

Memories in the River Alva

It was a beautiful, shining morning of a typical summer here, in Portugal. I was about 10 years old, full of life and happy to be on vacation, without school, without problems. I just woke up when my mom, in a bit angry voice, told me we were going to travel because I was always on the computer and I should get some fresh air. So, we decided we should go to the river beach in Côja.

I couldn't get mad, because that was true, I should be having fun outside and enjoying life. I didn't like that idea, but I was going to give it a try. After lunch me and my parents and brother went on our way. I remember thinking that was a waste of time and I was better at home. I was quite wrong. When we got there, I was surprised, not by the beauty of the beach, but because we were in a place that didn't look like a beach. We noticed the sign that said we should go to the left, so there we went. Every step we took the sounds of people having fun increased. We got there. It was beautiful. The first thing I did was to jump from a small board to the river. It seemed nothing else mattered. Eventually, we went back home.

I wrote about this memory in the River Alva because I think we should give more importance to small things because it's the simplicity of our experiences that makes life worth living, so we can get through it all and beat everything especially with the ones we love.

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