



Some deep traces break the flat snowy expanse. But they are not traces of some animals, they seem to be bare footprints. But who will ever venture into that sea of white, leaving those traces? Certainly someone without a common sense. So, who is wandering, regardless of the cold, barefoot in the snow, towards the wood?

It's the peaceful Barbalùf, a man who is not a man. He is a wild man who lives on the mountains and he eats what the forest offers him. But when the weather gets stiffer and when he finds nothing to eat, he goes down to the village and steals something like it has just done. He is running fast to his cave, where he will eat calmly his little piece of cheese. However, he must keep an eye out to catch the slightest external noise. He never hurts anyone and he does not love contact with humans so much, who escape scared when they see his almost beastly appearance. Often, however, they also organize some expeditions to hunt and kill him.

It's only the fault of his grandfather, who, hungry, kidnapped a child and ate him. So he, the heir of the old Barbalùf, brings along this infamy. That's why he must always escape and hide. But now he has become an expert and always manages to escape any capture and continues to wander undisturbed among the tops of his beloved mountains.

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