

think how happy they would all be with each mortal having nothing to fear from another, just treating each other with kindness and respect. why, it would be heavenly. dont your people want to be happy im sure everyone wants to be truly happy, said dorothy. but its the nature of some to find a twisted kind of happiness in hurting others. some even steal from others to get money to buy chemicals for their mind, for example. now im really confused, said the girrephalump. chemicals for their mind yes, said dorothy, realizing that she had more awareness of these issues than would be considered strictly proper for a child of her age and background. you see, she continued, if a person is unable to find happiness within himself, or in his home, school, work or social environment, he may try to buy some synthetic happiness in the form of certain chemicals called drugs. good gracious was all the girrephalump could say. yes, its very sad, said dorothy. but the happiness they feel is not true, so when the effects of the chemical wear off they feel even worse than before. then, in a desperate effort to feel better again, they take even more chemicals. of course, they are doomed to repeat the cycle over and over. this causes great anguish not only for themselves but for their family and friends. how frightening gasped the girrephalump. yes, its an awful, awful thing, said dorothy. now the chemical is the master. it now directs the persons life. he or she has lost control, and is now a slave to this new master. not only that, some of these chemicals can affect the brain in such a way as to cause the person to do awful things to other people, or to themselves. at the very least their personality becomes his favor. it came to a division of the spoils of war for the year; a great heap of treasure lay ready for each of his followers, and the charioteer had to choose before all the others. well said the dwarf. well echoed katuti. well how did the worthy householder care for his belongings at home, how did he seek to relieve his indebted estate it is disgraceful, hideous he passed by the silver, the gold, the jewels, with a laugh; and took the captive daughter of the danaid princes, and led her into his tent. shameful muttered the dwarf. poor, poor nefert cried katuti, covering her face with her hands. and what more asked nemu hastily. that, said katuti, that is but i will keep calm quite calm and quiet. you know my son. he is heedless, but he loves me and his sister more than anything in the world. i, fool as i was, to persuade him to economy, had vividly described our evil plight, and after that disgraceful conduct of mena he thought of us and of our anxieties. his share of the booty was small, and could not help us. his comrades threw dice for the shares they had obtained he staked his to win more for us. he lost all all and at last against an enormous sum, still thinking of us, and only of us, he staked the mummy of his dead father. it was a king of the fourth dynasty, named asychis by herodotus, who it is admitted was the first to pledge the mummies of his ancestors. he who stakes this pledge and fails to redeem the debt shall, after his death, rest neither in his fathers tomb nor in any other, and sepulture shall be denied to his descendants. herod. he lost. if he does not redeem the pledge before the expiration a rich garland, he reclined on a couch strewn with rose leaves, an invention of his own, and formed of four cushions piled one on another. a curtain of transparent gauze screened him from flies and gnats, and a tightly woven mat of lilies and other flowers covered his feet and exhaled sweet odors for him and for the pretty singer who sat by his side. pretty boys dressed as little cupids watched every sign of the sham eros. how indolently he lay on the deep, soft cushions and yet his eyes were every where, and though he had not failed to give due consideration to the preparations for his feast, he devoted all the powers of his mind to the present management of it. as at the entertainments which hadrian was accustomed to give in rome, first of all short selections from new essays or poems were recited by their authors, then a gay comedy was performed; then glycera, the most famous singer in the city, had sung a dithyramb to her harp, in a voice as sweet as a bell, and alexander, a skilled performer on the trigonon, had executed a piece. finally a troop of female dancers had rushed into the room and swayed and balanced themselves to the music of the double flute and tambourine. each fresh amusement had been more loudly applauded than the last. with every jar of wine a new torrent of merriment went up through the opening in the roof, by which the scent of the flowers and of the perfume burnt on