Sounds and smells of a tropical city: Wendy Margaret

As my plane skids to a halt with seat belts straining, I am filled with excitement and anticipation. The massive doors are raised and I step into the pungent heat and breathe in the strong fragrance of the frangipani trees.

The delicate twang of oriental sounds filters through the air and soften the blow of reaching the well policed terminal. The neatly uniformed guards pose the question, ‘What is the purpose of your visit?’

The line of taxis outside purring as they wait in an orderly fashion. Then swinging out in front of the fruit sellers with their movable stalls amidst the chatter of friendly conversation from the sizzling woks and the slurping of noodles from hot steamy bowls.

I relish the sounds and smells of my favourite island city, Singapore. I am home.