**MY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS BEFORE WHEN I SMALL AND NOW**

Christmas when I was a child was more beautiful, because I believed in Santa Claus, and in the evening of December 24 I prepared for Santa Claus the milk with cookies near the fireplace, and I thought that at night Santa Claus came down from the fireplace and brought me gifts, it was really nice, but one day when I was in fourth grade my father at my ex-best friend's dad met and came to school in my class, but I still believed it. that day was the ugliest of my life because I discovered my dad and when I came home I began to cry ... from there Santa Claus understood that it did not exist.

Now when the Christmas holidays arrive it's not like before, but I still enjoy it because I'm with my family and like every year, my brother, my mother and my dad prepare the presents and put them under the tree, so each of us is curious about what's inside.

Now that I am grown up and in the future I will have a family, my desire is two children, I would like them to believe in the magic of Christmas as I believed, but for a longer time, why stay at home with your family and open the presents for me it is very beautiful.

If it were for me it would always be Christmas.