

## THE PINK SMELL

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That weird night. I could only hear an awesome voice penetrating my whole being telling me, “Run! Run! You *can't* allow *them* to stop you. Not today.” I let my legs go with the wind. I ran, as I never had done before. I ran away from *them*, from my fears and from an extremely special memory which had been hounding my thoughts since the morning. I usually run so well. This saved me most of the time from *them*. I am not big, that's true but I am surely very fast. I always managed to escape from those chasers, but I couldn't remember how I managed it that night. Sometimes I wonder if *they* ever existed or *they* were merely the result of so many accumulations engraved on my soul. That night, I found an answer to the question. Many nights when I lie on my bed, I wonder why I was born. I perceive that *Mr Strict* was born to be so tough as not to give a person like me a tender smile while *Mr Misery* was born to bear the humiliation of poverty and need. But what about *me*?

Only that night I knew why I was born. Yes. It is to run so fast as to be united with the wind. To melt into it. To be such an invisible creature to those demanding steps. But unexpectedly, my little heart was cruelly scattered when I saw the reflection of my red hot face on the glass of a huge store which seemed to appear from nowhere. I froze for a second. I was meditating through the transparent building. Touching my cheeks, I realized that I was tangible. I wasn't invisible *yet*. Although it was a second, it seemed as if I had been trapped in the kingdom of emptiness for ages. Vacant of the slightest kind of feelings, I resumed my running comforting myself that I have a lifetime to be invisible. Away I ran, but for an unknown reason I knew I would come back. In fact, the reason wasn't quite unknown to me, because the fragrance I smelled was enough to bring me back to that store despite the distance and the bloody steps which became part of my life. Do you know why? Because simply that smell was different. It was so special. It was pink. Pure pink.

I found myself laying on my bed. Observing the helpless attempts of my breathing to rhyme in harmony with the crazy pulse of my heart. I was looking at the stars. Of course the place where I live has a roof. They were just some stars I made with my parents from shiny papers that glow in the darkness and we put them on the ceiling. They looked so real. They had the same charm as real stars. The awesome voice called me again, but it was a bit different then. It was mixed with a kind of subtlety. It whispered to my yawning cells before they fell asleep, “*Come Back!*” I saw that whisper in my dream. It was glowing above the store with large capital letters. It was shining like a big lonely star lost in a forgotten sleeping night.

I was obsessed by the pink smell. It was so strong in my mind. My mother was alive again and my father was painting her long pale nails with the pink glossy liquid. She was happy. Her smile was beaming like a summer sun that is extremely warm and delightful. There wasn't much in the container, but I swear that the fragrance was so strong like an early-morning-blossomed-flower. He gave me the container of her pleasure to keep in a safe place. I was only five and I was so excited to see her happy. That was enough to make me clumsy and lose the treasure. He should have understood and showed his understanding too. But I could only see what he was able to show at that time; a mad look accusing me of an unforgivable crime. I ran constantly till a flashlight of capital letters behind me. I could hardly read a whisper telling me to "C O M E B A C K." I opened my eyes slowly; the flashlight was still there. It was sunrise. The walls were echoing the whisper and the pink smell was there too.

I had a piece of bread for breakfast and rushed to school. I did my best to resist the temptation of everything pink that day. My teacher was wearing a pink ribbon round her black hair. Jody's notebook had a big pink rose on its cover. Sara used a pink pen to write the headlines which made them readable for me in the back row. It was the hardest day ever. I so terribly wanted to get over it. I so terribly wished to be invisible like the wind so I could leave the classroom and reach the store in no time to have a full container of the pink smell. My mother died three nights after I broke the transparent bottle of the glossy pink colour. I remember that my father and me looked day and night for that colour, but it vanished. It just disappeared the way a runaway bubble does. Each night I looked at the stars and I renewed my promise and my deep apology.

Then, there it came the big day, the day of repentance. I felt the bell ringing before it did. I disappeared from the class and it seemed that my chasers lost my track that afternoon. I could hardly hear the bloody steps behind me. I bought the bottle and rushed to the cemetery. I put it near her grave and I told her that I loved her so much and that I was sorry and I really was. It was hard to know the exact time I spent there, but for the first time since my mother's death I walked home. I didn't run, but somebody else was running. A gentle breeze penetrated my heart leaving it as pure as a diamond. All those nasty feelings melted like a piece of ice and mixed with some old footprints. It was almost sunset. There was a familiar fragrance in the air. It was glossy and pink too.