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You can stop reading now, really. There is nothing of interest here, just a document filling space.

Really? You're going to keep reading for the sake of reading? Okay, fine, I'm going to tell some story then...

Once upon a time, in the Wild West, there was a young lad

By the name of Carl. He was madly in love with a beautiful Indian (Native American for the politically correct) princess named Falling Rocks who lived in a far-off village.

So he went in pursuit of her to take her hand in marriage.

Unfortunately, as they set off to elope, they were chased by a gang of outlaws. As they were crossing a dangerous mountain pass, Princess Falling Rocks slipped through a broken step and fell into a deep gorge.

Carl was deeply distraught and heartbroken until he saw her fly away on the back of a great bald eagle. Princess Falling Rocks yelled from the back of the eagle that she would meet Carl at the edge of a certain cliff, but the wind kept its name from reaching Carl.

So, for years Carl has wandered the mountains of the west, looking for his beloved.

Every time he left a famous mountain side, he would post a sign for other to look for his bride.

Don't believe me? Haven't you ever seen the big yellow signs that say, "Watch for Falling Rocks?"

No?

That was a waste of your time, then...

