

Name

Russo

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Block

The Odyssey by Homer

Due date #1

9/20

1. Determining Character through Conflict Excerpts 1-2 ✓
2. Determining Character through Conflict Excerpts 3-4 ✓
Book two in weaving
3. Aristotle Enrichment Task (Honors Extension Task) Bonus for Regulars
4. Connecting Characterization to Theme ^{Chart} Book 9, Book 10, Book 11
5. Book 9 Excerpt for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions ✓
6. Cyclops in the Ocean (Honors Extension Task) ✓
7. Book 10 Excerpt for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions ✓
8. Book 10 Excerpt for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions ✓
9. Book 12 Excerpt for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions ✓
10. Considering Different Points of View ✓
11. Considering Different Points of View Circe vs Odysseus ✓
12. "Siren Song" Analysis ✓
13. Writing A Compare and Contrast Response Bonus stamp on Exam

Due Date #2 _____

14. **Book 13 Excerpts for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions**
15. **Book 13 Characters and Motivation Chart**
16. **Book 16 Excerpt for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions**
17. **Book 16 Epic Similes and Characters and Motivation Chart**
18. **Book 19 Excerpt for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions**
19. **Book 8/"An Ancient Gesture"**
20. **Related Literature (Honors Extension Task)**
21. **Book 19 Continuation Excerpt for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions**
22. **Book 20 Excerpt for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions**
23. **Book 20 Enemies or Allies Chart**
24. **Book 21 Excerpts for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions**
25. **Book 22 Excerpt for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions**
26. **Book 23 Excerpt for Close Reading/Annotation/ and Related Questions**
27. **Hero's Journey in *The Odyssey***

NOTEBOOK CHECK 1

Notebook Check 1: Determining Character Through Conflict

Scholars call Books One through Four of *The Odyssey* "The Telemachy." In these introductory books, we learn the background of the conflicts that Odysseus is experiencing as a wanderer as well as the problems that plague his wife Penelope and son Telemachus back home in Ithaca.

Conflict can occur between

- two or more individuals (individual versus individual),
- an individual and his/her environment,
- an individual versus society,
- an individual versus himself or herself,
- and in epic poetry,
- an individual versus a god or goddess.

Characterization is developed through words, actions, and descriptions. What does a character do, especially when facing a conflict? What does a character say? What do others say about him or her?

Characterization / Conflict

Who are the main characters in the passage?

Where is the story taking place? What is the setting?

What seems to be the conflict? Why is the conflict?

As you read the selected passages, highlight portions of the text that reveals the character of Telemachus as he responds to conflict. When you finish a passage, complete the activities following each excerpt. Consider the questions to help you contextualize your evidence. Use your Character Trait Resource for help with this assignment.

Passage 1 from Book One

Book 1 (6:50)

Athena, her eyes flashing bright, exulted,

"Father, son of Cronus, our high and mighty king!

If now it really pleases the blissful gods

that wise Odysseus shall return—home at last—

let us dispatch the guide and giant-killer Hermes

down to Ithaca, down to announce at once

to the nymph with lovely braids our fixed decree:

Odysseus journeys home—the exile must return!

While I myself go down to Ithaca, rouse his son

to a braver pitch, inspire his heart with courage,

to summon the flowing-haired Achaeans to full assembly,

to speak his mind to all those suitors, slaughtering on and on

his droves of sheep and shambling longhorn cattle.

Passage

begins after

Athena wins

approval to

interfere in

Odysseus's

affairs

from

Zeus.

Why is Odysseus still not home?

He is being held by

Calypso—

captivity

Also, Poseidon still

holds a grudge

against him.

man vs. man
man vs. nature
man vs. himself
man vs. supernatural

Why is Odysseus still not home?

He is being held by

Calypso—

captivity

Also, Poseidon still

holds a grudge

against him.

15 Next I will send him off to Soarta and sandy Pylos, there to learn of his dear father's journey home. Perhaps he will hear some news and make his name throughout the mortal world."

20 So Athena unweaved and under her feet she fastened the supple sandals, ever-glowing gold, that wing her over the waves and boundless earth with the rush of gusting winds. She seized the rugged spear tipped with a bronze point—weighted, heavy, the massive shaft she wields to break the lines of heroes the mighty Father's daughter storms against.

25 And down she swept from Olympus' craggy peaks and lit on Ithaca, standing tall at Odysseus' gates, the threshold of his court. Gripping her bronze-spear, she looked for all the world like a stranger now, like Mentes, lord of the Taphians.

home of the gods
Ithaca
transforms

Summary
Athena appears in Ithaca, disguises Odysseus' old friend, Mentes. (Mentor) gives advice

-eating Odysseus' food

30 There she found the swaggering suitors just then
 amusing themselves with pulling dice before their doors,
 counting on holes of oxen they had killed themselves.

35 While heralds and brisk attendants bustled round them,
 some at the mixing-bowls, mulling wine and water,
 others wiping the tables down with sopping sponges,
 setting them out in place, still other servants
 jointed and carved the great sides of meat.

45 First by far to see her was Prince Telemachus,
 sitting among the suitors, heart obsessed with grief.
 He could almost see his magnificent father, here ...
 daydreaming - not manly
 hopeful

45 * Daydreaming so as he sat among the suitors
 he glimpsed Athena now
 and straight to the porch he went
 that a guest might still be standing at the doors.
 extremely embarrassed
 xenia-gift
 guests are welcome

50 Pausing beside her there, he clasped her right hand
 and relieving her at once of her long bronze spear,
 met her with winged words: "Greetings, stranger!
 Here in our house you'll find a royal welcome.
 Have supper first, then tell us what you need."

the stranger at the gates (Xenia),
 to welcome the guest.

she answers
 at the palace
 as the suitors are
 indulging in an
 elaborate feast at
 Odysseus's family's
 expense

Telemachus is day-
 dreaming & bemused
 the fact that his
 father isn't there to
 take care of the suitors
 He seems weak &
 a little sudden -
 while the suitors
 blatantly disregard
 Telemachus jumps

Passage	Description of Episode	Character Traits	Actions and Motivations	Key Quotations that Reveal Character Traits.
1	Concise summary for context: What type of conflict does Telemachus deal with in this passage?	Assertions about Telemachus based on the passage: Telemachus is Pg. 43 Ref Hand. Telemachus is gullible _____ _____ _____	Who or what is motivating his actions? Odysseus isn't home The suitors are using his family & pursuing his mother. -no help-	Provide textual evidence for your answer. took out: added/changed Prince Telemachus [is] sitting among the suitors, heart obsessed w/ grief... (l. 37-38) *(book. line #s)

man vs. self - he misses Odysseus, he is sad b/c he is letting the suitors do what they want.
 man vs. man
 Telemachus vs. suitors
 man vs. god
 Athena vs. suitors

Passage 2 from Book One

As you read the selected passages, highlight portions of the text that reveals the character of Telemachus as he responds to conflict. When you finish a passage, complete the activities following each excerpt. Consider the questions to help you contextualize your evidence. Use your Character Trait Resource for help with this assignment. 15.10

ATHENA

"You're truly Odysseus' son? You've sprung up so!

Uncanny resemblance ... the head, and the fine eyes—

14:30
Odysseus I see. Timonow. How often we used to meet in the old days before the gambaked for Troy, where other Argive captains, all the best men, sailed in the long curved ships.

From then to this very day

I've not set eyes on Odysseus or the son."

mentally hasn't seen Odysseus

And young Telemachus cautiously replied,

"I'll try, my friend, to give you a frank answer.

Mother has always told me I'm his son, it's true, but I am not so certain. Who, on his own,

has ever really known who gave him life?

Would to god I'd been the son of a happy man whom old age overtook in the midst of his possessions!

Now, think of the most unlucky mortal ever born—

since you ask me, yes, they say I am his son."

Why is Athena so invested in Odysseus' welfare?

She is the goddess of wisdom and cunning Odysseus is for her wit

Where does she go first?

Athena goes to Athena to find Telemachus.

ATHENA

"Still," the clear-eyed goddess reassured him,

"Trust me, the gods have not marked out your house for such an unsung future.

not if Penelope has borne a son like you.

But tell me about all this and spare me nothing.

What's this banqueting, this crowd carousing here?

And what part do you play yourself? Some wedding-feast, some festival? Hardly a potluck supper, I would say.

don't worry the gods aren't done w/you

20 Please explain what is happening...

25

How obscenely they lounge and swagger here, look gorging in your house. Why, any man of sense who chanced among them would be outraged, seeing such behavior."

any man would be angry if this was happening to them

TELEMACHUS

Ready Telemachus took her up at once: "Well, my friend,

seeing you want to probe and press the question,

once this house was rich, no doubt, beyond reproach when the man you mentioned still lived here, at home.

Now the gods have reversed our fortunes with a vengeance—

wiped that man from the earth like no one else before.

I would never have grieved so much about his death if he'd gone down with comrades off in Troy

or died in the arms of loved ones.

once he had wound down the long coil of war.

blames the gods

What is the state of affairs?

the suitors have taken over the palace and Telemachus is daydreaming about what would happen if he were with his father

40

Then all united Achaea would have raised his tomb and he'd have won his son great fame for years to come.

But how the whirlwinds have ripped him away, no fame for him!

<p>45 17:38</p> <p>Odysseus's fate is unknown</p> <p>suitors from surrounding lands →</p> <p>55 metaphor—</p>	<p>He's lost and gone now—out of sight, out of mind—and I... he's left me tears and grief. Nor do I rack my heart and grieve for him alone. No longer. Now the gods have invented other miseries to plague me.</p> <p>listen.</p> <p>All the nobles who rule the islands round about, Dulichion, and Same, and wooded Zacynthus too, and all who lord it in rocky Ithaca as well—down to the last man they court my mother, they lay waste my house! And mother... she neither rejects a marriage she despises nor can she bear to bring the courting to an end—while they continue to bleed my household white. Soon—you wait—they'll grind me down as well."</p> <p>Penelope is grief-stricken and hopeless</p>
<p>ATHENA</p> <p>look how much you need Odysseus</p>	<p>"Shameful!"—brimming with indignation, Pallas Athena broke out. "Oh how much you need Odysseus, gone so long—how he'd lay hands on all these brazen suitors! If only he would appear, now... and take his stand... took Segism</p>
<p>60</p>	<p>If only that Odysseus sported with these suitors, a blood wedding, a quick death would take the lot! True, but all lies in the lap of the great gods. Odysseus' fate is in the hands of the gods whether or not he'll come and pay them back, here, in his own house.</p>
<p>70</p>	<p>But you, I urge you, think how to drive these suitors from your halls. Come now, listen closely. Take my words to heart.</p> <p>At daybreak summon the island's lords to full assembly, give your orders to all and call the gods to witness: tell the suitors to scatter, each to his own place. As for your mother, if the spirit moves her to marry, let her go back to her father's house, a man of power. Her kin will arrange the wedding, provide the gifts, the array that goes with a daughter dearly loved.</p>
<p>75</p>	<p>Things I instruct you on how to do</p>
<p>Passage 2</p>	<p>Description of Episode</p>
<p>Concise summary for context: What type of conflict does Telemachus deal with in this passage?</p>	<p>Telemachus vs. suitors Telemachus vs. himself Penelope vs. herself Penelope vs. suitors Athena vs. suitors (goddess)</p>
<p>Character Traits</p>	<p>Telemachus is <u>defeated</u></p>
<p>Assertions about Telemachus based on the passage: Telemachus is _____</p>	<p>Telemachus is <u>defeated</u></p>
<p>Character Traits</p>	<p>243</p>
<p>Who or what is motivating his actions?</p>	<p>missing Odysseus</p>
<p>Actions and Motivations</p>	<p>blames the gods trying to force his mother to choose a new husband. wasting his inheritance →</p>
<p>Key Quotations that Reveal Character Traits.</p>	<p>(1.2.44) (1.2.44-47) inheritance →</p>
<p>Who or what is motivating his actions?</p>	<p>missing Odysseus</p>
<p>Actions and Motivations</p>	<p>blames the gods trying to force his mother to choose a new husband. wasting his inheritance →</p>
<p>Key Quotations that Reveal Character Traits.</p>	<p>(1.2.44) (1.2.44-47) inheritance →</p>

NOTEBOOK CHECK 2

As you read the selected passages, highlight portions of the text that reveals the character of Telemachus as he responds to conflict. When you finish a passage, complete the activities following each excerpt. Consider the questions to help you contextualize your evidence. Use your Character Trait Resource for help with this assignment.

Passage 3 from Book One

22:10 Mentis ^{epithet}

1 With that promise, off and away Athena the bright-eyed goddess flew like a bird in soaring flight but left Telemachus's spirit filled with nerve and courage. He felt his senses quicken, overwhelmed with wonder. This was a god, he knew it well and made at once for the suitors, a man like a god himself.

How is Telemachus different after Mentis leaves?
 He is filled with courage & confidence. He is compared to a god himself.
 He is more assertive & bold.

3:06 stopped 1st take

10 And now, from high above in her room and deep in thought, she caught his inspired strains... learnius' daughter Penelope, wary and reserved, and down the steep stair from her chamber she descended, not alone: two of her women followed close behind.

Athena leaves and Telemachus feels inspired.

15 The radiant woman, once she reached her suitors, drawing her glistening veil across her cheeks, paused now where a column propped the sturdy roof, with one of her loyal handmaids stationed either side.

20 Suddenly, dissolving in tears and bursting through the bard's inspired voice, she cried out, "Phemius! (the bard) So many other songs you know to hold us spellbound, works of the gods and men that singers celebrate.

25 Sing one of those as you sit beside them here and they drink their wine in silence.

30 But break off this song— stop singing this song the unendurable song that always rends the heart inside me... the unforgettable grief, it wounds me most of all! How I long for my husband—alive in memory, always, that great man whose fame resounds through Helas is Odysseus right to the depths of Argos! epithet War in Troy to come home!

35 "Why, mother," poised Telemachus put in sharply, "why deny our devoted bard the chance to entertain us any way the spirit stirs him on?" fusses his mother - lifts not the bard's fault

40 Bards are not to blame—Zeus is to blame. He deals to each and every laborer on this earth whatever doom he pleases. Why fault the bard if he sings the Argives' harsh fate?

don't make him stop

Warmful Penelope has an emotional outburst, admonishing the palace bard, Phemius, to stop singing about the fateful events at Troy.

It's always the latest song, the one that echoes last in the listeners' ears, that people praise the most. Courage, mother. Harden your heart, and listen. Odysseus was scarcely the only one, you know, whose journey home was blotted out at Troy. Others, so many others, died there too.

45

So, mother, go back to your quarters. Tend to your own tasks, the distaff and the loom, and keep the women working hard as well. As for giving orders, men will see to that, but I must of all: I hold the reins of power in this house.

50

Penelope's reaction

She withdrew to her own room. She took to heart the clear good sense in what her son had said. Climbing up to the lofty chamber with her women, she fell to weeping for Odysseus, her beloved husband, till watchful Athena sealed her eyes with welcome sleep.

55

Athena helps her sleep

Telemachus is an uncharacteristic burst of authority corrects his mother and tells her to go tend to women's duties

How does Telemachus assert himself to his mother?
He corrects her when she tells the bard to stop sewing. Tells her to go do women's duties and claims that giving orders is ~~her~~ busy duty.

tells women don't give orders men do - I do

Passage 3	Description of Episode	Character Traits	Actions and Motivations	Key Quotations that Reveal Character Traits.
Concise summary for context: What type of conflict does Telemachus deal with in this passage?	Assertions about Telemachus based on the passage: Telemachus is _____	Who or what is motivating his actions?	Provide textual evidence for your answer.	
Telemachus vs. suitors Telemachus vs. Penelope Penelope vs. Bard Penelope vs. herself Telemachus vs.	Courageous bold confident assertive	Athena uninspired her his mother's actions	(1.3 - 47-48)	
Athena - the goddess Penelope - grief-stricken Telemachus - passive-aggressive The suitors - greedy & rude	assertive, cunning	Penelope is grief-stricken.		

As you read the selected passages, highlight portions of the text that reveals the character of Telemachus as he responds to conflict. When you finish a passage, complete the activities following each excerpt. Consider the questions to help you contextualize your evidence. Use your Character Trait Resource for help with this assignment.

Passage 4 from Book One

25-10

1 But the suitors broke into uproar through the shadowed halls,
all of them lifting prayers to lie beside her, share her bed,
until discreet Telemachus look command: "You suitors
who plague my mother, you, you insolent, overweening...
for this evening let us dine and take our pleasure,
no more shouting now. What a fine thing it is
to listen to such a bard as we have here—
the man sings like a god."

want to go to bed with Penelope

calm down

How does Telemachus assert himself to the suitors?

he orders them to attend the assembly the next day

10 But at first light demands that they assemble tomorrow
we all march forth to assembly, take our seats
so I can give my orders and say to you straight out:
You must leave my palace! See to your feasting elsewhere,
devour your own possessions, house to house by turns.

I want you to leave

15 But if you decide the fare is better, richer here,
destroying one man's goods and going scot-free,
all right then, carve away! But I'll cry out to the everlasting gods in hopes
that Zeus will pay you back with a vengeance—all of you
destroyed in my house while I go scot-free myself!"

20 So Telemachus declared. And they all bit their lips
amazed the prince could speak with so much daring
Eugipites' son Antinous broke their silence:

main suitor

25 "Well, Telemachus, only the gods could teach you
to sound so high and mighty! Such brave talk,
I pray that Zeus will never make you king of Ithaca,
though your father's crown is no doubt yours by birth."

mock Odysseus

30 But cool-headed Telemachus countered firmly:
"Antinous, even though my words may offend you,
I'd be happy to take the crown if Zeus presents it.
You think that nothing worse could befall a man?
It's really not so bad to be a king. All at once
your palace grows in wealth, your honors grow as well.

35 But there are hosts of other Achaean princes, look—
young and old, crowds of them on our island here—
and any one of the lot might hold the throne,
now great Odysseus is dead ...

But I'll be lord of my own house and servants,
all that King Odysseus won for me by force."

27:15

How do the suitors react to Telemachus being assertive?

the mockers rebound bravely in standing up to them

Telemachus orders the suitors to meet him in assembly so that he can tell them to leave. The suitors are shocked at his newfound confidence and mock him mercilessly. Despite the goading, Telemachus holds firm in his resolve.

Passage 4	Description of Episode	Character Traits	Actions and Motivations	Key Quotations that Reveal Character Traits.
Concise summary for context: What type of conflict does Telemachus deal with in this passage?	Telemachus vs the suitors	Confident daring Cool-headed assertive bold Courageous	Who or what is motivating his actions? Athena has inspired him to stand up to the suitors.	Provide textual evidence for your answer.

How has Telemachus changed throughout Book 1? Write a paragraph explaining the changes in his character. Use evidence from the text.

conflict? Topic Sentence that answers the question
how he addresses them in Passage 1-2?
What assertions did we make about
him?
Why was he behaving (thus) way?
prove it w/ evidence.

same for Passage 3-4

NOTEBOOK CHECK 3 HONORS

Enrichment Task Honors: Read and annotate the below quotation about *The Odyssey*. Then, consider the following questions as you prepare for a class discussion. Be ready to answer with textual evidence. Write two more questions with your group to contribute to the whole group discussion.

In *Poetics* Aristotle makes the following claim:

...The story of the Odyssey can be stated briefly. A certain man is absent from home for many years; he is jealously watched by Poseidon, and left desolate. Meanwhile his home is in a wretched plight—suitors are wasting his substance and plotting against his son. At length, tempest-tost, he himself arrives; he makes certain persons acquainted with him; he attacks the suitors with his own hand, and is himself preserved while he destroys them. This is the assence of the plot; the rest is just episode.

1. What claims about *The Odyssey* does Aristotle make?
2. If *The Odyssey* is 24 books long, then why does Aristotle say that "the story of the Odyssey can be stated briefly"? What does he mean?
3. Consider the events of Book One. How did you react to Odysseus's situation, Telemachus's situation, and Penelope's situation?
4. Why might you want to see them resolved in the "episodes" that Aristotle references?
5. Consider the information provided in the invocation, the poem "Ithaka," and the quotation from Aristotle. In each text, the story of *The Odyssey* is captured in brief. In fact, we know how the story ends. So why do we read it?
6. Similarly, why do we listen to stories retold by friends and family even though we know how they end? What does the experience of hearing or reading a story in full do for us?

