Years had passed since the last time I crossed this remote border and then, on the back of my black stallion, I surmounted that invisible line again.

Few meters backwards the vegetation profusely covered the wet soil, the tall grass muffled the hard ground and every specimen of dangerous beast guarded its land, ready to assault the fearless explorers who passed through the forest.

Few meters afterwards, the grasslands lay harmless and quiet on the boundless spaces of the Hanilian countryside.