

# December

## Wednesday 1<sup>st</sup>

Today the garden slept peacefully and serenely under a thick, lumpy white quilt. I spent most of the day, peacefully and serenely sleeping under a thick flowery quilt, contented in the knowledge that I had survived another year. Well, almost a whole year, just a few weeks to go.

It was supposed to be an exciting day; opening my first advent calendar window, writing my first Christmas cards, maybe putting up the odd Christmas decoration, or writing a Christmas letter. I dreamt about it all instead. Much less tiring.

Early evening, I opened a square window with a number one, on the Advent calendar. I couldn't see *the one* at first because I had sleepy M.E. eyeballs, but I finally found it on a reindeer's hoof. I was greeted by a smiling teddy bear on a Cadbury's purple background. He wore an emerald green bow around his neck, and held a red and white candy stick. I thought the piece of chocolate might be a little plain square, but I was delighted to find it was the shape of a cracker. I bit the end off the cracker. It snapped beautifully, then melted on my tongue, like snow in winter sunshine. That was my excitement for the day.

## Thursday 2<sup>nd</sup>

I opened an advent calendar window before my first sneeze of the day. Finding the tiny number two on a reindeer's antler was my first challenge of the day. The picture was a white snowflake on a purple Cadbury's background. The chocolate was snowflake shaped, and dissolved on my tongue, like a snowflake settling on the warm nose of a human with a cold. My second challenge of the day was to *not* open the rest of the windows and eat *all* the chocolates.

The garden slept beautifully under two thick white quilts of snow. I was a red nose reindeer hiding in my warm stable, snuffling around for something tasty to nibble.

## *Verity Writes Again*

Ben had to work from home (because of the snow) so he was my stable mate, tapping his hooves on computer keys, and occasionally foraging for food.

I noticed a reindeer shaped card holder in a Christmas catalogue; I liked the design, especially the big curly antlers. I decided to order it, because our shelves are crammed with so many ornaments, there's barely any room for cards. There was a choice of gold or silver. I chose the gold, to match the gold tinsel I would eventually get round to draping, here and there, in our sitting room.

Early evening, neither reindeer felt like cooking dinner, so they enjoyed having a Chinese meal delivered. Both agreed it was a delicious treat, as they nodded their antlers; munching onions, carrots and mushrooms in a tasty black bean sauce.

### **Friday 3<sup>rd</sup>**

9.45 a.m. I shuffle through the snow wearing bright red wellies, and carrying extra supplies to the bird table. Feeling washed-out and wobbly as lemon jelly, I try not to fall over. I may not have the energy to get up again.

9.46 a.m. A robin is bobbing on the fence nearby.

ME: Good morning Bobby.

BOBBY: Hello, I like your red wellies (robin language).

ME: Thanks, they match your chest don't they?

BOBBY: Yes, and your nose! (robin language).

ME: What are you like.

BOBBY: I'm like a picture on a Christmas card (robin language).

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- ME: You're right, and if I had the energy I'd rush indoors, find my camera, and take a photo of you. But I expect by the time I came back you'd have flown away.
- BOBBY: Of course!  
Oh, and don't forget to de-frost the fairy (robin language).
- 9.49 a.m. I droop under the weight of my old denim blue jacket, like the snow laden leaves of our bushes, as I shuffle back indoors.
- 10.00 a.m. A smiling moon wears a Santa hat in today's window. The chocolate star melts on my tongue, like starlight melting away at dawn.
- 10.05 a.m. I feel like a melting snowman.
- 1.25 p.m. Curled up with my cats, I close my eyes, and the day melts away as I drift off to dream of winter wonderlands, *far, far away*.
- 6.30 p.m. Ben puts a fresh pizza in the oven, till the mature cheddar, mascarpone and ricotta cheese melts.
- 7.30 p.m. Coronation Street. Tonight Nick begs Leanne to marry him. It's so romantic, my heart melts, like a chocolate heart on a hot radiator.
- 10.25 p.m. Before I go to bed I sit watching the snow covered car park opposite our house. No cars. No recycling skips. No footprints. Just a beautiful expanse of undisturbed snow, illuminated by moonlight. I feel writerly.
- 10.27 p.m. Moonbeams gently kiss the evening snow..... like a groom gently kissing his blushing bride in white satin..... The snow sparkles like a million

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diamonds of joy in her eyes..... happy tears roll down her cheeks..... dripping onto the snow..... melting into the snow..... and falling deeply..... irrevocably..... in love.

10.28 p.m. That was a bit slushy. But my beloved Charles Baudelaire, the poet I should have married in Paris, would have *loved* those words, uttered from my beige rosé lips.

10.29 p.m. *Oh Charles* (Frances de la Tour voice).