7.

8.

^

NOTEBOOK CHECK 4

Connecting Characterization to Theme Using Homer's *The Odyssey* Grade 9

Activity One: Characters and Motivations

As you read Books Nine through Twelve of *The Odyssey*, summarize each major episode in column one. For column two, choose character traits that describe Odysseus. Finally, in the last column, choose textual evidence and analyze how Odysseus reacts to other characters and conflicts. What do his reactions reveal about him?

Episode/Summary	Odysseus's Character Traits	Textual Evidence/Commentary
<p>Book 9 "In the One-Eyed Giant's Cave" Summary Odysseus and his comrades get trapped in the Cyclops cave where he schemes to blind the giant and escape. After leaving, he brags, saying about Poseidon's curse.</p>	<p>P. 43</p>	<p>at quotes from text</p>
<p>Book 10 "The Bewitching Queen of Aeaea" After leaving the Cyclops and Aeolus, Odysseus and his crew remain shipwrecked on Circe's island for a year. Circe tells them that they must go to get home.</p>		
<p>Book 11 "The Land of the Dead" He gets prophetic news from Tiresias then sees his mother, asks about his family, and finds out that she died from grief.</p>		
<p>Book 12 "The Cattle of the Sun"</p>		

Book 2-9 p 965-970 line 240

Activity Two: Theme

Using the Theme Resource, choose one thematic topic for each book. Then reference the information on theme below to help you write a thematic statement for each book. Read the themes below from past works that you might have read. Notice that these thematic statements are not bound by work, genre, time period or culture.

Major Works	Possible Themes
<i>The Giver</i>	To have a perfect society, people must sacrifice their individuality.
<i>The Call of the Wild</i>	Often how someone treats an animal exhibits his true character.
<i>Fahrenheit 451</i>	One of the most dangerous qualities of a controlling society is keeping citizens illiterate.
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	Our reaction to conflict dictates our outcomes.
<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>	Bravery is standing up for what is right even if others condemn you for it.

Tip: Try adding a qualifying clause (when, because, unless, even, so that, whether, if, etc.) to further elaborate on your claim.

Example from *Fahrenheit 451*

If citizens are not allowed to read, their freedom is limited.

Thematic Ideas p. 34

	Thematic Topic	Thematic Statement
Book 9	curiosity instinct revenge pride	* Too much pride can create bigger problems. * Needing to be known or being famous can cause more harm than good
Book 10	prayer contemplation loyalty home	
Book 11	loyalty grief prophecy home	
Book 12	despair defeat persuasion disobedience	

pg. 965
characters / characterization / conflict / theme

NOTEBOOK CHECK 9

Book 9 Excerpt
This famous excerpt from Book 9, in which Odysseus interacts with the Cyclops Polyphemus, features Odysseus' quick wit and clever verbal sparring. As you read the passage, make note of words and details that help you understand Odysseus' character.

20:20
5
10
15
20
25
30
35
40
45

nightfall brought him back, herding his woolly sheep
and he quickly drove the sleek flock into the vaulted cavern.
rams and all—none left outside in the walled yard—
his own idea, perhaps, or a god led him on.
Then he hoisted the huge slab to block the door
and squatted to milk his sheep and bleating goats,
each in order putting a suckling underneath each dam
and as soon as he'd briskly finished all his chores
he snatched up two more men and fixed his meal.
But this time I lifted a carved wooden bowl,
brimful of my ruddy wine,
and went right up to the Cyclops, enticing
'Here, Cyclops, try this wine—to top off
the banquet of human flesh you've barked down!
Judge for yourself what stock our ship had stored.
I brought it here to make you a fine libation,
hoping you would pity me, Cyclops, send me home,
but your rages are insufferable. You barbarian—
how can any man on earth come visit you after this?
What you've done outrages all that's right!
At that he seized the bowl and tossed it off
and the heady wine pleased him immensely. 'More—'
he demanded a second bowl—'a hearty helping!
And tell me your name now, quickly,
so I can hand my guest a gift to warm his heart.
Our soil yields the Cyclops powerful, full-bodied wine
and the rains from Zeus build its strength. But this
this is nectar, ambrosia—this flows from heaven!
So he declared. I poured him another fiery bowl—
three bowls I brimmed and three he drank to the last drop.
The fool, and then, when the wine was swirling round his brain,
I approached my host with a cunning, winning word:
'So, you ask me the name I'm known by, Cyclops?
I will tell you. But you must give me a guest-gift
as you've promised. Nobody—that's my name. Nobody—
no my mother and father call me, all my friends.'
But he boomed back at me from his ruthless heart:
'Nobody? I'll eat Nobody last of all his friends—
I'll eat the others first! That's my gift to you!
With that
he toppled over, sprawled full-length, flat on his back
and lay there, his massive neck slumping to one side,
and sleep that conquers all overwhelmed him now
as wine came spurting, flooding up from his gullet
with chunks of human flesh—he vomited, blind drunk.
Now, at last, I thrust our stake in a bed of embers
to get it red-hot and rallied all my comrades:
'Courage—no panic, no one hang back now!
And green as it was, just as the olive stake

> help of the gods?
every day chores
wine of the gods

What does Odysseus bring with him to the land of the cyclopes?
wine w/ ambrosia to share or use to his advantage wine of the gods

How does the cyclops behave toward the Greek soldiers?
he eats them

and lie
> gut?
drunk
gross.
it leadership

1000 was about to catch fire - the glow terrific, yes -
 I dragged it from the flames. My men chattering round
 as some good friends departed, courage through us all
 straight into the master's eye they remained in haste -
 I drove my weight on it from above and bored it home -
 as a shipwright bores his beam with a shipwright's drill
 that men below whipping the strap back and forth, until
 and the drill keeps twisting faster, never stopping -
 So we seized our stake with its fiery tip
 and bored it round and round in the giant's eye
 till blood came boiling up around that smoking shaft
 and the hot blast smogged his brows and eyelids round the crown
 and the broiling eyeball burst -
 its crackling roots blazed
 and hissed -
 as a blacksmith plunges a glowing ax or adze
 in an ice-cold bath and the metal screeches steam
 and the temper hardens - that's the noise's strength
 as the eye of the Cyclops sizzled round that stake!
 He loosed a hideous roar. The rock walls echoed round
 and we scuttled back in terror. The monster wreathed the sple
 from his eye and out it came with a red geyser of blood -
 he lunged a stake with frantic hands, and mad with pain
 he belched out for help from his neighbor Cyclops
 living round about in caves on windswept crags.
 Hearing his cries, they lumbered up from every side
 and hulking round his cavern, asked what ailed him.
 Surely no one's rustling your flanks against your will -
 Roaring out in the godless night to us of our sleep,
 What? Polyphemus, what in the world's the trouble?
 Hearing no one's rustling your flanks against your will -
 surely no one's trying to kill you now by fraud or force?
 "Nobody," heads - "Polyphemus belched back from his cave."
 "Nobody's killing me now by fraud and not by force."
 "If you're alone," his friends boomed back at once,
 "and nobody's trying to overpower you now - look
 it must be a plague sent here by mighty Zeus
 and there's no escape from that.
 You'd better pray to your father, Lord Poseidon,
 They lumbered off, but laughter tided my heart
 to think how nobody's name - my great coming stake
 had doped them one and all. But the Cyclops leaned
 still goggaming, raked with agony, gaped around
 for the huge stake and heaving it from the doorway
 down he sat in the cave's mouth, his arms spread wide,
 hoping to catch a comrade stealing out with sheep -
 such a blithering fool he took me for!
 But I was already plotting -
 what was the best way out? how could I find
 escape from death for my crew, myself as well?
 My wits kept weaving weaving cunning schemes -
 He at stake, monstrous death staring us in the face -
 will this plan struck my mind as bleak, that flock
 whose well-fed rams with their splendid black fleeces

Odysseus is shunning/planning
 Polyphemus' father is Poseidon
 Odysseus fooled them all

How did Odysseus use his wit in this passage?

metaphor called for help

comparison using an extending over a series of lines



highlight then explain the epic simile here

1005 stony hindcane beasts sporting their dark weight of wool
 I lashed them abreast quietly, twisting the widow-tips
 the Cyclops slept on - gentle, to wass by - I took them
 three by three, each ram in the middle bore a man
 while the two rams either side would shield him well
 So these beasts to bear each man, but as for myself?
 There was one belkwhetter ram, the prize of all the flock
 and clutching him by his back, I latched up under
 his shaggy belly, there I hung face upward
 both hands latched in his marvelous deep fleeces
 clinging for dear life, my spirit seabed, enduring -
 So we held on, desperate, waiting dawn's first light
 As soon
 as young Dawn with her rose-red fingers shone once more
 the rams went rumpkling out of the cave toward pasture,
 the ewes kept heaving round the pens, unmarked
 their udders about to burst. Their master now,
 heaving in torment, felt the back of each animal
 baling before him here, but the back of each sensed
 my men were burrowed up under their thick fleeces
 And fast of them all came my great ram now, striding out
 weighed down with his dense wool and my deep plots.
 Sticking him gently, powerful Polyphemus murmured
 "Dear old ram, why last of the flock to quit the cave?
 In the good old days you'd never lag behind the rest -
 you with your long marching strides, first by far
 of the flock to graze the fresh young grasses.
 First to turn back home, keen for your fold
 when night comes on - but now you're last of all
 And why? Stick all heart for your master's eye
 that cowed you, gagged you with his wicked crew?
 only after he'd stunned my wits with wine -
 that that bloody
 who not escaped his death, I swear, not yet.
 Oh if only you thought like me, had words like me
 to tell me where that scoundrel is crouching from my rage!
 I'd smash him against the ground, I'd spill his brains -
 flooding across my cave - and that would ease my heart
 of the pains that gnaw-for-nothing Nobody made me suffer!
 And with that threat he let my ram go free outside.
 But soon as we'd got one foot past cave and courtyard
 first I loosed myself from the ram, then loosed my men,
 then quickly, glancing back again and again we drove
 our flock, good plump beasts with their long shanks
 straight to the ship, and a welcome sight we were
 to loyal comrades - we who'd escaped our deaths -
 but for all the rest they broke down and wailed
 I could shatter, I stopped each shivering crew
 my head bossing, brows frowning, silent signals
 to hurry, lurching our fleecy herd on board.
 I launch out on the open sea!
 They swam aboard, they sat in the oars in rank,
 and in rhythm churred the water while with stroke on stroke

How does Odysseus scheme a way out?
 the two fur the 3 men under the 3 rams and he holds on to the largest one.
 Polyphemus: why are you last? you are usually first to graze
 are you and that's not my eye? if only they could see me, you men escape.
 summarize how Odysseus and his men escape.
 you could tell me why you are last?
 you are usually first to graze
 are you and that's not my eye? if only they could see me, you men escape.
 summarize how Odysseus and his men escape.

city for the most comrades that got eaten

160 But once offshore as far as a man's shout can carry,
I called back to the Cyclops, stinging taunts:
"So, Cyclops, no weak coward it was whose crew
you bent to devour there in your vaulted cave—
you with your brute force! Your filthy crimes
came down on your own head, you shameless cannibal,
165 daring to eat your guests in your own house—
so Zeus and the other gods have paid you back!
That made the rage of the monster boil over.
Ripping off the peak of a towering crag, he heaved it
so hard the boulder landed just in front of our dark prow
and a huge swell reared up as the rock went plunging under—
170 a tidal wave from the open sea. The sudden backwash
drove us landward again, forcing us close inshore
but grabbing a long pole, I thrust us off and away,
tussling my head for dear life, signaling crews
to put their backs in the oars: escape grim death.
175 They threw themselves in the labor, rowed us fast
but once we'd plowed the breakers twice as far,
again I began to taunt the Cyclops—men around me
trying to check me, calm me, left and right:
"So headstrung—why? Why rile the beast again?"
180 "That rock he flung in the sea just now, hurting our ship
to shore once more—we thought we'd die on the spot!
'If he'd caught a sound from one of us, just a whisper,
he would have crushed our heads and ship timbers
with one heave of another flashing, jagged rock!"
185 "Good god, the brute can throw!"
So they begged
but they could not bring my frothing spirit round.
I called back with another burst of anger: "Cyclops—
if any man on the face of the earth should ask you
190 who blinded you, shamed you so—say Odysseus,
ruler of cities, he gouged out your eye.
Laertes' son who makes his home in Ithaca!"
So I vaunted and he groaned back in answer,
"Oh no, no—that prophecy years ago—
195 it all comes home to me with a vengeance now!
We once had a prophet here, a great tall man,
Telemus, Eurymus' son, a master at reading signs,
who grew old in his trade among his fellow Cyclops.
All this, he warned me, would come to pass someday—
200 that I'd be blinded here at the hands of one Odysseus.
But I always looked for a handsome giant man to cross my path,
some fighter clad in power like armor-plate, but now
look what a dwarf, a spineless good-for-nothing
stuns me with wine, then gouges out my eye!"
205 Come here, Odysseus, let me give you a quest-gift
and urge Poseidon the earthquake god to speed you home.
I am his son and he claims to be my father, true,
and he himself will heal me if he pleases—
no other blessed god, no man can do the work!"
210 "Heal you!"
here was my parting shot—"Would to god I could strip you

taunting the Cyclops
once he was offshore
throws a giant boulder
that pushes them back
towards shore

his men question his motives

he tells him his
name and where he
lives / his pride
gets the best
of him.

there was a prophecy
that this would
happen
I thought you'd be bigger

of life and breath and slip you down to the House of Death
as surely as no one will ever heal your eye,
not even your earthquake god himself!"
215 But at that he bellowed out to lord Poseidon,
thrusting his arms to the starry skies, and prayed: "Hear me—
Poseidon, god of the sea-blue mane who rocks the earth!
If I really am your son and you claim to be my father—
220 come, grant that Odysseus, ruler of cities,
Laertes' son who makes his home in Ithaca,
never reaches home. Or if he's fated to see
his people once again and reach his well-built house
and his own native country, let him come home late
225 and come a broken man—all shipmates lost
alone in a stranger's ship—
and let him find a world of pain at home!"
So he prayed
and the god of the sea-blue mane Poseidon heard his prayer.
230 The monster suddenly hoisted a boulder—far larger—
wheeled and heaved it, putting his weight behind it,
massive strength, and the boulder crashed close,
landing just in the wake of our dark stern,
just failing to graze the rudder's bladed edge.
235 A huge swell reared up as the rock went plunging under
yes, and the tidal breaker drove us out to our island's
far shore where all my well-decked ships lay moored,
clustered, waiting, and huddled round them, crewmen
sat in anguish, waiting, chafing for our return.
240 We beached our vessel hard ashore on the sand,
we swung out in the frothing surf ourselves,
and herding Cyclops' sheep from our deep holds
we shared them round so no one, not on my account,
would go deprived of his fair share of spoils.
245 But the splendid ram—as we meted out the flacks
my friends-in-arms made him my prize of honor,
mine alone, and I slaughtered him on the beach
and burnt his thighs to Cronus' mighty son,
Zeus of the thundercloud who rules the world.
250 But my sacrifices failed to move the god:
Zeus was still obsessed with plans to destroy
my entire oarswept fleet and loyal crew of comrades.
How all day long till the sun went down we sat
and feasted on sides of meat and heady wine.
255 Then when the sun had set and night came on
we lay down and slept at the water's shelving edge.
When young Dawn with her rose-red fingers shone once more
I roused the men straightway, ordering all crews
to man the ships and cast off cables quickly.
260 They swung aboard at once, they sat to the oars in ranks
and in rhythm churned the water white with stroke and surge.
And from there we sailed on, glad to escape our death
yet sick at heart for the comrades we had lost."

Polyphemus's prayer
that comes true.
"Poseidon's Curse"

foreshadowing

Based on what you know about
Odysseus's journey home from the
invocation, how does this passage
impact the events of his future.

They ate/feasted on
Polyphemus's rams
Odysseus makes a sacrifice
to Zeus, but Zeus
wasn't moved.

new day
personification

glad they survived but
sad to have lost their
friends

NOTEBOOK CHECK 10

Linears Related Literature: "The Cyclops in the Ocean"
By Mikko Giovanni

Howing slowly against time, patiently majestic
The Cyclops, in the ocean, meets his Odysseus
Through the night, he sighs, throbbing against the shore, declaring for the adventure
A wall of grey, gathered by a slow touch, slash and shiver, through the waiting screens, separating into bubbles, making my
pages accept the touch
Not content, to watch my frightened gaze, he clamors beneath the sash, dancing to my will
Return to the when the sun returns
Tropical Storm Demos
August 15-18, 1981, Florida

"The Cyclops in the Ocean" personifies Tropical Storm Demos by comparing it to the Cyclops. What traits of the Cyclops are similar to those of a storm?

Just other creatures or natural phenomena that exhibit qualities of the Cyclops.

What does the comparison of a tropical storm to the Cyclops suggest? Why is the metaphor of the Cyclops appropriate for describing a tropical storm?

Odysseus/Odysseus had not met him?
Odysseus is the Roman name of Odysseus. What do you think would have happened to the Cyclops in the Odyssey if Odysseus/Odysseus had not met him?

What are screens, panes, sash, and sill all related to? What do those words suggest about the point of view of the speaker?

Which words in the poem are *onomatopoeia* (imitate sounds)? What do the sounds in the poem suggest?

An allusion is something that is said or written that intentionally makes you think of a particular thing, or person. What does the allusion of the Odysseus imply about the tropical storm?

9:30/9:40/10:30

Book II Excerpt
Recall the excerpt below, which describes Odysseus's encounter with the shade, or ghostly spirit, of his mother. Anticlea. As you read, note words and details that help you understand Odysseus's character.

But I kept watch there, steadfast till my mother
approached and drank the dark, clouding blood
She knew me at once and wailed out in grief
and her words came winging toward me, flying home:
"Oh my son - what brings you down to the world
of death and darkness? You are still alive!
It's hard for the living to catch a glimpse of this
great rivers flow between us, terrible waters,
the Ocean first of all - no one could ever ford
that stream on foot, only aboard some sturdy craft:
Have you just come from Troy, wandering long years
with your men and ship? Not yet returned to Ithaca?
You've still not seen your wife inside your halls?"
I replied, "I had to venture down to the House of Death,
to consult the shade of Ixion, seer of Thebes.
Never yet have I heard Achaea, never once
set foot on native ground.
always wandering - endless hardship from that day
I first set sail with King Agamemnon bound for Troy.
the station-hand, to fight the Trojans there.
But tell me about yourself and spare me nothing.
What form of death overcame you, what laid you low,
some long slow illness? Or did Artemis showering arrows
come with her parless shafts and bring you down?
Told me of father, tell of the son I left behind
do my royal rights still lie in their scabberging?
Or does some stranger hold the throne by now?
because men think that I'll come home no more?
Please, tell me about my wife, her turn of mind,
her thoughts - still standing fast beside our son,
still guarding our great estates, secure as ever now?
Or has she wed some other countryman at last,
the finest prince among them?"
"Surely, surely,"
my noble mother answered quickly, "she's still waiting
there in your halls, poor woman, suffering so
here in an endless hardship like your own."
wasting away the nights, weeping away the days.
No one has taken over your royal rights, not yet.
I remember still how your great estates in peace
he feasts a man of justice should enjoy.
for every lord invites him. As for your father,
he leaps to his own farm - he never goes to town -
with no bed for him there, no blankets, glossy throws,
all winter long he sleeps in the lodge with servants,
in the asies by the fire, his body wrapped in rags.

Anticlea

Odysseus

Anticlea

Penelope

Laertes

Summary of Anticlea

how did you die, mother?
what is happening in Ithaca?
my wife? my son?
my father?

his mother asks him if he's made it home yet

not yet

coming, unusual, concerned

about his father

NOTEBOOK CHECK 8

50

But when summer comes and the bumper crops of harvest any spot on the rising ground of his vineyard rows he makes his bed, heaped high with fallen leaves, and there he lies in anguish...

55

with his old age bearing hard upon him too, and his grief grows as he longs for your return. And I with the same grief, I died and met my fate.

