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The smell rushed into my nostrils, all the way down into my lungs the moment the door lock turned and I stepped into the house. The smell was pungent in its way, a mixture of the food steaming on the stove, the dust drifting in the air that had been blown up from the rug, and the newly washed clotheings. The smell I had once been familiar with but felt so distant, and its wafting in the air unleashed a swirl of nostalgia in me. It was the smell of home, of Mom cooking dinner waiting for me and all the things I remembered just too well. That was my first time returning home, a week after moving out living in the school dorm on my own.

Little did I expect things to be this hard. Having lived under the wings of parents for years, I was like a bird too eager to fly away, to see how the outside world was like. So then, I chose to go study in a high school in the neighboring county, to "strike out on my own", to live a life I had dreamed of. And yet somehow, after nights of returning to the cold empty dorm on my own, tossing and turning in the bed thinking of my family and times when I got so frustrated with not performing decently on my schoolwork, some parts inside me had been changed. I started to realize how easily I had taken the most precious things in life for granted, how often do we chase the wrong things in life when the most important ones are actually around us. I thought of my families smiles. I thought of the smell of Mom's cooking, the smell of home. A week later, I went home. And after then when thinking of it, the smell of home were as if really drifting in the air, reminding me of how lucky I am to have the folks I love so much around me and the most important things in life.