

Sensory memory

- Orange: autumn when our trees absorb all the green out of the leaves leaving them as thirsty orange corpses waiting for the moment they fall and die for good. When looking at orange from this perspective, it can resemble death and horror. That is probably one of the reasons for orange to be the color of Halloween.
- Red: ... The feeling of anger, frustration and betrayal. Red as a sound is a muffled thump, the type that you can physically feel through your body as a vibration. It's not deafening, but it still has enough power to shake you up. How can red be love and anger at the same time? Passion. That's how. I think passion can be red too. It depends what that passion turns into.

- The ground beneath my feet felt stiff due to my tipsiness, but my leg still glided on top of the concrete and I felt light. One part of my path was covered with snails. I accidentally stepped on one and it cracked, which made a very crunchy sound. I felt its sliminess on the bottom of my shoe and it made my skin crawl...
- "There's not that much I remember hearing except my friend just screaming a few curse words extremely aggressively. After that he just started laughing hysterically. Though there was a sound when he started touching it. It was a vile and grotesque sound, almost like stirring macaroni...
... my feet were glued to the ground or rather like the ground mounted my feet.
- I felt like I was floating in a pool of honey. I flinched as a car drove by. I opened my eyes. I saw a pair of bright eyes looking straight at me. His eyes were a shade that was a mixture of freshly cut grass and a gloomy forest. I had bedsheets with flowers on them, and their leaves complimented his eyes...

- The first time of touching a sushi with the tip of my tongue was the most nauseating thing that ever happened to me. It was raw fish on a knob of rice. Who the heck wanted to eat that kind of food? I remember the smell of sushi back then. It smelled rotten and bitter, but also a little sweet. There was this voice inside my head that advised me not to eat what I was smelling. When I saw a serving tray full of sushi, I decided to start to love sushi because it was beautiful.
- The amount of excitement cannot be described in words. It was already starting to become sadistically distressing. When KooKoo scored at the end of the second overtime, I felt a really big rush of adrenaline in my body. The feeling was relief and really unbelievable...
- Feeling the recoil kick the stock against my shoulder for the first time...
- I have a lot of memories and every day I make new ones. The most sensory memory I have is the day I learned to drive a bicycle.

- First there was confusion. Right after that, emptiness started taking place in me. That warm, happy feeling mixed with excitement turned into dark clouds. The clouds weren't visible, but all the space in thousands of people felt them hovering above us. We were scared and as we were waiting, the big bubble of ignorance took all of the space. Slowly, but surely, the dark clouds started to get heavy with rain. And it didn't take long before the clouds burst into a storm. Most of the people at the stadium were crying and a fog of sadness and fear fell on us.
- My bare feet shaking from the coldness of the hard wood under them. My hands hugging myself as if I was afraid of letting me go. And my thoughts running as wild as a pack of wolves in the night. I was cold, that was an undeniable fact. Yet something about the sky kept me at place, standing there like a moron.

- After all the swimming and bathing, we dried off. The feeling of the towel was warm and fuzzy. The water droplets fell down my cheeks slowly. When we were done with the drying and changing, we went to the fireplace. I felt all the rocks on my feet, because I had soft flip flops on...
- the sun was blazing from a cloudless blue sky and there was a soft summer breeze swaying my hair.... Music was drifting to the beach from somewhere behind me. People were laughing and chattering all around me...
- As you felt the grains of sand scratching between your digits, you started questioning why you even were there to begin with. Maybe the habit to oblige every proposition given and the anxiety concerning rejection were too great to dismiss. Others would likely remember the laughter of people enjoying themselves, whereas your attention was linearly fixed to wailing children. You stepped delicately forward despite feeling the harsh texture underneath, careful not to crush any crabs that might emerge below the surface. You took a deep breath, filling your lungs with the bitter air typical to seashores and continued to stroll along the coast.
- I have not traveled on an airplane in many years due to corona virus, but I remember traveling with my family a lot when I was younger... I will always remember what it felt like to get out of the airplane after a 5-to-10-hour long flight and feel the hot breath of air flowing through me as well as the sun starting to heat up my skin... It still gives me the chills when thinking about walking down those crowded roads with dozens of different restaurants, shops, and the warmth of the air when, even at midnight it was still 25 degrees. Along with all the different types of smells of fish, kebab, steak, and barbeque.