60

No sharp-eyed Huntress showering arrows through the halls approached and brought me down with painless shafts, nor did some hateful illness strike me, that so often devastates the body, drains our limbs of power.

Odysseus

No, it was my longing for you, my shining Odysseus— you and your quickness, you and your gentle ways that lure away my life that had been sweet.

65

And I, my mind in turmoil, how I longed to embrace my mother's spirit, dead as she was! Three times I rushed toward her, desperate to hold her, three times she fluttered through my fingers, sitting away like a shadow, dissolving like a dream, and each time the grief cut to the heart, sharper, yes, and I

70

cried out to her words winging into the darkness: 'Mother—why not wait for me? How I long to hold you!—so even here, in the House of Death, we can fling our loving arms around each other, take some joy in the tears that numb the heart. Or is this just some wraith that great Persephone sends my way to make me ache with sorrow all the more?'

mistrusts the gods Anticlea:

My noble mother answered me at once: 'My son, my son, the unluckiest man alive! This is no deception sent by Queen Persephone; this is just the way of mortals when we die.

80

Sinews no longer bind the flesh and bones together—the fire in all its fury burns the body down to ashes once life slips from the white bones, and the spirit, rustling, flutters away—flown like a dream.

85

But you must long for the daylight. Go, quickly. Remember all these things so one day you can tell them to your wife.'

smile

antisocial

his father is still farming, but he misses his son

Updied from grief of your not being there

he loves his mother this isn't Persephone messing w/us — this is life — and death for mortals the way life works -

Remember this advice to tell Penelope when you see her

Book 10 Excerpt

In this excerpt, Odysseus describes his encounter with the beautiful enchantress Circe, who was renowned for turning men into swine. As you read, consider the words and details that help you understand Odysseus' character.

14:20

She opened her gleaming doors at once and stepped forth, inviting them all in, and in they went, all innocence. Only Eurylochus stayed behind—he sensed a trap.

Odysseus's men all go in — not Odysseus

5

She ushered them in to sit on high-backed chairs, then she mixed them a pottage—cheese, barley and pale honey milked in Phrygian wine—but into the brew she stirred her wicked drugs

10

to wipe from their memories any thought of home. Once they'd drained the bowls she filled, suddenly she struck with her wand, drove them into her pigsties, all of them bristling into swine—with grunts, snorts—even their bodies, yes, and only the men's minds stayed steadfast as before.

turns them all into pigs, but they knew who they were

15

So off they went to their pens, sobbing, squealing as Circe flung them acorns, cornel nuts and mast, common fodder for hogs that root and roll in mud. Back Eurylochus ran to our swift black ship to tell the disaster our poor friends had faced.

she feeds them like they were pigs Eurylochus couldn't speak of the trauma

20

But try as he might, he couldn't get a word out. Numbing sorrow had stunned the man to silence—tears welled in his eyes, his heart possessed by grief.

Eurylochus

25

?? We assailed him with questions—all at our wits' end—till at last he could recount the fate our friends had met. 'If we went through the brush, captain, as you commanded, Deep in the wooded glens we came on Circe's palace

30

built of dressed stone on a cleared rise of land. Someone inside was plying a great loom, and how she sang—in a high clear voice! Goddess or woman—we called out and hailed her—

repetition

Odysseus

She opened her gleaming doors at once and stepped forth, inviting us all in, and in we went, all innocence. But I stayed behind—I sensed a trap. Suddenly all vanished—blotted out—not one face showed again.

Odysseus is going to go rescue his men—brave E: trying to escape having to return to Circe doubts his captain never coming back

35

though I sat there keeping watch a good long time.' At that report I slung the hefty bronze blade of my silver-studded sword around my shoulder, flung my bow on too and told our comrade, 'Lead me back by the same way that you came.'

Eurylochus

40

But he flung both arms around my knees and pleaded, begging me with his tears and winging words: 'Don't force me back there, captain, king—leave me here on the spot. You will never return yourself. I swear, you'll never bring back a single man alive.

45

Quick, cut and run with the rest of us here—we can still escape the fatal day!'

Odysseus

But I shot back, 'Eurylochus, stay right here.'

preparing a feast.

In a golden bowl she mixed a potion for me to drink. Starting her poison in her heart, as swift will evil And then she passed it on. I drank it down but it never worked its spell -

- she struck with her wand and "now" she cried
- "off to your sty, you swine, and wallow with your friends!"

But I drew my sharp sword sheathed at my hip and rushed her fast as if to run her through -

She screamed, shd under my blade, hinged my knees with a flood of warm tears and a burst of weeping words: "Who are you? where are you from? your city? your parents? I'm wondering - you drank my drugs, you're not bewitched! Here's any other man withstood my potion, never, never it's past his lips and he's drunk it down!"

You have a mind in you as magic can enchant!

You must be a physician, man of twists and turns!

Hermes, the giant-killer, god of the golden wand!

He always said you'd come.

homeward bound from Troy in your swift black ship. Come, sheathe your sword, let's go to bed together. mount my bed and mix in the magic work of love - we'll breed deep trust between us!

So she enticed but I fought back, still wary "Luce Luce how dare you tell me to breed with any woman? You who turned my men to swine in your own house and now you bid me here as well - leeching with treachery you bid me to your room to mount your bed so once I be there naked!

you'll woman me, strip away my courage! Mount your bed? Not for all the world! Not until you consent to swear goddess, a binding oath. You'll never plot some new intrigue to harm me! Straightaway she began to swear the oath that I required - never she'd never do me harm - and when she'd finished them, at last I mounted Luce's gorgeous bed -

At the same time her handmaids bustled through the halls, four in all who perform the goddess' household tasks.

Amphiclypeus, daughter born of the springs and groves and the sacred rivers running down to open sea. One draped the chairs with fine crimson covers over the seats, shd spread with linen cloths below. A second drew up silver tables before the chairs and laid out golden trays to hold the bread. A third milked heady, heart-warming wine in a silver bowl and set out golden cups. A fourth brought water and lit a blazing fire beneath a massively cauldron. The water heated soon and once it reached the boil in the glowing bronze and she eased me into a tub and bathed me from the cauldron. Mixing the hot and cold to suit my taste, showering head and shoulders down until shd washed away

Odysseus is unfaithful
 Chorus, bathed
 him & him
 case of
 him, took
 the muck
 makes for a man
 to never do him harm
 (and to change later)
 from back, later)

ritual enticement

attacks her. I know you'd come.

1100 She led me in to sit on a silver-studded chair writing me in, and I went. At dusk now she opened the gleaming doors at once and stepped on. I stood and showed to her there, she heard my voice. passed at her doors, the nymph with lovely traits my heart in hovering stream at every step

1095 to the steep heights of Olympus, over the island's woods. Now Hermes went his way. All lies within their power. to pluck from the soil not for deathless gods and the gods call it milk. Dangerous for a mortal man the root is black and its flower white as milk. and Hermes showed me all its name and nature. pulling it from the earth.

1090 the giant-killer, handed over the magic herb With that never again you, strip away your courage! once you be there naked -

1085 she's to reveal your friends and treat you well yourself But have her swear the binding oath of the blessed gods. she'll cover in fear and coax you to her bed - She'll cover in fear and coax you to her bed - and rust her fast as if to run her through!

1080 the moment Luce strikes with her long thin wand Now here's your plan of action, step by step. this magic herb I give will fight her spells. but she'll be powerless to bewitch you, even so - She'll mix you a potion, face the brew with drugs. Let me tell you all the witch's subtle craft - its power alone will shield you from the fatal day. Look, here is a potent drug. Take it to Luce's halls - But wait, I can save you, free you from that great danger you'll stay right there, tripped with all the rest. Well, I want you, you won't get home yourself. Have you come to set them free? capped the swine, took by force in the steps. And your men are all in there, in Luce's palace. travelling over the hills alone in unfamiliar country? Where are you going now, my unclucky friend, and grasped me by the hand and asked me kindly, just in the prime and warm pride of youth. is a young man sporting his first beard crossed my path, and he had me all his own approaching her palace - Hermes, god of the golden wand as I was naming the halls of Luce's stables in spells. clambering up through bushes, entrancing glades until Leaving the ship and shore, I headed inland. eatling drinking, safe by the black ship, I must be off. Hermes drives me on,

1105 feel like he needs to never the sunning man despite the danger reputat

1110 intervention of the gods

1115 Hermes warns Odysseus of Luce's power only the gods can put the herb

1120 metaphor / Odysseus's character he is nervous

155 the spirit-numbing exhaustion from my body
The bathing finished, rubbing me sleek with oil
throwing warm fleece and a shirt around my shoulders
she led me in to sit on a silver-studded chair
ornately carved, with a stool to rest my feet.
160 A maid brought water soon in a graceful golden pitcher
and over a silver basin tipped it out
so I might rinse my hands,
then pulled a gleaming table to my side.
A staid housekeeper brought on bread to serve me,
appetizers aplenty too, lavish with her bounty.
165 She pressed me to eat. I had no taste for food.
I just sat there, mind wandering far away
lost in grim forebodings.
As soon as Circe saw me,
huddled not touching my food, immersed in sorrow
170 she sidled near with a coaxing, winged word.
'Odysseus, why just sit there, struck dumb,
eating your heart out, not touching food or drink?
Suspect me of still more treachery? Nothing to fear.
Haven't I just sworn my solemn, binding oath?
175 So she asked, but I protested, 'Circe,
how could any man in his right mind endure
the taste of food and drink before he'd freed
his comrades-in-arms and locked them in the eyes?
If you, you really want me to eat and drink,
180 set them free, all my beloved comrades—
let me feast my eyes.'
So I demanded.
Circe strode on through the halls and out,
her wand held high in hand and, flinging open the pens
185 drove forth my men, who looked like full-grown swine.
Facing her, there they stood as she went along the ranks,
anointing them one by one with some new magic oil—
and look, the bristles grown by the first wicked drug
that Circe gave them slipped away from their limbs
190 and they turned men again, younger than ever,
taller by far, more handsome to the eye, and yes,
they knew me at once and each man grasped my hands
and a painful longing for tears overcame us all,
a terrible sobbing echoed through the house.
195 The goddess herself was moved and, standing by me,
warmly urged me on—a lustrous goddess now:
'Royal son of Laertes, Odysseus, tried and true,
go at once to your ship at the water's edge,
haul her straight up on the shore first
200 and stow your cargo and running gear in caves,
then back, you come and bring your trusty crew.'
Her urging won my stubborn spirit over.
Down I went to the swift ship at the water's edge,
and there on the decks I found my loyal crew
205 consumed with grief and weeping live warm tears.
But now as calves in stalls when cows come home,

treating him like a king,
a hero, being served

sadness, filled with sorrow

he refuses to eat and
drink until she frees
his men

they became better looking,
younger men w/ her
magic

She tells him to stow
his ship, invites him/crew
to stay a while

210 drove of them herded back from field to farmyard
once they've grazed their fill. As all their young calves
come frisking out to meet them, bucking out of their pens,
lowing nonstop, jostling, rushing round their mothers—
so my shipmates there at the sight of my return
came pressing round me now, streaming tears,
215 so deeply moved in their hearts they felt as if
they'd made it back to their own land, their city,
Ithaca's rocky soil where they were bred and reared.
And through their tears their words went winging home:
'You're back again, my king! How thrilled we are—
as if we'd reached our country, Ithaca, at last!
But come, tell us about the fate our comrades met.'
220 Still I replied with a timely word of comfort:
'Let's haul our ship straight up on the shore first
and stow our cargo and running gear in caves.
Then hurry, all of you, come along with me
to see our friends in the magic halls of Circe,
225 eating and drinking—the feast flows on forever.'
So I said and they jumped to do my bidding.
Only Eurylochus tried to hold my shipmates back,
his malicious outburst aimed at one and all:
'Poor fools, where are we running now?
230 Why are we tempting fate?—
why stumble blindly down to Circe's halls?
She'll turn us all into pigs or wolves or lions
made to guard that palace of hers—by force. I tell you—
just as the Cyclops trapped our comrades in his lair
with both-headed Odysseus right beside them all—
235 thanks to this man's rashness, they died too!
So he declared and I had half a mind
to draw the sharp sword from beside my hip
and slice his head off, tumbling down in the dust,
240 close kin that he was. But comrades checked me,
each man trying to calm me, left and right.
'Captain, we'll leave him here if you command,
just where he is, to sit and guard the ship.
245 Lead us on to the magic halls of Circe.'
With that,
up from the ship and shore they headed inland.
Nor did Eurylochus malinger by the hull;
he straggled behind the rest,
dreading the sharp blast of my rebuke.
250 All the while
Circe had bathed my other comrades in her palace,
caring and kindly, rubbed them sleek with oil
and decked them out in fleecy cloaks and shirts.
We found them all together, feasting in her halls.
255 Once we had recognized each other, gazing face-to-face,
we all broke down and wept and the house resounded now
and Circe, the lustrous one, came toward me, pleading,
Royal son of Laertes—Odysseus, man of action,
no more tears now, calm these tides of sorrow.

← epics simile

they were so
excited to see Odysseus
and his comrades, they
compared it to the
joy of being home in
Ithaca.

let's stay here.

Eurylochus tries to
stop them. Why
are we being so foolish?
Look what Odysseus
got us into with the
the Cyclops
A voice of dissent
Odysseus wants to
kill Eurylochus for
disobeying/questioning
him.
he ends up following
them.

Persephone - queen of the underworld

Al: Ee

310 Will I know what pains you bore on the swarming sea
 what punishment you endured from hostile men on land
 But come now, eat your food and drink your wine
 fill the same courage into your chests now as then
 when you first sat from native land from rocky Ithaca
 How you are burnt out husks your spirits languid sore
 always brooding over your wanderings long and hard
 your hearts never lifting with any joy -
 So she enticed
 And there we sat at ease
 And when our battle-hardened spirits over
 270 day in day out till a year had run its course
 reaching on sides of meat and drifts of heady wine
 But then, when the year was through and the seasons wheeled by
 and the months waned and the long days came round again
 my loyal comrades took me aside and provided
 Captain, this is madness!
 High time you thought of your own home at last
 if it really is your fate to make it back alive
 and reach your well-built house and native land,
 leave us going through my stumbling words to find
 So at that day all the sun went down we sat
 and feasted on sides of meat and heady wine
 Then when the sun had set and night came on
 they lay down to sleep in the shadowed halls
 but I went up to that luxurious bed of Lucea
 hinged her by the knees
 and the goddess heard my wailing supplication:
 There you now make good a promise you gave me once -
 it's time to help me home. My heart longs to be home
 My comrades' hearts as well. They wear me down
 So I pressed
 pleading with me whenever you're away;
 Circe: 295
 and the hystros goddess answered me in turn.
 Royal son of Laertes, Odysseus, old tempter,
 stay on no more, let my hopes against you will
 But first another journey calls. You must travel down
 to the house of Death and the awesome one, Persephone
 here to consult the great blind prophet, Hermes, unshaven
 the great blind prophet, Hermes, unshaven
 Even in death - Persephone has given him wisdom
 everlasting vision to him and him alone
 the rest of the dead are empty, flitting shades,
 She said and crushed the heart inside me
 I leapt in her bed and wept. I'd no desire
 to go on living and see the rising light of day
 But once I'd had my fill of tears and wishing there
 who can pilot us on that journey? Who has ever
 reached the House of Death in a black ship?
 The hystros goddess answered, never for exploits
 Circe: 310
 Royal son of Laertes, Odysseus, born for exploits

You are tired, rest here

*Paraphrase on your own *

315 first step your mast and spread your white sail wide -
 sit back and the North Wind will speed you on your way
 But once your vessel has cut across the Ocean River
 you will raise a desolate coast and Persephone's Grove
 her tall black poplars, widows whose fruit dies young
 and make your own way down to the moderding House of Death
 Each your vessel hard by the Ocean's churning shore
 And there into Acheron the fluid of Grief, two rivers flow,
 the lament River of Fire, the wailing River of Tears
 that branches off from Styx, the Stream of Hate
 and a stark crag looms
 where the two rivers clunder down and meet.
 Once here, go forward, hero. Do as I say now.
 Dig a trench at dawn, a trench's depth and length
 and round it bank labours out to all the dead -
 first with milk and honey, and then with mellow wine
 then water third and last, and sprinkle dust upon it hard by
 over it all and you again and again to all the dead
 To the drinking, kisses spritz of their ghosts
 that once you return to Ithaca you will slaughter
 a barren heifer in your halls. The best you have
 and load a pyre with three victims - and to the pyres
 alone apart, you will offer a sleek black ram.
 the pride of all your herds. And once your prayers
 have moved the nations of the dead in their dim glory,
 slaughter a ram and black ewe, burning both their heads
 toward Crebus, but turn your head away, looking toward
 the Ocean River. Suddenly then the countless shades
 of the dead and gone will surge around you there.
 But order your men at once to lay the sheeps
 that he before you, killed by your ruthless blades
 and burn them hot, and then say prayers to the gods,
 to the almighty god of death and dead Persephone,
 But you - draw your sharp sword from beside your hip,
 sit down on alert there, and never let the ghosts
 of the handless, shillee dead come near that blood
 till you have questioned theseas yourself. Soon, soon
 the great seer will appear before you, captain of arms.
 Now you will see in the opening of the underworld
 the way that you cannot see in the world of men

your journey

no ghost can have the blood but travelers

tasks to meet with Tuscias - the sea

steps to get to the underworld

NOTEBOOK CHECK 9

Book 12

In Book 12, Circe revealed Odysseus's course to him, advising how he might avoid each danger. Leaving her, he sailed past the island of the Sirens, he sailed between the monster Scylla and the whirlpool Charybdis. Next they reached Thrinacia, the island of the Sun, where the Sun's sheep and cattle grazed. Zeus later avenged the Sun (Helios) by dashing Odysseus' ship in storm; only Odysseus survived, drifting back to Charybdis on a plank and thence, after ten days, to Calypso's Ogygia. Here ends Odysseus' story to the Phaeacians.

begins Calypso's

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"Now when our ship had left the Ocean River rolling in her wake and launched out into open sea with its long swells to reach the island of Aeaea—east where the Dawn forever young has home and dancing-rings and the Sun his risings— heading in we beached our craft on the sands the crews swung out on the low sloping shore and there we fell asleep, awaiting Dawn's first light. As soon as Dawn with her rose-red fingers shone again I dispatched some men to Circe's halls to bring the dead Elpenor's body. We cut logs in haste and out on the island's sharpest jutting headland held his funeral rites in sorrow, streaming tears. Once we'd burned the dead man and the dead man's armor, heaping his grave mound, hauling a stone that coped it well we planted his balanced oar aloft to crown his tomb. And so we saw to his rites, each step in turn. Nor did our coming back from Death escape Circe— she hurried toward us, decked in rich regalia, handmaids following close with trays of bread and meats galore and glinting ruddy wine. And the lustrous goddess, standing in our midst, hailed us warmly, 'Ah my darling, reckless friends! You who ventured down to the House of Death alive, doomed to die twice over—others die just once. Come, take some food and drink some wine, rest here the levelong day and then tomorrow at daybreak, you must sail. But I will set you a course and chart each searack so neither on sea nor land will some new trap ensnare you in trouble, make you suffer more.' Her foresight won our lightning spirits over. So all that day till the sun went down we sat and feasted on sides of meat and heady wine, and then when the sun had set and night came on the men lay down to sleep by the ship's stern-cables. But Circe, taking me by the hand, drew me away from all my shipmates there and sat me down and lying beside me probed me for details. I told her the whole story, start to finish: then the queenly goddess laid my course: 'Your descent to the dead is over, true, but listen closely to what I tell you now and god himself will bring it back to mind. First you will raise the island of the Sirens, those creatures who spellbind any man alive, whoever comes their way. Whoever draws too close,

personification of Dawn
CIRCE

Odysseus goes back to Circe to bury his crewman who he met up w/ in the underworld (loyalty)

Circe takes care of them providing them w/ food and drink as they have survived their trip to the underworld

speaks to Odysseus alone and gives him a warning about the Sirens, Charybdis, Scylla, and Helios

