

As a balloon is being blown up different areas on its surface, begin

areas on its surface, begin
to live in differing time zones,
and to calculate their ages
from diverse calendars, but from
an outsider's view their
creation, existence, and decay
is universally coeval.

A certain precocious child decided to do his Primary School Exit

Thesis on the question, "What $\overline{\text{IS}}$ The Difference Between A Curse And A Supplication?", and the neighborhood myth privately expressed great pleasure with the little fucker".

Some limbic graffiti:

"Yeah I know, they ALL look like "sure things", but I'ld be pretty careful about betting away my very last suffering on it."

The difference between a myth, and a demi-myth is not unlike the slight variance twix"perception", and "deception."

This one lesser known god, is approached by a band of mortals, who

have just discovered him, and who want to make him their own personal deity; well, he is no doubt flattered and all that, but questions them quite specifically regarding how they intend to worship him?. what sacrifices they will make? what will be the required value of their offerings to him?, what structures will be erected in his honor, and by what public displays will they prove their submission?, (you know, just all the usual things like that), well. it turns out that they have absolutely no such plans, or intentions, and not one decent response to any of his questions; so he thinks about all of this for a moment, then exclaims, "Well, All1-right!"

The first voice says, "The statistics - they've got the statistics...

we're done for, they've got

the statistics, and we've got

nothing.", and his partner says,

"Yeah, but never mind the

statistics we both know that

what they're claiming is not

so.", and first voice replies,

"Yeah, but don't you understand
THEY'VE GOT THE STATISTICS!"

One arm-chair (or maybe he was an end-table) psychologist said,

quite loudly, that he believed the only reason Beethoven went deaf was that he simply reached a place of having no more music to compose, and a couple of dead guys near-by, hearing this, went into a severe

funk.

Just in case you, or your brother have ever wondered, No, there <u>is</u> no place in this universe where we're NOT "all in this together".

...(now, relax.)

There was this one human whose most fun in life was explaining things to others, but he spoiled it all when one day he accidentally listened to what he said.

- Ouch!

Although Epilogues and Introductions may create stormy marriages indeed, the bodies of their progenies may calmly proceed.

..(Without the comfortable extremes of a Heaven and a Hell, Dante and Beatrice could have never given birth to one another; without the support of a capital letter at one end, and a final punctuation mark at the other, no sentence could stand)

One small group, with a quite wide view, has as their in-house grafitti this phrase,

"Being ordinary is but a brief madness."

The mythic-god, (or at least the archetype) of the human tongue

one evening confided
to me thusly, "Tis
when I attempt to be
inclusive, and conclusive
that I become mangled,
and unintelligible.", he
paused, took another
drink, and added, "This
is strange even for a hero."

and	Kyroot	said:
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When it comes to this-kinda-stuff, there $\underline{\text{are no}}$ serious alternatives.

A silly continent is a safe continent.

One other little person told me that dispite his numerous attempts to "encourage reason", reason has never returned the favor.

A sheepish thought standing before the newly discovered carnivorous

den, although lacking any
details regarding this unusual

mental lair was sure of one thingthere were many more
tracks leading in than
there were coming out.

Over in Grosstown, one father told his apparent son, "You may drive out the inevitable at gun point, but she will return with atomic warheads."

...and Kyroot mused:

Just who DOES the PR work for the inevitable?

.

Being stupid won't help, being shy won't help, being fearful - ah, face it, in a land where no change is consible nothing much is going to hurt you anyway.

Over on this other warm world, a public scribe accorded himself the title, "The Honest Critic", and his in-law neurons laughed so loud and long that he had to pack it in and get a quiet job.

"Son", said the older voice, "I've come to a noteworthy conclusion;

There is a difference between metaphors, and those who can hear them.", and the younger one thought, "If that's his discovery-of-the-day the old man's slipping; even I can see that the <u>real</u> difference is between metaphors and those who can SPEAK them."