

**On 24th December we all woke up and saw two meters of snow outside.**

It was a surprising sight!

For as long as I can remember, friends from Europe have been jealous of where I live. After all, not everyone can be an "Aussie" and live among wilderness, kangaroos and beaches. When Christmas time came, my European friends enjoyed cold winter fairy tales about Santa Claus in a red fur coat, reindeer in a winter wonderland or romances with a theme of kissing under the mistletoe.

I wanted so badly to experience that too...

The day before Christmas Eve I ran to decorate my room. I took cotton flakes and sprinkled them on the windowsill. I used an old pillow and scattered its feather. I frantically rearranged all decorations but was not satisfied. I began to pick up clippings of white paper not even noticing what state my room was in.

However, this did not escape my parents' attention, who must have returned earlier. They asked me what the mess was about.

I angrily shouted: *"I hate the fact that we live in Australia! Why can't I spend Christmas like normal kids? Why can't I ever see snow at Christmas? If I am to make a snowman out of sand, then I'd rather give up Christmas!"*. I slammed the door.

It wasn't long when I heard a knock at my room. Something in my parents' voice made me worried. Not only did they seem terrified, but also tried to hold back their tears. Dad showed me his phone, which was displaying a huge forest fire. There was one detail on the video that worried me. In addition to the fire and plumes of smoke in the distance, the roof of our house was clearly visible! I felt all the blood drain from my face. Mom hugged me and told me that the firefighters were doing what they could, but if the fire continued to move like that, we would have to get evacuated. We kept following the news all the time.

Being exhausted, I finally fell asleep....

I woke up on the couch. It was quiet. Trembling, I approached the window. I opened the curtains and got stunned: my window was completely covered with white down. I thought "this must be a dream".

My younger brother rushed into the room shouting: "They made it!" Our parents came in and explained to me that "the snow" outside the window was simply white foam used to put out fires. It surrounded our house having been blown away by the wind from all around.

Our house had been saved and the forest fire extinguished during the night. I couldn't believe it! Out of joy, I started screaming finally losing my voice.

That day I realized something: Christmas is not just about snow or sparkling decorations. Christmas is all about the joy of meeting family and a soothing sense of security. I was able to understand this thanks to the unusual "snow".