

Money and Luck in Old Babylon



By J.B. Webster



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Preface: The Super-Creative Model

Generally an introduction. While the introduction introduces the fictional story about to unfold, the preface sets forth the purpose, subject and scope of the composition, explaining why the author wrote the story.

The short story which follows, “Money and Luck in Old Babylon,” (henceforth “Babylon”) brings together all the structural models except for critiques as set forth in *Blended Structure and Style in Composition*. While all stylistic devices both basic and advanced have been used, “Babylon” is focused upon structure. In the past we have been encouraged to think of Units 3, 5 and 7 as fostering creative writing, the other units being academic, content-driven and leading to the essay. This is valid. Especially is this so for beginning or elementary writing. All of the models must be mastered, and each has a place where it is particularly apt. In only one case—the anecdotal composition—have advanced elementary writers been encouraged to fuse three structures using description, dialogue sets, and flashbacks.

Within the Babylon story, one sub-section, the “Desert Journey,” also brings three models together. The macro structure is in the form of a story from three pictures as in Unit 5, with a dialogue set for each picture and an overall description using five senses. Picture One is of the dawn, the description emphasizing smells, the dialogue developing the characters of father and son as they mount their camels.

Picture Two is of a restless street scene, the descriptive emphasis upon sights and sounds, the dialogue developing the relationship between the two men as they ride out through the gates of the city. Picture Three is of the stifling hot desert, the descriptive focus on taste and feelings, the dialogue revealing the tension between father and son as they reach their destination and the task at hand. Hence, the three-picture macro-model combined with dialogue sets and description forms a sub-section of the larger narrative. It is complete within itself, such that "Desert Journey" might stand on its own.

In the short story of "Babylon," the overall macro-framework is the super-essay within which twelve models have been utilized. Think of the super-essay as the blueprint for the overall design of the house while the twelve rooms have each been structured on different models as follows:

Super-Essay Macro-Structure

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. note outlines | 5. basic creative | 9. description 3 |
| 2. story sequence | 6. basic essay | 10. dialogue set |
| 3. three pictures | 7. arg. essay | 11. flashback |
| 4. report | 8. poetry | 12. eyecatcher (allegory) |

Continuing the comparison with the house, we can note that the three largest and most important rooms, the great room, kitchen and master bedroom are like the three super-themes of the super-essay as follows:

Super-Theme One: an analysis of the laws of money with three topics discussed in three paragraphs and structured like a library report as in Structure and Style Units 4 and 6

Super-Theme Two: a narrative in three paragraphs illustrating circumstantial good luck, structured according to the Story Sequence Chart in Unit 3

Super-Theme Three: an argumentative essay in five paragraphs about good luck in a downpour, according to basic creative and basic essay models as in Units 7 and 8, ending with a poem

Lesser rooms might include: the entrance or rotunda, the eyecatcher, a through hallway, transition and introduction to a new theme, and the back solarium or super-conclusion. The sub-headings are like the names of the different rooms while the italicized short summaries provide quick reminders of what structures you are about to see.

The super-creative model which emerges is a guide for mature writers. It demonstrates that many models can be used, and the manner in which they are combined or used decides the degree of creativity of the writer. There is no prescribed order; mix and match as you will. Three models combined leads to a good story. Add more as you progress. Just as the super-essay is the crowning achievement in academic writing, the super-creative becomes so in the field of creative writing.

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<u>Style</u>	Money and Luck in Old Babylon by J.B. Webster	<u>Structure</u>
Vocabulary archaic + St. Jas. version	<p><i>And lo! as he lay half-covered with sand, he could feel the blistering heat of the blazing sun beating down upon his naked frame, could smell the softening surge of the sea and could taste the savage sting of salt. Hearken! the crack of the Thunder Spirit rendering asunder the firmament and behold! he could see descending upon a jagged shaft of lightning an apparition with wings of fire and tangled hair like a nest of writhing vipers. Verily she was a Medusa breaking through the Cilician Gates. Striking the waters with her scimitar, forth issued his clone, a eunuch riding high upon a gelded steed most richly caparisoned. Lo and behold! he could hear as she thus spake, "Your wants are numberless, your time is not now." With that the deluge, when the eunuch and his gelding slowly sank beneath the deep without a dove of hope. Verily the vision voided, vanished.</i></p> <p>Located in the red, desert plains along the Euphrates River, Babylonia and its capital, the city of Babylon, became the cradle of civilization, birthplace of capitalism and money currency, and developed the earliest form of writing while its hanging gardens featured as one of the engineering wonders of the ancient world. Babylonia had no resources but was entirely the creation springing from the ingenuity of men. The hydraulic engineering works turned the Babylonian desert into a green zone, a land flowing with milk and honey and supporting the first example of men living in cities. Each good king expanded the green zone at the expense of the desert red, expanded</p>	<u>Eyecatcher</u> vision, allegory Description 5 senses
allusion		1. feel 2. smell 3. taste
literary images		4. see
mythical		5. hear
quotation		d. close: allit.
mystical		<u>Super-Intro</u> Description 5 W's
ref.	1. Where?	
allusion	hist. background	
triple word repeat		

the acreage suitable for cultivation, and expanded the variety of fruits, vegetables and meat offered in the market to feed the growing population. Wise men bought cheap, useless land in the red zone for copper, to be sold later when it had been converted to the green for silver or even better, became incorporated within the expanding protective walls where it brought treasure. Renting for silver, selling for gold. Generating fortunes. Spectacularly the city walls were fifteen stories in height and wide enough that chariots driven by twelve horses side by side could be driven on roads on top, possibly the most dramatic and scenic ring road in history. For 3,000 years the city had never been captured. The three main public buildings included the royal palace, the Temple of Marduk and the Palace of Learning. The history of Babylon stretched back, 4,000 years before the birth of Christ. Literacy was almost universal. Writing was carved into moist clay tablets 6" X 8" and one inch thick, then burned and stored. Millions of such tablets—of legends, poetry, laws, royal proclamations, title deeds, promissory notes and letters which might be sent to distant cities—have been found and revealed life in ancient Babylon as for no other ancient civilization. We inherit a record like no other and characters—the rich merchant Arkad and his son, Arbosir among them—whose relationship will be extensively explored here. Some of the incidents are derived directly from George Clason's *The Richest Man in Babylon* which was, in turn, built upon a rich merchant's diary

2. When?

3. Who?

sources

quotation

found in clay tablets, the book first published in 1926 and eleven times after that with the copyright renewed in 1983, when over two million copies were in circulation. In planning his daily diary, the rich merchant of ancient Babylon wrote, "I do engrave upon the clay a permanent record of my affairs, to guide and assist me in carrying through my high desires." (p. 105) Six thousand years later men are still pondering and following his financial philosophy because his two rigid rules of money—the first law of gold and the second law of copper and silver, plus advice on being prepared for two kinds of good luck—would prove universally true, not only in old Babylon but through time and space.

4. What?

5. Why?

3 super-themes

gold
copper
good luck

Introduction to Super-Theme 1

Dialogue Set

As father and son sat together in the cool of the Babylonian evening to watch the huge blood-red sun set over the Western walls, Arkad turned to his favourite topics: the two laws of money, gold and silver, the consequences of disobeying them and the impatience of youth.

new para.
each speaker

topic: 2 laws

“But Father, you do not understand me, Arbosir complained,

two speakers

triple *want*

“My generation is different than yours. I want silken pantaloons, I want an embroidered turban and I want a fine muscled stallion to ride the walls so as to attract the most beautiful damsels in Babylon.”

character

Lifting his head, Arkad glanced skyward and then affectionately at his son. “Pantaloons will wear and tear, embroidered turbans fast fade from fashion and your stallion will eat all your copper and silver.” After a brief pause, “Then the damsels will flee,” he continued with a twinkle in his eye, “In their scramble for another who carries a fat purse and has accumulated a bulging golden treasury.”

split

triple *now*

“Why wait until I am old, too old to enjoy life?” Secretly he felt his father was stingy in denying him his desires. “I want to live now, enjoy now, be admired now.” He stamped his foot on each “now” to drive his point home. “When I’m old,” he sulked, “what good are damsels?”

character

3sss *now*

Whispering more to himself than to the boy, he softly concluded, “Today’s now vanishes to-morrow. Now is transient. Gone

thoughts

in a flash.” With a twinkle in his eye, he went on more emphatically, “Damsels are not only for now. They are forever.” Like a silent, secretive sphinx, Arkad remained calm since he knew he had been pushing his son, just a bit too roughly. “Old tongues,” he smiled at Arbosir, “love to wag.”

allit.

d. open

Arbosir was not mollified. He had neither the fluency to argue nor the patience to listen. Guiltily uncomfortable with the discussion of thoughts

assonance
triple
which

damsels and worried about how much his father suspected or knew of his frailty and fear-filled failure in his secret life which fuelled his character

cantankerous exchanges, which coloured all his thinking and which he longed to discuss with someone but not his father, nor his closest age mates, Arbosir waxed eager to change the topic. So throwing back his head, he flung over his shoulder, “I’m not interested in your theories of money”—he sullenly threatened to walk away—“because they do not split

now

solve my problems, now, now!”

“Laws are not theory. The law of gold and the law of copper and silver,” Arkad affirmed, “are as rigid and predictable as the rising and setting of the sun, as the turning of the seasons and as the star formations of the Zodiac.” Whispering a prayer to Marduk, the supreme deity, that Arbosir would eventually heed the wisdom of old 3–5 sentences per para.

age, he turned to his son, “I much fear for your future, beloved flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone.”

allusion

“Old men make laws,” Arbosir insisted, “while young men break split

them. This is how Babylon progresses. That is why our barbarian neighbours stagnate because youth slavishly follow age, generation after generation.”

To his surprise Arkad had to admit to himself that his son had made a point.

Although parents generally called it the age of youthful rebellion, Arkad was astute enough to comprehend that his son was battling to establish who he was and to determine where he fit in the hierarchy of his generation, to wonder when sprouting maturity would allow him to stake his claim to adulthood, to assess what his personal objectives should be, and to understand why he could not reconcile all this with his deep and abiding admiration for his father. Around twenty-five years of age, Arkad fervently believed, harsh and bitter experience would begin to demonstrate what a terrifying master it would become while fiery and volcanic hormonal explosions would cool and subside, the egocentricity of braggart youth would meld into self-assurance, self-confidence and self-esteem. Growing surprised at the wisdom of his father, Arbosir would eventually become angry and partly amazed to conclude he was resembling, imitating and even becoming his father. Thus does manhood reach its prime. Thus does age invent immortality. Thus do families evolve. Unfortunately for both, the man and half man were unlikely to enjoy a future where the paternal sinews slowly morphed into bonds of friendship because Arkad was

5 W's in one sentence

thoughts

triple

triple *thus*

old and unlikely to live that long. Presently male bonding seemed remote. However, Arkad felt comforted because he believed in ancient folk wisdom that if one brought up a son in the way he should go, when he became old, he would not depart from it, regardless of how seriously he might deviate in the intervening years. As of now, a crowd of neighbours had gathered in his courtyard to hear and enjoy the wisdom of Arkad.

