

The ancient Greeks told the story of Midas. Haya Haya Medo Midas sat silently at the table, bewildered and stunned. Haya Haya Medo It had been an active morning for King Midas, and he was very, very hungry. He often whispered to himself, "Oh, Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man you are." 15 Then he always added softly, "But how much happier you would be if you had more gold." Haya Haya Medo "I have done fairly well—fairly well," admitted King Midas. The king ordered his servants to bring him breakfast, and he told them to summon Marigold, his daughter. While Midas, filled with despair, stared at the ground, he suddenly became aware of the young man standing near the door. However, if there was one thing he adored just as much, it was Marigold, his daughter. He had planted a garden that contained the largest and most beautiful roses that any mortal ever saw. But now, if he glanced at the flowers at all, it was only to estimate how much they would be worth if they were made out of gold. Therefore, the king concluded that his visitor must have very great powers. "You are a wealthy man, friend Midas," he said. "But it has taken me my whole life to obtain this much. And there is so much more gold I would love to possess." Midas paused and thought for some time. 35 The stranger's smile lit up the room, and everything shone brilliantly. Midas really loved his daughter, and he was eager to inform her about his amazing good fortune. This amazed King Midas, for she almost never shed a tear. She looked sadly at the rose in her hand, and then she tossed it away. The astonished king stared at the roll—it had turned to gold! Midas shook his head