

The only thing you *could* say for sure
was the rift was still there

too wide to cross

too deep to fathom

and seemingly
without end.



At all times, a Bigfoot and a Yeti
stood guard at the edge of the rift.



The Yeti would sling snowballs
and the Bigfoot would fling fruit,
and both would hurl insults into the wind.

'No good can
come from the Yetis!'
the Bigfoot would bellow.



'No good can come
from the Bigfoots!'
the Yeti would yell.



And that was the way it was,
and the way it always had been,
for as long as anyone could remember.



ne still winter solstice,
the Bigfoot Chief readied
some brave Bigfoots for
their first shifts at the
edge of the rift.

That same evening,
the Yeti Chief prepared
some Yeti youths for
their first shifts at the
edge of the rift.

After a good hour or so
(in which neither the Bigfoots nor the Yetis
got anywhere close to hitting one another),
the two groups patted themselves on the back
and returned to their villages.

They left two young ones to take their first shifts that night:



The Bigfoots flung fruit and the
Yetis slung snowballs.

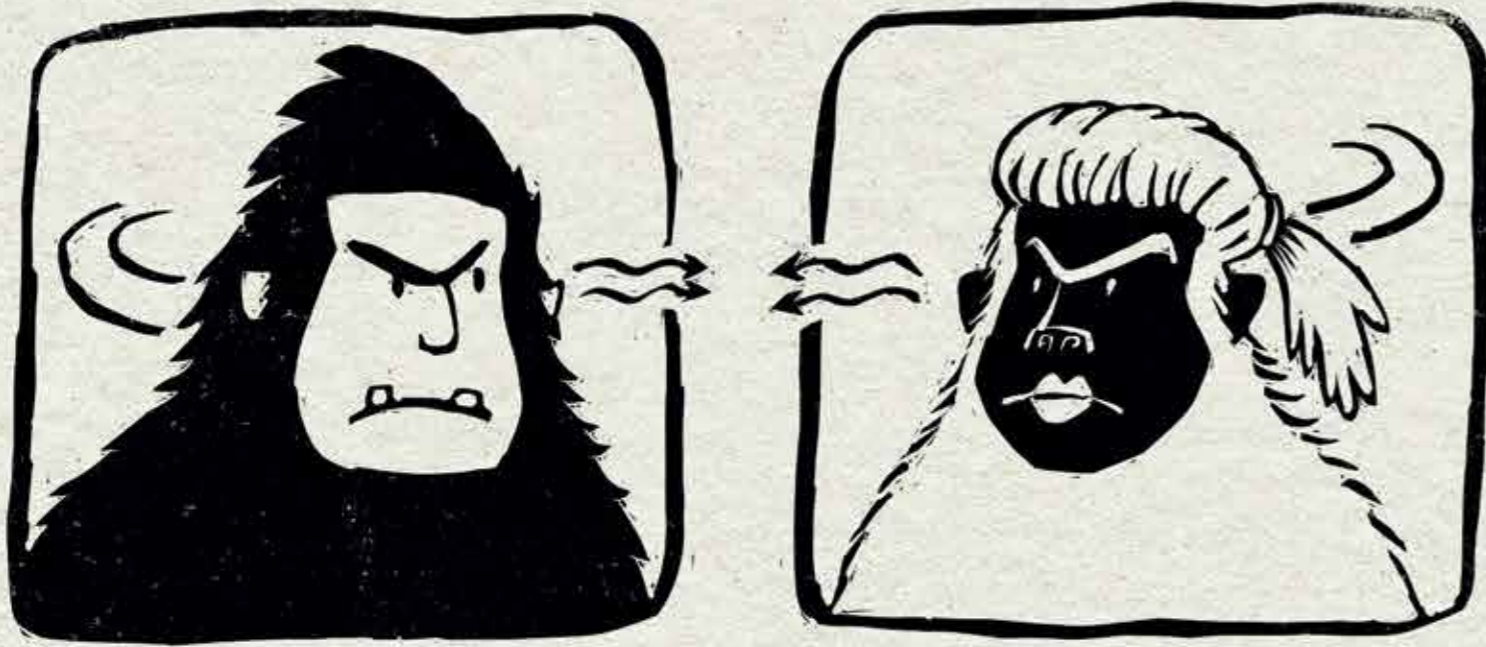


a Bigfoot called Bevan,

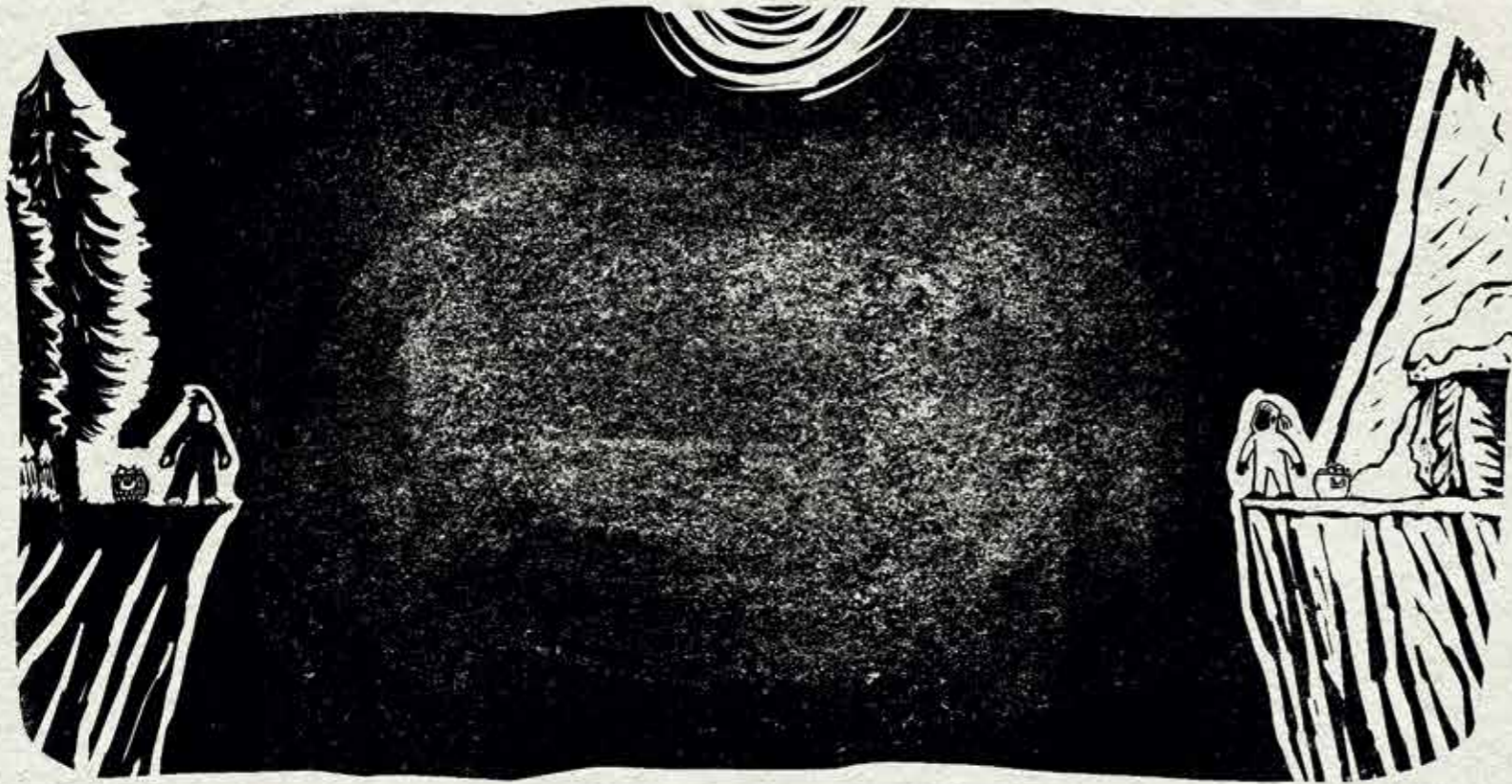


and a Yeti named Yolanda.

Bevan and Yolanda glared at each other.



It was just them, and the mist, and the rift.



And in that moment, Bevan and Yolanda had exactly the same thought at exactly the same time.

They both knew the rift was too wide to cross and too deep to fathom. *But does it really go on forever?* they wondered.

As far as they knew, no one had ever bothered to check.



