

## Everending Story

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### 1. 'Socrates' and the 'Sleeping Beauty'

#### The Last Gift

His offense was abstract.

He went out to the plaza of Athens and established a new ground for philosophy through healthy questions and conversations.

The government of Athens called their conversation a tremendously heavy sin and sentenced him to drink the poisonous organic carrot drink. It was a death sentence. The disciples held their breath as they watched their master holding the glass filled with poison. Outside the window was the sobbing of the night ocean waves and the weak lights from the dark town. When the late night boat announced its departure with its soft cry, one of the disciples started to sob, as if it was some kind of a signal. It was Plato, who was famous for his loquacity. Socrates' most beloved student couldn't control his sadness and bawled, trembling his shoulders. Plato gave his master something? a parchment scroll. Inside the scroll that the progressive and clever student gave had the map of the old castle; Socrates was going to spend his last night there. Plato sobbed, pointing at the room situated in the east end of the castle.

Room in the East end had a high ceiling, and in the center of the room was a wooden bed with a blue heart laced white sheet. The room was too gloomy and dark to be the shelter for a breathtakingly beautiful sleeping princess. The princess lying on the comfy bed had such an extreme loveliness. Her gorgeous orange hair, fine pulp lips-- which reminded that of a goldfish--, dark black eye lashes that enclosed the eyes with unknown colors and milky white skin showed off such speechless beauty. Even Socrates who was about to face his death found himself in rapture.

Socrates put down the glass on the icy cold floor; he wanted to touch the hands of the princess. He slowly moved his hands towards her, but stopped. He was suddenly reminded of his wife. Xantippe who cried with his two kids in her arms when the court sentenced him to death. She was known as a wicked wife, and to Socrates, she was scarier than his death sentence.

His wife once caught him having an affair with attractive Helen, and he had to go through so much pain and trial from her. There was a rumor that Xantippe put a curse on Helen and turned her into a Medusa, then sent her to the future, but no one believed that except Socrates. People thought it peculiar that Helen was no where to be found, and Socrates when through a hard heart break. Afterwards he focused on his studies in philosophy even more and passed his knowledge and passion to the youth through his countless words. After all that, right before his death Socrates was drawn to this princess with forbidden beauty.

Socrates looked at the princess silently. As he looked at her long eye lashes, he was once again

reminded of the tragic love he had with Helen. He was afraid that this princess would end up meeting the same fate as that of Helen's. That night-- the moon lit peacefully. In this room only the two, Socrates and the princess, existed. Wicked Xantippe wasn't there; his disciples, other scholars of Athens, the congressmen, no one was there. Out the window was the frightening pitch-black sea. Cold wind touched Socrates, and he abruptly felt his death near. His froze, as if Xantippe spilled cold water on him. Suddenly he wondered if this princess could be his last love. The princess was sleeping like a baby. The sound of her breathing made the night even quieter.

Princess: It is you! Finally you have come to save me from being asleep in this castle for a hundred years! Your eyes are bulging and your nose is flat like that of a lion. But I will love you if you are that prince who will give me a kiss. Ah, you have finally come, my prince!

Socrates hold the princess's hands tight, but she didn't open her eyes. She seemed like she was in deep sleep.

Socrates couldn't hear her soliloquy since she was under the spell and couldn't even open her eyes. He thought that she was too tired that she couldn't even hear him. He started to speak to share his last conversation with the princess.

Socrates: To think now, I was such a stiff and stubborn man. Since young I've only thought and observed. I wanted to know the 'reason' for all objects. To say it again, I wanted to know why those existed and why it died out. I didn't even know its exact answers, yet I constantly thought, over and over. Especially about something called 'love'.

Princess: My dear prince. Did you just say 'love'? Oh love. How many people know exactly what it is? You can look into yourself and think so deeply, you must be such a wonderful man. I want to wake up from my sleep as soon as possible and talk with you. Please kiss me so I can open my eyes!

Socrates: But people always thought that I only cared about my own existence, and thus they didn't realize what a romantic philosopher I am. Even though I am as romantic as those lovers from a 3rd rate romance novel.

Princess: Romantic! I have been hoping someone as romantic as you, my prince, would find me. I have been waiting a long time for you. When the sun rose from the end of the sea's horizon. When the night sea made the sounds of the crashing waves, I wondered if you were here. I orange hair turned like a burning sunset and had my skin as white as the newly made flour. Please kiss my burning red lips my prince!

Socrates: The young men, my wife Xantippe, the people of Athens, all didn't know that I was a Romantic. They always only wanted to know about the universe before they understood themselves. That was simple. People acted as if they didn't know that importance of knowing. It is because they thought that talking about the universe looked better, and thus would be able to maintain the order of the society.

P: I know. That you are a Romantic! I also am under this spell because I am a Romantist. Only a Romantic can break the spell of a Romantic. My prince, there is no time! I cannot wait any longer! Hurry!

S: There was a woman who knew how romantic and idealistic I am?she was Helen. Her beautiful long hair came down like waterfall, and her eyes could hold all depth of the universe. She was a great woman.

P: My prince, I keep feeling the shivers on my back. A corner of my heart keeps beating. I keep thinking that you won't be able to save me. I want to speak. I want to scream with my dearest voice. So please give me a kiss!

S: How much would she cry if she knew how I am now accused of such a silly crime and am sentenced to death. She is now a monster and is suffering in the far away future. She is paying the price of our love. The court men of Athens thought they were punishing me by giving me this carrot juice. But I think I am being punished for the love I once acquired.

P: It is like boiling lava in a volcano?my feeling right now. My prince-- though you can't hear my voice anyways-- how come you aren't attracted to my beauty? Are you still in love with that woman Helen?

S: Actually, like I've told you before I have only talked about boring things. If I brought chaos to this society it is not because I've talked about philosophy; it is because I was too idealistic.

P: Oh, such a boring old man! You are unbelievable! I have never seen such a stiff man. How could you be so ugly yet still focus so much on yourself? I can't stand this. I am still a fresh young 19 year old princess! I can't be asleep like this forever; you selfish man!

S: You are dead asleep and silent. But I want to be born again as you once I die after drinking this juice. With your youth and beauty, my love and philosophy would shine brighter than a star. But what I don't get is why you are spending this time of your life asleep.

P: This is preposterous! You kiss me, then I would open my eyes, and then I can love you more than that Helen whatever woman. I am now just so upset that I do not know what to do.

S: If I could be born again as such a peachy young woman, I will be able to grasp the world. The world of emotions, the world so large that this physical one cannot even comprehend?the world of love, The World in our minds.

P: What? Oh god please! What are you talking about, with someone like me in front of you. Hey Mr.! Do you not know how to give a kiss? Have you forgotten how to give a kiss since you're so busy talking about philosophy?

S: Oh, my princess. Stars make a holy bond, big stars and small stars shine near and far. The story of the night is about to end. The dawn is near yet you do not speak. They shine on the night sea, and the moon shines so gracefully. Yet you, who are so full of beauty, are so silent. Now even my passionate desire and my sadness is disappearing.

P: So far people have been obsessed with my attractive hair and lips. And they all kissed breathlessly, but your lips only speak and it feels as cold as ice. Where has the power of my beauty gone? Have I grown wrinkles while I was asleep under the spell?