

Once, I happened to have an opportunity to visit my aunt's villa high in the mountains, where I smelled the memorial scent. It was early in spring. After enjoying a pleasant dinner with my relatives, I made up my mind to monkey around in the mountain, so as to experience the true nature which I did not have a single chance to become familiar with. Before long, a strong fragrance suddenly hit upon me. I was paralyzed on the instinct, for I had never smelled anything like that before. I made attempts to track the source of the scent, which is similar to the blossoms of a kind, yet in vain. I went home days after I smelled that; nevertheless, I was unable to get the peculiar fragrance out of my mind.

Years after the day, I, without a single sign, was again confronted with the smell, at the funeral of my aunt. I was overwhelmed by the death of her, yet as the fragrance appeared, it suddenly dawned on me that it was the smell smelled by me years ago. I inquired a relative about it, and he answered me that it was nothing but the scent of the cherry blossoms planted in the garden of the villa. And, most of all, they are planted by my aunt. The question in my mind was finally solved then. This smell, accordingly, became significant in my life. It was not only due to its fragrance, but also because of the fact that it represented my aunt.

