

MARK SMITH (Unscene Magazine)

www.animespresso.com/unscene
I preferred Christmas when Santa was real. The thought that a big red and white supernatural being was going to be creeping around my house as I slept filled me with both excitement and dread.



MARK STEINER & HIS PROBLEMS

www.StaggerHome.com/
www.MySpace.com/StaggerHome
www.facebook.com/pages/Mark-Steiner-His-Problems/138069216247880

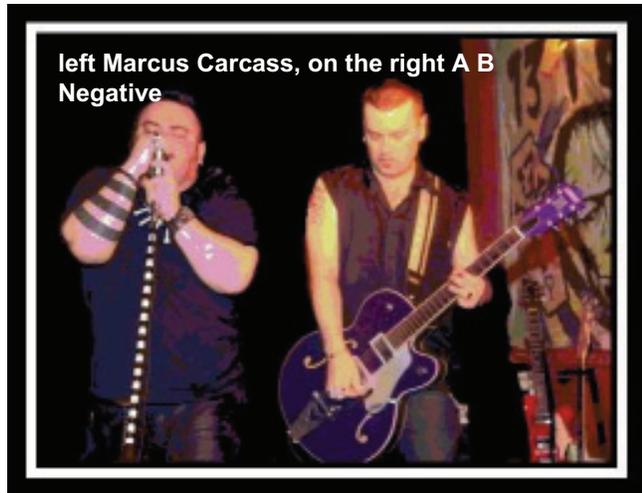
<http://itunes.apple.com/us/album/a-misfit-xmas/id204568133>
(JOY) Booze, bars, blacking out, & waking up on Christmas Day in the arms of a beautiful woman in my bed.
(TREPIDATION): Booze, bars, blacking out & waking up on Christmas Day in the drunk tank.

MARK WILSON (13 Tombs)

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I always loved the feeling of excitement and happiness that Christmas brought when I was young, nothing ever seemed impossible on Christmas Day back then. Hours were spent playing with Tonka toys and Action Men, only stopping for two things... Christmas Dinner and the Top Of The Pops Christmas special.

The greatest joy of Christmas is that moment when you realise that all the weeks of panic and worry are over and you managed against all odds to do it right, everybody is happy and you can just relax.



MICHELE ARI

<http://micheleari.com>

I thought about writing to you Mick to explain I wasn't a Christian and that Christmas memories could be difficult for me to conjure up. I realized though that I couldn't turn you down for who am I to be a Scrooge? Besides, it was thoughtful of you to ask and as I considered your request to me memories I'd long forgotten began to surface. Quite a nice treat!

I am not sure when my family and I stopped putting up a tree, but I recall that for much of my childhood we participated in the parts of the holiday that we could share despite the differences in faith. Family, gifts and sparkling lights are for anyone to enjoy. It didn't used to, but today holiday music makes me cringe because much of it is pumped

out of speakers in an effort to get us to buy something, a part of Christmas I think is out of control for it seems to obscure the meaning and message. Growing up though the songs made me feel good, hopeful and in a sort of brotherhood with man- something I feel we experience as children before we have experiences with man that make us sometimes want to live on a planet by ourselves. There were even some years I would go to church with my Christian friends and listen to the choir. I am remembering that I did not kneel though that may have been more of a "punk rock" mentality brewing within me, a young rebel who had not yet found her cause. Or maybe my grandmother would have turned over in her grave she had not yet found herself in at that time. For reasons I cannot recall I had gone to a religious private school as a very little girl. Much to my family's astonishment I broke out in roaring rendition of "Jesus Loves Me" at the dinner table, a story I still can't live down to this day. I imagine I did not understand the song and, much like today, just liked to sing for people.

