



I was born in a little town in Jaén known for its olive oil. My grandfather owned a rough land full of old olive trees where a tiny but charming country house had been erected in order to spend the long and sizzling summers. On Sundays, the whole family gathered around a blazing bonfire. The smoke of dry wood flooded the atmosphere, the smell of freshly made meat woke up your appetite and the crackle of the fire was camouflaged with the rhythmic palms of my uncle. Meanwhile, the adults were talking and the children turned the rough field into a funny playground. I will always remember the texture of freshly worked soil, soft and fluffy like a feather pillow, the leaves dancing with the wind and the chirping of the birds composing a musical piece. After a lengthy day, the kids were exhausted because we had been playing all day.

My childhood passed swiftly yet extremely glad. When I was eighteen, I moved in order to undertake a new adventure. We spent less and less time in the cottage and when I returned, the children's games had been replaced for the hard and interminable field work. My hands were frozen picking olives and my body was totally sore. My visits were decreasing over time. Besides, with my grandfather's death, everything changed. My family had turned more distant since the house had been abandoned. The heavy doors did not close, the windows screeched and rusty walls exposed the passing of years. Nevertheless, this changed with the arrival of new children in the family. Maybe now, they can create a new story around the old olive trees that saw me grow.



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