**Cherishing memories and perishing sorrow.**

**(Aryan Karkera, 10thC)**

“Its 10 o’clock! Wake up!” I never knew that I had changed the ringtone of my alarm clock, I was pretty sure my eardrums didn’t have and surface to beat on anymore. My sister had scared the living daylight out of me on a beautiful Sunday morning. I stretched out, and got up. Sitting at the side of my bed, I could feel the warm sunlight on m y body. When I walked out of the room, I was taken aback. It suddenly felt like I was back in India. Everyone was wearing traditional clothes.

My dad’s blue kurta reminded me of the calm ocean waves. It was of a marvellous green blue colour, which reminded me of Miami beach from the last time when I came to the U.S.my sister had worn a bright orange dress which reminded me of the fragrant sandalwood back home.

A feeling of something being incomplete arose. There was something missing. It didn’t seem quite like an Indian Diwali. Then it dawned on me. The fragrance! Nothing can match the sweet smell of delicacies being made in Indian Kitchen during Diwali. Instead there was the subtle smell of lemon grass air freshener entering my nostrils.

I quickly got ready, because I felt left out among well-dressed people. When I was ready, my aunt offered me some sweets which I happily ate. They were nowhere near as good as my grandmother makes, but I ate them quickly.

We had a lavish lunch, after which I wasn’t able to move and had a really good two hour sleep. In the evening, we attended a program where there were dances and musical performances. To be honest, they were good, but as usual, not as good as the celebrations back home. Maybe because everything seemed so ‘staged.’

Then at night was when the ‘festival of lights’ was justified. The fireworks. Yes, Diwali is an Indian festival, and we Indians had the upper hand in every aspect up until that moment. The fireworks display was just breath-taking. I don’t think I even blinked during the whole time. Different shades of crimson, green, blue, purple and orange coloured in the sky like it was a canvas, waiting for an artist to beautify it.

After one of the most memorable display of my life, we went out to dive. My palates were seasoned with lavish and delicious food and we went back home, with filled tummies and beautiful memories.

As I was lying down on the bed at night, one thought arose in my mind. Yes, it was true that celebrations of Diwali had their differenced in India and U.S., but there was and will alwaysbe one thing in common- the joy.