

The Black Towers.



Normally, I don't like to tell tales of *days gone by*... especially when those days are *my own*...



Which isn't to say I find it *cumbersome* to enrich my own *personal mythology*.

I clearly do.



And, *frankly*, given my reputation, if I were to imply otherwise, then you would know I was a *liar* -- and a *poor one* at that.

For what a *frail and fallen creature is man*. And how can I -- *being man* -- appear before you now, the *much-ballyhooded, resplendent sum of both staggering intellect and flawless breeding*?



It's not possible is it? For one to be so *blessed*?

No. Of course not. But then again, I think we spiders all appreciate the fine craftsmanship and beauty of a well-spun web.

Don't we now?