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off guard, and catches the Sirens' voices in the air— no sailing home for him, no wife rising to meet him, no happy children beaming up at their father's face. The high, thrilling song of the Sirens will transfix him, lolling there in their meadow, round them heaps of corpses, rotting away, rags of skin shriveling on their bones... Race straight past that coast! Soften some beeswax and stop your shipmates' ears so none can hear, none of the crew, but if you are bent on hearing, have them tie you hand and foot in the swift ship, erect at the mast-block, lashed by ropes to the mast so you can hear the Sirens' song to your heart's content. But if you plead, commanding your men to set you free, then they must lash you faster, rope on rope. But once your crew has rowed you past the Sirens a choice of routes is yours. I cannot advise you which to take, or lead you through it all— you must decide for yourself— but I can tell you the ways of either course. On one side beetling cliffs shoot up, and against them pound the huge roaring breakers of blue-eyed Amphitrite the Clashing Rocks they're called by all the blissful gods. Not even birds can escape them, no, not even the doves that veer and fly ambrosia home to father Zeus: even of those the sheer Rocks always pick off one and father wings one more to keep the number up. No ship of men has ever approached and skipped past— always some disaster—big timbers and sailors' corpses whirled away by the waves and lethal blasts of fire. The ship alone, one deep-sea craft sailed clear: the Argo, sung by the world, when heading home from Aetetes' shores. And she would have crashed against those giant rocks and sunk at once if Hera, for love of Jason, had not sped her through. On the other side loom two enormous crags... One thrusts into the vaulting sky its jagged peak, hooded round with a dark cloud that never leaves— no clear bright air can ever bathe its crown, not even in summer's heat or harvest-time. No man on earth could scale it, mount its crest not even with twenty hands and twenty feet for climbing; the rock's so smooth, like dressed and burnished stone. And halfway up that cliffside stands a fog-bound cavern, gaping west toward Erebus, realm of death and darkness— past it, great Odysseus, you should steer your ship. No rugged young archer could hit that yawning cave with a winged arrow shot from off its decks. Scylla lurks inside it—the yelping horror, yelping, no louder than any suckling pup, but she's a grisly monster, I assure you. No one could look on her with any joy, not even a god who meets her face-to-face. She has twelve legs, all writhing, dangling down

She tells him how to get past the fatal Sirens and their deadly song— and she gives him the idea of how to hear them as no man alive has ever done

after the Sirens, you must make a choice

Charybdis — lethal whirlpool — almost certain all of your men will die

or

Scylla — the six-headed monster

no one has gotten through it unharmed

1100 and six long swaying necks a hideous head on each
 each head bedded with a triple row of long thick scales
 pected tight - turned to the left with black death
 hold up in the cavern's bowels from her waist down
 she stooped out her heads out of that terrifying pit
 for dolphins, dolphins or any bigger quarry she can dig
 from the thousands Amphitrite spawns in green seas.
 Ho warriors yet can boast they've raced their ship
 past Scylla's hair without some mortal blow -
 with each of her six heads she snatches up
 a man from the dark-prowed craft and whisks him off.
 The other crew is lower - you will see Polydorus -
 though both he and Polydorus are arrow-shot apart.
 Alop it a great big tree rises, shaggy with leaves.
 beneath it a awesome thicket grows that dark water down
 three lanes a day she vomits it up, three times she gulps it down
 that terror don't be there when the whirlpool swallows down -
 not even the earthquake god could save you from disaster.
 Ho, ho, Scylla's crew - sail on past her - top speed!
 Better by far to lose six men and keep your ship
 than lose your entire crew.

every one of the crew will die

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the sun god, Helios's
 another warning to leave
 sun gods around

only his mother can stop
 just run
 she can stop the monster's next attack!

do not try to fight her.
 she will shake you again.

you're a flying
 nest to lose anything

you're one side @ the other side
 whenever

she will eat out of your
 man

description of Scylla

And even if you escape, you'll come home late.
 At these words Lamus rose on her golden throne
 and lustrous Circe made her way back up the island
 I went straight to my ship, commanding all hands
 to take to the decks and cast all cables quickly.
 They swung aboard at once, they sat to the oars in ranks
 and in rhythm chanted the water white with stroke on stroke.
 And Circe the nymph chimed the words, the awesome one
 who speaks with human voice, sent us a hardy shipmate.
 Yes, a fresh following wind puffing up in our wake,
 bellying out our sail to drive our blue prow on as we,
 securing the ruminating gear from stem to stern, sat back
 while the wind and helmsman kept her true on course.
 Friends - it's wrong for any one or two
 to know the revelations that lovely Circe
 made to me alone. I'll tell you all.
 So we can die with our eyes wide open now
 or escape our fate and certain death together.
 First she warns: we must steer clear of the Sirens.
 Their enchanting song, their meadow started with flowers,
 I alone was to hear their voices, so she said.
 But you must bind me with light chialing ropes
 so I cannot move a muscle, bound to the spot.
 And if I plead, commanding you to set me free,
 then lash me faster, rope on pressing rope.
 So I informed my shipmates point by point.
 All the while our trim ship was speeding toward
 the Sirens' island driven on by the brisk wind.
 But then - the wind fell in an instant.
 A mysterious power hushed the heavenly waters
 and the eastern heapt to their feet struck the sail.
 I stowed it deep in the hold and sat to the oarlocks,
 thrashing with polished oars, rubbing the water while
 now with a sharp sword I steered an ample wheel of becwars
 down to pieces, headed them in my two strong hands
 and the way soon grew soft, worked by my strength.
 and Helios' burning rays, the sun at high noon,
 and I stopped the ears of my comrades one by one.
 They bound me hand and foot in the tight ship -
 erect at the mast, black, lashed by ropes to the mast.
 We were just offshore as far as a man's shout can carry.
 scudding close, when the Sirens sensed at once a ship
 was racing past and burst into their high, thrilling song.
 "Come closer, Lamus Polydorus - Achaea's pride and glory,
 more your ship on our coast so you can hear our song!
 Never has any sailor passed our shores in his black craft
 until he has heard the honeyed voices pouring from our lips
 and once he hears to his heart's content sails on a wiser man
 your ship paid you a man destined as well!"

the Sirens from
 about the Sirens
 and the plan
 from above

to my crew
 "not me, fold me"

they leave
 Epitaph

Strewn songs
 for
 Odysseus

We know all the pains that Achaeans and Trojans once endured
 on the spreading plain of Troy when the gods willed it so—
 all that comes to pass on the fertile earth, we know it all!
 So they sent their ravishing voices out across the air
 and the heart inside me throbbed to listen longer.
 I signaled the crew with frowns to set me free—
 they lunged themselves at the oars and rowed on harder.
 Permeides and Eurylochus springing up at once
 to bind me faster with rope on chafing rope.
 But once we'd left the Sirens fading in our wake,
 once we could hear their song no more, their urgent call—
 my steadfast crew was quick to remove the wax I'd used
 to seal their ears and loosed the bonds that lashed me.
 We'd scarcely put that island astern when suddenly
 I saw smoke and heavy breakers, heard their booming thunder.
 The men were terrified—oarblades flew from their grip,
 clattering down to splash in the vessel's wash.
 She lay there, dead in the water...
 no hands to tug the blades that drove her on.
 But I strode down the decks to rouse my crewmen,
 trailing beside each one with a bracing, winning word.
 Friends, we're hardly strangers at meeting danger—
 and this danger is no worse than what we faced
 when Cyclops penned us up in his vaulted cave
 with crushing force! But even from there my courage,
 my presence of mind and tactics saved us all
 and we will live to remember this someday.
 I have no doubt. Up now, follow my orders,
 all of us work as one! You men at the thwarts—
 lay on with your oars and strike the heaving swells,
 trusting that Zeus will pull us through these straits alive.
 You, helmsman, here's your order—burn it in your mind—
 the steering oar of our rolling ship is in your hands.
 Keep her clear of that smoke and surging breakers,
 head for those crags or she'll catch you off guard,
 she'll yaw over there—you'll plunge us all in ruin!
 So I shouted. They snapped to each command.
 No mention of Scylla—how to fight that nightmare?
 For fear the men would panic, desert their oars
 and huddle down and stow themselves away.
 But now I cleared my mind of Circe's orders—
 cramping my style, urging me not to arm at all.
 I donned my heroic armor, seized long spears
 in both my hands and marched out on the half-deck,
 forward, hoping from there to catch the first glimpse
 of Scylla, ghoul of the cliffs, swooping to kill my men.
 But nowhere could I make her out—and my eyes ached,
 scanning that mist-bound rock face top to bottom.
 How wailing in fear we rowed on up those straits.
 Scylla to starboard, dreaded Charybdis off to port,
 her horrible whirlpool gulping the sea-surge down, down
 but when she spewed it up—like a cauldron over a raging fire—
 all her churning depths would seethe and heave—exploding spray

he and his crew
 make it past - they
 are loyal to him

They see Charybdis and
 and want to turn back
 but Odysseus knows
 (from Circe) that
 through this straight—
 is the only way
 home. Even though
 he knows that some of
 them will die -
 he doesn't tell
 them.

he fights her despite
 Circe's warning
 simile

260 showering down to splatter* the peaks of both crags at once:
 But when she swallowed the sea-surge down her gaping maw
 the whole abyss lay bare and the rocks around her roared
 terrible, deafening—
 bedrock showed down deep, boiling
 black with sand—
 265 and ashen terror gripped the men.
 But now, fearing death, all eyes fixed on Charybdis—
 now Scylla snatched six men from our hollow ship,
 the toughest, strongest hands I had, and glancing
 backward over the decks, searching for my crew
 270 I could see their hands and feet already hoisted,
 flailing, high, higher, over my head, look—
 wailing down at me, comrades riven in agony,
 shrieking out my name for one last time!
 Just as an angler poised on a jutting rock
 275 flings his treacherous bait in the offshore swell,
 whips his long rod—hook sheathed in an oxbow lure—
 and whisks up little fish he flips on the beach-break,
 writhing, gasping out their lives... so now they writhed,
 gasping as Scylla swung them up her cliff and there
 280 at her cavern's mouth she bolted them down raw—
 screaming out, flinging their arms toward me,
 lost in that mortal struggle...
 Of all the pitiful things I've had to witness,
 suffering, searching out the pathways of the sea,
 285 this wrenched my heart the most.
 But now, at last
 putting the Rocks, Scylla and dread Charybdis far astern,
 we quickly reached the good green island of the Sun
 where Helios, lord Hyperion, keeps his fine cattle,
 broad in the brow, and flocks of purebred sheep.
 290 Still aboard my black ship in the open sea
 I could hear the lowing cattle driven home,
 the bleating sheep. And I was struck once more
 by the words of the blind Theban prophet, Tiresias,
 295 and Aeacan Circe too: time and again they told me
 to shun this island of the Sun, the joy of man.
 So I warned my shipmates gravely, sick at heart,
 Listen to me, my comrades, brothers in hardship,
 300 let me tell you the dire prophecies of Tiresias
 and Aeacan Circe too: time and again they told me
 to shun this island of the Sun, the joy of man.
 Here, they warned, the worst disaster awaits us.
 Row straight past these shores—race our black ship on!
 So I said, and the warnings broke their hearts.
 305 E But Eurylochus waded in at once—with melody on his mind:
 You're a hard man, Odysseus, your fighting spirit's
 stronger than ours, your stamina never fails.
 You must be made of iron head to foot. Look,
 your crew's half-dead with labor, starved for sleep,
 310 and you forbid us to set foot on land. This island here
 washed by the waves, where we might catch a decent meal again.

Charybdis
 description 15-40

epic simile
 he pushed them
 forward anyway

this makes him
 hurt the most

he remembers Circe/Tiresias
 warnings

They land on
 the island of the
 Sun God
 (fired, sad, and)
 hungry

can't you see how tired
 we are? how hungry?
 We need to stop.

14:56

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365 If only one might show me some way home!
 I raised my hands in a shattered spot, a windbreak
 I had soon as I prayed to all the gods who rule Olympus.
 I found my hands in a sweet sound sleep
 as Eurylochus opened up his fatal plan to friends.
 Listen to me, my comrades, brothers in hardship,
 All ways of dying are hateful to us poor mortals
 here, but to die of hunger, slaves to death—
 that's the worst of all. So up with you now,
 let's drive off the pack of Helios' sleek herds,
 slaughter them to the gods who rule the skies up there.
 If we ever make it home to Ithaca, native ground,
 erect at once a glorious temple to the Sun-god,
 line the walls with hearts of dazzling gold!
 But the Sun will flame for his longhorn gifts!
 means to wreck our ship and the other gods pick in—
 I'd rather die of sea with one deep gulp of death
 than die by inches on this desolate island here!
 So he urged, and shipmates cheer'd again.
 At once they drove off the Sun-god's finest cattle—
 close at hand, not far from the blue-primed ship they grazed.
 those splendid beasts with their broad brows and curving horns
 Sturmius, the man in rags, they lifted prayers to the gods,
 placing fresh green leaves from a tall oak for the fire,
 space with the long-bay barrow was long gone in the ship.
 Each they I pray'd, slaughter'd and skinn'd the cattle
 to eat. They I pray'd, slaughter'd and skinn'd the round fat
 And since they had no wine to anoint the glowing victims,
 they made libations with water, bringing all the horns
 and once they'd burnt the bones and laced the organs—
 hacked the rest into pieces, percing them with spits.
 That moment scolding slumber fell from men's eyes
 and down with went to our ship at the water's edge
 but on my way, hearing the long beaked craft
 the smoky savor of roasts came floating up around me.
 I gazed in anguish, crying out to the deathless gods:
 "Father Zeus! the rest of you listful gods who never die—
 you will with your fatal sleep, you bled me into disaster
 my crew concocted!"
 Duct as a flesh
 with their shining robes I impudently sped the news
 to the Sun on high that we had lited his herds,
 and Helios burst out in rage to all the immortals
 Father Zeus! the rest of you listful gods who never die—
 punish them all that crew of Icarus' son Ulysses—
 what an outrage! They, they, they, they, they, they,
 the great joy of my heart— day in, day out,
 when I climb'd the stony stairs and when I wheel'd
 back down from the heights to touch the earth once more,
 unless they pay me back in blood for the butchery of my herds.

They are exhausted, dazed, faint,
 and staring like them to
 stay on Helios's island
 (w/ the cattle that everyone
 has wanted Ulysses
 compares it overwinded
 by his crew, as they
 stay, but the matter
 fresh promise just
 to form the heads
 of Helios
 crew at the border
 from shipmates
 winds blowing inland for
 a month and they
 ran out of the food
 stars from cow

Ulysses goes to pray
 to the gods for help
 to get off the island,
 but the powers
 of the gods
 Ulysses schemes
 to go back on
 their promise
 he says it's better
 to die in hardship
 than to starve—
 they are not a
 stampede to Helios
 when they get home
 Ulysses notices
 and blames the
 gods for making
 him sleep through
 Helios threaten to take
 the sun to the underworld
 if Ulysses doesn't pay

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420 down I go to the House of Death and blaze among the dead!
 But Zeus who marshals the thunderheads insisted.
 'Surr, you keep on shining among the deathless gods
 and mortal men across the good green earth
 And as for the guilty ones, why, soon enough
 on the wine-dark sea I'll hit their racing ship
 with a white-hot bolt, I'll tear it into splinters'
 425 -Or so I heard from the lovely nymph Calypso,
 who heard it herself, she said, from Hermes, god of guides.
 As soon as I reached our ship at the water's edge
 I took the men to task, upbraiding each in turn,
 but how to set things right? We couldn't find a way.
 430 The cattle were dead already...
 and the gods soon showed us all some fateful signs -
 the hides began to crawl, the meat, both raw and roasted,
 bellowed out on the spits, and we heard a noise
 like the moan of lowing oxen.
 435 Yet six more days
 my eager companions feasted on the cattle of the Sun,
 the pick of the herds they'd driven off, but then,
 when Cronus Zeus brought on the seventh day,
 the wind in its ceaseless raging dropped at last
 and stepping the mast at once, hoisting the white sail
 we boarded ship and launched her, made for open sea.
 But once we'd left that island in our wake -
 no land at all in sight, nothing but sea and sky -
 445 then Zeus the son of Cronus mounted a thunderhead
 above our hollow ship and the deep went black beneath it.
 Nor did the craft scud on much longer. All of a sudden
 killer-squalls attacked us, screaming out of the west,
 a murderous blast shearing the two forestays off
 so the mast toppled backward, its running tackle spilling
 450 into the brigs. The mast itself went crashing into the stern,
 it struck the helmsman's head and crushed his skull to pulp,
 and down from his deck the man flipped like a diver -
 his hardy life spirit left his bones behind.
 Then, then in the same breath Zeus hit the craft
 with a lightning-bolt and thunder. Round she spun,
 reeling under the impact, filled with reeking brimstone,
 shipmates pitching out of her bobbing round like seahawks
 swept along by the whitecaps past the trim black hull -
 and the god cut short their journey home forever.
 460 But I went lurching along our battered hull
 till the sea-surge ripped the plankings from the keel
 and the waves swirled it away, stripped bare, and snapped
 the mast from the decks - but a backstay made of bull's hide
 still held fast, and with this I lashed the mast and keel
 465 together, made them one, riding my makeshift raft
 as the wretched galewinds bore me on and on.
 At last the West Wind quit its wild rage
 but the South came on at once to hound me even more,
 making me double back my route toward cruel Charybdis.
 470 All night long I was rushed back, and then at break of day

Zeus says he will take care of it.

Calypso told him this part of the story later (remember Calypso is retelling the story) they went insane

7 days later, Zeus "dropped" the winds and they set off at sea - Then Zeus brought a raging storm upon them - the ship began to tear apart.

Zeus hits the ship w/a lightning bolt - it explodes *everyone drowns but Odysseus

He makes a raft - then floats back toward Charybdis (o)

epic simile

he hangs on to the fig tree while Charybdis gulps his raft down -

later it comes back up and he floats past Scylla -

nine days later he lands on Calypso's island and stays there for seven years - now he is in Phaeacia, telling this story.

475 I reached the crag of Scylla and dire Charybdis' vortex
 right when the dreadful whirlpool gulped the salt sea down
 But heaving myself aloft to clutch at the fig-tree's height,
 like a bat I clung to its trunk for dear life - not a chance
 for a good firm foothold there, no clambering up it either,
 the roots too far to reach, the boughs too high overhead,
 huge swaying branches that overshadowed Charybdis.
 But I held on, dead set - waiting for her
 480 to vomit my mast and keel back up again -
 Oh how I ached for both! and back they came,
 late but at last, at just the hour a judge at court,
 who's settled the countless suits of brash young claimants,
 rises, the day's work done, and turns home for supper -
 485 that's when the timbers reared back up from Charybdis.
 I let go - I plunged with my hands and feet flailing,
 crashing into the waves beside those great beams
 and scrambling aboard them last
 I rowed hard with my hands right through the straits...
 And the father of men and gods did not let Scylla see me,
 490 else I'd have died on the spot - no escape from death.
 I drifted along nine days. On the tenth, at night,
 the gods cast me up on Ogygia, Calypso's island,
 home of the dangerous nymph with glossy braids
 who speaks with human voice, and she took me in,
 495 she loved me... Why cover the same ground again?
 Just yesterday, here at hail, I told you all the rest
 you and your gracious wife. It goes against my grain
 to repeat a tale told once, and told so clearly."

62

Activity Three: Pair Discussion

In pairs, discuss the following questions, and write your answers in the space below.

1. What is the significance of each trial in shaping Odysseus's character?
2. How does each trial teach Odysseus to value his home?
3. How does each trial represent universal human experience?

NOTEBOOK CHECK 10

Considering Different Points of View
Using Homer's *The Odyssey*
Grade 9

Activity One: Analyzing a Prompt

In Books Nine through Twelve of *The Odyssey*, Odysseus, the King of Ithaca, recounts his adventures and trials as he and his men attempt to return home after the Trojan War. As his tale unfolds, readers can trace his development as a character.

In a well-supported response, compare Odysseus's version of events in the traditional epic to Margaret Atwood's modern adaptation of Odysseus's character in her poem "Siren Song." In your comparison, consider how each writer depicts Odysseus's character.

1. What is the topic of your essay?
2. What task is the prompt asking you to complete?
3. What elements will you need to consider as you read the texts?
4. What were some of the traditional gender roles of the ancient Greeks and Romans? Complete the graphic organizer below.

