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I just can't forget the fine smell of the carpet of a Canadian homestay. About six years ago, I traveled alone to Canada, to improve my English, and to see the world. I decided to stay in a homestay, since I didn't have any close relatives living in Canada. Upon stepping in to the house, where the homemaker invited me in with ^abig smile, I smelled a smell. I quickly realized it was the smell of the carpet. I was completely thrilled, because this time, I was virtually stepping on the carpet instead of watching others step on it on television. That special carpet smell meant happiness and freedom.

The days I spent in Canada were fun. Though I was still at a young age, I was free to make plans as long as safety was concerned. My schedule was always tight. I could take a bus and go to a park as large as a forest, and in the same day, take ^aferry to the other side of the river and come back home just in time to have dinner. Everyday to me was like an adventure, a special kind of adventure taken all by myself. I could bump into strange guys or get lost in one of the winding streets. However, home was always there for me, when I was too tired or just ⁱⁿdesperate need to be stuffed with food. When I turned on the knob and pushed open the door, the warm, dark-colored and really good-smelling carpet was always there for me, not once did it let me down. It is a kind of smell that you can never forget in your lifetime. ✓