

POPLAR GROVE

I vividly remember those Saturday mornings, when after having a lie-in my grandad picked my cousins and me up in order to take us to our favourite playing place, our lovely poplar grove.

That place was full of black poplar trees, whose trunks were really slender, it was like a special forest for us! this magnificent area was located at the town entry. Next to the trees there was a crystal-clear stream winding down this picturesque spot.

Now, when I contemplate that small river my memories come flooding back. And then I remember my grandad telling us that he learnt to swim there, due to the fact that in his era swimming-pools didn't exist. The autumn season is especially etched on my memory, because at this time of the year the poplar grove's colours turned our special forest into a charming fairy tale scenery. The tree leaves changed their usual bright green colour for a range of beautiful ones like warm reddish, ochre and amber, before they finally became sorrowful desiccated brown leaves which started to fall down to the soil creating an enormous natural carpet.

My cousins and I used to have a good time running around among those trees, as if it was a labyrinth, while we heard and felt the pleasant and amusing sensation of treading down the leaves, today I can still vividly remember the crackling noise of the old dry leaves under my feet.

We would let our imagination fly and used to invent adventure stories which happened to us in our particular forest. The gigantic pile of falling leaves were one of our favourite places to have fun in, we jumped up and down onto them many times until being exhausted!

Nowadays, when I think about that lovely poplar grove it brings back a marvellous scenery which I saw a few days before it was cut. It was winter and I had got up really early and I could see that it was snowing, the poplar grove was totally covered in snow. It seemed to me like a fond Christmas postcard, this image was etched on my memory for the rest of my life. I remember it like it was yesterday. Presently that wild and natural poplar grove doesn't exist any more. Today, a basketball court and a skating rink have taken up half the area where the poplar grove was, and the other part has been turned into a park. However, the crystal clear stream remains unspoilt, as if no change had happened around it. Our wonderful small river full of life inhabited by poky fish and funny frog reminds us that one day a beautiful thick poplar grove was reflected on its murmuring waters.



There is nothing more beautiful than the music of Nature:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LTO3mhVLS4g>

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