If there were an end to the rift, they thought, then a Bigfoot and a Yeti could meet there face to face and finish this feud — once and for all.

So Bevan took a step.



And Yolanda took two.



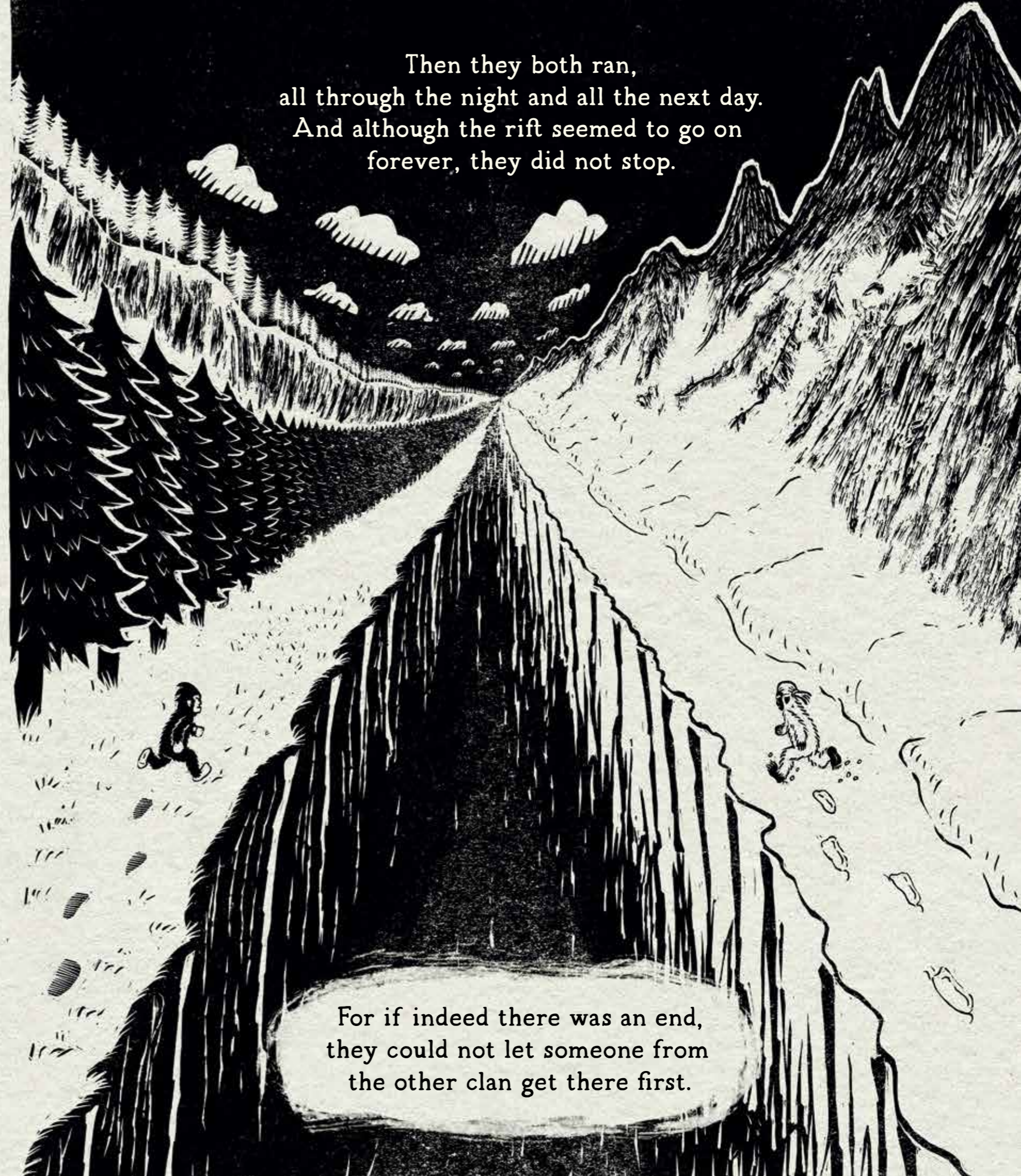
Bevan jogged.



Yolanda ran.



Then they both ran,
all through the night and all the next day.
And although the rift seemed to go on
forever, they did not stop.



For if indeed there was an end,
they could not let someone from
the other clan get there first.