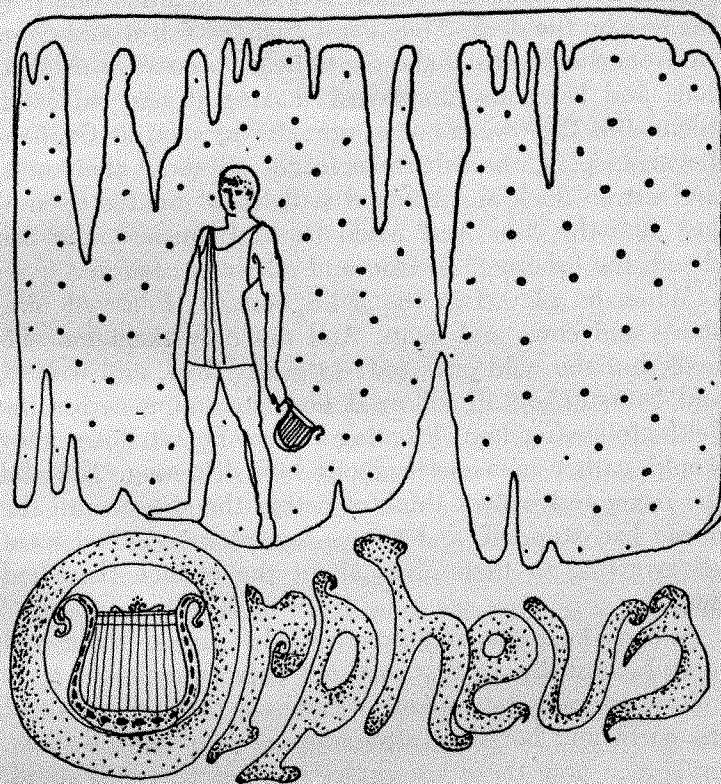


Phaethon's yellow-haired sisters grieved for the beautiful boy. They could not stop weeping. They stood on the bank of the river where he had fallen, until Apollo, unable to comfort them, changed them into poplar trees. Here they still stand on the shore of the river, weeping tears of amber sap.

And, since that day, no one has been allowed to drive the chariot of the sun except the sun god himself. But there are still traces of Phaethon's ride. The ends of the earth are still covered with icecaps. Mountains still rumble, trying to spit out the fire started in their bellies by the diving sun.



His father was a Thracian king; his mother, the Muse Calliope. For awhile he lived on Parnassus with his mother and his eight beautiful aunts, and there met Apollo who was courting the laughing Muse Thalia. Apollo was taken with Orpheus and gave him a little golden lyre, and taught him to play. And his mother taught him to make verses for singing.

So he grew up to be a poet and musician such as the world had never known. Fishermen used to coax him to go