character

transition

Library Report
Structure
Units 4 & 6

Super-Theme 1: Arkad's Academic Monologue

Let us start with the law of gold, Arkad began as his small coterie of admirers quickly hushed because the word gold acted like magic upon their imaginations. He continued. Money is of two kinds, copper and silver which represents one's monthly income, one's expenditures or one's current account. Copper and silver put into one's treasury or savings account turns into gold, the second kind of money. At the close of the month when your copper or silver arrives, pay yourself first. Faithfully keep for yourself one tenth of all you earn. This is your salary. Take one tenth of your copper or silver and place it in your treasure which instantly converts itself into gold. Hark, my beloved friends. The law of gold. It lives eternal. Gradually your treasure becomes a horde of golden slaves, each laboriously earning more gold. Working slavishly, its children will also labour and their children's children until together they produce and earn more than your monthly savings or income because gold is industrious. If ever you

topic: gold

allusion

simile

3sss

quotation	spend your rare and precious gold, “you have jerked your wealth tree up by the roots.” It’s the law of gold.	clinch: gold
d. close question	<p>What of the law of copper and silver? If you fail to pay yourself first, your copper or silver will vanish, and you will have worked a whole month for nothing. By middle age you will look and see clearly that you have laboured your whole life for nothing. You have become a human slave working for naught. How sad! Burn this into your memory, friends, because it is the law of copper and silver. All men are burdened with more desires than can gratify. If your stream of copper or silver increases, your desires grow even more, and you are no better off than before the increase. It is simple. Pay yourself or lose it. You will still have a flat purse while living on the edge of poverty. Frequently you are worse off. Your purse even flatter. Your spirits lower. Slaving twice as hard, twice as long and twice as diligently and even earning twice as much, you only find your chains tighter, more worrying and painful. Each month you pay everyone except yourself.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Strangely enough, my son—he turned toward Arbosir—I discovered that paying myself, “I was no shorter of funds than before, which is part of the law. For two difficult months it might be painful, but by six, you never realize a loss of pleasure. Don’t be a fool and pay everyone each month except yourself, becoming a beaten slave. Truly this is the unrelenting law of copper and silver.</p>	topic: copper & silver
d. open	Consequences? Applying the two laws, a man brings himself happiness and contentment. Now my carefree son, Arbosir, suppose	clinch: copper & silver topic: consequences

you begin today to convert one tenth of your silver into gold? Within a year your step will quicken, your face will be more cheerful, your friends more loyal and congenial. Happily you will no longer loathe the emptiness of your well-won purse. You will rejoice in your new focus, your new project and find ways to add small amounts to your golden treasure above the ten percent. It becomes a passion. You will rejoice as you watch your golden horde of slaves working for you since they will bring you power and eventually the fat purse you desire. In short while gold multiplies, silver vanishes often without a trace. Gold reproduces itself like a herd of camels which doubles in five years while silver keeps a roof over the head, warmth to ward off the chill and food to satisfy the belly. These wants so multiply, they frequently outstrip your silver supply. While gold multiplies—the first law—copper and silver vanish—the second law. Neither can be amended by men any more than they can halt the flow of the Euphrates. Converting a tenth of your copper and silver into gold each month, you work with these laws. Gradually you will slowly save yourself from slavery because of your horde of golden slaves working, even slaving for you. Seek ye first the pot of gold, and all other things shall be added unto you. Genuine happiness and contentment comes from saving, not from spending. Try it, Arbosir. See if it not be true. Depend upon the consequences.

triple

simile

triple

personification

ironic

allusion

3sss

clincher:
consequences

Desert Journey: Dialogue Sets with Description

allegory	It was a first picture of a classic dawn with vivid, clear colours, a dramatic desert dawn when suddenly the world stirred. It was that twilight moment, a split second after dawn when Arkad and his son walked towards their camel mounts which had been saddled by the silent, sleepy grooms. Awakening from its slumber, the desert gave off a cacophony of smells and pleasant odours, the slightly sour smell of grassy dung mingled with the sweet smell from a sudden burst of flowers stimulated by the dew and carried on the fresh smell of a single breeze. Arbosir was cheerful. "Tell me, Papi, about the goddess to whom I offered some coppers yesterday. I feel good luck," he whispered softly, "is about to strike because of my vision, my dreams." In silence they mounted and the camels rose awkwardly, reluctantly. Exhilarated and frightened by turns, Arbosir could not reconcile the conflicting messages within his dreamlike vision. Surely the Medusa-like apparition was not what he expected as the goddess of luck. While the vision prophesied future wealth, Janus-like it suggested other unthinkable disasters.	Central Fact Picture 1 dawn 5 senses in triples smells: 1-2-3 Dialogue Set
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"Ah!" the old man spoke guardedly. "The goddess is extremely fickle." Arkad was preoccupied with a business deal gone sour. It was their day's mission to travel to a small village in the desert so that hopefully he might save or retrieve at least a part of his investment. While taking one long breath of the fresh air, he fell silent, morose,

contemplative, momentarily forgetting his son. The camels snorted. Steadily as the sun climbed over the rim of the horizon, rays of heat pushed back the cool fresh breezes of the night such that the clear, vivid picture of the dawn dissolved into the harsher haze of the day.

clinch:
Picture 1
dawn

Unlike most cities which, with the rise of the sun slowly and reluctantly come to life, the sights of Babylon leaped into view. It was a second picture of a never-ending parade swarming the streets, a restlessly rambling and relentlessly rolling and rumbling river of humanity, dragging its chattels of donkeys and camels, dogs and parrots, chickens and goats. Approaching the eastern exit gates on their rocking mounts, the two men observed the sights of Babylon saluting the day's activities. In rapid succession they watched and greeted many friends, saw and waved at others, observed and sniffed the endless procession of donkeys laden with fresh produce on their way to the market while scattering the chickens, goats and children beginning to clog the king's way. Impressively cheerful, Arbosir exclaimed, "Does she really exist, my father?" as he looked up quizzically, "or is the goddess a figment of hopeful Babylonian imagination? I want to know because," he whispered, "she is my heroine before whom I pray." Arkad was quiet, preoccupied. Arbosir worried that the benign goddess of his imagination was not one with hair of vipers, a fearful detail he could not totally banish from his mind.

Central Fact
Picture 2
Babylon

assonance

see: 1-2-3

conv.

