

## The Chest of Hope

Epimetheus, the proprietor of a failing antiques shop, glanced up as the bell rang. A man wearing a beard and a lightning bolt shirt entered. He carried a chest with a heavy lock.

The man said, "I wonder if you'd like to purchase this box?"

Epimetheus said, "I'll give you \$50 dollars for it." He hoped the chest would be worth a lot of money and save his business.

"Very well," said the stranger, taking the money and walking out the door.

Epimetheus moved the heavy chest onto the table and positioned a chisel in the middle of the lock, which split in half with a crack.

He raised the lid and saw these words carved into the top: *Property of Jupiter, Olympus Street.*

Inside was a clay model of a mountain and a torn book about the gods of Ancient Greece. A moth-eaten blanket was at the bottom.

He groaned because the box's contents were not worth what he'd paid for them. He felt the hope he'd had vanish.

Two days later, after no customers had arrived, he knew he would have to sell his unprofitable business.

Suddenly, he remembered, with a gasp, the moth-eaten blanket at the chest's bottom. Maybe, just maybe, there was something under that blanket that could save his shop. He felt the hope return.

Epimetheus dashed to the chest. Heart pounding, he lifted the lid and whisked off the blanket. He saw a gold medallion with a ruby-encrusted lightning bolt. He picked up the valuable item.

Hope had helped him acquire this treasure. His business was saved.