MEN	WOMEN

5. How would a poem written by a feminist poet in the twentieth century shed new light on the character of Odysseus?

Activity Two: Analyzing the Representation of a Subject in Multiple Media

For Books Nine - Twelve, there are many renditions of various artists' representations of the scenes. Study each painting closely, and answer the questions that accompany each piece. Before you begin this activity, you might want to review your graphic organizer from the lesson "Connecting Characterization to Theme."

BOOK NINE, "In the One-Eyed Giant's Cave"



Arnold Böcklin, *Odysseus and Polyphemus* (1896)

1. Write a brief description of the scene depicted in the painting.

2. Using the words that you used to describe the mood of the painting, complete the following statement:

While Odysseus is _____, the others in the painting are _____.

The mood of the painting can be described as _____, which communicates the idea that _____.

BOOK TEN, "The Bewitching Queen of Aegae"



John Williams Waterhouse, *Circe* (1911)

1. Write a brief description of the scene depicted in the painting.

2. Using the words that you used to describe the mood of the painting, complete the following statement:

While Circe is _____ the others in the painting are _____. The

mood of the painting can be described as _____ which communicates the idea that _____

BOOK ELEVEN, "The Land of the Dead"



Henri Fuseli, *Teresias Foretells the Future to Odysseus*. (1780-1785)

1. Write a brief description of the scene depicted in the painting.

2. Using the words that you used to describe the mood of the painting, complete the following statement:

While Odysseus is _____, the others in the painting are _____.

The mood of the painting can be described as _____, which communicates the idea that _____.

BOOK TWELVE, "The Cattle of the Sun"



John William Waterhouse. *Ulysses and the Sirens* (1891)

1. Write a brief description of the scene depicted in the painting.

2. Using the words that you used to describe the mood of the painting, complete the following statement:

While Ulysses is _____ the others in the painting are _____

The mood of the painting can be described as _____ which communicates the idea that _____

Activity Three: Theme in Visual Depictions

Theme is the central message in a literary work or a piece of art. A **thematic idea** is a word that describes some aspect of the human condition examined by the work. A **thematic statement** is a sentence that describes how the author's or artist's vision about the human condition is revealed.

Thematic statements should...

- Be declarative sentences.
- Be universal in nature; they should not be bound by time period, genre, culture, etc.
- Reveal truths about human nature.

Read the themes below from past works that you might have read.

Major Work	Possible Theme
<i>The Giver</i>	To have a perfect society, people must sacrifice their individuality.
<i>The Call of the Wild</i>	Often how someone treats an animal exhibits his true character.
<i>Fahrenheit 451</i>	One of the most dangerous qualities of a controlling society is keeping citizens illiterate.
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	Our reaction to conflict dictates our outcomes.
<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>	Bravery is standing up for what is right even if others condemn one for it.

After studying the art pieces, use the Theme Resource to choose one thematic topic for Books Ten through Twelve. Then write a thematic statement for each book. Book Nine has been done for you as an example.

	Thematic Topic	Thematic Statement
Book 9	Bravery Hubris Ingenuity Foolishness	<i>Even if an enemy deserves retribution, gloating about victory can bring dire consequences.</i>
Book 10		
Book 11		
Book 12		

Tip: Try adding a qualifying clause (when, because, unless, even, so that, whether, if, etc.) to further elaborate on your claim. Example from Fahrenheit 451: If citizens are not allowed to read, their freedom is limited.

NOTEBOOK CHECK 11 [DYO]

Activity Four: Considering Different Points of View

Read the excerpts from *The Odyssey* below. Follow the instructions below as you annotate:

1. For your first reading, define the terms that have been boxed for you. Write a synonym or definition directly above the boxed word. Then, use a handbook of mythological terms or the Internet to look up background information for the shaded term. Write the explanation directly above the term.
2. Finally, use the questions on the right side of the text to guide you as you record your insights and impressions about the text.

Excerpt 1: Circe's Instructions

After his sojourn to the Land of the Dead, *Odysseus* returns to Circe, who gives him advice on how to manage his journey home. Consider her explicit instructions to *Odysseus*.

<p>1 But Circe ... sat me down and ... probed me for details. I told her the whole story, start to finish, then the queeny goddess laid my course: 'Your descent to the dead is over, true, but listen closely to what I tell you now and god himself will bring it back to mind. First you will raise the island of the Sirens, those creatures who <u>spellbind any man alive</u>, whoever comes their way. Whoever draws too close, <u>off guard</u>, and catches the Sirens' voices in the air— no sailing home for him, no wife rising to meet him, no happy children beaming up at their father's face. The high, thrilling song of the Sirens will <u>ransack him</u>, lolling there in their meadow, round them <u>heaps of corpses</u> <u>cutting away, cage or skin, striking on their bones ...</u></p>	<p>What is <i>Odysseus's</i> next obstacle? He and his men must encounter the Sirens — evil creatures who tempt men to turn back. Highlight <u>direction</u> that characterizes the Sirens throughout the passage. What is the effect?</p>
<p>10 Race straight past that coast! Soften some beeswax and stop your shipmates' ears so none can hear, none of the crew, but if you are bent on hearing, have them tie you hand and foot in the swift ship, erect at the mast-block, fished by ropes to the mast so you can hear the Sirens' song to your heart's content. But if you plead, commanding your men to set you free, then they must lash you faster, rope on rope.</p>	<p>Highlight all of the imperative sentences. What is the effect? <u>strong advice</u></p> <p>Does <i>Odysseus</i> have to listen to the Sirens' song? Explain. <u>once realized how stubborn <i>Odysseus</i> is.</u></p>



Excerpt 1: Circe's Instructions

What is the tone of this passage from the poem? _____ yet _____

Use the chart below to justify your selection of tone:

Textual Evidence	Commentary
<p>Highlight evidence of tone in the text</p>	

From what point of view is this section of the tale told? _____

What effect does this point of view have on the reader?

Why would the author feel this point of view was most effective for this passage?

What other literary devices are used by this author? What is the effect?

Device(s)	Effect on Meaning
<p>make note in the text</p>	

Excerpt 2: Odysseus's Version

Read the excerpt in which Odysseus tells his spellbound audience about his encounter with the Sirens. Consider how his version differs from Circe's instructions.

<p>1 They swung aboard at once, they sat to the oars in ranks and in rhythm churned the water white with stroke on stroke. And Circe the nymph with glossy braids, the awesome one who speaks with human voice, sent us a hardy shipmate, 5 yes, a fresh following wind ruffling up in our wake, bellying out our sail to drive our blue prow on as we, securing the running gear from stern to stern, sat back while the wind and helmsman kept her true on course. At last, and sure at heart, I told my shipmates, 10 'Friends ... it's wrong for only one or two to know the revelations that lovely Circe made to me alone. I'll tell you all, so we can die with our eyes wide open now or escape our fate and certain death together. 15 First, she warns, we must steer clear of the Sirens, their enchanting song, their meadow starred with flowers. I alone was to hear their voices, so she said, but you must bind me with tight chafing ropes so I cannot move a muscle, bound to the spot, 20 erect at the mast-block, lashed by ropes to the mast. And if I plead, commanding you to set me free, then lash me faster, rope on pressing rope.' So I informed my shipmates point by point, all the while our trim ship was speeding toward 25 the Sirens' island, driven on by the brisk wind. But then—the wind fell in an instant, all glazed to a dead calm ... a mysterious power hushed the heaving swells.</p> <p>30 The oarsmen leapt to their feet, struck the sail stowed it deep in the hold and sat to the oarlocks, thrashing with polished oars, frothing the water white. Now with a sharp sword I sliced an ample wheel of beeswax</p>	<p>Identify the two epithets in this paragraph.</p> <p>What kind of mood is set in this first paragraph?</p> <p>How is Odysseus's version the same as Circe's instructions? Different?</p> <p>What patterns of diction do you notice in this excerpt? What is the effect?</p> <p>What kind of mood is set in this paragraph?</p> <p>Mark the diction that Odysseus uses to describe his actions. What</p>
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is the effect?

down into pieces, kneaded them in my two strong hands
and the wax soon grew soft, worked by my strength
and Helios' burning rays, the sun at high noon,
and I stopped the ears of my comrades one by one.

35

They bound me hand and foot in the tight ship—
lashed by ropes to the mast—

and rowed and churned the whitecaps stroke on stroke.

We were just offshore as far as a man's shout can carry,
scudding close, when the Sirens sensed at once a ship
was racing past and burst into their high, thrilling song:

40

'Come closer, famous Odysseus—Achaea's pride and glory—
moor your ship on our coast so you can hear our song!

Never has any sailor passed our shores in his black craft
until he has heard the honeyed voices pouring from our lips,
and once he hears to his heart's content sails on, a wiser man.

45

We know all the pains that Achaeans ... once endured

on the spreading plain of Troy when the gods willed it so—
all that comes to pass on the fertile earth, we know it all!

50

So they sent their ravishing voices out across the air
and the heart inside me throbbed to listen longer.

I signaled the crew with frowns to set me free—

they flung themselves at the oars and rowed on harder.

Perimedes and Eurylochus springing up at once
to bind me faster with rope on chafing rope.

55

But once we'd left the Sirens fading in our wake,

once we could hear their song no more, their urgent call—

my steadfast crew was quick to remove the wax I'd used
to seal their ears and loosed the bonds that lashed me.

60

Annotate the Sirens' song
carefully for diction and tone.

What is your impression of
Odysseus in this episode?

What are some words that help
you determine Odysseus's tone in
this excerpt?

Excerpt 2: Odysseus's Version

What is the tone of this passage from the poem? _____ yet _____

Use the chart below to justify your selection of tone:

Textual Evidence	Commentary
highlight evidence of tone.	in the text.

From what point of view is this section of the tale told? _____

What effect does this point of view have on the reader?

Why would the author feel this point of view was most effective for this passage?

What other literary devices are used by this author? What is the effect?

Device(s)	Effect on Meaning
make note in the text	

Activity Five: Connecting Syntax to Meaning

Odysseus tends to make his version of the story very dramatic. Part of what makes his tale compelling is the syntax—the arrangement of words and sentences—that Homer chooses. Using the Clause and Phrase Toolbox, complete the following exercises.

1. And Circe the nymph with glossy braids, the awesome one who speaks with human voice, sent us a hardy shipmate, yes, a fresh following wind ruffling up in our wake, bellying out our sail to drive our blue prow on as we, securing the running gear from stern to stern, sat back while the wind and helmsman kept her true on course.

What kind of phrases are used in the underlined portion of the text? _____

What is the effect of these phrases? _____

2. And Circe the nymph with glossy braids, the awesome one who speaks with human voice, sent us a hardy shipmate, yes, a fresh following wind ruffling up in our wake, bellying out our sail to drive our blue prow on as we, securing the running gear from stern to stern, sat back while the wind and helmsman kept her true on course.

What kind of phrases are used in the underlined portion of the text? _____

What is the effect of these phrases? _____

NOTEBOOK CHECK 12

Activity Six: Reading a Modern Adaptation of the Text: "Siren Song"
 Using the TP-CAST strategy, read and annotate the poem "Siren Song" written by contemporary feminist poet Margaret Atwood, which is written from the point of view of one of the Sirens. Consider how the point of view is different from Odysseus's in the classic tale.

P. Billematic Ideas

<p>Title <i>Siren Song</i> about the song they sing</p> <p>Paragraphs/Summary</p>	<p>1 This is the one song everyone would like to learn: the song that is irresistible.</p> <p>5 the song that forces men to leap overboard in squadrons even though they see beached skulls</p> <p>the song nobody knows because anyone who had heard it is dead, and the others can't remember.</p> <p>10 Shall I tell you the secret and if I do, will you get me out of this blind suit? I don't enjoy it here squating on this island looking picturesque and mythical with these two feathery maniacs. I don't enjoy singing this trio, fatal and valuable.</p> <p>15 I will tell the secret to you, to you, only to you! repetition (come closer). This song is a cry for help: Help me! Only you, only you can, you are unique</p> <p>20 at last, alas it is a luring song but it works every time.</p>
<p>Connotative Diction/Effect</p>	<p>appeal to ready to someone and person</p>
<p>Attitude/Tone</p>	<p>sarcastic calm casual</p>
<p>Shift/Syntax</p>	<p>repetition</p>
<p>Title <i>The poem is</i> the song is what is the reader wants to know</p> <p>Theme it is important to think before one acts, peaking, temptation, dangerous.</p>	<p>at last, alas it is a luring song but it works every time. sarcastic about 3rd person all feather fucks</p>

"Siren Song"

What is the tone of this poem? Casual yet intense

Use the chart below to justify your selection of tone:

Textual Evidence	Commentary
Highlight evidence of tone in the text	evidence

From what point of view is this section of the tale told? Authors

What effect does this point of view have on the reader?

trickery: the reader is fooled

Why would the author feel this point of view was most effective for this passage?

What other literary devices are used by this author? What is the effect?

Device(s)	Effect on Meaning
make notes in the text	

NOTEBOOK CHECK 13 X

Writing a Compare/Contrast Response
Using Homer's *The Odyssey*
Grade 9

Activity One: Analyzing a Prompt

In Books Nine through Twelve of *The Odyssey*, Odysseus, the King of Ithaca, recounts his adventures and trials as he and his men attempt to return home after the Trojan War. As his tale unfolds, readers can trace his development as a character.

In a well-supported response, compare Odysseus's version of events in the traditional epic to Margaret Atwood's modern adaptation of Odysseus's character in her poem "Siren Song." In your comparison, consider how each writer depicts Odysseus's character.

1. What is the topic of your essay?
2. What task is the prompt asking you to complete?
3. What elements will you need to consider?

on the
test
BONUS STAMP

Activity Two: Compare and Contrast

1. Are the tones of the texts more similar or more different? Explain your response.

2. Are the points of view of both texts more similar or more different? Explain.

3. What is Odysseus' view of the Sirens? How does he feel about them? Cite evidence to support your assertions.

Assertion	Evidence

4. What is the Siren's view of her victims? Cite evidence to support your assertions.

Assertion	Evidence

Activity Three: Writing a Thesis Statement for a Compare/Contrast Essay

Like thesis statements for literary analysis papers, a thesis statement for a compare/contrast essay answers the question of the writing prompt and expresses your position on an interpretation of a particular subject. However, compare/contrast thesis statements need to include additional information to help your readers understand the direction of your essay.

In order to write a compare/contrast thesis statement for this essay, you must include

- the elements you are comparing (point and view, tone, and characterization).
- a statement that demonstrates how the modern author transforms the character of Odysseus.

When writing your thesis statement, do not simply state that the two authors/styles are alike or different. Instead, use your thesis statement to identify why the comparison is useful or important to understand. You want your readers to understand how comparing or contrasting these items helps them better understand the characters, tones, or themes of both literary works.

Now, look back at the prompt for your assignment. Write your own thesis statement to answer the prompt. You can use the template below to help you.

Thesis Template:

While Odysseus presents himself as _____ and _____ (adjective) (adjective)

Margaret Atwood _____ the reader's understanding of _____ (changes, adapts, adjusts, modifies, challenges)

Odysseus's character by _____ (Explain how Atwood has changed Odysseus's story for her modern audience)

Summary: Book 13

The account of his wanderings now finished, Odysseus looks forward to leaving. The next day, Alcinous loads his gifts on board the ship that will carry Odysseus to Ithaca. He sleeps the whole night and remains asleep even when the ship lands the next morning. The crew gently carries him and his gifts to shore and then sails for home.

When Poseidon spots Odysseus in Ithaca, he becomes enraged at the Phaeacians for assisting his nemesis. He complains to Zeus, who allows him to punish the Phaeacians. Just as their ship is pulling into harbor on the island, the prophecy mentioned at the end of Book 8 is fulfilled: the ship suddenly turns to stone and sinks to the bottom of the sea. The onlookers ashore immediately recognize the consummation of the prophecy and resolve to abandon their custom of helping wayward travelers.

Back in Ithaca, Odysseus wakes to find a country that he doesn't recognize, for Athena has shrouded it in mist to conceal its true form while she plans his next move. At first, he curses the Phaeacians, whom he thinks have duped him and left him in some unknown land. But Athena, disguised as a shepherd, meets him and tells him that he is indeed in Ithaca. With characteristic cunning, Odysseus acts to conceal his identity from her until she reveals hers. Delighted by Odysseus's tricks, Athena announces that it is time for Odysseus to use his wits to punish the suitors. She tells him to hide out in the hut of his swineherd, Eumaeus. She informs him that Telemachus has gone in search of news of him and gives him the appearance of an old vagabond so that no one will recognize him.

What things do the Phaeacians give Odysseus?

The Phaeacians, in a lavish gesture of hospitality, offer drink offerings on Odysseus's behalf, and they provide him with new clothing, food and drink, a ship, a crew, and treasure to take home.

What happens to Odysseus when he gets on the ship?

Odysseus immediately falls asleep.

What action does Poseidon take, and why?

Because of his anger toward Odysseus, Poseidon decides to punish the Phaeacians for being too hospitable toward this wanderer who has offended the god of the sea so intensely. When the ship is racing back to port, Poseidon turns it to stone, blocking their port.

About what is Odysseus confused when he arrives on Ithaca?

Odysseus doesn't recognize the land when he arrives home.

Describe the encounter between Athena and Odysseus.

Odysseus encounters Athena, who tells him of the suitors and urges him to seek revenge. Athena turns Odysseus into an old beggar as a disguise.

100
100
100

NC 415

Characters and Motivations--Book Thirteen

Moore HW

As you read Book Thirteen, record the major descriptions, actions, motivations, and key quotations of Odysseus.

Description of Episode	Character Traits	Actions and Motivations	Key Quotations that Reveal Character Traits
<p>After hosting a great feast, King Alcinous pledges to have his people give Odysseus wealth, aiding him on his way back home to Ithaca.</p>	<p>Alcinous-charitable honorable hospitable Odysseus-impatient homesick</p>	<p>Alcinous wishes to help Odysseus find his home after hearing of his adventures in the last few books. He instructs his people to donate to Odysseus, offers a sacrifice to Zeus, and holds a great feast for a day. Odysseus wishes for the feasting to end because he is ready to be home</p>	<p>"Come, each of us add a sumptuous tripod, add a cauldron!..." (13.514-517) The majestic king slaughtered an ox for them to Cronus' mighty son, Zeus of the thundercloud, whose power rules the world" (13.522-527) True, but time and again Odysseus turned his face toward the radiant sun, anxious for it to set, yearning now to be gone and home once more." (13.531-533)</p>
<p>While Odysseus sleeps, the men sail him back to Ithaca and deposit him on Ithaca's shore. Poseidon talks to Zeus about this development, about which he is very unhappy.</p>	<p>Odysseus-relaxed peaceful Poseidon-vengeful angry</p>	<p>Odysseus sleeps all the way home and continues to sleep when the men deposit him on the shore of Ithaca with his newly gained treasures. Poseidon, upon seeing Odysseus safely at home, wants revenge upon the Phaeacians and speaks with Zeus about his anger at being unable to get it.</p>	<p>"First they lifted Odysseus off the decks--linen and lustrous carpet too-- and laid him down on the sand asleep, still dead to the world." (13.472-473) "Zeus, Father, I will lose all my honor now among the immortals, now there are mortal men who show me no respect." (13.485-487)</p>

<p>Poseidon sinks the Phaeacians' ship, and King Alcinous remembers a prophecy. Odysseus, awakening on Ithaca, has an important visitor, Athena, who discusses with him all that has happened on Ithaca in his absence. She helps him disguise himself as a beggar and instructs him to go speak with his swineherd first because he is still loyal to Odysseus.</p>	<p>Alcinous-remorseful, wise Poseidon-vengeful angry Odysseus-untrusting cunning wily</p>	<p>Poseidon travels to Scheria to await the Phaeacians. When he sees their ship, he turns it to stone which causes it to sink and kills all the men. Alcinous remembers that it was previously prophesied that Poseidon would wreak destruction on his people one day. Odysseus awakens. At first, he doesn't realize that he's on Ithaca because Athena has placed a gray cloud around him. She visits him, at first in disguise, and he lies about who he is because he is afraid of being tricked by her. Athena notes that this is proof of how wily and cunning he is. After realizing it is her and discussing current events in Ithaca, Athena leaves to go call Telemachus home</p>	<p>"...the earthquake god with one flat stroke of his hand struck her to stone, rooted her to the ocean floor and made for open sea..." (153-187) "Oh no—my father's prophecy years ago... it all comes home to me with a vengeance now... Hurry friends, do as I say, let us all comply: stop our convoys home for every castaway chancing on our city! As for Poseidon, sacrifice twelve bulls to the god at once." (137-294+295+294+206) "Man of misery, whose land have I lit on now? What are they here." (137-227+228) "Any man—any god who met you—would have to be some champion lying cheat to get past you for all-round craft and guile! You terrible man, foxy, ingenious, never tired of twists and tricks—so, not even here, on native soil, would you give up those wily tales that warm the cockles of your heart!" (137-329-334). "First I will transform you...But you, you make your way to the swineherd first..." (137-454, 461).</p>
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NOTEBOOK CHECK-14

Book 13 Summary

Odysseus lands on his home, Ithaca, with the help of the Phaeacians, who are punished by Poseidon for aiding his enemy. After waking from a long slumber, Odysseus awakens and does not recognize his homeland which Athena's has covered is a mist to protect him. Athena appears to Odysseus and they plan his revenge on the suitors.

