



The Magic Of The old Town

Creative Writing

There's a kind of magic in Lisbon that lingers in the air—woven into the melancholic fado music drifting through alleyways, etched into the cobblestone streets that glisten after a midday rain. But if there's one place where the city's soul truly comes alive, it's in the heart of Alfama.

Wandering through this historic district is like stepping into a painting. Laundry flutters from balconies, the scent of grilled sardines fills the streets, and tram 28 rattles past in a golden blur. Here, time slows, and life unfolds at its own rhythm.

I found myself at a tiny café tucked between two centuries-old buildings, sipping on a bica —Lisbon's answer to espresso—while an elderly man played the guitarra portuguesa nearby. He wasn't performing for an audience, just lost in the melody, playing for the city itself.

As the sun set over the Tagus River, painting the sky in shades of amber and violet, I realized something: Lisbon isn't a place you simply visit. It's a place that stays with you, long after you've left.