

## My Favorite Place

鄭心憶

Not very far from my house runs a “special” stream behind the traditional ice-making factory. The reason why the stream was so special to me is that it was not a stream at all, but an icy waterway flowing from the ice-making factory. And it was the place I love the most, and brought me the happiest time in the childhood.

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Everyone called it the “Public Meeting Place,” but we, the children, gave it a nickname, the “Icy River.” At that time, the washing machine was not so prevalent

so most people did their laundry with hands at smaller stream. You can imagine that it would be a big task to do laundry. Later, the owner of the ice-making factory

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thought that the water flowing out from the factory was a waste, so he dug a basin about 30 meters long, 20 meters wide and 50 centimeters high, sheltered a plastic cribwork behind the factory. Thus, it provided not only a more convenient place

with free water for people doing laundry, but also a place for children to play with water in the summer time.

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My grandmother was one of the patrons of the “Icy River.” She usually took my sister and me to help her do laundry in the early morning. As soon as we got

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there, we could not wait to pull up the bottoms of our trousers and jump into the water.

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Because it flowed from the ice-making factory, the water was icy cold. When we

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jumped into it, the water was like raging fire biting our feet. The icy cold sent

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shivers down my spine. But, by kicking the water continuously, we got warmer and

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warmer. When the brilliant sunshine streamed into the water, the surface of the

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water glittered like millions of stars twinkling to me. What a peaceful paradise!

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Soon, there was a crowd of people squeezing into the small “Icy River.” The sounds of people’s talking, screaming, laughing, and the sounds of banging, rubbing,

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and washing made it the most bustling place in the community. When people were

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doing laundry, the white, soft, fluffy foam covered all the surface of the water, and it seemed like the heavy snow in Alaska. Sometimes, when the breeze blew over the water, the foam weny flying like drifting snow. And because all the children wanted to jump into the water; we squeezed like millions of sardines in a small pond.

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Therefore, the water was not icy anymore, but burning hot instead. The thought that we were like millions of sardines swimming in the hot water with heavy snow was ridiculous, but I enjoyed it the most.

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The "Icy River" was my favorite place where I spent the happiest times in my childhood. But, with the closure of the ice-making factory, the "Icy River" was filled up. However, when I tried to recall the memory of my childhood, the "Icy River" still lives in my mind vividly.

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