- 5 His tale was over now. The Phaeacians all fell silent, hushed, his story holding them spellbound down the shadowed halls until Alcinous found the poise to say, "Odysseus, now that you have come to my bronze-floored house, my vaulted roofs, I know you won't be driven off your course, nothing can hold you back— however much you've suffered, you'll sail home. Here, friends, here's a command for one and all, you who frequent my palace day and night and drink the shining wine of kings and enjoy the harper's songs. The robes and hammered gold and a haul of other gifts you lords of our island council brought our guest— all lie packed in his polished sea-chest now. Come, each of us add a sumptuous tripod, add a cauldron! Then recover our costs with levies on the people: it's hard to afford such bounty man by man." The king's instructions met with warm applause and home they went to sleep, each in his own house.
- 20 When young Dawn with her rose-red fingers shone once more they hurried down to the ship with handsome bronze gifts, and striding along the decks, the ardent King Alcinous stowed them under the benches, shipshape, so nothing could foul the crewmen tugging at their oars.
- 25 Then back the party went to Alcinous' house and shared a royal feast.
- The majestic king
slaughtered an ox for them to Cronus' mighty son,
Zeus of the thundercloud, whose power rules the world.
30 They hurried the thighs and fell to the lordly banquet, reveling there, while in their midst the inspired bard struck up a song, Demodocus, prized by all the people. True, but time and again Odysseus turned his face toward the radiant sun, anxious for it to set, yearning now to be gone and home once more ...
- 35 As a man aches for his evening meal when all day long his brace of wine-dark oxen have dragged the bolted plowshare down a fallow field—how welcome the setting sun to him, the going home to supper, yes, though his knees buckle, struggling home at last. So welcome now to Odysseus the setting light of day, and he lost no time as he pressed Phaeacia's men who love their oars, addressing his host, Alcinous, first and foremost:
- 40 "Alcinous, majesty, shining among your island people, make your libations, launch me safely on my way—to one and all, farewell!
- 45 All is now made good, my heart's desire,
your convoy home, your precious, loving gifts,
and may the gods of Olympus bless them for me!

What things do the Phaeacians give Odysseus?

Summary
Statement

51) My I find an answering wife when I reach home
 and loved one's hale, unharm'd! And you, my friends,
 remaining here in your children's now, may your delights
 in your loyal wives and children! May the gods
 rain down all kinds of fortune on your lives.
 55 All but with apples, wine, passage home
 mistletoe never harbor in your homeland!
 for their parting guest, his farewell ring so true.
 60 "Come, Penelopes! Mix the wine in the bowl
 pour rounds to all our banqueters in the house
 can sail our new friend home to native land"
 Penelopes mixed the heady, honeyed wine
 and bawbling closely poured full rounds for all
 65 And I'm where they sat they tipped libations cut
 to the happy gods who ride the vaulting seas
 Then King Odysseus rose up from his seat
 and placing his two-eared cup in Ares's hands
 70 "Your health! my queen, through all your days to come
 pay you a visit and death that visit all mankind
 until old age and death. How I am on my way,
 but you may take joy in this house of yours."
 75 in your children, in Alcous the king!
 With that the great Odysseus straddled across the threshold
 And King Alcous sent the herald off with the guests
 to lead him down to the swift ship and foaming surf.
 80 And Ayle sent her serving women one to carry
 a sea-cloak, washed and fresh, a shirt as well
 another assigned to bear the stumpy chest
 and a third to take the bread and ruddy wine.
 85 When they reached the ship at the water's edge
 the royal escorts took charge of the gifts at once
 and stores of food and wine, stowed them deep in the holds
 and then their guests they spread out rug and sheets
 90 on the half-deck, clear asterion on the ship's hull
 And last Odysseus climbed aboard himself
 and down he lay, all quiet.
 95 They shipped the cable free of the dried store post
 as crewmen sat to the oarlocks, each in his
 and upon as they swung back and the blades tossed up the spray
 as they sailed, the deep fall deply on his eyes, the sweetest
 sunbeams, the deep blue sea, the ship of death, the sea!
 100 And the ship like a four-hooves learn careering down the plain
 all breaking as one with the whipfast crackling smartly,
 leaping with hoofs high to run the course in no time -
 so the stars have high and plunged with the settling rubbers
 105 crossing dark in her wake as on she surged unswerving
 never flagging, never a dithering hawk
 the quickest thing on wings could keep her pace
 as on she ran, cutting the swells at top speed.

105) Bearing a man equipped with the gods' own wisdom
 one who had suffered twenty years of torment, sick at heart
 clearing his way through wars of men and pounding waves at sea
 but now he slept in peace, the memory of his struggles
 laid to rest.
 And then, that hour the star rose up,
 110 the newborn light of day, the deep-sea-gone ship
 made landfall on the island... Ithaca, at last.
 115 But now Poseidon, god of the earthquake, reared once
 forgetting the first threats he leveled at the hero.
 prided himself, Zeus to learn his plans in full:
 "Zeus, father, I will lose all my honor now
 among the immortals, now there are mortal men
 120 who show me no respect!" -Phaeacians, Ion,
 born of my own house! I said myself
 that Odysseus would suffer long and hard
 before he made it home, but I never dreamed
 of blocking his return, not absolutely at least.
 125 once you had pledged your word and bowed your head
 Bid now they re-sweep him across the sea in their swift ship,
 they've said him down in Ithaca, sound asleep, and headed the man
 with boundless gifts - but one and hoards of gold and robes -
 130 Aye, more plunder than he could ever have won from Troy
 if Odysseus had returned intact with his fair share!
 "Incredible!" Zeus who marshals the thunderheads replied,
 "earth-shaker, you with your massive power, why mourning so?
 The gods don't disrespect you. What a star there'd be
 if they hung abuse at the oldest, noblest of them all.
 135 Those mortals? If any man, so fast in his strength,
 and prowess, pays you no respect - just pay him back
 The power is always yours."
 "King of the dark cloud, the earthquake god agreed,
 140 "I'd like to avenge myself at once, as you advise
 but I've always feared your wrath and shied away.
 But now I'll crush that fine Phaeacian ciller
 out on the misty sea, now on her homeward run
 from the latest conroy. They will learn at last
 145 To cease and desist from escorting every man alive -
 I'll pile a huge mountain round about their part!
 "What, dear brother?" Zeus who collects the clouds
 had second thoughts, "Here's what seems best to me
 As the people all lean down from the city heights
 to watch her speeding home, strike her into a rock
 150 that looks like a racing vessel, just off-shore -
 smaze all men with a marvel for the ages."
 Then gild your huge mountain round about their part!
 Hearing that from Zeus, the god of the earthquake
 155 sped to Scheria now, the Phaeacians' island home.

What action does Poseidon take and why?

What happens to Odysseus when he gets to the ship?

and wanted there till the ship came sweeping in
 scudding lightly along—and surging close abreast
 the earthquake god with one flat stroke of his hand
 struck her to stone, rooted her to the ocean floor
 and made for open sea.
 160 The Phaeacians, aghast
 those lords of the long oars, the master manners
 traded startled glances, sudden outcries:
 "Look—who's pinned our swift ship to the sea?"
 165 "Just racing for home!"
 "Just hove into plain view!"
 They might well wonder, blind to what had happened
 till Alcinoüs rose and made things all too clear:
 "Oh no—my father's prophecy years ago
 170 it all comes home to me with a vengeance now!
 He'd say Poseidon was vexed with us because
 we escorted all mankind and never came to grief.
 He said that one day, as a well-built ship of ours
 sailed home on the misty sea from such a convoy,
 175 the god would crush it, yes,
 and pile a huge mountain round about our port.
 So the old king foretold. Now, look, it all comes true!
 Hurry, friends, do as I say, let us all comply:
 stop our convoys home for every castaway
 180 chancing on our city! As for Poseidon,
 sacrifice twelve bulls to the god at once—
 the pick of the herds. Perhaps he'll pity us,
 pile no looming mountain ridge around our port."
 The people, terrified, prepared the bulls at once.
 185 So all of Phaeacia's island lords and captains,
 milling round the altar, lifted prayers
 to Poseidon, master of the sea ...
 That very moment
 great Odysseus woke from sleep on native ground at last—
 190 he'd been away for years—but failed to know the land,
 for the goddess Pallas Athena, Zeus's daughter,
 showered mist over all, so under cover
 she might change his appearance head to foot
 as she told him every peril he'd meet at home—
 195 keep him from being known by wife, townsmen, friends,
 till the suitors paid the price for all their outrage.
 And so to the king himself all Ithaca looked strange ...
 the winding beaten paths, the coves where ships can ride,
 the steep rock face of the cliffs and the tall leafy trees.
 200 He sprang to his feet and, scanning his own native country,
 groaned, slapped his thighs with his flat palms
 and Odysseus cried in anguish:
 "Man of misery, whose land have I lit on now?
 205 What are they here—violent, savage, lawless?
 or friendly to strangers, god-fearing men?
 Where can I take this heap of treasure now
 and where in the world do I wander off myself?
 If only the trove had stayed among the Phaeacians there

About what is Odysseus confused
 when he arrives on Ithaca?

and I had made my way to some other mighty king
 210 who would have hosted me well and sent me home!
 But now I don't know where to stow all this,
 and I can't leave it here, inviting any band
 to rob me blind.
 So damn those lords and captains,
 215 these Phaeacians! Not entirely honest or upright, were they?
 Sweeping me off to this, this no-man's-land, and they,
 they swore they'd sail me home to sunny Ithaca—well,
 they never kept their word. Zeus of the Suppliants
 pay them back—he keeps an eye on the world of men
 220 and punishes all transgressors!
 Come, quickly,
 I'll inspect my treasure and count it up myself.
 Did they make off with anything in their ship?"

Excerpt 3 Book 13

At those words
 the goddess scattered the mist and the country stood out clear
 5 and the great man who had borne so much rejoiced at last
 thrilled to see his Ithaca—kissed the good green earth
 and raised his hands to the nymphs and prayed at once.
 "Nymphs of the springs, Naiads, daughters of Zeus,
 I never dreamed I would see you yet again ...
 10 Now rejoice in my loving prayers—and later,
 just like the old days, I will give you gifts
 if Athena, Zeus's daughter, Queen of Armies
 comes to my rescue, grants this fighter life
 and brings my son to manhood!"
 15 "Courage!"—
 goddess Athena answered, eyes afire—
 "Free your mind of all that anguish now.
 Come, quick, let's bury your treasures here
 20 in some recess of this haunted hallowed cave
 where they'll be safe and sound,
 then we'll make plans so we can win the day."
 With that
 the goddess swept into the cavern's shadowed vault,
 25 searching for hiding-places far inside its depths
 while Odysseus hauled his treasures closer up,
 the gold, durable bronze and linesspun robes,
 the Phaeacians' parting gifts.
 Once he'd stowed them well away, the goddess,
 Pallas Athena, daughter of storming Zeus,
 30 sealed the mouth of the cavern with a stone.
 Then down they sat by the sacred olive's trunk
 to plot the death of the high and mighty suitors.
 The bright-eyed goddess Athena led the way:
 "Royal son of Laertes, Odysseus, old campaigner,
 35 think how to lay your hands on all those brazen suitors,
 lording it over your house now, three whole years,
 courting your noble wife, offering gifts to win her.
 But she, forever broken-hearted for your return,

40 builds up each man's hopes—
dangling promises, dropping hints to each—
but all the while with something else in mind."
"God help me!" the man of intrigue broke out:
"Clearly I might have died the same ignoble death
as Agamemnon, bled white in my own house too,
if you had never revealed this to me now,
goddess, blow-by-blow.
Come, weave us a scheme so I can pay them back!
You stand beside me, fire me with daring, fierce
as the day we ripped Troy's glittering crown of towers down.
50 Stand by me—furious now as then, my bright-eyed one—
and I would fight three hundred men, great goddess,
with you to brace me, comrade-in-arms in battle!"
Gray eyes ablaze, the goddess urged him on:
"Surely I'll stand beside you, not forget you,
not when the day arrives for us to do our work.
55 Those men who court your wife and waste your goods?
I have a feeling some will splatter your ample floors
with all their blood and brains. Up now, quickly.
First I will transform you—no one must know you.
I will shrivel the supple skin on your lithe limbs,
60 strip the russet curls from your head and deck you out
in rags you'd hate to see some other mortal wear;
I'll dim the fire in your eyes, so shining once—
until you seem appalling to all those suitors,
even your wife and son you left behind at home.
65 But you, you make your way to the swineherd first,
in charge of your pigs, and true to you as always,
loyal friend to your son, to Penelope, so self-possessed,
You'll find him posted beside his swine, grubbing round
by Raven's Rock and the spring called Arethusa,
70 rooting for feed that makes pigs sleek and fat,
the outs they love, the dark pools they drink.
Wait there, sit with him, ask him all he knows.
I'm off to Sparta, where the women are a wonder,
to call Telemachus home, your own dear son, Odysseus.
He's journeyed to Lacedaemon's rolling hills
to see Menelaus, questing for news of you,
hoping to learn if you are still alive."
Shrewd Odysseus answered her at once:
80 "Why not tell him the truth? You know it all.
Or is he too—like father, like son—condemned
to hardship, roving over the barren salt sea
while strangers devour our livelihood right here?"
But the bright-eyed goddess reassured him firmly:
85 "No need for anguish, trust me, not for him—
I escorted your son myself
so he might make his name by sailing there.
Nor is he saddled down with any troubles now.
He sits at ease in the halls of Menelaus,
90 bathed in endless bounty ... True enough,
some young lords in a black cutter lurk in ambush.

95

poised to kill the prince before he reaches home, but I have my doubts they will. Sooner the earth will swallow down a few of those young gallants who eat you out of house and home these days!"
No more words, not now—

Describe the encounter between Athena and Odysseus.

100

Athena stroked Odysseus with her wand. She shriveled the supple skin on his lithe limbs, stripped the russet curls from his head, covered his body top to toe with the wrinkled hide of an old man and dimmed the fire in his eyes, so shining once. She turned his shirt and cloak into squallid rags, ripped and filthy, smeared with grime and soot. She flung over his the long pelt of a bounding deer, rubbed bare, and gave him a staff and beggar's sack, torn and tattered, slung from a fraying rope. All plans made, they went their separate ways—Athena setting off to bring Telemachus home from hallowed Lacedaemon.

105

After hosting a great feast, King Alcinous pledges to have his people give Odysseus wealth, aiding him on his way back home to Ithaca.

Alcinous-charitable honorable hospitable. Odysseus-impatient homesick

Alcinous wishes to help Odysseus find his home after hearing of his adventures in the last few books. He instructs his people to donate to Odysseus, offers a sacrifice to Zeus, and holds a great feast for a day. Odysseus wishes for the feasting to end because he is ready to be home.

"Come, each of us add a sumptuous tripod, add a cauldron..." (13.13-14).
"The majestic king slaughtered an ox for them to Cronus' mighty son, Zeus of the thundercloud, whose power rules the world" (13.25-27).
"True, but time and again Odysseus turned his face toward the radiant sun, anxious for it to set, yearning now to be gone and home once more..." (13.31-32).

As you read Book Thirteen, record the major descriptions, actions, motivations, and key quotations of Odysseus.

Book 13 Characters and Motivations

Description of Episode	Character Traits	Actions and Motivations	Key Quotations that Reveal Character
After hosting a great feast, King Alcinous pledges to have his people give Odysseus wealth, aiding him on his way back home to Ithaca.	Alcinous-charitable honorable hospitable. Odysseus-impatient homesick	Alcinous wishes to help Odysseus find his home after hearing of his adventures in the last few books. He instructs his people to donate to Odysseus, offers a sacrifice to Zeus, and holds a great feast for a day. Odysseus wishes for the feasting to end because he is ready to be home.	"Come, each of us add a sumptuous tripod, add a cauldron..." (13.13-14). "The majestic king slaughtered an ox for them to Cronus' mighty son, Zeus of the thundercloud, whose power rules the world" (13.25-27). "True, but time and again Odysseus turned his face toward the radiant sun, anxious for it to set, yearning now to be gone and home once more..." (13.31-32).

NC 15

NOTEBOOK CHECK 10

Book 16 Father and Son

Telemachus arrives at Eumaeus's hut, where he encounters his disguised father. What they plan an attack on the

As dawn came into the lodge, the king and loyal swineherd

set out breakfast once they had raked the fire up

and got the herdsmen off with droves of pigs.

And now Telemachus

the hawking dogs went muzzling up around him.

and a grove as he approached from inside

Odysseus noticed that pack a quail welcomed.

noticed the light tread of footsteps too

and turned to Telemachus quickly, winged a word.

Telemachus here comes friend of yours. I say.

Someone you know at least. The pack's not barking

must be barking around him. I can hear his foodal.

The words were still on his lips when his own son

stood in the doorway there. The swineherd started up

meat, he dropped the bowls with a clatter—he'd been busy

mixing puddy wine. Straight to the prince he rushed

and kissed his face and kissed his shining eyes.

As a father, blemming with love, welcomes home

his darling only son in a warm embrace—

what gain he's borne for him and him alone!

home now in the tenth year from far abroad.

so the loyal swineherd hugged the beaming prince.

he ching for dear he, covering him with kisses, yes.

the one escaped from death. Eumaeus wept and sobbed

sweet light of my eyes! I never thought I'd see you again.

once you'd shipped to Pylos! Quick, dear boy, come in.

let me look at you, look to my heart's content—

you rarely visit the farm and men these days.

always keeping to town, as if it cheered you

to see them there, that infernal crowd of suitors!

"Have it your way," thoughtful Telemachus replied.

to see you for myself and learn the news—

whether mother still holds out in the halls

or some other man has married her at last.

and I suppose, bed, I suppose, is lying empty.

blanched now with filthy cobwebs.

"Surely,"

the foreman of men responded. "she's still waiting

there in your halls, poor woman, suffering so

her life an endless hardship ...

With that

he took the bronze spear from the boy and Telemachus

crossing the stone doorill went inside the lodge.

As he approached his father, Odysseus, rose

to yield his seat, but the son on his part

What is Eumaeus's job?

He is a swineherd

he sees his son for the first time

What is Odysseus's disguise when he reaches Eumaeus's hut?

poor old beggar

epic simile

Telemachus is home after ten years

He and Eumaeus embrace as father & son would —

Takes about Roudopa

How does Telemachus treat Eumaeus? with deep respect like a father

no. she is still weeping for Odysseus

poor Roudopa

55

I now we can find another seat somewhere here on our farm, and here's the man to fetch it." So Odysseus, moving back, sat down once more

and now for the price the swineherd strewed a bundle

of fresh green brushwood, lapped it off with sheepskin

and there the true son of Odysseus took his place.

Eumaeus set before them platters of roast meat.

And from the meal he'd had the day before.

he promptly served them bread, heaped in baskets.

mixed their hearty wine in a wooden bowl

and then sat down himself to face the king.

They reached for the good things that lay at hand.

and when they'd put aside desires for food and drink

Telemachus asked his loyal serving man at last

"Old friend, where does this stranger come from?"