Dialogue Set

question

split

	As they passed out through the city gates with the imposing bronze doors, a mighty tide of humanity moved into the city while the two camels became meaner and angrier as they fought the flow. Still reticent, Arkad felt drowned in the noise. Too raucous to talk. Listening abstractly, they heard the farmers beating reluctant donkeys, heard the hubbub of deals made and lost, and heard the cries in four-point harmony of a large choir of sheep through which they ploughed like two ships on the foaming seas. While Babylon city faded into the haze, the picture morphed from vivid sights with cacophonous sounds to a land of silence where feel and taste assailed and assaulted the senses.	hear: 1-2-3
metaphor		
simile		Central Fact Picture 2 Babylon
allit.	The new and third picture appeared, instantly stark, severe and stifling, harsh, hot and heavy, a taste gritty, a feel desolate and dreary. Casually glancing across at Arbosir, he could see by lip reading that the boy was talking about the goddess of good luck. How he needed her now, Arkad thought. Patches of green were fading, stretches of red earth expanding until the traffic had eased. When the wind blew hot and searing, Arkad could taste the grit and the dust, taste the sand and sage, taste the dung and sweat. With a slight shift of his large frame, he enunciated clearly and decisively, "The goddess offers two types of luck, the first a lucky arrangement of circumstances," he paused, "the second by a lucky downpour of gold. One must learn," he slowed down again for emphasis, "to keep and protect small amounts	Central Fact Picture 3 Stifling
assonance		thought
		taste: 1-2-3
		Dialogue Set
		split
		split

of gold before the goddess,”—then in a spondee beat—“so she entrusts us with more.”

triple A shadow passed across Arbosir’s face, but his well-sculptured body and fresh, round face rapidly recovered. “Tell me of the downpour,” he shouted, “because that is my only interest, my destiny, my luck.” Such a burst of braggadocio was hardly supported by the vision but was designed to challenge and defy fate. Never could he admit, even to himself, that the elements of his dream supported his father’s view of life.

“Oh!” muttered Arkad in deep skepticism.

3sss “Yes! yes!” exclaimed Arbosir, “the goddess came to me in a dream last night. She favours me. She loves me. I’ll be lucky.”

“Oh!” repeated Arkad with even deeper skepticism.

double
simile

simile
metanhor As they descended into the wadi at the bottom of which a ramshackle and silent village of mud huts beckoned, their spirits rose. Arkad felt hopeful because he had a plan, the son felt delirious being lost in reliving his dream, and the camels felt unusually frisky as they sniffed the soft smell of sweet water. All were expectant. Stately as a graceful palm, Arkad dismounted and descended like a maharaja of the Orient. After a short walk, he disappeared into the least bedraggled of the decaying and eroding huts, most of which seemed destined to vanish back into the folds of the desert earth. Bursting forth like the blast furnace of the silversmith, the sun fiercely burned, scorching
feel: 1-2-3

baked, and ominously cracked the ground.

simile allit. It was a picture of futility and hopelessness, leaving the taste buds sticky and stymied, confused and numb, leaving the skin feeling bronzed and leathered like a crocodile, leaving the spirit stiflingly stark and desolately dreary.

Central Fact
Picture 3
Stifling

Mission Accomplished: Introduction to Super-Theme 2

As Arkad sat patiently in the hot, stuffy courtyard, he perfected an outline in his mind of key words and phrases with which he hoped to confront and encourage the man who had defaulted on his loan. He would, of course, begin with concern for his unfortunate circumstances. He mentally noted:

Note Outline
Unit 1

- I. Concern
 1. family welfare
 2. drought, prices
 3. loss of flocks

simile questions Allowing his debtor to vent his frustrations at ill luck, Arkad knew he must raise the question which would hang in the air like a vulture waiting for its dinner to expire. How devastated had his flocks been? How long before he could rebuild them? Carefully he would present his conditions for less stringent terms for the repayment of the loans. Again he thought of key words and phrases.

Speaking
from a Note
Outline Unit 1

- II. New Terms
 1. time span
 2. reduced interest rates

3. commend previous dealings
4. possible forgiveness
5. good will

Offering new terms, he must be prepared to extend the time span of the loan to give his defaulter more months to recoup his losses. Surely he must be prepared to offer a reduced and lenient rate of interest while possibly being prepared to forgive part of the debt, or at worst, all of it because Arkad was determined to leave in a spirit of good will for a man who always had been honourable in his dealings. His

thought

character

d. close propositions must be charitable.

Emerging four hours later, Arkad was all smiles as he engaged the owner in the elaborate and prolonged ritual of farewell. Since his father looked and behaved so cheerfully, Arbosir, who jumped up quickly from the shade of a crumbling wall, was assured he would hear many stories about the goddess because he had no head or heart for his father's business.

Dialogue Set

simile

"Surely the goddess," Arbosir exclaimed, "has been sweet as a pomegranate."

triple split

"In one way," Arkad replied, "you could put it that way or ..."

"Stories of the goddess." Arbosir shouted, interrupting carelessly, impishly, thoughtlessly.

triple "-ly"

transition

Side by side they rode back. Arkad launched full heartedly into his tale of the role of circumstantial good luck in the affairs of man as the hot winds intensified in classic desert fashion, while the world fell

Introduces Super-Theme 2

d. close into a heat-induced stupor. The evening shadows lengthened dramatically.

