

Sharing memories of those wonderful summers past



When watermelon rolled in the well, I knew summer was coming.

— Zhang Qianqian, 39

WHEN I was a child, there was no air conditioner or refrigerator. I liked to lie next to the well in front of my grandmother's house and look at the watermelon floating in the well, waiting for my grandmother to cut the watermelon.

Grandma would put the watermelon into a net bag and slowly hang it down the well. The watermelon soaked for half a day is wet and its skin is chilly, from the natural coolness of the well water. Put the melon on the chopping board and cut it open with a knife. Pick up a piece and eat it. It was cool and refreshing, and the summer heat disappeared.

Now, my mother gives my children watermelons iced in the well water.

The summer love with grandma's tradition is always extra sweet.



When grandma shook the old palm fan, I knew summer was coming.

— Wang Danli, 28

WHEN there was no air-conditioning, palm fan was a necessity for every household in summer. A quality palm fan came in handy and could be used for years.

Grandma said that she bought this palm fan before I was born. At that time, a palm fan was sold at several cents. Although it looked vulgar, it was light and durable.

When I was a child, I was playful and naughty and enjoyed running, making noise and laughing with friends. When I came home sweating, my grandma would shake the palm fan, and puffs of wind instantly dispersed the heat I brought in from the outside.

Summer night was spent under the big tree behind the house. I sat obliquely on Grandma's lap, looking at the starry sky above my head and listening to the insects humming around.

Grandma gently fanned, and the cool wind haunted my whole body. In the quiet summer night, only cicadas could be heard on the lush trees, making loud calls.



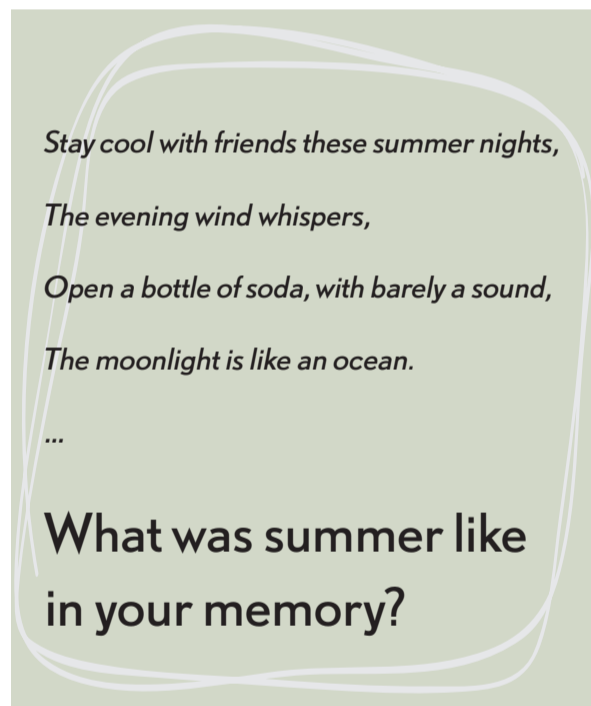
When friends got together and the guitar rang, I knew summer was coming.

— Zhao Peng, 32

IN my opinion, an outdoor concert is indispensable on a summer's night.

On an early summer night this year, I was walking with friends when I suddenly heard a guitar sound with the melody of Mohe Ballroom. Following the sound, we came to the home of a friend surnamed Zhu. It turned out that he was playing and singing on his balcony. We stayed to hear him play that night. It was more like a family gathering.

Many people couldn't help taking out their mobile phones to record the moment. Before the Summer Solstice, the evening was still a little cool, and I was still wearing a spring coat. A child, however, had put on her favorite skirt and danced happily in the crowd.



When my mother allowed me to eat popsicles, I knew summer was coming.

— Wei Wei, 27

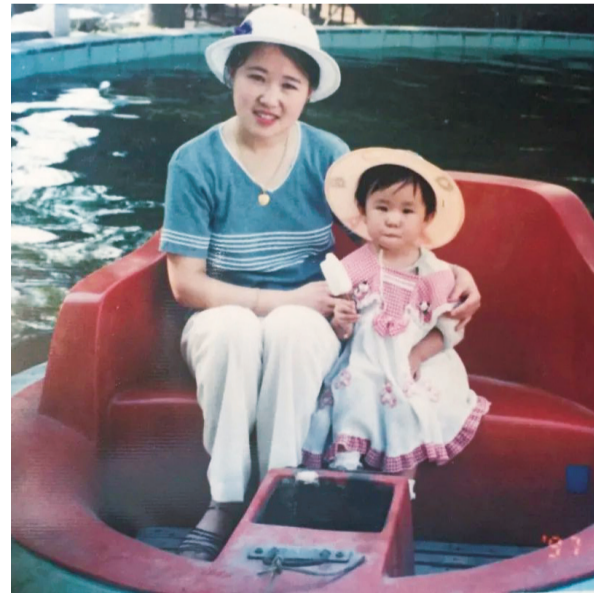
WHENEVER I see children in the street holding popsicles, I will think of that summer, playing with my mother on the boat in the park, when I also held a salty popsicle.

That hot summer, I broke my arm but still didn't want to take a rest, so my mother promised to take me to Huilongtan Park after taking a nap.

After arriving at the park, I saw vendors selling popsicles on the other side of the lake and pestered my mother to buy a popsicle.

When I was a child, popsicles were not common. Only at the gate of the park or where people gathered did the hawkers sell popsicles. The peddler held a foam box pasted with paper, and the frozen ice pops in the box were covered with a thick quilt.

My mother didn't agree at first but later she bought one for me. I held the popsicle but didn't want to eat it. When I took photos, my attention was still on the popsicle.



My mother is no longer as young as she looked in the photo, and popsicles are no longer my favorite of summer treat. But I always remember the joy of eating the popsicle on that summer day and the pride of showing off in front of my friends.

(Staff Reporters)