

Most inspiring stories come from places that are dear to a person. This issue, I'm sharing two.

At the tender age of three months, I was brought to Muscat, Oman and lived there for the next 12 years of my life. My parents and older sister have been living there for quite some time and so when I was born, it was only natural to spend my childhood in this city I still call home. There are a lot of things I will never forget about Muscat: Waking up to the sound of waves in our Azaiba beach house and smelling the salty air; being told to keep quiet every 12nn and 6pm as you hear chanting and praying from mosques; the perfectly asphalted roads in the city (not a bump or rock along the way); and blaring horns and 'rejoicing' (as the Omanis would say) each time the Oman team wins a football game in the Gulf Cup (causing so much traffic – something very uncommon in Muscat). Then, there's also the smell of a basket-full of dried fish balanced on the heads of Bedouins crossing towns; and the very sweet (almost harsh) floral scent of Arabic men and women. Until now, whenever I visit Muscat, I still stare at the sea of women in black abayas walking in shopping centers (when they're probably the ones looking at me since I'm dressed very differently in casual jeans and a shirt); and lastly (before I fill up a dozen more pages of my fond memories), how can I ever forget the "unique" (and often times, funny) store names and signs such as 'Automatic Bakery' (there is also one named 'Manual Bakery').

Story # 2 fast forwards to my last year in college when I was fortunate to be chosen as our country's representative in an interior design competition and student exchange program in Japan. I convinced my good friend Kring Zulaybar to come to Osaka with me, and boy did we have quite an adventure (this was my first time to travel without family). From the time we landed in Kansai Airport at 8pm, finding our way to the hotel and school, having 'lost in translation' moments, realizing we can't use our GSM phones, and to me breaking down and wanting to come home on my first night there (I seriously wanted to leave and didn't care about anything anymore). I was probably such a pain in the butt (and I'm deeply sorry for that); but with Kring's calming force, and my sister and parents' frequent calls and support, I managed to stay and actually enjoy the experience. To this day, I don't regret it and cherish the weeks I experienced a culture totally different from Manila's. For starters, I barely understood the people; I absolutely loved how convenient and organized their railway system was; train rides and long walks (it took me almost three hours to get to school from my host family's house: 20 minute walk uphill, two long train rides, and another 20 minute walk...whew!); cool vending machines and convenience store meals; the quirky shopping boutiques; just to mention a few. The feeling of independence taught me so much about self-discipline - you have to respect and take care of yourself, and learn to adapt.

These two experiences never fail to bring a familiar feeling of nostalgia – something that helps me take a step back, observe the things around me, discover my strengths and weaknesses, and most importantly, breathe and take in life slowly. There are still so many places to visit and I eagerly await the opportunity to travel some place far and learn.

This issue, we hope to enlighten and excite with what we have in store for you: a lot of cultural happenings and leisurely destinations. To name a few – Paris' Maison et Objet; a Grecian walk-through of their history, architecture and art; and the famed Kasbah Tamadot by Richard Branson. Locally, we visited Bella Rocca in Marinduque, which I highly recommend for those

looking for some real peace and quiet. We also did a number of features in Boracay with the hope of rediscovering the island away from its famed night scene, plus an environmental watch report on the island's rapidly growing community.

Let me leave you with two eye-opening and humorous quotations that inspired me while making this issue: "Always keep your eyes open. Never sleep in the car. Keep watching because whatever you see out the window, or wherever...it can inspire you," by Vogue creative director Grace Coddington. Whilst Elizabeth Berry says, "Shipping is a terrible thing to do to vegetables. They probably get jet-lagged, just like people."

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