"Why did the sailors send him here in this car?"

Why did they say they are?

I hardly think he came this way on foot."

You answered him. Eumaeus, loyal swineherd.

"Here, my boy, I'll tell you the whole true story.

He hails from Crete's broad land, he's proud to say

but he claims he's drifted round through countless towns of men.

reaching the earth—so a god's spirit and the fate

the just now broke away from same Theoprotan ship

and came to my farm. I'll put him in your hands.

you tend to him as you like.

he counts on you, he says, for care and shelter."

"Shepher? Oh Eumaeus," Telemachus replied.

How can I lead the stranger refuge in my house?

That word of yours, it cuts me to the quick!

For young myself, I can hardly trust my hands

to light off any man who rises up against me.

Then my mother's wailing, always torn two ways:

whether to stay with me and care for the household

or leave at hand last with the best man in Achaea

who courts her in the halls, who offers her the most

But our new guest since he's arrived at your house,

I'll give him a shirt and cloak to wear, good clothing.

give him a two-edged sword and sandals for his feet

and send him off, wherever his heart desires.

Or if you'd rather, keep him here at the farmstead,

lead to him here, and I'll send up the clothes

and fill rations to keep the man in food.

But I can't let him go down and join the suitors.

They're far too abusive, ruthless, look no limits.

It's hard for a man to win his way against a mob.

Even a man of iron, they are much too strong in—

surely, it's right for me to say a word at this point.

applies to Telemachus for the 1st time

100

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Even a man of iron, they are much too strong in—

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100

Even a man of iron, they are much too strong in—

surely, it's right for me to say a word at this point.

you can take care of them if don't want turn the swineherd advance

My mother is still in the palace -

It can't take care of a stranger - my home is in a farmstead

Odysseus has had about hanging from Crete

Who is this?

They eat

Xenia

That the "stranger" with kindness

105 My heart, by god, is torn to pieces hearing this,
 both of you telling how these reckless suitors
 there in your own house, against your will,
 plot your ruin—a fine young prince like you.
 Tell me, though, do you let yourself be so abused
 or do people round about, stirred up by the prompting
 110 of some god, despise you? Or are your brothers at fault?
 Brothers a man can trust to fight beside him, true,
 no matter what deadly blood-feud rages on.
 Would I were young as you, to match my spirit now,
 or I were the son of great Odysseus, or the king himself
 115 returned from all his roving—there's still room for hope!
 Then let some foreigner lop my head off if I failed
 to march right into Odysseus' royal halls
 and kill them all. And what if I went down,
 crushed by their numbers—I, fighting alone?
 120 I'd rather die, cut down in my own house *
 than have to look on at their outrage day by day.
 Guests treated to blows, men dragging the serving-woman
 through the noble house, exploiting them all, no shame,
 and the gushing wine swilled, the food squandered—
 125 gorging for gorging's sake—
 and the courting game goes on, no end in sight!
 "You're right, my friend," sober Telemachus agreed.
 "Now let me tell you the whole story, first to last.
 It's not that all our people have turned against me,
 130 keen for a showdown. Nor have I any brothers at fault,
 brothers a man can trust to fight beside him, true,
 no matter what deadly blood-feud rages on ...
 Zeus made our line a line of only sons.
 Arcesius had only one son, Laertes,
 135 and Laertes had only one son, Odysseus
 and I am Odysseus' only son. He fathered me,
 he left me behind at home, and from me he got no joy.
 So now our house is plagued by swarms of enemies.
 All the nobles who rule the islands round about
 140 Dulichion, and Same, and wooded Zacynthus too,
 and all who lord it in rocky Ithaca as well—
 down to the last man they court my mother:
 they lay waste my house! And mother ...
 she neither rejects a marriage she despises
 145 nor can she bear to bring the courting to an end—
 while they continue to bleed my household white.
 Soon—you wait—they'll grind me down as well!
 But all was in the lap of the great gods,
 Eumaeus,
 150 good old friend, go, quickly to wise Penelope.
 Tell her I'm home from Pylos safe and sound.
 I'll stay on right here. But you come back
 as soon as you've told the news to her alone.
 No other Achaean must hear—
 155 all too many plot to take my life."
 "I know."

O: What is going on in your house? Why are you behaving this way? Why are you enduring the abuse? O is your father. Handle them.

Do not let them abuse you and your household

Telemachus - I'll tell you the story. My people aren't against me, but Odysseus left me and I have no brothers. I am alone against the suitors. They are destroying my house and refusing to leave my mother alone.

Telemachus asks Eumaeus to tell Penelope he's home, but don't tell anyone else. The suitors may plot to kill him.

E you assured your prince, Eumaeus, loyal swineherd.
 "I see your point—there's sense in this old head.
 One thing more, and make your orders clear.
 160 On the same trip do I go and give the news
 to King Laertes too? For many years, poor man,
 heartsick for his son, he'd always keep an eye
 on the farm and take his meals with the hired hands
 whenever he felt the urge to. Now from the day
 you sailed away to Pylos, not a sip or a bite
 165 he's touched, they say, not as he did before,
 and his eyes are shut to all the farmyard labors.
 Huddled over, groaning in grief and tears,
 he wastes away—the man's all skin and bones."
 170 "So much the worse," Telemachus answered firmly.
 "Leave him alone, though it hurts us now, we must
 if men could have all they want, free for the taking,
 I'd take first my father's journey home. So
 you go and give the message, then come back,
 175 no roaming over the fields to find Laertes.
 Tell my mother to send her housekeeper
 fast as she can, in secret—
 she can give the poor old man the news."
 That roused Eumaeus. The swineherd grasped his sandals,
 180 strapped them onto his feet and made for town.
 His exit did not escape Athena's notice ...
 Approaching, closer, now she appeared a woman
 beautiful, tall and skilled at weaving lovely things.
 Just at the shelter's door she stopped, visible to Odysseus
 185 but Telemachus could not see her, sense her there—
 the gods don't show themselves to every man alive.
 Odysseus saw her, so did the dogs, no barking now,
 they whimpered, cringing away in terror through the yard.
 She gave a sign with her brows, Odysseus caught it
 190 out of the lodge he went and past the high stockade
 and stood before the goddess. Athena urged him on:
 "Royal son of Laertes, Odysseus, old campaigner,
 now is the time, now tell your son the truth.
 195 Hold nothing back, so the two of you can plot
 the suitors' doom and then set out for town.
 I myself won't lag behind you long—
 I'm blazing for a battle!"
 Athena stroked him with her golden wand,
 200 first she made the cloak and shirt on his body
 fresh and clean, then made him taller, supple, young,
 his ruddy tan came back, the cut of his jawline firmed
 and the dark beard clustered black around his chin.
 Her work complete, she went her way once more
 and Odysseus returned to the lodge. His own son
 205 gazed at him, wonderstruck, terrified too, turning
 his eyes away, suddenly—
 this must be some god—
 and he let fly with a burst of exclamations:
 "Friend, you're a new man—not what I saw before!"

Should I tell your grandfather, the king, too? He has been grieving since the day you left

T: no, get my mother's housekeeper to do it in secret

Athena appears

she tells Odysseus to tell Telemachus the truth so that they can strategize together

She transforms him from the old beggar back to a younger, improved version of Odysseus.

1:50

210 Your clothes: they've changed even your skin has changed -
 211 "Ha! I am not a god!"
 the long-enduring great Odysseus returned.
 "Why confuse me with one who never dies?"
 "No, I am your father."
 "No, Odysseus you wept for all your days."
 you born a world of pain, the cruel, bitter of men."
And with these words the great lord began
and his legs shuddered down his chest and with the ground
 though before he'd always rained his emotions back.
 But still not convinced that it was his father,
 Telemachus broke out with words that were
 "Ha, you're not Odysseus! Not my father!"
 Just some spirit spilling me now -
 impossible for a mortal to work such marvels:
 not with his own devices, not unless some god
 comes down in person, eager to make that mortal
 young or old - like that! Why, just now
 you were old and wrapped in rage, but now look
 you seem like a god who raves the skies up there!"
 Telemachus, man of exploits, urged his son
 "It's wrong to marvel, carved away in wonder so
 no other Odysseus will ever return to you.
 That man and I are one, the man you see -
 here after many hardships,
 endless wanderings, after twelve years
 I have come home to native ground at last.
 My changing so? Athena's work, the higher's Queen -
 she has that power: she makes me look as she likes
 now like a beggar, the next moment a young man,
 decided in handsome clothes about my body.
 It's right to work for the gods who rule the skies.
 At that
 Odysseus sat down again and Telemachus threw his arms
 around his great father, sobbing with his arms
 as the old man wept and wept as he wept.
 They cried out, shouting, giving thanks
 than birds of prey - eagles, vultures, with hoard laws -
 when farmers plough their nest of young for young to fly.
 Both men so filled with compassion, eyes streaming tears.
 If Telemachus had not asked his father all at once,
 what sort of ship, dear father, brought you here?"
 I hardly think you came back home on foot!
 So long an exile, great Odysseus replied.

Telemachus bows the
 transformation, I am your father
 I am Odysseus!
 Athena helped me
 with a nodding
 Telemachus
 realizes the truth
 and breaks down.
 Asks questions

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Surely, my son, tell you the whole story now
 Phaeacians brought me here, the famous suitors
 who ferry home all men who reach their ships.
 They sailed me across the sea in their swift ship
 they set me down in Ithaca, sound asleep, and gave me
 glittering gifts - bronze and hands of gold and robes.
 All he stowed in a cave, hands to the gods' help,
 and Athena's inspiration spurred me here now,
 so could plan the slaughter of our foes.
 Come, give me the full tally of these suitors -
 I must see their numbers, gauge their strength.
 Then I'll deploy this old Isthacian's wit.
 decide if the two of us can take them on
 alone, without allies.
 "Father"
 clear-headed Telemachus countered quickly,
 "Tell me the tale of your great fame -
 as brave men in war and a deep mind in counsel."
 But on earth could two men fight so many and so strong?
 How can you say dimbulbards me, stagers' imagination!
 these suitors are not just ten or twenty. They're far more -
 you count them up for yourself now, take a moment
 from Dulichion. Fifty two of them, picked young men,
 six servants in their troop, from same, twenty-four,
 from Zacynthus, twenty Achaeans, nobles all,
 and the twelve best lords from Ithaca itself.
 Medon the herald's with them, a gifted bard,
 and two henchmen, skilled to carve their meat.
 If we did ourselves against all these in the house,
 I fear the revenge you come back home to take
 will recall on our heads - a bitter, deadly blow.
 Think, can you come up with a friend-in-arms?
 Some man to fight beside us, some brave heart?"
 Let me tell you," the old soldier said,
 "Dear it in mind now, listen to me closely.
 Think, will Athena flank by father Zeus
 do for the two of us?"
 Of shall I rack my brains for smaller champions?"
 Telemachus answered straightly, full of poise.
 "Two great champions, those you name, it's true.
 Off in the clouds they sit
 and they lord it over gods and mortal men."
 Telemachus was reassured, father reassured him,
 "Don't worry! Hold off long from the crew and chest of battle."
 not when we and the suitors put our fighting strength
 to proof in my own hands! But now, with daylight
 home you go and mix with that overbearing crowd.
 the swimmers will head me into the city later.
 leading old and broken, a beggar, stand against
 If they abuse me in the palace, stand yourself,
 no matter what put your trust suitors' eyes.
 I'd they drag me through our house by the hands

Athena wants a fight
 Tell me about the suitors; we will make a plan
 you can just the two of us do this?
 there are no many of them
 we cannot take revenge without help.
 Athena and Zeus will help
 Tell me about the gods' help
 Odysseus falls from
 to go forward and
 make sure
 that you don't
 reveal who I am.

and throw me out or pelt me with things they hurt—
 you just look on, endure it. Prompt them to quit
 their wild reckless ways, try to win them over
 with friendly words. Those men will never listen,
 320 now the day of doom is hovering at their heads.
 One more thing. Take it to heart. I urge you
 When Athena, Queen of Tactics, tells me it is time,
 I'll give you a nod, and when you catch that signal
 round up all the deadly weapons kept in the hall,
 325 stow them away upstairs in a storeroom's deep recess—
 all the arms and armor—and when the suitors miss them
 and ask you questions, put them off with a winning story.
 I slowed them away, clear of the smoke. A far cry
 from the arms Odysseus left when he went to Troy,
 330 fire-damaged equipment, black with reeking fumes.
 And a god reminded me of something darker too.
 When you're in your cups a quarrel might break out
 you'd wound each other, shame your feasting here
 and cast a pall on your courting.
 335 Iron has powers to draw a man to ruin.
 Just you leave
 a pair of swords for the two of us, a pair of spears
 and a pair of oxhide bucklers, right at hand so we
 can break for the weapons, seize them! Then Athena,
 340 Zeus in his wisdom—they will daze the suitors' wits.
 Now one last thing. Bear it in mind. You must.
 If you are my own true son, born of my blood,
 let no one hear that Odysseus has come home.
 Don't let Laertes know, not Eumaeus either,
 345 none in the household, not Penelope herself.
 You and I alone will assess the women's mood
 and we might test a few of the serving men as well
 where are the ones who still respect us both,
 who hold us in awe? And who shirk their duties?—
 350 slighting you because you are so young."
 T. "Soon enough, father," his gallant son replied.
 "you'll sense the courage inside me, that I know—
 I'm hardly a flighty, weak-willed boy these days.
 But I think your last plan would gain us nothing.
 355 Reconsider. I urge you.
 You'll waste time, roaming around our holdings,
 probing the fieldhands man by man, while the suitors
 sit at ease in our house, devouring all our goods—
 those brazen rascals never spare a scrap!
 360 But I do advise you to sound the women out:
 who are disloyal to you, who are guiltless?
 The men—I say no to testing them farm by farm.
 That's work for later: if you have really seen
 a sign from Zeus whose shield is storm and thunder—"
 365 Now as father and son conspired, shaping plans,
 the ship that brought the prince and shipmates back
 from Pylas was just approaching Ithaca, home port.
 As soon as they put in to the harbor's deep bay

don't help me.

great hall

the plan - pick up all the weapons

here is the story you should tell them

2 of each set of weapons

do not tell anyone of my return

he still doubts his father's plan - tell them who you are.

Telemachus's ship arrives

they hauled the black vessel up onto dry land
 and eager deckhands bore away their gear
 and rushed the priceless gifts to Clyteus' house.
 370 But they sent a herald on to Odysseus' halls at once
 to give the news to thoughtful, cautious Penelope
 that Telemachus was home—just up-country now,
 375 but he'd told his maids to sail across to port—
 so the noble queen would not be seized with fright
 and break down in tears. And now those two men met
 herald and swineherd, both out on the same errand
 to give the queen the news. But once they reached
 380 the house of the royal king the herald strode up,
 into the serving-women's midst, and burst out
 "Your beloved son, my queen, is home at last!"
 Eumaeus thought, bending close to Penelope,
 385 whispered every word that her dear son
 entrusted him to say. Message told in full,
 he left the halls and precincts, heading for his pigs.
 But the news shook the suitors, dashed their spirits.
 Out of the halls they crowded, past the high-walled court
 and there before the gates they sat in council.
 390 Polybus' son Eurymachus opened up among them:
 "Friends, what a fine piece of work he's carried off!
 Telemachus—what insolence—and we thought his little jaunt
 would come to grief! Up now, launch a black ship,
 395 the best we can find—muster a crew of oarsmen,
 row the news to our friends in ambush, fast,
 bring them back at once."
 And just then—
 he'd not quite finished when Amphinomus
 400 wheeling round in his seat,
 saw their vessel moored in the deep harbor,
 their comrades striking sail and hoisting oars.
 He broke into heady laughter, called his friends:
 "No need for a message now. They're home, look there!
 405 Some god gave them the news, or they saw the prince's ship
 go sailing past and failed to overtake her."
 Rising, all trooped down to the water's edge
 as the crew hauled the vessel up onto dry land
 and the hot-blooded hands bore off their gear.
 Then in a pack they went to the meeting grounds,
 410 suffering no one else, young or old, to sit among them.
 Euphites' son Antinous rose and harangued them all:
 "What a blow! See how the gods have saved this boy
 from bloody death? And our lookouts all day long,
 stationed atop the windy heights, kept watch,
 415 stiff on shift, and once the sun went down
 we'd never sleep the night ashore, never,
 always aboard our swift ship, cruising till dawn,
 patrolling to catch Telemachus, kill him on the spot,
 and all the while some spirit whisked him home!
 So here at home we'll plot his certain death:
 he must never slip through our hands again.

everyone knows his back

the suitors were upset at Telemachus' return

ambush him!

They're already made it

met to discuss how to end Telemachus

the gods made it happen - our spotters missed their chance to kill him - now we must plot how to kill him at home

475 I swear we'll never bring our victory off that day - while he still lives.

473 The citizens like the schemer; he does have his side as act before he can gather his people in assembly and the crowds no longer show us favor, not at all.

430 He'll never give in an inch. I know, he'll rise and rage away, shouting out to them all how we schemed his sudden death but never caught him. Meaning of our loud play. They'll hardly sing our praises. Why, they might do us damage, run us off our hands. drive us abroad to hunt for strangers' shores. Strike first, I say, and kill him!

435 clear of town, in the fields or on the road. Then we'll seize his estates and worldly goods. carve him up between us, share and share alike. But as for his place, let his mother keep it, she and the man she weds.

410 There's my plan. If you find it offensive, if you want him living on - in full command of his patrimony - gather here no more then, bring the like of kings, consuming all his wealth, each from his own house must try to win her, showering her with gifts then she can marry the one who offers most. the man marked out by fate to be her husband. That brought them all to a hushed, stunned silence. The Amphionians rose to have his say among them - the chief who led the suitors from Duchon.

450 and of grass and grain. and the man who pleased Penelope the most thanks to his timely words and good clear sense. Concerned for their welfare now, he stood and argued. Friends, I'm no desire to kill Telemachus, not I - it's a terrible thing to shed the blood of kings. What sound out the will of the gods - that first if the decesses of mighty Iteus command the work. I'll kill the prince myself and spur on all the rest. If the gods are against it, then I say had had! So Amphionians urged, and won them over. They rose at once, returned to Odysseus' palace, entered and took their seats on burnished chairs. But now an inspiration took the discreet Penelope to face her suitors, brutal, reckless men.

465 The queen had heard it all - how they plotted inside the house to kill her son. The herald Medon told her - he'd overheard their schemes. And so, flanked by her ladies, she descended to the hall. The hostess of women once she reached her suitors, drawing her glistening veil across her cheeks, paused now where a column propped the sturdy roof and whirling on Antinous, cried out against him. "You Antinous! Violent victors, scheming -"

475 you, they say, are the best man your age in Ithaca. Madam, why do you weave destruction for Telemachus? - show no pity to those who need it? - those over whom mightily Iteus stands guard. It's wrong, who'd, yes, weaving death for those who deserve your mercy!

480 Don't you know how your father fled here once? A fight, terrified of the people, up in arms against him because he'd joined some Taphian pirates out to attack the Ithacians, sworn allies of ours. The mobs were set to destroy him, rip his life out. devour his vast wealth to their heart's content. But Ulysses held them back, he kept their fury down. And this is the man whose house you waste, scot-free, whose wife you court, whose son you mean to kill - you make my life an agony! Stop, I tell you. stop all this, and make the mob stop loud!

490 But Polybus' son Eurymachus tried to calm her. "What Penelope thought of her suitors, courage! Dismiss yourself of all these wretches now, that man is not alive - he never can be born - who'll let a hand against Telemachus, your son, not while I walk the land and I can see the light I led you this - so help me, it will all come true. In an instant that man's blood will spurt around my spear. My spear, since I'm and again Ulysses dangled me on his knees, the great ruler of cities, led me, cradled me, and held the red wine to my lips. So to me your son is the dearest man alive, and I urge the boy to have no fear of death, not from the suitors at least. What comes from the gods - there's no escaping that! Encouraging all the way, but all the while plotting the prince's murder on his mind. The queen, going up to her lofty well-lit room, fell to weeping for Ulysses, her beloved husband. Uil watched Athena seabed her eyes with welcome sleep. Returning just as dusk to Odysseus and his son, the loyal swineherd found they'd killed a yearling pig and standing over it now were busy Iang supper. But Athena had approached Iaeus' son Ulysses, tapped him with her wand and made him old a gain. She dressed him in filthy rags too, for fear Iunaeus recognizing his master's face-to-face, might hurry back to shrewd Penelope, blurring out the news and never bide the secret in his heart. Telemachus was the first to greet the swineherd. Welcome home, my friend! What's the talk in town? Are the swaggering suitors back from ambush yet - or still waiting to catch me coming home? You answered the prince Iunaeus, loyal swineherd. I had no time to go roaming all through town.

