



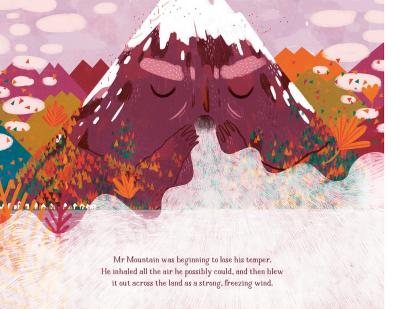


Mr Mountain was confused. "I cannot move. You have legs, you can climb over me. There is no need to disturb a big mountain with your little problems."

Lily was furious. "I want to see what's behind you!" she shouted. "I cannot climb and even if I could, it would take me a very long time. I need you to move . . . Now!"



Enough was enough. The age-old patience of the mountain vanished. As quick as a flash, Mr Mountain collected the clouds around his head \dots





Every tree bent in the storm. But Lily was having too much fun.
"I like this breeze, Mr Mountain. How very nice of you!" she teased.
"But can you move out of the way now, please?"

Mr Mountain was exhausted. What else could he try? This small girl was not going to change her mind. "Please?" she insisted. Then he had an idea. He reached out his rocky hand, and scooped Lily up from the ground.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"You will see," he answered. Carefully, Mr Mountain stretched his arm up and put Lily down on the top of his head.



