changed and adapted but the meaning behind all the chaos and madness remains the same. The Christmas season is a time meant to be celebrated with family and loved ones and it has brought along with it many of my favourite memories...

I will always remember running down the stairs on those chilly December mornings, my feet moving so fast not only because of the adrenalin but also not wanting my bare feet to touch the cold floor. I reach for the handle of the living room door, open it wide and be mesmerized by the glow of the twinkling lights around the room. Forgetting the time in my excitement I scream, "He's been! He's been!" alerting everyone else in the house and waking them up, which I now profusely apologise for. Footsteps begin getting louder and faster as the rest of my family make their way down the stairs to join me. My mum heads to make us hot chocolate and tea, my dad goes to turn on the heating and my older brother makes room on the couch for us to sit. Christmas music fills the room as I begin to hand out presents to everyone, eager to see their happy faces light up and to open my own presents as well. My mum with her camera in hand records my brothers and I's every move as we, not so delicately, rip open our presents. Of course, presents aren't all Christmas is about, but it is very hard, as a young child, not to get swept away in the excitement of it all.

The morning passes quickly and I spend the time playing with the new toys and games (with my mum tidying up behind me). Soon enough it's time to go to my grans house for Christmas dinner. We set off on foot walking in the snow, which feels like clouds underneath our toes. Everyone is calm and enjoying the walk along when all of a sudden. Splat! The first snow ball was launched across the road and landed right on my dad's back. We spun around simultaneously to see my brother fumbling around in the snow in hysterics until suddenly he realized his mistake. Quickly my brother rushed to his feet in an attempt to run but to no avail, Splat! Another snowball has flown through the air and landed right in my brother's face. Cheers followed by laughter filled the streets and then, almost instantaneously, snowball after snowball soared through the sky. Nowadays my brother and I don't see as much of each other as he has moved away and rarely visits anymore, this makes me appreciate the little moments we shared when we were young.

I fall to the ground and begin to gather up snow and roll it up into a ball. I drag the ball along the floor and watch as it gets bigger and bigger. I do the same two more times and place it carefully on top of the other to make the snowman's head. Quickly I grab some small stones and place them on its head and wrap my scarf around its neck. In the business of it all I take a step back to admire my masterpiece but before I get the time to a snowball hits me on the back of the head and I turn around to join in on all the commotion. This must

have been the last time we had a white Christmas, nowadays all we see is a measly covering which turns into soggy slippy slush on the ground after only a few hours.

Christmas dinner is always chaotic. Gran manically running around, busy in the kitchen trying to pull everything together while the rest of us relax in the living room enjoying the festive atmosphere. Christmas music plays in the background while we share stories of Christmas past. These days gran isn't as quick and nimble on her feet and reluctantly has to accept help from the rest of the family. We still have the music playing in the background but not as much time for the storytelling as we all chip in and help with cooking a traditional Christmas dinner.

After stuffing our faces like the Christmas turkey, we all retire to the festively decorated living room and slump in the comfy couch. This is shortly followed by the annual 80s pop music trivia game hosted by my brother Aaron, which ultimately results in mum and dad winning as this was their era. As I am older now, the responsibility of hosting falls upon me and all the control is in my hands.

But it has never been just Christmas day itself that I hold so closely in my heart. No one can truly appreciate just one day by itself, there must be a lead up. Something that helps to build up the anticipation and excitement that makes Christmas all that better. Some may argue that this happens all year through and that we are all just waiting for the 25th of December to come around so we can all celebrate together. But I think it's safe to say that we all begin to feel properly in the festive spirit as soon as bonfire night is over, and the supermarkets starts to play Christmas music. Shimmering lights shine up the streets and children take to the streets snowballs at the ready. Although its cold outside, with our noses frosted over, its warm in our hearts as we are all brought together by the smell of hot chocolate. The family gathered together yet again, ready to make more memories for years to come.

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