

Let's go back to where Narcissus laughed his horrible uncaring laugh.

**'Ha-ha! Good - she's gone! And good riddance. What a weird little thing *that one was!*'**

**'But she probably was SO in love with my good looks that she forgot half of everything she wanted to say. Bor-ing!'**

But unbeknown to Narcissus, Aphrodite, (*pron. Af-ro-dye-tee*), the powerful goddess of love, had been listening from behind a nearby tree. She now appeared before Narcissus.



*Aphrodite, goddess of love. Detail from **The Birth of Venus** by Sandro Botticelli, painted in 1486. Now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, Italy.*

**'I am Aphrodite. I overheard the cruel and uncaring things you said to gentle little Echo.'**

**'You should know better than to speak to anyone in that way, Narcissus!'**