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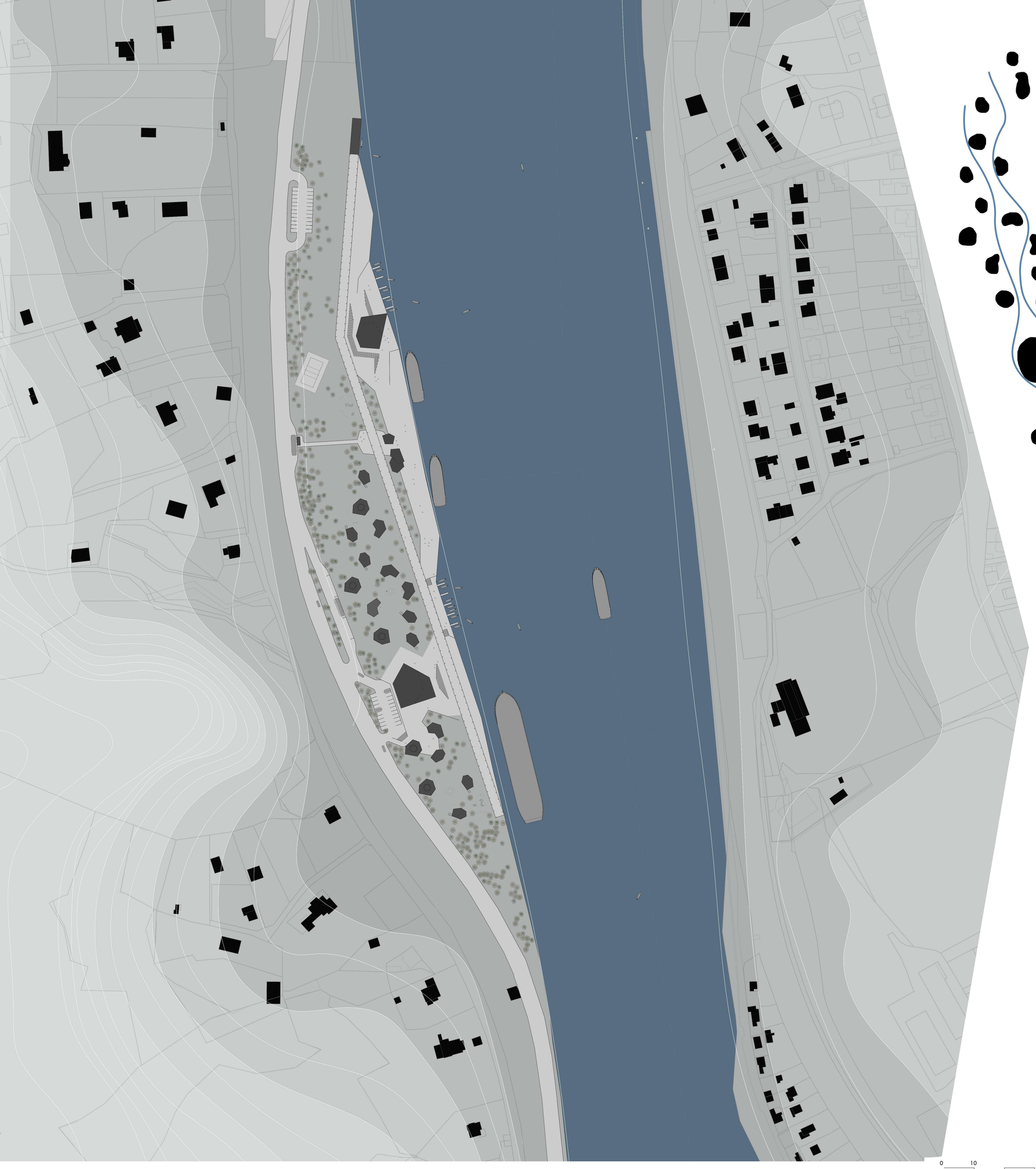
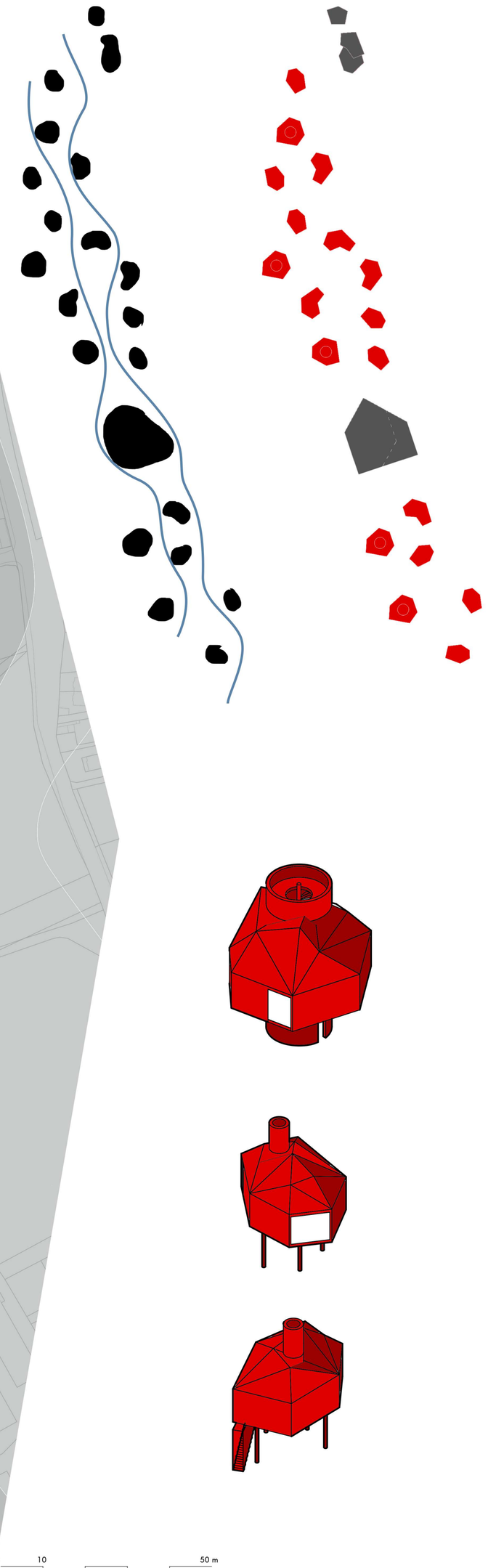