Super-Theme 2: Arkad's Narrative Monologue

Follows Story
Sequence
Chart Unit 3

d. open Thus spoke Arkad: When I had reached manhood many, many years ago, I was returning sadly from a disappointing trading expedition vainly searching to buy animals for resale in the Babylon camel auction. From the tone of his voice and from his body language, it became obvious that Arkad was flashing back to his youth, not only flashback
triple retelling but reliving the story, reliving his hesitation and regrets and reliving the tragedy. Arriving, he continued, just after sunset, I had had
found the gates of the city closed and locked. Frustrated and angry, Where?
my servants and I had been forced to strike camp and sleep rough. had
Two hours later a shepherd-farmer had come by in extreme distress, had
requiring ready cash for some unexpected and tragic family crisis. He
had cried out in anguish. However I had been in no mood for charity. In had
a mixture of failure and frustration, I had been out of sorts and wanted had
to be left alone. The shepherd owned a flock of 900 sheep which he past perfect
was offering for 1,000 pieces of silver, admittedly a good deal in normal
times, but despite all our efforts my servants and I had failed to count
the agitated and milling animals in the pitch blackness of the night. In
near emotional breakdown the distressed farmer had offered a Who?
bargain, 700 pieces now while his headman would remain to help with
the accurate count in the morning when the final 300 could be turned When?

conversation	<p>over. I had had a momentary urge to offer him 800 flat right then because a sixth sense told me he would accept. Arkad slumped in his saddle as he felt the critical moment of his failure. “No,” I had said to myself, “too risky—the sheep must be counted.” Surely there could be a satisfactory profit, the small voice had whispered. “No,” I came back to myself, “there might be only 800 animals. The inner voice stilled. Arkad flashed forward to reality, the far away, long ago look in his eyes vanished, and he jerked himself into the present and his camel into a faster pace.</p>	thoughts
3sss	<p>Bluntly I refused. No deal. None! I had become distracted by my ill luck to be sleeping cold and alone where my loving wife, joyful children and a warm meal were less than one league away. I cursed my bad luck. Unknown to me, the city of Babylon had been under siege, with food running low and meat having vanished from the market a month prior. Prices had skyrocketed. Pausing for a spell, Arkad turned</p>	What happened?
conv.	<p>to his son, as if in a trance: “This was information I could have gleaned from passing beggars, had I been less self-centered.” When the city gates had swung open just before dawn, four buyers had rushed out. In frenzy they had competed to buy the farmer’s flock, bidding up and up, the winner paying 6,000 pieces of silver which he would sell for double to count the sheep. Seldom in life does the opportunity for such extreme profits go on offer virtually without risk. The goddess of</p>	What did they think and say?
personification	<p>good luck had been once-in-a-lifetime generous, because never again</p>	

would she smile and bestow such benevolent circumstances on me. A collective groan of sympathy rippled through the small attentive crowd of listeners, which seemed to bring the old man out of his trance and into his old self: calm, assured and confident. Suddenly turning toward his son, he demonstrated surprising irritation: "Stop your fidgeting, Arbosir. I know you want more stories, but if a son does not learn from the mistakes of his father," he adopted a slow, staccato rhythm, "he is childish, irresponsible and a fool." He stood as if abandoned. "Listen," he stared at his son, then turned and faced the crowd, "and learn."

transition

Just as rapidly as he had slipped from the role of father, into that of Shakespearean actor, he now effortlessly slid back into the position of academic teacher. Despite my youth I had owned a respectable if modest store of gold, carefully husbanded by paying myself a monthly salary of one tenth of my copper when that was all I earned and later from my silver. Since gold attracts gold, my little treasure drew the attention of the goddess. "Since he guards his gold," she thought, "Maybe I can trust him with more." Then Arkad turned hard toward Arbosir, "Where, my son, is your little pot of gold?" Without it there would have been no chance for me because men make their own luck. Offering opportunity, the goddess did her part. I failed in mine. I made my luck. Never given a second chance. The goddess is not strong on second chances. Ironically I was distracted by my own ill luck, having been late for the gates. Failed again. I lost my focus. Lost

conv. my purpose. “Do not become confused, Arbosir,” Arkad became forceful, “by your addiction to the damsels.” You will pay the price. Remember, too, that when I stubbornly refused her blessing, the goddess dramatically switched the circumstances and offered the luck to the shepherd who had faithfully and laboriously worked during his life to build up his gold, his flock of 900 animals. My failure was the farmer’s good luck. Finally it took ten years of terrible, tiring toil by my golden slaves and me to make up for what the goddess had so felicitously arranged for me—he temporarily stiffened and became enfolded by a trance—one evening long, long ago—he slowed his delivery to almost a standstill—when I was young before the gates of Babylon, bolted, barred and barricaded. He snapped into the present and spat out the words: “Learn from my tragedy.”

assonance

allit.

d. close

message

moral

Introduction to the Third Super-Theme

Dialogue Set

“Please, Papi, enough of sad, depressing tragedy,” the boy was irrepressibly cheerful, “let us hear and rejoice when the goddess blesses man with a downpour of riches.”

topic:
downpour

simile/met. “Ah yes!” the old man smiled like a cat caught in goat’s milk, “the rain of gold which ever giveth and taketh away.”

“More story, less preaching,” Arbosir implored, “because I want a happy ending.”

“Oh! flesh of my flesh, the dream world of happy endings confronts the real world of despair,” he pulled a skewed and

triple: personification	exaggerated face of sadness, “where tragedy stalks even the most successful among us, where her cold breath lays chills upon our necks	
allusion	and where she holds before our eyes the spectre of an agonizing death in pain, while tasting the bitter gall of disloyalty, watching friendships shipwrecked and feeling the sting from the dragon’s tail of libel, smelling the odour of shame and hearing of dishonour heaped upon one’s family. “The story of Banyan is true,” he glanced sideways, “and therefore it will soar high, plunge low and end in tragedy.” “It is impossible,” argued Arbosir, “for a downpour of golden riches to turn tragic,” but even as he uttered the words, he felt himself and his steed sinking beneath the cold, dark and deep of the deluge.	5 senses in one sentence
triple		Introduces the third super-theme
Eyecatcher		clinch: downpour
foreshadow		Follows <u>basic essay</u> and basic creative Units 7 & 8

