

Miss Stiles who came in, was not handsome. She was large and fat, with a round red face like a sun and she wore colours too bright for her size. She was not a bad woman but was made unhappy by the success or good fortune of others. Were you in distress, she would love you, cherish you, never abandon you. She would share her last penny with you, run to the end of the world for you, defend you before the whole of humanity. Were you, however, in robust health, she would hint to every one of a possible cancer; were you popular, it would worry her terribly and she would discover a thousand faults in your character; were you successful in your work, she would pray for your approaching failure, lest you should become arrogant.

(Lebanese Baccalaureate,

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