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Do you know that each city has its unique smell and taste? For each person it is their own. Nobody can claim you are right or wrong as your taste is closely connected with you and your own memories. Ancient cities are the hearts of the fairytales in our lives. They come into our minds, carve in the memory with the smell of coffee and sweets, as it was with me.

When I found myself going around one of our ancient western cities, I could definitely say that it was bitter chocolate and dark coffee. Standing at the corner under the lamp which was pouring pleasant warm and a bit yellowish light on the street, I could feel the taste of the coffee in my mouth. The combination was very unusual that I could never believe it would be me who would like it. The warm light of the street candle made the buildings of the old city seem out of the fairytale. My mind painted ambrosian images. In some of the shadows, I saw small dwarfs busy with glittering pieces of gold in their pockets, as if they were trading. Coming closer, it appeared to be just the glittering light of the windows, still those old ones, unaccustomed to the modern street light.

Going further in the shadows of the night, the bitterness of the cafeteria was after me. Round the corner, I found the source of this tart and sweet aroma. Pleasant fusion of coffee and chocolate attracted me; I was guided by it throughout the city. My mouth was watering due to this constant aroma. The air was soaked with it, every street was like that. Still, I passed that small cozy filled with candle light coffee-house and moved on.

Not even knowing where I was going, leaving behind that corner of Eden, I appeared in the cold sharp moonlight. I shivered because the breeze though light but not less cool. Warmed up, my fingertips became cold as ice. I lifted up the scarf and made myself more comfortable. Under my legs, I could feel each brook of the stone-block pavement. It was smooth and slippery. The bitter taste of the old city was now behind, somewhere with those dwarfs. Only my clothes could now remind me about it. I felt it mixed with my spring juicy perfume. Some spots of tangerines mixed with bitterness of dark chocolate drive me nuts.

A thought struck my mind. I took my phone out of the pocket and start dialing the number. The sharp light of the screen hurt my eyes. However, I did not mind it. Sweet sleepy voice on the opposite side answers. Oh, God it is almost morning, 4 a.m. What am I doing? I even was not saying anything, just listening to the childish murmur.

The sky is growing reddish, my nose is frozen and is tending to fall off. Almost sleeping, brooks of the pavement hearting the feet I made my way home. Inside the flat, my nose is stricken with the same yummy odor. Home! Now I know how it smells. Getting into the bed I felt that it is already warm in there. Somebody was waiting for me

the whole night. Now I know how happiness smells – a bitter and sweet, juicy and childish.