

ACANTHUSA YANA. The new Work

1888

The first thing I saw when I stepped out of the train was a vast, open plain stretching to the horizon under a pale, overcast sky. The air was cool and carried a faint, earthy scent. In the distance, a range of low, rolling hills could be seen, their peaks softened by the haze. The ground beneath my feet was a mix of dry grass and patches of bare earth, with a few scattered shrubs and small trees. The overall impression was one of a remote, rugged landscape, far from the bustle of civilization. As I walked, I noticed the texture of the soil and the way the light filtered through the clouds, creating a somber and contemplative atmosphere. The silence was broken only by the occasional rustle of leaves or the distant call of a bird. It felt like I had entered a world that had been preserved in time, a place where nature's raw beauty was on full display.