

Memorability – By Zara B

The dry winter air hit my senses, pierced my eyes, and asserted my nose validating the time was almost here. The decorations were up and there was an aura of joy in the surrounding streets. Christmas trees were placed outside each building and many of the newer estates had joyous light, some tasteful and, some remarked pure happiness that accented childhood. The smell of pine was unmissable, it was as though it left a minor deposit of itself in my throat, leaving it more pleasant than previously. The buzz of Christmas invited everyone onto the high street of London to uncover the most serendipitous events and, the warmth of the fires added a sense of tranquillity and peace. The bare surrounding trees branched off, only just recovering from the fiery destruction of autumn, in several different directions which allowed all the tourists and travellers to become held by the giving of Christmas.

As I encountered many timber-framed stalls I stared and watched bemused yet humbled by the scent of mulled wine and potpourri gift sets. There was a general theme throughout the stands of assorted dried goods and expensive themed logs. However, they were so aesthetically pleasing. All the stalls were entranced by an array of goods on sale, from wooden toys, lovingly handcrafted candles, to virtuous porcelain music boxes that resembled heirlooms. However, what caught my eye most was the food stall. A French delicacy; the Noel chocolate special.

The embossed logo, “le jour de Noel”, on the crinkled aluminium wrapper spoke words of wisdom to me persuading me to open it. The inside, though much more melted than I expected, accompanied me with a great sense of nostalgia, all my memories of festive celebrations, skiing and Jack Frost’s arrival encompassed my thoughts as the temptation to eat it overcame me. Once I had eaten it my mouth was full of a pleasurable hint of mulled wine as well as hazelnut chocolate which added to the Austrian perception.

I skated over to the tree as floccose white flakes glazed my eyelashes obscuring the view; however, what I did see was a softened array of pinks, reds and a prominent eau de nil. The visions were remarkable as the tree started to glisten and encountered the soothing muffler. A small child kept skating; a gleaming smile spread from cheek to cheek as she spun under the warm aureate lamp. There was so much passion, light and jubilation as she gingerly spread her arms out, caressing every molecule of air as though it was her own; it seemed as though she was in the Olympics or dancing to save her soul.

Yet another skater passed me by, wonder flowed through him as his woollen, tartan scarf picked up the hazy browns and reds in his deep umber eyes; they mirrored the whiteness of the surroundings creating contrast and an aura of excitement around the uncertainty of what would be waiting under his Christmas tree. Though ominous, he still radiated content and enjoyment like he was a swan caring for the signets who were so young and apprehensive of what was beyond their home lake. As the swan swam it took all the doubts and insecurities of others with it. The selfless act of magnificently making doubt obsolete was the one aim of the swan and he was perfect at doing so. His pearly ice skates acted as his wings, and he flew feebly over the lake. Only once he was gone did I notice the disordered, ordinariness of everyone else.