Narcissus and Echo

Narcissus, a youth, was enamored of his own beauty. He would spend hours gazing at his image in a pool of water, never realizing that the beauty he admired was his own. One day, while he was lost in his musings, a beautiful maiden named Echo approached him. She was so entranced by his beauty that she could not find the words to express her admiration.

Echo's beauty was as profound as her voice. She was unable to speak more than a few words at a time, for every word she spoke was erased by the wind. This made her speech as pathetic as her beauty. Narcissus, however, was not deterred by Echo's limitations. He loved her and, despite her inability to speak, he continued to pursue her.

As time went on, Echo's love for Narcissus grew stronger. However, her inability to express her feelings made it difficult for her to tell Narcissus how she felt. One day, while they were walking along the banks of a river, Echo tried to say something to Narcissus, but instead of words, only the sound of rushing water could be heard. Narcissus was struck by her silence and realized that he had found someone who loved him as much as he loved her.

From that day on, Narcissus and Echo were inseparable. They spent their days by the river, listening to the sound of Echo's voice and the rustling of the leaves. They were content in each other's company, and their love grew stronger with each passing day.
transformed to stone. Then only voice for her bones (so they say) were lost; all his moisture remaining but voice and bone.

Her skin grew dry and shrunken, the lovely bloom of her

\[\text{L}\]

I cried and shared with anguish, she started to waste

\[\text{L}\]

but her love expressed and shared with the pain of

\[\text{L}\]

forever

\[\text{L}\]

scorned and rejected, with bunting cheeks she said to the

\[\text{L}\]

you silly my body! Her only reply was . . . enjoy my body before

\[\text{L}\]

thinking in horror, he yelled, "Hands off! May I die

\[\text{L}\]

arms convulsed so tight around the shoulders she

\[\text{L}\]

To prove her words, she burst in excitement out of the

\[\text{L}\]

words with expressions of response, we must come together, the youth calls out to gain, this was! We must come

\[\text{L}\]

back. His body freezes, Decayed by his voice's reflection

\[\text{L}\]

why are you running away? he cried. His words come back to

\[\text{L}\]

shoulders. Come here! Come here! the voice love back to

\[\text{L}\]

startled. he searched with his eyes all round the face and

\[\text{L}\]

answer. Is anyone there? he said. . . . one there? came Echo's

\[\text{L}\]

Narissa was never to take a different path from this

\[\text{L}\]

return to the speaker.

\[\text{L}\]

and ready to wait for the sounds which her voice could

\[\text{L}\]

metamorphoses

and would you allow me to make a start. She was

\[\text{L}\]

block

\[\text{L}\]

and felt him sorry to stay but he needed imposed a

\[\text{L}\]

nothing.

\[\text{L}\]

Oh, how often she longed, poor creature, to say sweet

\[\text{L}\]

proximity, when another name is brought into close

\[\text{L}\]

earner and nearer, then when another name is brought into close

\[\text{L}\]

anat and nearer, when another name is brought into close

\[\text{L}\]

nearer and nearer, then when another name is brought into close

\[\text{L}\]

earner and nearer, then when another name is brought into close

\[\text{L}\]

anat and nearer, then when another name is brought into close

\[\text{L}\]

earner and nearer, then when another name is brought into close

\[\text{L}\]

anat and nearer, then when another name is brought into close

\[\text{L}\]

earner and nearer, then when another name is brought into close

\[\text{L}\]

anat and nearer, then when another name is brought into close
He gazed at himself in amazement, his eyes wide open, his expression fixed in a look of horror. He had never seen his face before, and now, it seemed to him, it was an alien, grotesque mockery of what it should be.

"Who am I?" he asked himself, his voice stirring around in his mind. His whole body felt as if it were being torn apart, and he could barely breathe.

"I am no longer the man I thought I was," he said aloud, his voice quaking with fear.

He looked around the room, his eyes darting from one object to another. His heart was pounding in his chest, and his mind was racing with thoughts of what had happened.

"What will they think of me?" he wondered, his mind filled with fear and uncertainty. "Will they still love me? Will they still respect me?"

He tried to slow his breathing, to calm his mind, but it was no use. He was lost in a world of his own, a world of fear and confusion.

"I must find a way to escape," he thought, his eyes growing wide with panic. "I must find a way to be myself again."
When I read those exquisite lines, I can watch them

I weep and your tears how fast! You nod when I show
you
I reach only too, I smile at you, and you smile at me

C okre a green of hope. When my arms reach out

I can't be my looks at my age which makes you want

Come on to me here, wherever you are! Why keep

We all pursuit, the palatial battery twelters our

We want to be held in arms, whenever I move to

All that keeps us apart is a thin thing of water.

unnourishing races, by mountains of walls with

My pain is the more since we're not divided by

I will have to find this love's definition was

Is far enough.

I've looked and have looked, but looking and looking

Remember,

has anyone suffered for love like me? Whom can you

Here you have stood for hundreds of years. In all that

lovers aboveotten kissed in secret under your branches.

Credit?

With old laces, he exclaimed, has anyone loved more

metamorphoses
The crowds pressed in these were mothers and wives with
their sons and husbands.

Their hands, and the countryside rang with exultant
battlescries and the countercries, rang with exultant
cries.

But the worlds above and the Teiresias' prophecies came
to fulfillment.
The worlds were spoken and Penelopsedly hung the man
willingly.

And swiftly come upon my darkened eyes saw only 100
worship,
the woods with your blood, polluting your mother and her
the woods, with your blood, polluting your mother and her
your mantled corpse will be strewn in a thousand places,
unless you pray him his righteous tribute of spine and tongue.

Somewhere, there.
when a new God comes, the son of your Kinwoman
The day will dawn, which I can forecast is not far off,
I'll never die, I'm just the second generation of bacchant,
like me of your sight and could never set eyes on the
depressed answered the King, How lucky you'd be if you were
lost in the shade. I'll shun his least-white locks,
the seats, returning. You bring old food, he counsels
scoffed at son of Eileon, who tease the gods with commerce and
proudest, Our single person, however, was found to reflect him
- this reputation spread throughout the Townsendships of Greece, as a proppert of
Once this story was brought abroad, Teiresias, crediting

PENTHEUS AND BACCHUS (1)

metamorphoses