

I cannot forget the smell of my younger sister's diaper. It was not until I was six that my younger sister was given birth. Everything about her seemed so special to me at that time. I was a pretty naughty little brother, always playing with different items that my mom bought for my sister. It was then that I smelled the odor of her diaper. The new diapers bought from supermarkets gave a rather fresh smell. Most of them didn't have strong smells such as perfumes lest they cause allergy. I loved to play with diapers, wearing them on my head like a helmet or using them as baseball gloves. Though the diaper itself didn't have a strong smell, they were apparently smelly after used. That comprised another big part of my memory with diapers, since it was usually me who changed my sister's diaper while our mother were busy at work.

I cannot forget the smell of diaper because it symbolizes my complex feelings toward my sister when she was a baby. Some times, she was quiet and calm, lying in the cradle peacefully. It reminded me that she was like a sheet of white paper. The new diaper took the same character, pure and white, with a rather light sense of sweet odor. But some times my sister cried all night. We had to comfort her several times a night. Then I reckoned that taking care of a baby needs great patience. You have to take off the bad-smelling diaper and put on a new one for the baby once or twice a day. That is just a tiny bit of the work. Thus, I know no matter my sibling is quiet or naughty, I would have to accept her into my life. The diaper has a variety of smell over different times, but it is my responsibility to deal with it however it smells. I will love my sister for my whole lifetime — even though she no longer need diapers. ✓