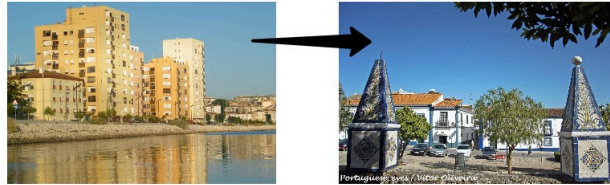


One summer, when we were kids, me and my brother are going to Alcáçovas – my grandparents' and mum's home village in Alentejo.

blue - things I can't find



We live in Barreiro, where my mum and her family migrated in the 70s. The typical "êxodo rural" – people moving from rural areas to urban areas.

Originally from countryside Alentejo, they came to the big city in the coast looking for opportunities and a better life. A lot of people [how many?] had to do that migration back then. Some inside Portugal, others to other, more developed countries, like France or Germany. The Estado Novo regime restricted the country's development for decades, and in the years leading up to the Carnation Revolution, people had to find a better life somewhere else. [where did people migrated in the 60s and 70s]



We are travelling by train. We three get to Barreiro's old train station. I sort of remember this station in its prime. It used to be an important changing spot for travellers going from the south of Portugal to the north. They had to travel by train and get off here, catch the boat that would take them to Lisbon, and continue their travels from there. Barreiro, my hometown, was an important link in the Portuguese itinerary. However, since the train connection was built in 25 de Abril bridge and inaugurated in July 1999, Barreiro's importance diminished. The old, busy train station is now all but abandoned. The beautiful building falling part, with a shiny new train station on the side that mostly serves local commuters.



But getting back to that summer day. The station is crowded, full of busy people hurrying to catch the next train south. As is her costume, my grandma brings a tone of bags that she is basically carrying by herself, as me and my brother are quite small still. So, she takes me and my brother to the train door, leaving some bags behind, leaves us there with some bags, and runs back to catch the other bags – on the other side of the very crowded station. The train is about to leave. Me and my brother are slightly panicking... But thankfully we see her running back with the remaining bags. We get on the train – with all the luggage – and we get on our way to our summer holidays in Alcáçovas, the land of chocalhos, where the historic Tratado das Alcáçovas was signed in 1479. The land of peaceful summers.

The end!



This is a chocalho!
Even UNESCO finds these important. :)
(since 2015 to be exact)