

## **Christmas Special - Story Writing**

Walking along the street, I saw a few kids laughing and frolics under a huge decorated Christmas tree, “Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way...” The familiar melody started to ring in my ear and it evoked my memory of last Christmas...

“Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle...” I stood in front of four singers and appreciated their beautiful voices while my parents stood beside me, holding my hands.

I was on my Christmas vacation to Shanghai Disneyland.

Since I came to Canada, there was no doubt that I would go back to China and visit my family during each long break. Last Christmas was no exception.

That was my first visit to Disneyland, I had been euphoric since I was lining up outside. As the lining marched forward on and on, the true features of Disneyland revealed in front of us. Christmas songs rang in my ear, the whole resort was dressed in a Christmas style; the air was full of sweetness and happiness and it overflowed into each corner of the resort.

The most exciting part was called “light up the Christmas tree”. I remembered that day, a fine drizzle veiled the whole Disneyland resort, but something lit up in the dark! A Christmas tree! People started to trot towards the light and gather together around a nearly four-floors-high Christmas tree in the Disneyland Town. Different parts of the tree flashed on and off in various kinds of colours and it was shown from people’s expectant pupils: red, green, blue..

I raised my head and stared at the changes of this Christmas tree with my mouth open. It was beautiful! The light colours changed along with the melody of the Christmas songs displayed in the background. As the music reached its climax, different parts of the Christmas tree started to twinkle like elves circled the tree. The light became brighter and brighter, and suddenly, the whole tree was lit up with colorful fireworks bloomed in the sky.

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I stopped walking and unconsciously looked up at the sky. Only dark clouds and bits and pieces of stars hanging in the sky.

“Mom, mom, look at this Christmas tree! It is lighting up!” I turned around and saw a kid running to his mother’s back, pushing her towards the Christmas tree and pointing at the tree.

I followed his finger and looked where he was pointing at. *That was wonderful.*