

The mountain and the river were bitter rivals. The mountain distrusted the river because of her sneaky creeks and streams that trickled down his flanks. The river distrusted the mountain because of his jutting peaks and the rolling boulders that blocked her course. The river was made to erode mountains, and the mountain was made to stand in the way of rivers.	13 27 40 54 62
Every day the river cut a cold path through one of the mountain's passes, and every day the path became deeper and wider. The river was carving a valley on the side of the mountain and this frightened the mountain, but he hid his fear with anger.	77 93 109
"You're cutting too close to my flank!" he shouted. "I wouldn't come too close if I were you. Any day I might choose to let an avalanche loose that will bury you beneath its rubble."	125 141 144
The river lent her ear to the mountain, but there wasn't much she could do to change her course because of her wild nature.	160 168
"There is nothing I can do to stop myself," she said. "I must follow the path laid out in front of me, and I dare say, if you let an avalanche loose on top of me, my waters will only bubble through it and continue on course. As big as you are, mountain, you cannot stop me, and I cannot stop myself. We are simply going to have to get used to one another."	185 205 220 235 242
"Rubbish!" cried the mountain, and in a fit of rage, he shrugged his shoulders and released an avalanche of rocks.	257 262
The rocks splashed into the river's cold depths, sinking to the bottom and impeding the water's flow. For a moment the river was still and confused, but then her nature took over and she started to move. She dodged the rocks and continued to rush down the mountain's flanks. Dangerous rapids formed. There was nothing the mountain could do to stop the river. The great mountain saw this fact and stilled his tantrum.	275 290 305 317 333 335
"Perhaps we should call a truce," he said, "for I cannot conquer you and you cannot conquer me."	350 353

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