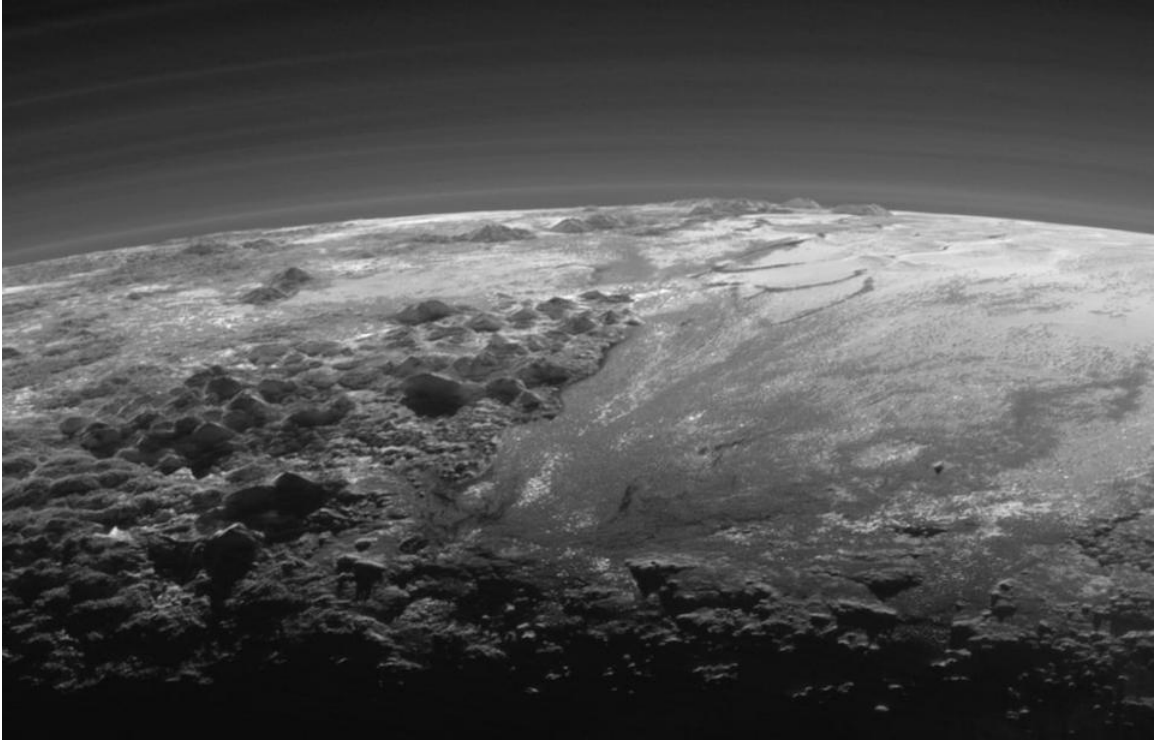


{...}

The landscape of Pluto



Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seem of ancient pile;

[Milton]