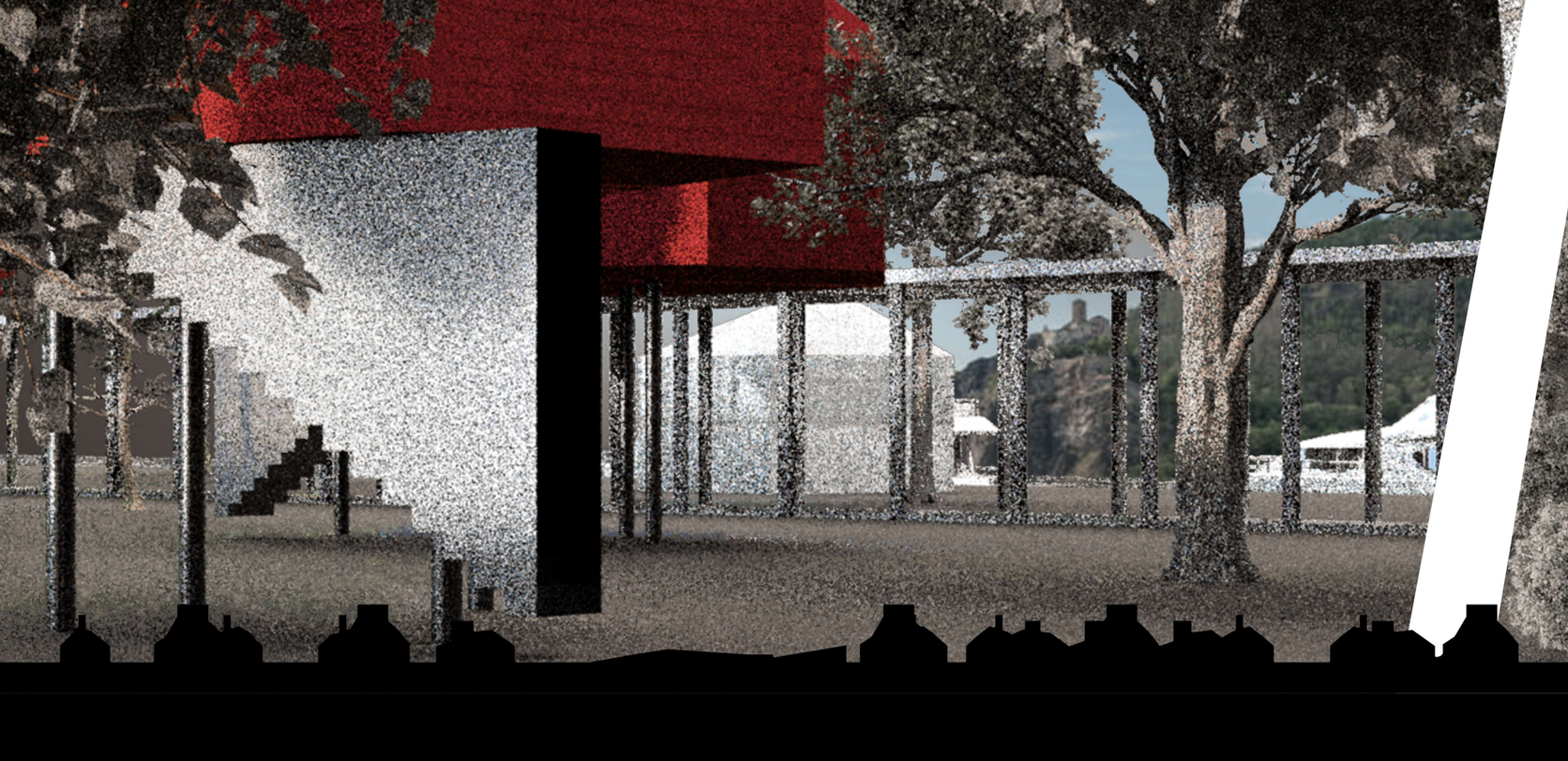
0 10 50 m

MARINA ÚSTÍ NAD LABEM

WATER FLOWS, ROCKS DON‘T.

The Rock
Encircled by the sea, a stony ledge
Lies at the breaker's edge.
The ebbing and the flowing of the tide
Disclose the rock, and hide.
Now like a granite lion crouching there
Its head is black in air,
