

**WRITING**

# I'm Not Home But I Am

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Boston

**TYPE**

MEMOIR  
NARRATIVE

**GENRE**

GRADES 10–12

I went to Vietnam when I was 6. All I could remember was eating strawberries in front of my aunt's house, my cousins braiding my hair, drinking a mango smoothie, and some random memories that come and go in pieces. It was the best time of my life. Yet when I was on the plane, on my way back 8 years later, I wondered what would change and what would be the same. I wondered if I would like it as much as when I was younger or if I would love it even more. But when the plane landed and I was getting off, there was a smell that was so familiar, a smell I had remembered from when I stepped off the plane when I was 6. The air was warm, but the humidity was high, which were super common weather conditions in Vietnam as it's a place where there's lots of rainfall during the hot summer months.

Stepping out of the airport and getting my first breath of fresh air, I remembered the feeling. This rush of nostalgia came over me. The feeling of excitement

and hurry, the feeling of wanting to enjoy adventure, the feeling of being a kid. It felt like I was 6 all over again. Now, I remember the feeling of home even when being halfway across the world. I realized that no matter how long it has been, my connection with Vietnam will never change. Talking to my family felt the same. Going to the morning markets and grabbing milk tea drinks made sense. It will always feel like home—even when I’m halfway across the world.

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