CHAPTER XI—Concluded

The rain came down heavy and grey.

"What's the matter, young man?" an old woman asked him. "Are you ill?"

"No, ma'am. I'm just thinking."

"Thinking? About what?"

"About the world."

"The world? Why, everybody's thinking about the world these days."

"Yes, they are. But I don't know whether it's wise."

"Why not?"

"Because it's a big place."

"A big place? What do you mean by that?"

"I mean it's got a lot of corners."

"Corners?"

"Yes, corners. And corners are what people call 'interests.'"

"Interests? What are interests?"

"Interests are what people call 'jobs.'"

"Jobs? What are jobs?"

"Jobs are what people call 'work.'"

"Work? What is work?"

"Work is what people call 'living.'"

"Living? What is living?"

"Living is what people call 'suffering.'"

"Suffering? What is suffering?"

"Suffering is what people call 'death.'"

"Death? What is death?"

"Death is what people call 'nonexistence.'"

"Nonexistence? What is nonexistence?"

"Nonexistence is what people call 'God.'"