



#38 *The First Fable*



A slave boy named Aesop was freed from slavery to go out into the world. He loved to tell stories, so he began telling the most famous fables of his time. One night, he had a dream that he met another man telling tales in the public square. “Hello,” said Aesop, “I see that you like to spin yarns, what is your name?” “My name is Socrates, and you are completely correct. I see my life mission as one who will teach my prodigy, a boy named Plato, to write down all of the ideals that humanity has always known!” “That is a noble task, indeed!” said Aesop. “What is your motivation? Is it that you have found such a great talent in this boy named Plato, or is your motivation something else?” asked Aesop. Socrates was quite quick with a retort, “My good friend, I am well aware of the inspiration which moves in me. Come close and I will be more than happy to share it with you.” As Aesop drew near, Socrates adopted an amiable, yet intense

expression, and began, “I believe that humanity has intuitively known the stuff of ideals for thousands of years. But that epoch is ending. Our ability to reach deep into ourselves for remembered knowledge is waning. Henceforth, for the next millennia, there will be my prodigy Plato’s, written instructions, spelled out at length.” “That is wonderful!” said Aesop, still dreaming, “I think I shall do the same. I too will write down humanity’s ideals, lest we forget. Only, I shall write in brief lessons that even a child might read. Perhaps they can serve as stepping stones until someone in the future writes fables that are just in time for the epoch when we begin to remember again.”

FABLES ARE WHAT WE USED TO KNOW