And now the whelming waters in a night
Have stolen it from sight.

by Amos Russel Wells



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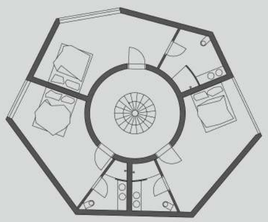
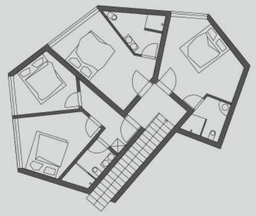
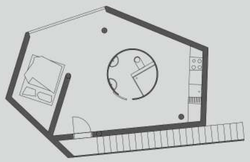
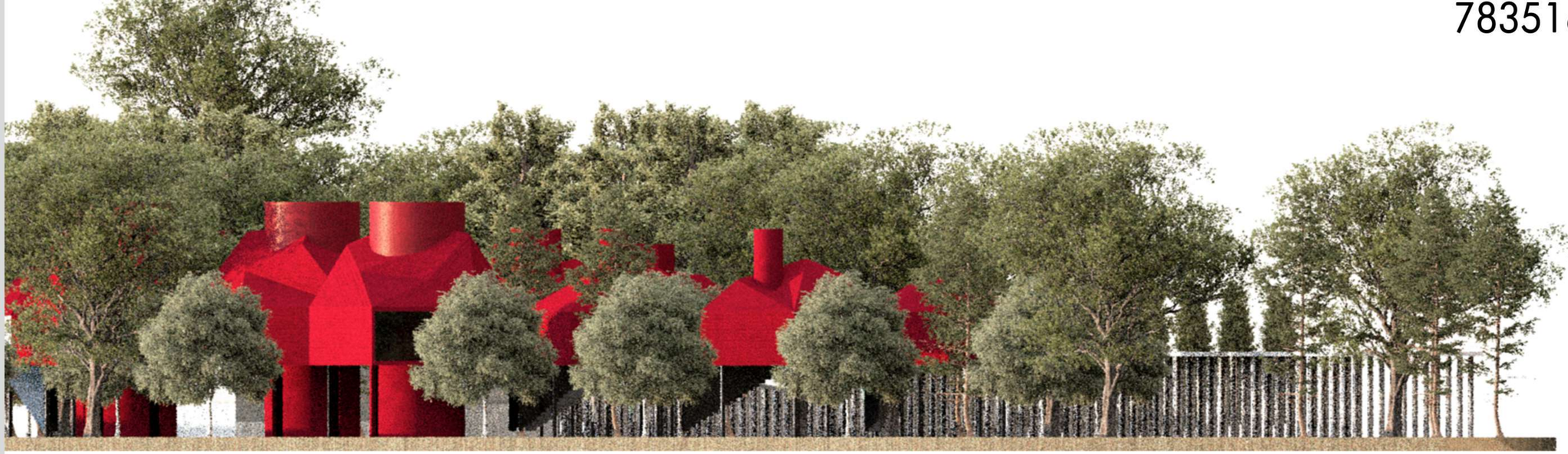
APARTMENTS

