



Every year in December  
Christmas lights go up 'round here.

I wait up late till it's darker  
to see them in the moonlight.





The warmer evenings outside,  
hot days in the sunshine.

There's a buzz that can't be described,  
leading up to Christmas.







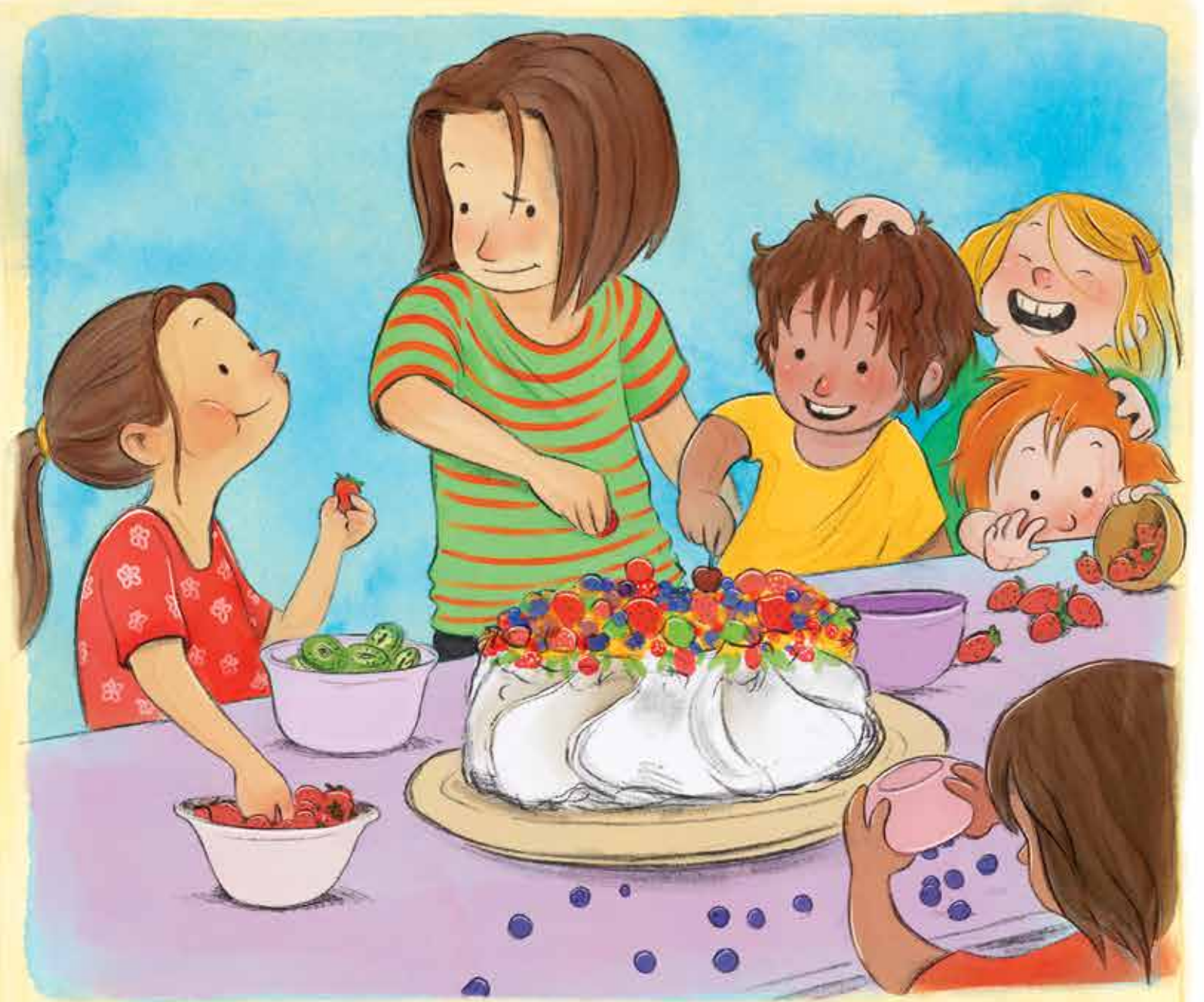
Walking past all the shop fronts,  
asking Mum, 'Can I have one?'



Picking presents that I'd want,



hoping that I get some.



The smell of food from the kitchen,  
the sound of laughter between friends.  
Carols off in the distance,  
if you really listen.