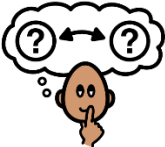
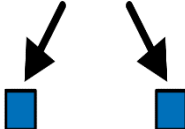
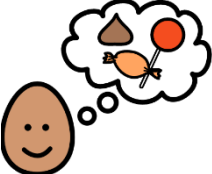
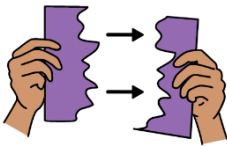
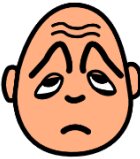
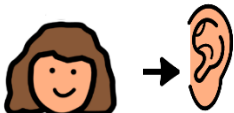
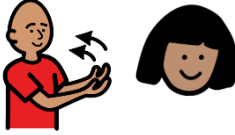
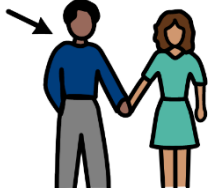
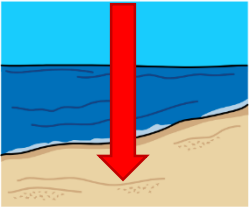
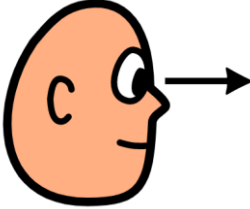
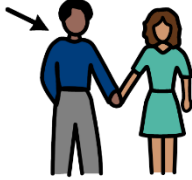
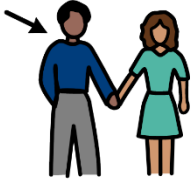
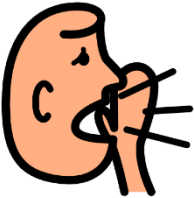
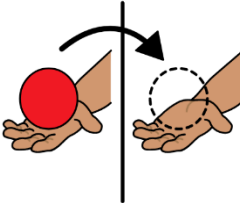
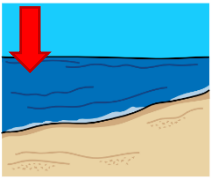


THE CONCILIATION

 Finally	 they decided:	 travel separately.	
 Tarkő	 he would have liked,	 it they travel together.	
 De Maros	 he walked quietly.	 And Olt	 ran away.
 Olt	 he's been through it all,	 and tired.	 He started crying.
 He heard Maros:	 "Come Olt,	 the Danube embraced me,	 will take us to our father."

 The Black Sea	 coast	 have seen	 their fathers.
 "Father, father!"	 they shouted,	 and then they disappeared	 into the sea