

MELILLA, MY FAVOURITE PLACE

Melilla is a town with countless charming sites. But if I had to choose only one, it would unquestionably be the neighborhood where I grew up.

When thinking of my early memories, the first thing that comes to mind is the powerful image of a wide, almost car-free street where kids used to meet and play together. I fondly remember those long summer days when that street became the perfect setting for our noisy games. No sooner had the sun crept over the horizon than we would go out and play *hide-and seek*, *cops-and-robbers* or *tag, you're it*. Our games would change as we grew up giving way to new forms of relating to each other during adolescence. How could I forget *truth or dare* and the first stolen kiss? I will always treasure the memory of my growing years shared with my childhood friends.

Although many things have changed from then on - the street itself is a different one indeed- more than a favorite place, this corner symbolizes a life experience. And every single time I cross that road I can't help hearing faint sounds from the past: marbles clashing on the ground, boys' laughs chasing balls, schoolgirls chanting nursery rhymes... Evoking these images always draws a gentle smile on my face.

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