

There is a smell that <sup>has</sup> remained in my mind for a long time. When I was little, I lived with my grandparents for a while. I wasn't happy to live with them since I didn't want to leave my parents and live with somebody I wasn't familiar with. And there was one more reason. I didn't like the smell of their house. It wasn't a specific smell of "something" but the smell of old things. Old chairs, old beds, and old books. All the things in their house were just too old to make me, a seven-year-old little girl, feel

curious about them. I still remember when I first smelled the smell, I thought to myself, "There isn't going to be anything interesting for two months."

It was true, at least to a little girl, that there wasn't much to look forward to every day. Instead of the newest video games, the only recreation was just watching some TV shows with my grandparents when we're eating.

Also, I found it difficult to communicate with them since I couldn't speak Taiwanese well, but they always tried hard to cheer me up. When I finally returned to my house, I felt relieved. However, I was surprised to find myself missing the smell when I walked into an old bookstore a few years later. It reminded <sup>me</sup> of the old days with my grandparents. It's not a special scent, though, it represents the love of my grandparents.