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## Orange Flavored Memories

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# Orange Flavored Memories

## **Abstract**

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Since I was very little, my uncle from Long Island would send our family a huge box of oranges and grapefruit for Christmas. It was always wonderful to have the delicious fruit which seemed to last us through the chilly, restless winter months. With each incredible bite, we were taken to far off tropical places. And when we were done, we would always place the peels on the top of our wood stove. Soon the whole house would be filled with their heavenly scent."

## **Cover Page Footnote**

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## EMILY RYAN

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### ORANGE FLAVORED MEMORIES

Since I was very little, my uncle from Long Island would send our family a huge box of oranges and grapefruit for Christmas. It was always wonderful to have the delicious fruit which seemed to last us through the chilly, restless winter months. With each incredible bite, we were taken to far off tropical places. And when we were done, we would always place the peels on the top of our wood stove. Soon the whole house would be filled with their heavenly scent.

To this day, the scent of oranges brings back memories of our winter months as children: warming ourselves by the fire, our cheeks and noses rosey from the frigid air after an exciting day of sledding and fort building, or sitting inside and reading a book while the snow falls outside. So as I sit in my dorm room, looking at the orange resting upon my desk, I feel a bit like a time traveler. Carefully trying to suppress my elation, I unwrap the orange—I'm sitting in the time machine, pulling the lever, I'm about to start my journey. I take the first bite—I'm pulling my sled up the giant hill in my best friend Melissa's backyard. The air is cold, but I'm warm with the anticipation of flying down the tree lined run of the enormous hill. I take a second bite, my mouth filling with wonderful juic—this time I'm sitting by the wood stove in our family room after a long day of skiing. Our wet mittens and socks hang on the wall like trophies from the days events. I throw the rest of the orange slice into my mouth—memories are coming faster. It's about 8 p.m. on Christmas Day, the moon is out, high above the trees, and the Christmas tree is the only source of light in the room. There are snow flakes falling peacefully outside. Everything is perfect. I continue on my journey—with each bite—each pull of the lever, comes a new memory, until there is only one bite left. I am hesitant to finish my trip, and pause before finishing the rest.

The last piece of magic havers inches from my lip when my roommate comes clattering in after class. I jump at the interruption and hurry to finish the last bite, as if to hide the evidence. "Hey" my roommate Lisa says as she briskly walks by, "smells good in here." I watch her move to her computer with a smile and say, "You have no idea."