

to the anonymity of the city. You must excuse the ignorance of our friend, some time later he would realize that people from Soria are so few that everyone seems to know. But we mustn't forget our explorer, because he has just found a villager. Happily, he verified he understood his language; that time the other person spoke more slowly and expressed a very natural kindness. After appropriate regards, our man asked for the name of the previous and present village and that was how he knew their names: Torrevicente y Lumías, respectively. The worst was when he asked where he could find a restaurant to eat something and the answer referred to uncertain thousands of kilometers north, there for Berlanga.

Do not believe, dear friend, that our hero didn't face a strong dilemma then: he did not know if he must sit down in the middle of the street, to become food for vultures, or just keep walking. But you must think that his inner pride of traveler, joined the outfit of "brave explorer", were going to produce the logical effect: he could not show what was going on, because he didn't want the villager think he was a typical tourist city. While he was struggling between thoughts and needs, he heard that in the next village, Arenillas, there was a bar where he could obtain something to eat, nothing much, though. Steeled to travel the last 5 km., he rifled through his belongings to find a famished chocolate bar, of those that claim to be energetic on Tv while people make a stop on their activities and jump for joy savoring the article in question. "I'm not to jump for joy!" our brave told him and, with the courage that hunger produces, he started walking again.

Road ahead, and step by step, he went on the canyon while he reasoned amazedly about the lack of foresight of so obvious needs like the appetite of travelers (we have finally realized that our explorer hated the

word tourist), something very curious and inappropriate in such a well preserved land.

We must beg your pardon again, because our adventurer doesn't know, at that moment, that most of the Soria villages live like in the 15th century, so if a "soriano" wants to buy one kg. of steaks, he has to move a few kilometres and arrive at any village which were market in Middle Ages. The reader must excuse our protagonist's lack of preparation, but you should understand that any urbanite goes down in elevator and he is hold up, from the moment he steps on the street, by thousands of store signs that sale from meat to articles of "the Euro Shop".

And while we were getting into the maddening world of metaphysics, our brave had begun to climb the last hill to reach Arenillas. He had just get out of the canyon and the village seemed to be located on a high place; indeed he could see the tower of the Church and, soon, the stone houses.

Breathlessly, he went into the village and began to go around the streets on the lookout for the desired bar; when he did not find it, he thought how odd it was that a public business would be so hidden; only he got to see a building that he supposed to be the City Council because its flag (nothing was going unnoticed to our clever traveler) and under which there was a sign with these words: "Social Centre".

It was lucky to stumble upon a passerby (race to extinguish in Soria), whom he asked for the location of that blessed bar, being gently lead to the aforementioned "Social Centre". He felt exhausted and his pride of brave explorer had yielded before the imperious primary need to eat, so