



ADVENTURE ACROSS THE SOUTH OF SORIA

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Well, friend, this was one of those urbanites persons resigned to daily crowds, noise, asphalt and smoke; he was an ugly person because the urbanite syndrome that distorts our natural part is ugly. But his appearance and resignation were limited to the days that he had to be in town necessarily; when coming the weekend, he changed his outfit for one of “brave explorer” in search of nature, peace and the gratifying silence of the chosen solitude.

We can't know what kind of hidden forces compelled him to set foot in an unknown land; maybe it was fate, or the comment made by a friend or, far more likely, his stupidity and ignorance made him lost in a road and inadvertently appear in Soria.

Whatever it was, our explorer, sensations-hungry, went into the South of the province and began to feel his wishes filled, while crossing the territory concerned. What a pleasure was to be among canyons, accompanied by curious vultures, hares, foxes and roe deer! Then, he decided to give a name to each of these animals, for what he said to himself, squeezing his memory: “*I think I had seen that animal on TV and it is called hornless deer!, Ah, that must be some kind of big rabbit with long ears!*”; fox did not get confused him because the creature's tale was like those seen in department stores and he solved any doubt about vulture, the most difficult, when he heard how a local inhabitant talked about it.

Really he did not know very well what that gentleman said, because he began to know the man was speaking in other language. It happened when crossing a river gorge, when a village appears before his eyes and seems to be hanging over the ravine. The place was impressive and he opened in a display of deduction, presumably congenital: “*Such a curious province*