



## A MONOLOGUE OF FATHER'S CHRISTMAS

by Angela Wye

EXCERPT

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# **MONOLOGUE OF FATHER'S CHRISTMAS**

**BY**

**ANGELA WYE**

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“Must I keep banging my spoon on this table to get the family’s attention? It’s my duty to remind you all of the meaning of Christmas - it’s here to stay and there’s not one of us who can get out of it!

I’m truly sorry I forgot to tip the bin men and hope it hasn’t marred anyone’s Christmas helping me clear the path to the front door. If we’d had a fall of snow the neighbors would never have known.

As for the Christmas decorations, why they should cause complaint, I don’t know. We always have paper chains in the hall and bells on the book case. Personally, I like them better when the colour’s faded. I grant you the balloons are disappointing. We bought a variety pack and when I blew them up I never thought they’d all turn green.

I see no reason why the fairy we’ve had for the last five years should be rejected just because her wand’s wonky, she’s a bit bent and on illumination burnt her bra.

There’s nothing that can’t be hushed up ...er touched up with a little spray-on glitter, and that brings me to my car! Festive as it looks now, it’s going to look damn silly when we’re on holiday in June!