

The story of Cupid and Psyche

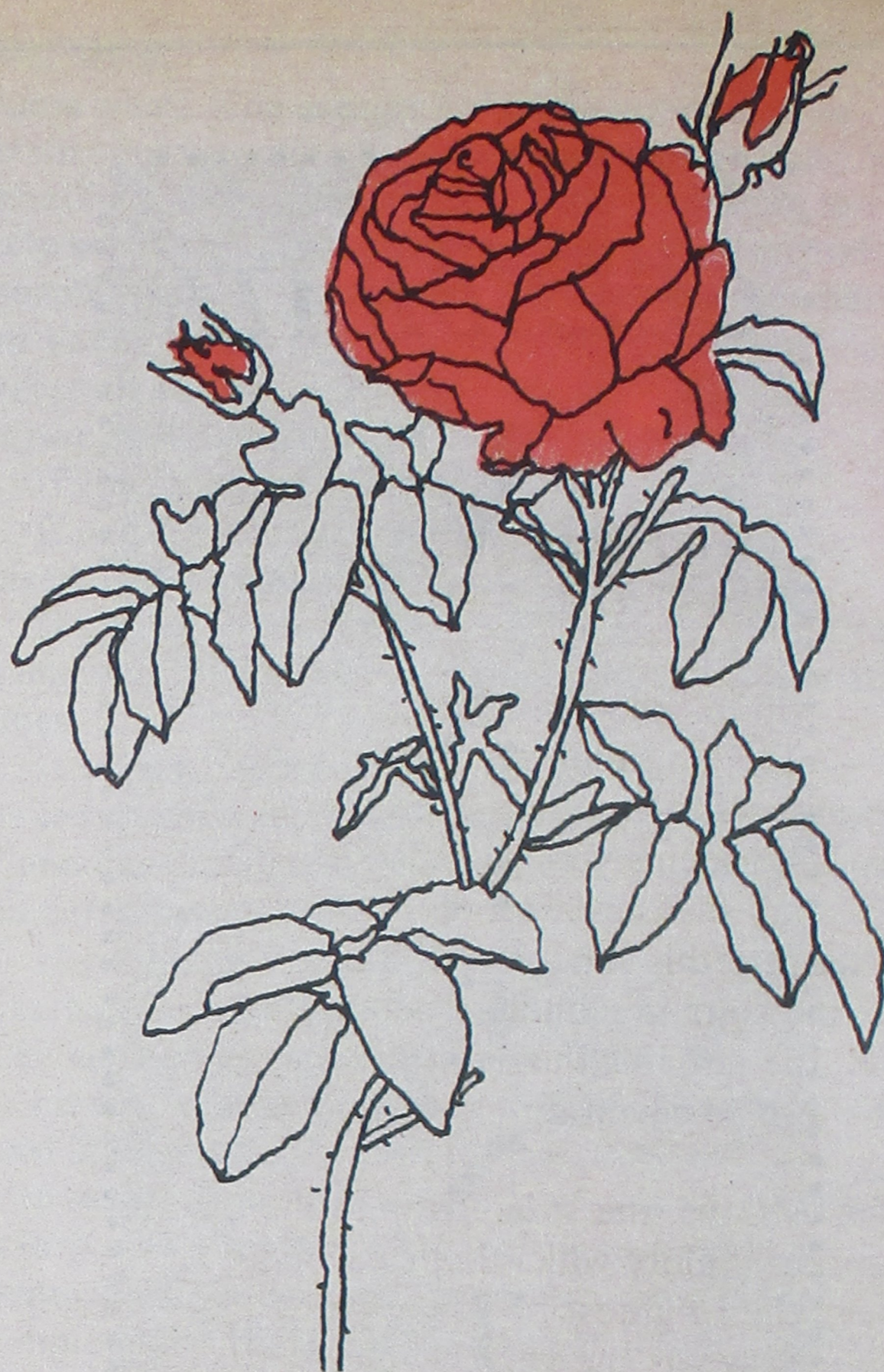
Cupid has always been the little boy who mischievously brought love and passion to people through his bow and arrow. He was in reality the son of Aphrodite. As every one does in time, Cupid grew up and became what else but a mischievous man. At one point in time Aphrodite sent Cupid down to earth to teach a lesson of humility to an earth maiden called Psyche. Knowing being told that she was a beautiful mortal, Cupid felt that making her fall in love with an idiot would be an appropriate lesson. But due to her overly powering beauty, Cupid wounded himself with his own arrow, thus falling in love with Psyche instantly. Knowing his mother's anger, Cupid married Psyche in secrecy and only visited her during the night. (Therefore, Psyche did not know what her husband looked like). Tormented with curiosity, Psyche hid an oil lamp near her bed, thus when Cupid fell asleep she light the lamp. She was so delighted by his handsome features that she let a drop of hot oil drop on Cupid's shoulder. Well, Cupid believing that she did not trust him leapt up and disappeared. Psyche looked all over the world for him, but her search was useless until Ceres took pity on her and gave her some advise. He told her to go to Mt. Olympus and plead with Aphrodite. Psyche did this very thing. Alas! However, Aphrodite was not impressed with the idea of a mortal married to her son so she gave Psyche a number of impossible tasks to perform, in order to have Aphrodite's blessing. But with Cupid's help Psyche passed all the tests and triumphed. Having done this, Zeus made Psyche immortal so that Cupid and her could live happily ever after.

The End.



Happy Valetine's Day

TINA love C.



MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

O my Luv'e's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I:
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' ther seas gang dry, my Dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only Luv'e!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luv'e,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns