

## Peach Rings

I get off the bus, fix my hair, and start the journey home.

There is bright purple lavender on the side of the footpath. I love how no matter the season, the people of Corinella know what flowers to plant each month, even in winter, they look like bright paint ball splatters on the wooden fence. Yellows, reds, and pinks. I squint my eyes from the biting daylight reflecting off the water droplets on the grass, my eyes are shielded from the harsh sun by the leaves of a paperbark tree, when I was little, I thought the bark was actual paper, and I would collect strips of it to stick together for books.

I can hear grumbling under my feet as motor vehicles drive past. Some of them are beautiful old cars, that have been taken care of, some are disgusting, tacky, and trendy. When I look at cars, I understand the appeal for the vintage vibe. The sun has just as much sting to the eyes as if it were summer, Australian winters are as predictable as my dogs thought process.

When I was little, I would try not to step on the cracks of the footpath, it started as a game, and became a habit, I still do it subconsciously and you have no idea how much it annoys me. The kind of beauty you get in Corinella is much better than the movies, in the movies you know they're using a filter, you know the grass isn't that green, but here, the yellow balding grass is beautiful and welcomed.

The smell of potato cakes fills my nostrils as I near towards the general store, there are kids sitting on the wooden seats eating soft raspberry drops with their pocket money, they still have their school uniform on. I walk into the general store every Tuesday with a dollar coin in my hand, I put it on the counter and ask for peach rings. Peach rings are my summer smell. You know when you look at old photos of you on a holiday and a memory smell fills your nose, its peach rings for me. The lady puts 8 sugar coated rings into a small white paper bag, I've never seen those bags anywhere but our store.

I love the way it crinkles in my hand; I can still smell the metal on my hands from the coin. I take 1 from the bag. It's coated in sugar and tastes like a peach iced tea. In Victoria people say you are either a T2 or a Lipton, it's like Coke Cola vs Pepsi but with iced tea. I'm team T2. The bottom of the ring is a spongy yellow and the top looks like a translucent sunset. It's not the kind of story you'd get published, but it the kind I will remember when this beautiful world turns as artificial as peach rings.