The soft, subtle smell of the candle gracefully moves toward me. Taking the sweet aroma and breathing it in deeply, I am transported. The sensation of moving at tremendous speed stops as quickly as it had begun. I am no longer in my small, infantile room, I am somewhere new. Quickly moving my hand to shield my eyes from the blazing sun, I realize I am no longer inside. I begin to move slowly forward, one step at a time, when I am suddenly stopped. The undeniable scent of *lemons* hits me like a ton of bricks.

My decision to move further into my new environment is an easy one; it is the only way to go. Tall, thin trees make up the majority of the forest. They seem to have brown, scaled bark and bright, green leaves. The forestry in which I find myself is immense and looms before me, begging me to continue forward. There is no sound, which I find peculiar. The lack of resonance is so deep, that I can’t even hear my own beating heart. Beginning to get worried now, my only question is, “Why am I here?”

I laugh quietly as the thought enters my mind, “When life gives you lemons.” It is an adage I have heard many times before, but now having been given lemons, what will I choose to do with them?

My mind begins to drift back to just a few minutes before. I had been in my room and had decided to light a candle. The candle had been a gift to me from my loving mother, the scent of the candle was *lemon*.

My mother, where was she now? My concern quickly turns to anger, and I realize she must have had something to do with this. She had asked me to clean my room and take out the trash and, I hadn’t done it. This has to be the reason for my banishment here, there is no other reason. I consider these possibilities when suddenly; out of nowhere, a lemon hits me in the square in the forehead.