



I remember when I was a child every summer we used to go to my aunt's house in a small village in the south of Spain.

I really loved it because we were playing all the time close to the river. On both sides of the river there were quince trees, which had plenty of yellow fruits.

My cousins and their friends were so cool and we were “The children’s gang” of the village. We used to meet at a huge quince tree on the right side of the river.

When I waited for the others, I liked to observe this tree, whose hardly yellow fruit with a rock shape I found extremely weird. Besides, those quinces were incredibly bitter.

Nevertheless, my aunt would cook those fruits and she made a delicious cake.

I can remember the sweet smell of the quince mixed with sugar. She would prepare it for hours and obviously it would be worth it.

Once we were with our gang, and my aunt asked us to pick quinces. So we started climbing up and picking them but we ended up throwing them at one another and fighting, so all of us got bruises because quinces are like rocks.

My aunt was scared when she saw us and got on her nerves, so she punished us for a week without having friends around.

After that, she didn’t cook her delicious quince cake anymore.



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