

## The Most Wonderful Time of the Year

By Stephen J Lord

We waited in a queue that snaked halfway round the store. When at last we began to inch forward, I could barely move and wasn't sure I had the strength. As always, his hand in mine kept me going.

I needed to give him something to look forward to. Life goes on whether you like it or not and today, like any other kid, my boy would tell Santa what he wanted for Christmas.

After the three of us smiled for the camera, he looked the fat man in the eye and answered his question with a single word.

'Mummy.'

The End

**Stephen J Lord bio:** Stephen Lord was born in Adelaide, Australia in 1976, and has spent more than 25 years waiting for a TARDIS to come and whisk him away. He took to making things up and writing them down when it became abundantly clear he couldn't play the guitar to save his life. He has spent far too long in university tutorial rooms fishing with explosives and longer still in the studios of community radio stations, where he developed an unhealthy relationship with the sound of his own voice. He has a similarly abiding fondness for popular fiction and decisively unpopular music, and is prone to fits of impotent nerd rage.