Super-Theme 3: The Tale of Banyan

Dear old Banyan, son of my sister, born in a distant village on the tenth day of the tenth month of the year of His Majesty, King Xard, who expanded the hydraulics and extended the walls of the city. It was an auspicious date. Brought to Babylon by his widowed mother, I, Arkad, financed his education in the Palace of Learning, although we were age mates. Undoubtedly he was a bright, cheerful lad who always was most pleasant to be around. “You remind me, my happy-go-lucky son,” he looked across at Arbosir with smothered affection, “of Banyan in his youth.” Through the cruel fickleness of the goddess of good luck, Banyan was virtually drowned in a downpour of gold, becoming wealthier than all of the rest of the family bagged and

	bundled together. While today he lives ragged and tattered and a	
allusion	charity case, he is still pleasant to meet, if tragic, because the gods are	
allusion	cruel to their toys. "You know your uncle. He isn't exactly a decoration	
	to the family." The story of Banyan's life where the gods make	3 topics
	playthings of us all, involves very ordinary beginnings, a dramatic rise, a	
	spectacular fall and in the conclusion, the how and why of it all. How do	question
	we account for his pitiable condition today? Since Banyan ignored the	argumentative
	laws of financial management, his behaviour was stereotypical of a	thesis
	spender whose miseries increased as good luck was thrust upon him.	
	The tale of Banyan was a predictable three-act tragedy.	
d. open	His present mirrored his past. Banyan's financial	thesis + topic 1
	mismanagement in Act One began long before the goddess smiled	mismanagement
	upon him. During the teenage years when he and his peers were	
allusion	prancing, dancing goats in heat, Banyan's life was unexceptional and	
imagery	as ordinary as the gangs of young rams prowling and thronging the	
	streets of nighttime Babylon. At thirty years of age, Banyan was a	
	working "slave" who like other millions lived hand to mouth, earned	
	copper each month but in ten years had not one gold coin. He had	
	never had the sense to pay himself. He had not the discipline to	
	manage gold. He had not the skill to protect it. Despite his education	
	he knew neither the law of gold nor its processes of reproduction.	
	Rather, he had faith in the goddess such that any extra copper	
	earned, he spent at the chariot races. Once in a million or maybe two	

million, the goddess of good luck in a seizure of sheer abandon and recklessness lets loose a tropical downpour of gold upon man as in a lottery, a win at the races or an inheritance. While for many “slaves” like yourself, Arbosir, with no pot of gold, it is their hope of deliverance. Deliverance from the drudgery of work. Deliverance from worry. They live on hope. Drudgingly hope keeps them slaving away month after month. So the goddess sends the miraculous golden deluge which is designed to keep hope alive. If the goddess had not existed, man would have been forced to invent her in order to keep the stupid ones working. Laughing derisively to herself, the goddess muttered, “Let’s see if Banyan is different than all the rest.” At the chariot races he won. He won handsomely. All the townspeople rejoiced while arguing universally that no one more deserved such good luck because Banyan—before so ordinary and unexceptional—now became one of a kind. But was he? Judging by his disregard for the laws of money in his youth, Banyan’s mismanagement seemed predictable.

thesis +
clincher:
mismanagement

In Act Two his was stereotypical behaviour for the lucky on the rise. Ignorant of the law of silver, his wants quickly escalated. When Banyan won at the chariots, his social status leapt dramatically from jovial lay—about who everyone had greeted, to golden boy whose age mates followed, hoping for dropping coins, to man-of-means of whom one spoke in careful, modulated tones of respect. The transformation occurred rapidly. With alarming audacity and alacrity, he set about

thesis +
topic 2:
his rise

triple surrounding himself with amenities of the wealthy, a great house lavishly furnished, rich luxury silks for his clothes and a chariot drawn by four white stallions. Joining the parade of the nobles, Banyan proclaimed and celebrated his new status by the weekly “showing” of carriages, chariots and caparisoned horses, circling on the broad roads atop the giant outer walls of the city. In the face of steeply-rising maintenance costs and the law of silver—whereby man’s desires exceed his income—Banyan still lived on the edge of poverty while his worries and unhappiness increased exponentially. Predictably he became morose and distraught because he could not keep up with the wealthy aristocrats of Babylon. His desires grew in greater proportion to his rise in social status or his monthly supply of silver. As he rose in status, his problems multiplied. His worries grew. To a youth with nothing, the lucky fortune he had won seemed endless and bottomless, but to a man of many possessions and on the rise, it had become woefully inadequate.

clinger:
his rise

Predictably and stereotypically for a man who had flouted the law of gold, his huge piles of silver had vanished through mismanagement and an orgy of spending in Act III. Eventually his fortune collapsed. Banyan had no gold slaves working for him. While his silver had risen dramatically, it had disappeared just as rapidly as predicted by the law of silver; the gilding of the chariot began to crack and flake, the stallions looking lean and hungry. In time he could

thesis +
topic 3:
collapse

neither afford to re-gild the chariot nor feed the horses which faded into ghastly minotaurs. Flowing into his home, a stream of predator-creditors stripped it of its delicate Persian carpets and furnishings while even the smallest items were seized and auctioned off. Assuredly, Banyan did not become a warning example because every man in Babylon hoped and dreamed of winning at the races or lottery. Every man was convinced he could do better and happily ignored the laws of the goddess. Man's ego is untrainable. Not one wealthy man of Babylon, not any I have heard of in Nineveh or Damascus, had ever founded his family fortune on a downpour from the goddess of good luck. Banyan's collapse taught men nothing. Typical of his generation, he failed to acknowledge his own financial mismanagement.

clincher:
thesis + topic
failure

question
+ problem

How might Banyan have succeeded? Had Banyan possessed a modest gold treasury before the goddess smiled on him, had he established tradition, a habit of adding a tenth of his silver to it, had he learned to manage it and had he developed a passion to watch it grow, he might have founded a yoke of golden slaves whose children and

Conclusion

question
+ problem

children's children would have laboured for his family forever. How and why did Banyan fail? In discussing his fall, the old tongues loved to wag and greet each other, "Easy come, easy go!" Rapidly Banyan's purse shrank and withered away because there was no gold stream to replenish it. While the proposition is obvious and simple, men reluctantly grasp it but would rather sail away on a magic carpet to

thesis + topic 1

proverb

allusion

conv. dream and fantasize. "Forgetting cannot be excused, my dearest son Arbosir, since if you do not have a golden treasury before the goddess sends her downpour, you certainly will not have one after." It's a law without exception. Banyan failed because he ignored the laws laid down by the gods at the beginning of time, failed because of financial mismanagement but succeeded as a stereotype of his generation who know how to spend but not how to save.

thesis +
topic 2

thesis +
topic 3

allit. Now gentlemen, as darkness falls, I must close. Allow me to recite a poem which embraces the collected wisdom of the past and which has been cut into the pillars in the Hypostyle Hall of the Palace of Learning, here in Babylon. It brings together the thoughts of the ancient, wily, wise men of our world and the seeking seers of our society on the subject of the goddess and luck as set down in clay by a passionate poet of our past.

