

The Young Grinch

I never liked Christmas before. I understood that it used to be celebrated because of religion, but today? Was just an excuse for big companies to make money on gifts. However, everything changed last Christmas.

As every year we meet at the grandparents' house with all my uncles and cousins, despite being many the grandmother always organized everything decorating the house and with a big Christmas tree, she unlike me, loved Christmas and as the grandfather says she was “the representation of the Christmas spirit” and I was “the young Grinch.”

The house was always full of noise, my cousins were running around while they were playing. We had eaten a big dinner as always and at the end everyone started singing carols, despite the insistence of my whole family, I stayed on the sofa watching a movie that I had downloaded with my mobile phone. Finally we played bingo, the only Christmas tradition that I liked. I was always encouraged to win some money, and even if I didn't win it if the grandparents gave it to us to the grandchildren.

Everything would have been a normal Christmas, nothing important in my opinion if it hadn't been for the call the next day. We were at home finishing preparing the outfits when the phone started ringing and Mom picked it up. His face at that moment was as white as snow and without saying much more we all set off.

We didn't have much information until we arrived at the hospital. From what the grandfather told us, that morning the grandmother got up and got dizzy and they had to call the ambulance. It was several hours of not knowing exactly what was going to happen. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the doctor came out to tell us the news. Apparently Grandma's responding well and might recover.

That's when I realized how quickly things can change in one day. When I started to appreciate the little time with the family. From that moment on I understood that Christmas is an opportunity to spend it all with the people who love us and share anecdotes and celebrate life.