

## LITTLE TREE

Last time when the teacher read the poem, she did not notice that tears came into my eyes (I felt like crying)

I know, I am too emotional but Christmas time is a difficult ~~time~~ **ONE** for me.

A simple poem... I always had a simple Christmas in my childhood because we were a simple family but we always had a Christmas tree, ~~almost~~ **EVEN** when my sister and I ~~have been grown~~ **WERE GROWN-** up.

A friend of **my** mother brought us the tree directly from ~~the~~ **A** white winter wood.

He was a forest ranger so he could take it.

The little tree was not perfect. Maybe a branch was broken or ~~it was~~ a little bit crooked.

Then it was our turn. On 24<sup>th</sup> of December, we took out handmade angels, balls, chains and stars from our boxes and started to decorate the tree. ~~He became more~~ **We embellished it** precious**ly** by the honey candles which smelled so ~~well~~ **FINE** and ~~by~~ the sweets that we put on the tree.

When I came to Italy a lot of things have changed.

I ~~don't~~ **CAN NO LONGER** FEEL Christmas ~~anymore~~. I miss the atmosphere, I miss the snow, I miss the songs, I miss the biscuits... My parents are gone. I also miss them.

The tree I have now is not alive, it is made of synthetic material. We do our best to make it look beautiful but it is not the same **THING**. In Italy Christmas ~~in Italy~~ generally seems synthetic to me.

I regret that I have not been able to ~~maintain~~ **KEEP** all my traditions, to ~~transmit~~ **HAND** the Austrian traditions **DOWN** to my family. I tried so hard.

I left my country, my home, my friends to come here to stay with my ~~man~~ **PARTNER** and my children.

I was very sorry to come away and I was a little bit afraid and unhappy. My roots are still in Austria but my heart is where my family is. My girls make me feel precious.

So, you see  
the little tree  
is me.

Very GOOD