



I remember when we used to visit my grandparents' town. We used to see almond-trees in the countryside. It was beautiful to see how, in the cold winter with no leaves in the trees, a little white and rose spot start to be seen among their thin branches. Those little spots were rising day by day, turning those empty branches to beautiful bouquets of white and rose flowers. Those magic moments were for me like a ray of hope, the expected spring was starting to wake up. When the weekends were running, those marvellous flowers started to fall from the branches and tiny lush green leaves started to appear and a ephemeral white and rose carpet fell on the soil. The wind and the humidity made the flower carpet disappear. What unforgettable memories.

In the spring and in the summer, the almond-trees weren't the most beautiful in the countryside, so other wonderful flowers drew our attention, but their leaves and the green almonds were getting bigger, they were ripening day after day. Those ones were changing their colour; the light green changed to dark green and when the summer finished almond-trees started to loose their brown leaves. The autumn came with its rain and its freshness, but we had our reward: we could pick almonds. When we went to our grandparents' house we cracked their thick shell and ate their appetizing seeds.

Every Monday, when I come to class, I remember those moments with a great nostalgia.

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