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And then. . . the forest. Forest in singular, not forests, because it constitutes a unity. Forest and forest and an occasional river, for hours, while flying several hundred kilometres per hour. Further north, the rivers grow bigger, wider. Some are dark as strong tea, some are muddy. But overall, the forest. Flying at thousands of meters high, all one can see up to the horizon, to the right and left side of the plane, is forest. An ocean of green.

(F. L. C.)

