Edward knew that the hammer was somewhere in the shed. He had always tried to keep the place tidy but somehow never quite managed it. As he had grown older he had collected more and more things that had somehow become precarious piles around the shed. His wife, Irene, used to call it “junk”. For Edward however, it was treasure.

As he moved a rusty saw, he spotted the old box. He knew at once what it was. As he slowly opened the box, he remembered the day he was given it.

It was December 25th 2004, the happiest time of the year for most people, Christmas. As we feasted upon breakfast, not a word was spoken, only the crunching of cereal. It was like we were cursed, cursed of silence, yet that wasn't it.

Glistening, the tangled lights amongst the pine leaves casted twisted shadows across their sorrowful faces as they hugged upon the sofa. The smell of crisp, burnt turkey polluted the air around them as Edwards' face dropped yet again.

As the Christmas Quires strolled down the streets, the faint sound echoed through the hall and down into the lounge. Tapping on their crystal clear windows, snow and hail crashed down, destroying all the handsome snowmen that gathered outside.

The cold, misty air surrounded their house, as they were slouched on the sofa. His hands began to slowly burn

when they touched his patterned mug. Eerily, the marshmallows gently bobbed up and down in the hot chocolate, forming a face that gazed suspiciously at him. He didn't like tea or coffee, to him, they had no taste, he always said he would rather gulp down hot orange juice. However, his family adored them so much that they would be glad to receive a box of tea-bags for their birthday! Under the tree, a small mound of gifts layed, wanting to be opened; but what Edward did not know was that one was a huge part of history. A rainbow of colours illuminated the most blandest room in the house, ‘The Lounge’. Each wall was beige, the rough carpet was brown and the sofa was grey, they weren't even colours. Edward's intentions on what the lounge would look like when they moved in was a rainbow, everything a different colour.

It was seven o’clock in the evening as they sat down to begin the festivities. As their copper forks pressed into the chocolate log, it collapsed into a heap of cakey mess on their plates. Sighing, they slowly spooned it into their mouths, gagging as it slipped down their throat.

Edward never wanted to admit who the worst cook in the house was, but he should have told someone at least. The only thing his mum, Jolene, could actually make extraordinary well was cereal, frosted shreddies to be more specific. It was finally gone, the whole desert had been devoured, or as Edward would say, slowly gulped down. Sadly, it was revolting and sickly. Each day, she would practise and practise until it was perfect, though, mounds of identical cakes piled on the counters.

Gathering next to the warming fireplace, they braced themselves for what is to be known as complete boredom. Piles of presents loomed over them as they began to rip away the patterned paper which surrounded each gift. This year, Edward wouldn't mind if he got a sack of pre burnt coal or a rotten orange, he just wanted his grandpa back; all the memories that he had with him were stuck solitary in his brain. He would sit down and listen to his every word, not taking his eyes off of Joe’s wrinkled face. On the mantelpiece, next to Jolene's favorite candle was a gift wrapped in camo paper with a small handwritten label. It read as follows, “Dear my little Edward, I would give anything to be here right now but after these unfortunate events I can't. I love you very much, grandpa Joe.”

That was the final present to be unwrapped, and by far the best. Slowly walking over, he reached out to grab it. Tearing off the classy paper, grasped in his hands laid the pristine glass that resembled a segment of the light bulb. The coloured lights shone at him through the bulb, blinding him as if in an attempt to stop his long glance at the small antique light. Suddenly, he felt a rush of adrenaline. Every object and person had become bright, happy and full of joyous laughter. The lounge was not dull anymore, it was bursting with colour and excitement.