The goddess often: Puts prosperity into your hands to see
How miserable you can make yourself and
Teaches that poverty wants some things, luxury seeks many,
While the super-wealthy desire all.

The goddess often: Offers you much superfluous wealth,
So you can buy superfluties but
Makes it clear that a pound of pluck
Is worth more than a ton of luck.

a, b, c, c.

Ill luck is: A fool's excuse for poverty,
The refuge of every failure while
The man who awaits luck
Is never sure of his next meal.

Creative Poem
as per Unit 10.
Never
written!!!

Ill luck is: Depending upon the rabbit's foot, forgetting
It failed to bring luck to the rabbit and
Finding a four-leaf clover while in your vigour
But being quite unable to count or figure.

a, b, c, c.

Good luck is: A lazy man's estimate
Of a diligent worker's success and
No matter of fortune, fate or mere chance,
But a stubborn fact of choice.

using
multiple
proverbs

Good luck is: Not to be awaited but
To have achieved and
Not having trust in money but must
Put gold and money in trust.

ending
rhyme
a, b, c, c.

African
expression

Kindly remember that at sundown, next tomorrow, I will be giving a public address in the piazza before the Palace of Learning entitled "From Gold Savers to Silver Spenders." This lecture will analyze how a generation of gold savers spawned an offspring generation of silver spenders and what that forbodes for Babylon. You are invited. Bowing three times as was the custom, Arkad solemnly invoked the benediction:

allusion

May the gods bless us with offspring,
Protect us from wickedness and uplift
You with good will, smiting your enemies,
Smiling upon your endeavours and
soothing you with peace, harmony, and
Silence. Amen.

Super-Conclusion and Denouement: the Finale

Here in the finale is the clash between academic writing which requires a super-conclusion where the super-themes are analyzed by the most important being

determined, and a denouement more suitable for creative writing, recording the final resolution of the plot. "Denouement" derives from the French "to unknot" and records the unraveling of the plot. The elements of a super-conclusion and a denouement have been woven—possibly uneasily—into the finale which is both a triumph for the "now" and an implied tragedy.

It was the coldest and drabest day of the year. While the chilly winds of the desert blew across the plains, the temperature had dropped and remained low, the air gritty with fine blowing sand. During the day two servant men had continued to feed dung into the fireplace on the outside wall of the room where inside a tanned camelhair skin lay across the bier-like structure which was made of burned brick and heated by the fire. It was Arkad's heated bed. Located in the extensive compound of the famous teacher, investor and merchant, the bedroom was deathly silent because Arkad had breathed his last. Distantly the soft wail of females could be heard, suggesting that Arkad had already passed the pearly portals and joined his ancestors. Reverently the firemen stopped and silently stood with bowed and bared heads. It was as if silently society had ceased or stood stock still, as during the Angelus, when at sunset a messenger of the gods passed by, or like Remembrance at the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month when the bugle called human frenzy to a halt, or like Martyrs' Day, when feverish cities freeze in situ for 24 hours to breathe and briefly to brood. The sadness of the somber scene within seemed

matched by the wretched chill without, where even sheep huddled against the cold.

triple *both*
triple *fear*

Inside the bedroom the only son and sole heir knelt before the bed and bier of his father while two emotions raged within him, both complex, both primal, both contradictory. The first was fear ... fear of death as he had just observed it and fear of the immense burden of the large household and sprawling business empire he had inherited and must manage. Fear fought exultation. While moments ago he could claim only the few coppers in his pouch, now Arbosir was worth literally his weight in gold, owning numerous houses and businesses, flocks of sheep and goats, herds of cattle and camels, as well as a bewildering array of commercial partnerships which linked Babylon, Damascus and Nineveh. Undoubtedly his father's money-lending business was probably the largest and richest in Babylon because no man was more keenly astute than Arkad in judging the competence and trustworthiness of potential borrowers. Writhing within the boy, the simile emotion of fear like a broken dam before a raging flood, gave way to exultation before the bed and bier of Arkad the Wise.

"Now I, Arbosir," he sighed, "can begin to live. I will be admired," he murmured. "The goddess be praised. Surely the law of gold no longer applies because I need not pay myself a monthly salary since I own it all." It was amazing how quickly all the warning signals within his vision could evaporate and be forgotten, a tribute to a young man's

skill in self-delusion.

On his knees before his father's corpse, he determined he would lavishly host the most magnificent and extravagant funeral ceremonies which had ever been witnessed in Babylon.

Arbosir's
philosophy
now

"Surely now I, Arbosir, will be noticed," he looked up, "and my entourage will swell." He could not visualize any want or desire which stretched beyond his fortune, now. Hence the most critical part of the philosophy of wealth, the law of silver, had now become obsolete. "If the central law had collapsed," he calculated, "did not that now invalidate Arkad's entire philosophy of wealth? I must," he gleefully thought, "make a handsome donation at the temple of the goddess of good luck."

now

now

now

irony

He felt momentarily guilty in that he seemed to be burying his father's philosophy before he had buried his body. However, the idea of elaborate funerary celebrations quieted his conflicted emotions while assuaging his fear and stoking his exultations.

