

Since I live I usually walk home watching reels or texting my friends. One day was a similar day where I was on my phone and listening to music. I was walking down the streets and suddenly I was so close to getting hit by a car. I was like, "What's going on?" At that moment, I was very surprised. I looked around and there were cherry blossoms everywhere. I had this memory when I was a little kid and I love cherry blossoms since they looked like a sign of the resurrections of the trees. However, as I can recall, I was very upset at that moment since I didn't even know that my favorite flower was there, and I didn't even notice at all. From that moment, I started to watch the flowers fall down and noticed that I was walking in the night of spring full with cherry blossoms leading me home.

When I arrived at my house, I was disappointed that I wasn't able to take pictures since memories can be lost but pictures remain forever. From the next day I started to take pictures of cherry blossoms and for the next few weeks, I kept taking photos of not only flowers and trees but interesting shapes, cars, bridges, architectures, and people. I naturally started to learn about different kinds of happiness. When I'm walking through the streets and looking inside a cafe, I see a family enjoying a hot beverage and thankful that they could be together. Outside there is a group of friends making jokes and laughing at them. When I walk further down the street and arrive at a large Christmas tree with snow falling down, I see a loving couple kissing each other happy that they have their lovers in their arms. I also see old people looking at the tree remembering their old long memories that they had together and preparing a not too long but remaining future together. After some more walking I pass through a park. I see someone with her dog going out for a walk happy that she can take care of her loving dog. Then I started to realize that happiness is not from something from