



A DAUGHTER'S CHRISTMAS MONOLOGUE

by Angela Wye

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There they go again Mum and Dad arguing over who would like which Christmas card from the variety pack they always buy and don't want to offend anyone coping with a change in personal circumstances.

Last year Aunty Vicky said she got so many cards with a robin sitting on a twig she felt she needed to go out buy some bird food.

I've told them these days a lot of people send digital Christmas cards. But Dad says it doesn't look good hung on the card-string if you haven't got a colour printer. I said would it speed everything up if I printed out a set of address labels? Mum says it makes for a more meaningful Christmas trying to recognise whose handwriting is on the envelope that comes through the letter box, then a relief to know that your Christmas card will have crossed with theirs in the post and they're not forgotten.

Wait till it comes to the parcel wrapping. Last year we thought we'd have to call for a paramedic we all got so stressed trying to free the end of the Sellotape.

I call it my environmental gesture to iron and reuse some of the wrapping paper we received on gifts last year. To most people re-cycling means sneaking out at night to dump unwanted items in someone else's wheelie-bin or skip.

Every year it's the same, the neighbours opposite cover the outside of their house with these bright lights that twinkle away twenty-four seven. Last year even with our curtains drawn we had to wear dark glasses. This year their kids have already got the drone they wanted for Christmas. If it flies past my bedroom window too many more times I swear I'll bring it down with my brother's fishing net.