"Now when I, Arbosir, cannot be ignored, I will command respect." He clasped his hands. "The goddess be praised." The worrying subject nagged. "Obviously," he felt, "his luck was of the circumstantial, not downpour kind. It was not subject to the curse of Banyan." Or so he tried to convince himself.

now

Dazzling funeral rites—not only a tribute to his father—would announce to the city, the coming to prominence now of a new force

now

with a new style—socially, politically and economically—in Babylonian affairs.

“I am too clever,” he thought, “to be caught as Banyan had been. After all Banyan’s chariot purse had been small beans compared to what he now owned.”

now

“Now let the people tremble,” Arbosir asserted, “because a new colossus will soon appear and demand attention.” He stood up in defiance. “My time is now!”

now

d. close

now

Epilogue: “It”

Generally a concluding part of a composition. It differs from the conclusion in that it reveals what happened to the main character in the years after the story ended.

Engaging in a life more lavish and more riotous than Banyan could have imagined, Arbosir so neglected and mismanaged his business that within a decade he had struck the wall of bankruptcy. When a public auction of his remaining possessions failed to raise enough to pay off his debts, Arbosir, naked and near-suicidal, was sold in the slave market of Babylon to a wealthy merchant of Damask City who ironically had made his start in commerce with a loan from Arkad, the father of his newly acquired chattel. Slavery was humiliating. Arbosir’s sole possessions now included a pair of broken sandals some freeborn had long discarded and a loincloth purposely designed so small, it could not guarantee decency. In a span of days in Damascus and in a bloody and brutal ritual, Arbosir was emasculated or more

plainly, castrated, whereafter he lay in dried blood and sweat with a fever edging on insanity, with searing spasms of coma-inducing pain and without a single possession, his sandals and loincloth stolen. It was his nadir. As he fell out and into consciousness, he recalled a broken dream, a vision long suppressed where his clone had appeared as a eunuch. After a short out ... in again. How had he ignored the symbolism? A eunuch must be a slave, a freeborn becoming a slave was only possible through debt. Following a prolonged out ... once again in. How could a man of even minimal intelligence fail to connect triple warning signals of a descent into hell, debt, slave, eunuch? Mercifully out ... No longer "he," Arbosir had become "it." Not only the pronoun "it" but as a proper name. He became renamed "It," as befitted his new status or more precisely, lack of it.

During the wretched years ahead, as humiliation followed humiliation and abuse followed abuse, "It" the entity without identity wrestled with shaping a set of axioms for a code or coping mechanism. The first: Since survival was paramount, not possessions, one must cultivate the interior and ignore or remain an impartial observer of the external. The second: Since disadvantage could generate possibilities, slavery should be accepted not as a hierarchy of miseries but as a ladder of opportunities. While carrying an exceptionally heavy load in a caravan, when Arbosir noted that the cargo camels glanced at him in sympathy, he was struck as if by a light from above as the two axioms

fused and seared their way into his brain, his mind and his body. It
ref. became an epiphanous instant, an epiphanic moment, a Spartan code
allusion revealed on that road to Damascus where thousands of years later
another menial would experience an historic epiphany and as a result
found a new religion. As "It" rose in the slave hierarchy because of
attentiveness and Spartan code, the slave gained recognition as the
muscular, bronzed figure in matching cap and tiny loincloth who had
eventually been promoted to head eunuch in the harem of his master.
Saving every copper coin received from begging, from rare tips and
occasionally from generous charity, the slave called "It" eventually
triple who drew the attention of the oldest wife in the harem who had been
abandoned and consequently became irascible, who had freedom to
pursue her trading activities and who one day presented her favourite
slave with a damask robe and accessories. Promptly "It" sold the entire
outfit, adding substantially to his treasure. The great wife became so
angry, she had "It" whipped. To her astonishment the next morning, the
bronzed body, now covered with welts, stood before her in matching
yellow cap and loincloth, a twisted smile peeking through the swollen,
lumpen face. Surely "It" was practicing the Spartan code, cultivating
the interior, ignoring external possessions and converting disadvantage
into opportunity.

Ignoring the smile, ignoring the lumpen face, the Great Wife
commanded the slave to saddle two passenger and two cargo camels

with tents and food, bedding and utensils for a five-day safari to a town to the northeast. While plying the slave with questions during the journey, she learned It's life story, listened to the axioms of It's code and admired plans to buy It's freedom. She heard much which echoed her own experience. During a short rest stop and quite impulsively, she conv. commanded the slave: "Take my camel which was bought in Babylon market, has a yen for home and a nose for water. Now flee." With that she handed over a pouch of gold dust. "It" protested. This was outside his plan and possibly violated his code. Sternly threatening him with welts upon welts, she ordered him to mount and dismissed him with, "Arbosir, you are a man among men, he who triumphs over adversity." He had his name back. He was almost delirious. After a decade, "It" had become "He."

Riding through the gates of Babylon, Arbosir went directly to those to whom he still owed money and made them an offer by which on the first day of each full moon he promised to divide forty percent of his earnings amongst them until his debts had been cleared. Whether earnings were large or small, they would receive forty percent. They all agreed, some reluctantly, others skeptically, and yet others enthusiastically because the other option would mean having him seized and resold into slavery, yielding only a fraction of what he owed. In addition he secretly vowed he would follow his father's advice and set aside ten percent as his salary, to go into his treasury so that

maybe someday he might have golden slaves working. Consequently, he was promising to live upon half of his earnings. He did so. Twice he had to fast a fortnight to meet his commitments. He and his faithful camel earned their keep by hauling mud bricks from dawn to dusk. Arbosir would frequently joke that it cost more to feed his camel than himself, but that was quite acceptable, he argued, "because the animal did all the work to atone for Arbosir's misdeeds." Since slavery had taught him Spartan living, he occupied one room, ate gruel once a day and owned one white gown which he wore over his skimpy loincloth and pouch with the matching cap, a constant reminder of his existence when Arbosir had been known as "It." And he had never been happier.