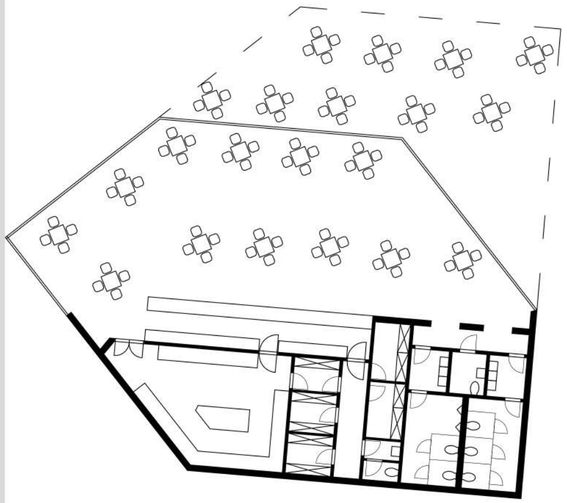


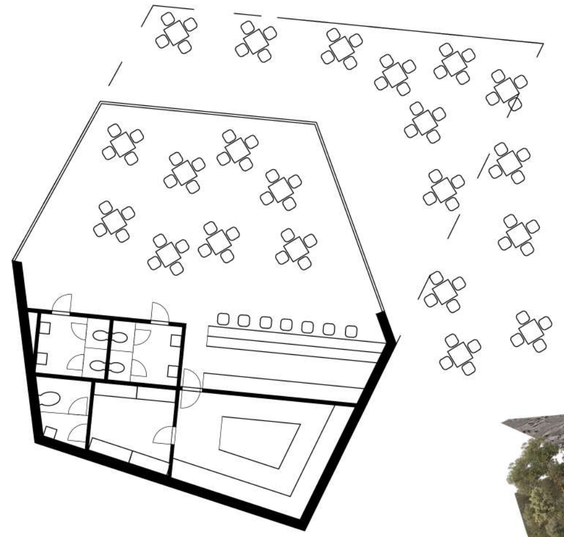


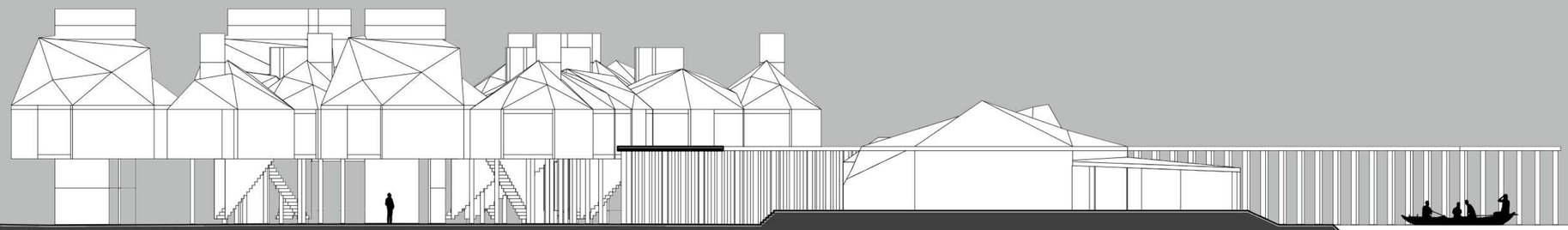




RESTAURANTS







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