

he did not hesitate to tell the good man his misadventures. If he was surprised by what he had seen along his walk, he felt even more astonished by the “soriana” hospitality: the referred villager not only did what he could to alleviate his food deficiencies playing the role of a waiter on the other side of the bar, but he offered himself to bring our friend up to his car, situated over the canyons.

On the way back he came to several conclusions about people from Soria: the first one: they speak very fast; the second one: they are very reserved; the third: instead, they are very hospitable. Our explorer was delighted with the discovered land, so he was telling everyone who would



listen to him during the next five days. He thought the South of Soria was a replica of “Paradise”, despite having so few places to eat and sleep.

From that moment, he began to regularly visit the land that had captivated him and to expand gradually his exploration horizons. Autumn came and color of the land seemed amazing: yellow, red, the whole spectrum of browns and many more. He crossed the eternal plains, the gorges, the mountains and the villages, loaded with history and invaluable monuments. Winter came and he felt very impressed by the snowy landscape; the so called “Sierra de Pela” seems great and it had a special attraction for him. Spring came and he didn’t believe there was a zone where nature could blossom in that way.

He learned to love this land; he also learned to understand the inhabitants and to feel good with them. He got back his former books by Machado and he identified with his words, as he noticed in his poems the same sensations as he felt. He managed to extend his vocabulary acquiring new expressions for him. So, when he found an acquaintance he asked in the purest “soriano” style: “How do you live?; or he parted from there, up to a new visit, saying: “Met me at the bar and we have some cacharros (=Drinks)”.

You have understood with me, dear friend, that our hero was bursting with joy. Unfortunately, happiness is such a transient state that, like me, you would be waiting to see how it ended. Yes, it ended. As time passed, our explorer saw how his “paradise” was destroying (so true that his “paradise” had lost the initial capital letter). One day, stokpiling strength, he faced the truth and he managed to place the following sentences in the correct way: