



I was eight when a family friend invited us to a shoot. All my siblings were so happy with that, but it sounds terrible to me:” We were going to kill animals!”

I don't know what happened in that shoot, or even if it took place, cause I only remember the cork oaks, those magnificent trees that I had begun to admire since the moment I stood out of the car and saw them in their majesty.

That Mediterranean Forest made me feel I was inside a fairy tale, especially that cork oak next to the abandoned church. It was so big, the top was full of plenty of green leaves, its sharp shapes, the soft of the skin in it left a contrast to the wrinkled bark. But the trunks looked so weird...

Somebody explained to me what had happened to its trunk, those poor trees outer bark had been stripped to extract the cork; the image of those naked trunks was scary for me,

The smell of the cork after the stint, the smell of the countrymen after a hard day, the smell of the mushrooms growing at the side of cork oaks. That word, cork oak, makes me remember the sound of its branches brushing with Levante wind.

All my senses on that day of my childhood were so impressed with that discovery that I'll never stop going in autumn to give my respect and admiration to that tree of the last Mediterranean forest.

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