

*this one that makes it possible to maintain these places and people who inhabit”.*

And that was how he made the first contact with a person of Soria. The conversation focused on... God knows about what!, because our hero did not understand anything. He finally came to the conclusion that, or the language was different or the way of speaking in Spanish was different there. Even he thought (nothing puts ahead on an urbanite person) to do some questions in french or english languages, but he decided not when he had understood that the unintelligible being was asking him if he was passing through. He nodded, armed with a circumstantial smile and a false aplomb. Then, the opponent begun a succinct dissertation of which he only managed to extract words as “canyon and vulture”. Anyway, taking advantage of a speaker’s parenthesis, our explorer thanked and told something about an awful hurry.

Then he crossed another part of the canyon and his admiration was growing more for momments: the beauty of such a natural place, so quiet, so lonely... “How strange that very close to my city there is a place like this and I do not know!”, he was meditating. He can’t believe his eyes, so he took a touristic guide out of his belongings, as any self-respecting urbanite ought to take one that indicates the places somebody should know and visit. Here he was a little unoriginal to say aloud:”*¡...That isn’t in my book; clearly, as I forgot to ask the name of the previous small village, I don’t know if it will be referred or not, but I could swear that my guide does not speak about these places at all!*”.

Nothing was mattering very much apart from the discovery of the “new world” and self-absorbed by everything around him, he continued

walking without noticing the passage of time, until he felt hungry and tired; soon, he watched the trace of a path and encouraged by the proximity of civilization, he intensified the step up to reaching another small village, as beautiful as the previous one or more, nestled in huge rock walls. Indisputably, our brave explorer carried the essential camera, so he adopted that silly position, without which the pictures do not seem to be well, and he started to shoot once, twice, three... ten times, anyway, as usual.

Satisfied with the achievements, he decided to walk through the ancient streets, thinking not attract much attention, accustomed as he was

