Chapter One

Kevin looks out of the window. Across the street, some people are putting Christmas lights up in their windows. Another family is putting a large Santa statue in their garden.

“Mum, can I put the Christmas tree up today?” asks Kevin.

“Yes, of course,” says his mother.

“And can we put Christmas lights on the roof and on the windows?” asks Kevin.

“Yes, your father and I are going to do that now,” says his mother.

Kevin’s mother and father go into the garden and start putting up the Christmas lights. Kevin is excited. He loves Christmas. He puts some Christmas music on the CD player. He takes the Christmas tree out of the box. It is not a real tree. It is plastic and it is very big. He puts the Christmas tree next to the window.

If I put it next to the window, everyone outside can enjoy the tree too, he thinks.

He spends all afternoon putting decorations on the tree. Finally, he switches on the lights. The Christmas tree lights are red, yellow, blue and green.

This is wonderful! he thinks. Now it feels like Christmas!

He walks outside and stands in the front garden.

It looks good from the outside too, he thinks.

“Well done Kevin,” says his father. “That tree looks great!”

Kevin’s father is in the garden. He is putting a large plastic snowman figure near the gate.

“I hope I can build a real snowman this year,” says Kevin. “I hope we have lots of snow.”

“I hope it doesn’t snow today! I have to finish these lights!” says his mother.

Kevin looks up at the roof. His mother is on the roof. She is putting large Christmas lights up around the house.

Our house will look very bright, he thinks.

He looks around the street. Most of the other houses have Christmas trees and Christmas lights. There is only one house with no Christmas lights and no tree. Kevin looks at the house. It is very dark and there are no lights on.

“Dad, do you think Mr Evans will put his big Christmas tree up this year? Mr Evans’ Christmas tree is always the best in the street.”

His father stops working and looks across the road at Mr Evans’ house.
“I don’t know,” he says quietly. “His mother went into hospital a few months ago. Maybe he is too busy.”

“If I see him, I will ask him,” says Kevin.

Kevin’s mother comes down from the roof. “I’ve finished!” she says. “Let’s switch the lights on!”

They switch the lights on. The garden and the house are very bright and colourful. “This looks great! This will be the best Christmas ever!” says Kevin.

“Come on, it’s nearly time for dinner,” says his mother. They all go into the house and close the door.

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