

19. His excess punishment seemed like a draconian solution; we objected.

20. Writing his dialogue, Plato gave himself a severe headache.

“Are you he?” I asked; however, he then—O my gosh—shouted, but I was self-controlled. Helping me, he said, “It’s dark,” and he lit Jane’s tall, gold candle. After he left, I remembered that May 14, 2012, was the date of his well-planned plot to disconnect its electricity.