

Gently, I shuffled my way through the overbearing blankets of soft snow which desperately pushed against my frozen feet to stop me in my tracks and devour me as flakes showered down, showing no sign of slowing. My blue jacket became unrecognisable and transformed into a pale zombie-like grey.

A festive flash of traditional green like an emerald and red, like a strawberry lace, accompanied me in this beautifully treacherous walk. I was not alone; I had the hearts of all those who genuinely loved the winter with me.

The ghostly corpse moon ominously watched over me in the coal black sky, untouched by the festive lights and rare gems of human kindness that glimmer in this uniquely bright city of dreams and christmas spirit.

I may be disappearing in the shower of shredded snow but the Christmas warmth will always accompany me. Like the memory of my lost love...

By James Brown (Y11)