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Every year, I tell myself that I won't **procrastinate** in doing my holiday shopping. And, every year, I **end up** with a shopping list **as long as your arm** and about 24 hours to get it all done. **Waiting until the last minute** means that I have to **brave** the crowds out doing their **last-minute** shopping.

First, I have to find a place to park in the parking lot, which is always **packed**. Then, I have **to fight off** the **bargain hunters** who are there for the holiday markdowns. With so many shoppers, the **shelves** are usually a **mess** and a lot of items are **out of stock**. When I've finally picked out what I want to buy, there are usually long lines at the **register**. Just when I'm about **to check out**, I always remember that I've forgotten one last thing. **It never fails!**

When I get home with the presents, I have to **wrap** them. Hopefully, I haven't forgotten to get **gift wrap, ribbons** and **bows**, and holiday cards. By the time I'm finished, I'm exhausted and I feel like **Scrooge. Ba humbug!**

Why do I do this to myself every year? Next year, I'm starting my holiday shopping in September. Then again, I said that last year.