Once upon a time, there was a king with a little kingdom. The kingdom was self-sufficient, and didn't need any demanding leadership or neighbors for commerce. The king was a kind king, but he enjoyed his power. So, boredom come, he would let write new laws. However, not wanting to change his peaceful kingdom, he signed only laws that would not make any difference to it. One of these times, he let it be written:

GRASS SHALL BE GREEN, UNLESS THE SEASON IS WINTER, OR IT IS COVERED WITH SUBSTANCE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR, OR IT IS NOT GREEN FOR OTHER REASONS OR REASONS UNKNOWN.

On that day, he called all the citizens of his little kingdom to the courtyard of his castle and decreed his new law. His subjects then applauded, and his court commended the king for his good leadership. Some time after this day, the king, again, was bored. He let this be written, and decreed it:

ALL THE MEN OF THIS KINGDOM, WHO DO NOT MANAGE THEIR OWN BEARDS, MUST, BY THIS LAW, LET THE BARBER MANAGE THEIR BEARD. IF A MAN SIMPLY LETS HIS BEARD GROW, THAT IS TO BE UNDERSTOOD AS HIM MANAGING HIS OWN BEARD.

Applause, etc. At the time, there was only one barber in the land, suffiecent for a small kingdom. But, the very next morning after the king had decreed his new law, when the barber was about to start his regular morning shave of chin, cheek, jaw and neck, he stopped realized that he had a problem. For if the barber shaved, he would contradict the king's order; that a man must only let the barber manage his beard if the man does not do so himself. The barber was about to do it himself, but then, he would be letting the barber do it, which was what the king had forbidden. For a moment, the barber thought that he could simply abstain from shaving. But, again, he stopped. For the king had also said that if a man did not manage his beard, he had to let the barber do it - but the barber was himself! The barber was not able to solve his conundrum, and decided to ask the king for help. He put on his finest garments and clothing, which were still not cleared away after having used them the day before, at the kings announcement. Uncertain of how his appearance should be, he put on a large scarf to cover his neck, chin and mouth, so that the king would not know the state of the hair on his face. In haste, he ran to the castle and asked the porter if he may speak with the king. The king was still fast asleep, but the barber was allowed to wait in a living room, until the king had awoken. One hour later, the king entered the living room where the barber was wait (in his dressing gown, still) and asked the good barber what his problem might be: The porter had told the king that the barber had seemed somewhat troubled. The barber explained his conundrum to the king: He was both ordered and forbidden to manage his beard! This paradox made the king dizzy. He was at loss, perplexed and wild, and did not desire to be king any more. He wanted to leave his kingdom, but his subjects were sticking to his legs like gum and he could not move. He was as if trapped, but with a kingdom and a whole world where he was completely free. And he could not get out, and he could not get in. He could not get up and not down, not north, south, east or west, right or left, to or fro, over or under, prepostition or postposition.