

A Christmas Memory

“Boom,” went the harsh sound of a door hitting the wall. That sound caused my eyes to open wide, interrupting the deep slumber that I was so comfortably enjoying. “Suzie! Sally! Wake up!” went the shrieking voice of Sydney, my younger sister. Sydney dashed out of the room before Suzie had the chance to throw her pillow at her. She was never really a morning person. I hopped out of bed, feeling the cold rush of air that was so unwelcoming compared to the warm blankets that were just before covering me. When I reached the hallway, the sweet smell of fresh cinnamon buns mixed with coffee filled my nose. I made my way into my parents’ room with Suzie close behind. My mother, along with my two younger sisters, Sydney and Stella, were all sitting on my parents’ bed. I plopped down next to my mom, sinking into the soft mattress. From the living room came the sound of my father’s voice, telling us to come downstairs. He has the kind of voice that makes him sound like a character from *The Godfather*, with that city-slicker’, smooth sounding tone, always pronouncing some of his words with a hint of an Italian accent.

The four of us girls ran to the stairs, where we waited in a line, youngest to oldest. Then, when my dad said go, we slowly walked down the stairs. Looking through the window, the snow-covered ground sparkled so pretty. The decorations in the living room were all lit up and our stockings were resting on the floor in front of the fire place, too heavy to hang from the hooks. My dad was videotaping our reactions to what we were seeing, like always, and my mother just smiled at us. The sweet sound of her laughter filled the room as she watched us act out of our excitement. My sisters and I looked at each other overjoyed. From the family room, we could hear holiday music playing. With no time to lose, we raced into the family room. The colorful lights on the tree would always catch my eye first. Then I gazed in awe at the brightly giftwrapped presents. My sisters and I all sat around the mountain of packages under the tree. My mom found each of us a gift with our names on it. Then, one by one, youngest to oldest, we would open our presents. Being the second oldest, the suspense would kill me. Listening to the tearing and crinkling of the wrapping paper was making me so excited. Finally it was my turn. At first, I did not know whether I should open the package slowly or fast. I guess my excitement got the better of me, because within seconds, the gift wrap was off, revealing my present.