

Streets alive in Preston!

I enjoy walking with my partner and daughter around my local area in Preston. We explore the backstreet cobblestone alley ways to check out fruit trees hanging over fences. Sometimes you get some great figs, plums & lemons. We like walking past other people's gardens to gain inspiration of what we do and don't like for our own garden. We often meet the same people on our walks who sit on their verandas 'people watching'.



Photo 1. Our walk starts as the sun is setting up our street.



Photo 2. We drop into a neighbour to say g'day. He's just picked his crop of pumpkins and has them proudly displayed on his front porch.

We are sometimes invited in for a coffee and chat. It's lovely to meet new people, especially some of the older migrants who have great stories to tell about the history of our suburb; or stories of their homelands when they were kids before coming to Australia; or sometimes we'll be taken on a tour of their backyard vegie patch.

The cobble stone alleyways and old houses definitely add to the appeal, each street has its own unique character. All the houses were constructed in the early 1900's. My daughter has her favourite streets and houses. We often stop at the same spot or house where my daughter comments on the changes or progress made to plants, garden decorations....or sometimes asks why people have practiced their spelling on fences (graffiti).



Photo 3. We come across our favourite fig tree hanging over the laneway. It's always a race to see who can get the figs first. In this case, the local fruit bats beat me, eating half a fig exposing the juicy red flesh inside. There's lots more delicious figs for us to choose from.



Photo 4. One of many lemon trees abundant with fruit in our laneways. This one's got a few weeks before the fruit is ready.



Photo 5. A lone capsicum lies exposed on a cobble bluestone in our laneway. Not sure how it got there, very strange.

The diversity of the community is great too, with people from varying nationalities and backgrounds. Every street you go down and house you pass has a signal of the culture of its occupants. It could be the music playing, the smell of cooking food, different languages being spoken, or even the varying choice of what plants are grown on their gardens. It's almost like the streets & houses are people with their own personalities as unique and quirky as their inhabitants. And, I'm one of them.



Tomato bottling day with some of my local neighbours. It was the first time we tried bottling tomatoes. We aren't Italian, but we spoke to many older Italians to get hints and tips... and even borrow equipment. It was a really fun day.