475 the guest and on Antinous

525 Penelope fears about Antinous

520 Who is the worst suitor? Support your answer with evidence from the text.

515 Let's see what the gods want us to do.

510 He's back - we have to recover

505 we don't kill him

500 Let Penelope keep the palace

495 Let's go get him.

485 He will fall them about our feet to kill him.

480 Any don't like us anymore

475 you are furious

480 you don't even

485 you come from good

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Athena's anger

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Athena's help

from sleep

but Eurymachus still

but Eurymachus still

they try to hack Penelope

will hours

by you are an

to help you pattern

but Odysseus had

down father

you don't even

NC 17

530 digging round for that. My heart raced me on to get my message told and rush back here. But I met up with a fast runner there, sent by your crew, a herald, first to tell your mother all the news. And this I know, I saw with my own eyes-- I was just above the city, heading home, clambering over Hermes' Ridge, when I caught sight of a trim ship pulling into the harbor, loaded down with a crowd aboard her, shields and two-edged spears. I think they're the men you're after--I'm not sure." At that the young prince Telemachus smiled, glancing toward his father, avoiding Eumaeus' eyes. And now, with the roasting done, the meal set out, they ate well and no one's hunger lacked a proper share of supper. When they'd put aside desire for food and drink, they remembered bed and took the gift of sleep.

540

545

they were planning to attack you.

homework

<p>Epic Similes Book Sixteen Epic similes or Homeric similes are more involved and more ornate than the typical simile, often lasting last several lines. In the graphic organizer below, identify epic similes from Book Sixteen. In the first column, copy and cite the epic simile. In the second column, identify what two things are being compared. Finally, in the last column, write commentary about the effect of the comparison.</p>	<p>Epic Simile</p>	<p>What two things are being compared?</p>	<p>What is the effect of the comparison?</p>
<p>"Mountain wolves and lions were roaming round the grounds--she'd bewitched them herself, she gave them magic drugs. But they wouldn't attack my men; they just came pawing up around them, fawning, swishing their long tails--eager as hounds that fawn around their master, cunning home from a feast, who always brings back scraps to calm them down" (ll.231-237).</p>	<p>The men who have been transformed into animals is/are compared to obedient dogs.</p>	<p>is/are compared to</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>	<p>line #s only just highlight and make note of Epic Similes</p>

Book 16 Characters and Motivations

As you read Book Sixteen, record the major descriptions, actions, motivations, and key quotations of Odysseus.

Description of Episode	Character Traits	Actions and Motivations	Key Quotations that Reveal Character
summary Odysseus (as the beggar) tells Telemachus that he should put up with the suitors abuse	p. 43 fatherly unstrategic aggressive	why? he wants Telemachus to be more manly	line #'s (581-591-125)

Explain how Odysseus has changed.

Book 19 Penelope and Her Guest

Penelope encounters the returned, yet disguised, Odysseus.

5 That left the great Odysseus waiting in his hall
 as Athena helped him plot the slaughter of the suitors
 He turned at once to Telemachus, brisk with orders:
 "Now we must stow the weapons out of reach, my boy,
 all the arms and armor—and when the suitors miss them
 and ask you questions, put them off with a winning story:
 10 I stowed them away, clear of the smoke. A far cry
 from the arms Odysseus left when he went to Troy,
 fire-damaged equipment, black with reeking fumes.
 And a god reminded me of something darker too.
 When you're in your cups a quarrel might break out
 you'd wound each other, shame your feasting here
 15 and cast a pall on your courting.
 Iron has powers to draw a man to ruin,"
 Telemachus did his father's will at once,
 calling out to his old nurse Euryclia: "Quick,
 dear one, close the women up in their own quarters,
 20 till I can stow my father's weapons in the storeroom.
 Splendid gear lying about, neglected, black with soot
 since father sailed away, I was only a boy then.
 Now I must safeguard them from the smoke."
 "High time, child," the loving nurse replied.
 25 "If only you'd bother to tend your whole house
 and safeguard all your treasures. Tell me,
 who's to fetch and carry the torch for you?
 You won't let out the maids who'd light your way?"
 "Our friend here will," Telemachus answered coolly.
 30 "I won't put up with a man who shirks his work,
 not if he takes his ration from my stores,
 even if he's miles away from home."
 That silenced the old nurse.
 She barred the doors that led from the long hall—
 35 and up they sprang, Odysseus and his princely son,
 and began to carry off the helmets, studded shields
 and pointed spears, and Pallas Athena stride before them,
 lifting a golden lamp that cast a dazzling radiance round about.
 "Father," Telemachus suddenly burst out to Odysseus,
 40 "oh what a marvel fills my eyes! Look, look there—
 all the sides of the hall, the handsome crossbeams,
 pine-wood rafters, the tall columns towering—
 all glow in my eyes like flaming fire!
 Surely a god is here—
 45 one of those who rule the vaulting skies!"
 "Uwet," his father, the old soldier, warned him
 "Get a grip on yourself. No more questions now.
 It's just the way of the gods who rule Olympus.
 Off you go to bed. I'll stay here behind
 50 to test the women, test your mother too.
 She in her grief will ask me everything I know."
 Under the flaring torchlight, through the hall
 Telemachus made his way to his own bedroom now.

What excuse does Telemachus give for removing weapons from the hall?

he says that he is removing the weapons so that they aren't made dirtier by the smoke from the hall

55 where he always went when welcome sleep came on him
 There he lay tonight as well, till Dawn's first light,
 that left the great king still waiting in his hall
 as Athena helped him plot the slaughter of the suitors ...
 Now down from her chamber came reserved Penelope,
 60 looking for all the world like Artemis or golden Aphrodite.
 Close to the fire her women drew her favorite chair
 with its whorls of silver and ivory, inlaid rings.
 The craftsman who made it years ago, Icmalius,
 added a footrest under the seat itself,
 mortised into the frame.
 65 and over it all was draped a heavy fleece.
 Here Penelope took her place, discreet, observant.
 The women, arms bared, pressing in from their quarters,
 cleared away the tables, the heaped remains of the feast
 and the cups from which the raucous lords had drunk.
 70 Raking embers from the braziers onto the ground,
 they piled them high again with seasoned wood,
 providing light and warmth.
 And yet again
 Melantheo lashed out at Odysseus: "You still here?—
 75 you pest, slinking around the house all night,
 leering up at the women?
 Get out, you tramp—be glad of the food you got—
 or we'll sling a torch at you, rout you out at once!"
 A killing glance, and the old trooper countered:
 80 "What's possessed you, woman? Why lay into me? Such abuse!
 Just because I'm filthy, because I wear such rags,
 roving round the country, living hand-to-mouth,
 but it's fate that drives me on
 that's the lot of beggars, homeless drifters.
 85 I too once lived in a lofty house that men admired,
 rolling in wealth, I'd often give to a vagabond like myself,
 whoever he was, whatever need had brought him to my door.
 And crowds of servants I had, and lots of all it takes
 to live the life of ease, to make men call you rich.
 90 But Zeus ruined it all—god's will, no doubt.
 So beware, woman, or one day you may lose it all,
 all your glitter that puts your work-mates in the shade.
 Or your mistress may just fly in a rage and dress you down
 or Odysseus may return—there's still room for hope!
 95 Or if he's dead as you think and never coming home,
 well there's his son, Telemachus ...
 like father, like son—thanks to god Apollo.
 No women's wildness here in the house escapes
 the prince's eye. He's come of age at last."
 100 So he warned, and alert Penelope heard him,
 wheeled on the maid and tongue-lashed her smartly:
 "Make no mistake, you brazen, shameless bitch,
 none of your ugly work escapes me either—
 you will pay for it with your life, you will!
 105 How well you knew—you heard from my own lips—
 that I meant to probe this stranger in our house

Describe Melantheo
 unfaithful maid
 allied w/ the suitors
 Describe Penelope and Odysseus's first encounter.

penelope thinks Odysseus is a visitor

160 my suitors now that King Odysseus is no more
I can flash off this web ...
so my weaving won't all fray and come to nothing.
This is a strudel for old lord Laertes, for that day
when the deadly fate that lays us out at last takes him down.
I read the shame my countrywomen would heap upon me.
Yes, if a man of such wealth should be in state
without a shield for cover!

170 My very words
and despite their pride and passion they believed me.
So by day I'd weave at my great and graining web -
by night by the light of torches set beside me.
I would unravel all I'd done. Three whole years
I deserted them blind, seduced them with this scheme.
Then, when the wheeling seasons brought the fourth year on
and the months waned and the long days came round once more,
I thank to my maids - the shameless, reckless creatures -
the suitors caught me in the act, denounced me harshly.
So I finished it off. Against my will they forced me.
And now I cannot escape a marriage, nor can I contrive
a deli way out. My parents urge me to tie the knot
and my son is galled as they squander his estate -
he sees it all. He's a grown man by now, equipped
to lend to his own royal house and lend it well.
Zeus grants my son that honor ...
But for all that - now tell me who you are.

185 Zeus grants my son that honor ...
But for all that - now tell me who you are.
Where do you come from? You've hardly sprung
from a rock or oak like some old man of legend.
The master impoversher answered slowly,
"My lady ... wife of Laertes' son, Odysseus
will your questions about my family never end?
All right then. Here's my story. Even though
it plunges me into deeper grief than I feel now,
But that's the way of the world when one has been
so far from home, so long away as I, roving over
many cities of men, enduring many hardships.
Still
my story will tell you all you need to know.

160 and ask about my husband - my heart breaks for him
She turned to her housekeeper Eurymachos and said
"Now bring us a chair and spread it soft with fleece
so our guest can sit and tell me his whole story
and hear me out as well.
I'd like to ask him questions point by point."
Eurymachos bustled off to fetch a polished chair
and set it down and spread it soft with fleece.
Here Odysseus sat, the man of many trials,
as courteous Penelope began the conversation.
"Stranger, let me start our questioning myself.
Who are you? Where are you from? Your city? Your parents?"
"No man on the face of the earth could find fault with you
Your fame, believe me, has reached the vaulting skies.
Fame here is a flower's tinge's who treads the gods
farmer governs a kingdom vast, proud and strong -
who upholds justice true, and the black earth
bears wheat and barley, trees bow down with fruit
and the sheep drop lambs and never fail and the sea
beams with fish - thinks to his decent, upright rule
and under his sovereignty sway the people flourish.
So then, here in your house ask me anything else
but don't please, search out my birth, my land
or you'll fill my heart to overflowing even more
as I bring back the past ...
I am a man who's had his share of sorrows:
It's wrong for me, in someone else's house
to sit here mourning and graining, sabbings so -
it makes things worse, this graving on and on
of one of your maids, or you yourself, might scold me
and make me drown in tears."
"No, no, stranger," wise Penelope demurred,
"whatever form and fate I had, what praise I'd win
the deathless gods destroyed that day the Achaeans
sailed away to Troy, my husband in their ships.
Odysseus - if he could return to lend my life
the renown I had would only grow in glory.
Now my life is torn apart ...
look at the griefs some god has heaped against me!
All the nobles who ride the islands round about
Dulichion, Same, and wooded Zacynthus too,
and all who lord it in sunny Ithaca itself -
they court me against my will, they lay waste my house
So I pay no heed to strangers, supplicants at my door,
not even heralds out on their public errands here -
I yearn for Odysseus, always, my heart pines away.
A god from the blue it was inspired me first
to set up a great loom in our royal halls
and I began to weave, and the weaving finished
the yarns endless, and I would lead them on, Young men

NOTEBOOK CHECK P1

Notebook Check #Ancient Gestures

From Book 8 to Pair with Ancient Gesture

In came the herald now,

heading along the faithful bard the Muse adored

above all others, true; but her gifts were mixed

with good and evil both: she stripped him of sight

5 but gave the man the power of stirring, rapturous song,

Pontonous brought the bard a silver-studded chair,

right amid the feasters, leaning it up against

a central column—hung his high clear lyre

on a peg above his head and showed him how

10 to reach up with his hands and lift it down.

And the herald placed a table by his side

with a basket full of bread and cup of wine

for him to sip when his spirit craved refreshment.

All reached out for the good things that lay at hand

15 and when they'd put aside desire for food and drink,

the Muse inspired the bard

to sing the famous deeds of fighting heroes—

the song whose fame had reached the skies those days:

The Strife Between Odysseus and Achilles, Pelus' Son ...

how once at the gods' flouting feast the captains clashed

in a savage war of words, while Agamemnon, lord of armies,

rejoiced at heart that Achaea's bravest men were battling so.

For this was the victory sign that Apollo prophesied

at his shrine in Pytho when Agamemnon strode across

25 the rocky threshold, asking the oracle for advice—

the start of the tidal waves of ruin tumbling down

on Troy's and Achaea's forces, both at once,

thanks to the will of Zeus who rules the world.

That was the song the famous harper sang

30 but Odysseus, clutching his flaring sea-blue cape

in both powerful hands, drew it over his head

and buried his handsome face,

ashamed his hosts might see him shedding tears.

Whenever the rapt bard would pause in the song,

he'd lift the cape from his head, wipe off his tears

and hoisting his double-handled cup, pour it out to the gods.

But soon as the bard would start again, impelled to sing

by Phaeacia's lords, who revelled in his tale,

again Odysseus hid his face and wept.

40 His weeping went unmarked by all the others:

only Alcinous, sitting close beside him,

noticed his guest's tears.

Heard the groan in the man's labored breathing

and said at once to the master mariners around him,

45 "Hear me, my lords and captains of Phaeacia!

By now we've had our fill of food well-shared

and the lyre too, our loyal friend at banquets.

Now out we go again and test ourselves in contests,

games of every kind—so our guest can tell his friends,

50 when he reaches home, how far we excel the world

at boxing, wrestling, jumping, speed of foot."

HW

Related Literature: "An Ancient Gesture" by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Like Penelope in the Odyssey, Edna St. Vincent Millay held off many suitors, preferring her independence and writing career to marriage and domestic life. Through her poetry and her life, she came to represent the rebellious, independent, youthful spirit of the 1920s. At age thirty-one, however, she married a man who supported her dedication to her writing and assumed all domestic responsibilities in order to give her time for her literary pursuits.

I thought, as I wiped my eyes on the corner of my apron:
Penelope did this too.

And more than once; you can't keep weaving all day

And undoing it all through the night;

Your arms get tired, and the back of your neck gets tight;

And along towards morning, when you think it will never be light.

And your husband has been gone, and you don't know where, for years.

Suddenly you burst into tears:

There is simply nothing else to do.

And I thought, as I wiped my eyes on the corner of my apron:

This is an ancient gesture, authentic, antique,

in the very best tradition, classic, Greek:

Ulysses did this too.

But only as a gesture,—a gesture which implied

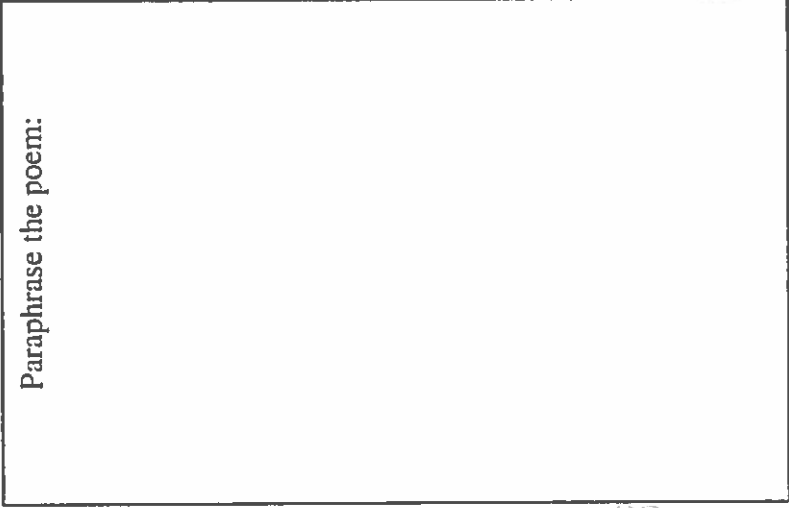
To the assembled throng that he was much too moved to speak.

He learned it from Penelope...

Penelope, who really cried.

Ulysses - crying
after
his story -
crowd to the Phaeacians

Paraphrase the poem:



- Why does it say that Ulysses' tears were "only as a gesture"?
- What is the "assembled throng" referring to?
- What does the last line mean?
- What do you think Penelope values? Explain.
- Quickwrite: Create a thematic statement for this poem. Use your list of abstract thematic ideas located in your reference handbook. How does Millay use the story of Penelope and Odysseus to convey a modern theme?

Honors Extension Task

NC 20

Related Literature: "Penelope" by Dorothy Parker

Big BONUS STAMP

In the pathway of the sun,
In the footsteps of the breeze,
Where the world and the sky are one,

He shall ride the silver seas.

He shall cut the glittering wave.

I shall sit at home, and rock:

Rise, to heed a neighbor's knock:

Brew my tea, and snip my thread;

Bleach the linen for my bed.

They will call him brave.

Penelope to Ulysses By Meredith Schwartz

Like a spider committing suicide
each night I unweave the web of my day.
I have no peace.
About me the insistent buzz of flies
drones louder every day.
I am starving.
I watch them, always, unblinking stare.
All my dwindling will
I use in not moving, not trying, unweaving.
I pull in my empty nets
eating myself, waiting.

1. Who is "he" referred to in lines 1-5?
How is he described?

2. How does the speaker describe her
life?

3. On what aspects of Penelope's life
does this poem focus?

4. What does Penelope symbolize?

1. What does Penelope literally unweave
in the Odyssey?

2. Who are the "flies"?

3. Why is the fly metaphor appropriate?

4. What does it mean that Penelope is
"starving" and "eating myself"?

NOTEBOOK CHECK 2

- 205 Book XIX Continued *Route 19*
There is a land called Crete ...
ringed by the wine-dark sea with rolling whitecaps—
handsome country, fertile, thronged with people
well past counting—boasting ninety cities.
language mixing with language side-by-side.
First come the Achaeans, then the native Cretans,
hardy, gallant in action, then Cydonian clansmen,
Dorians living in three tribes, and proud Pelasgians last.
Central to all their cities is magnificent Gnosssus,
the site where Minos ruled and each ninth year
conferred with almighty Zeus himself, Minos,
father of my father, Deucalion, that bold heart.
Besides myself Deucalion sired Prince Idomeneus,
who set sail for Troy in his beaked ships of war,
escorting Atreus' sons. My own name is Aethon.
220 I am the younger-born;
my older brother's a better man than I am.
Now, it was there in Gnosssus that I saw him ...
Odysseus—and we traded gifts of friendship.
225 A heavy gale had landed him on our coast.
driven him way off course, rounding Malea's cape
when he was bound for Troy. He anchored in Amnisus,
hard by the goddess' cave of childbirth and labor,
that rough harbor—barely riding out the storm.
230 He came into town at once, asking for Idomeneus,
claiming to be my brother's close, respected friend.
Too late. Ten or eleven days had already passed
since he set sail for Troy in his beaked ships.
So I took Odysseus back to my own house,
235 gave him a hero's welcome, treated him in style—
stores in our palace made for princely entertainment.
As for his comrades, all who'd shipped with him,
I dipped into public stock to give them barley,
240 ruddy wine and fine cattle for slaughter,
beef to their hearts' content. A dozen days
they stayed with me there, those brave Achaeans,
penned up by a North Wind so stiff that a man,
even on dry land, could never keep his feet—
245 some angry spirit raised that blast, I'd say.
Then on the thirteenth day the wind died down
and they set sail for Troy."
Falsehoods all,
but he gave his falsehoods all the ring of truth.
250 As she listened on, her tears flowed and soaked her cheeks
as the heavy snow melts down from the high mountain ridges,
snow the West Wind piles there and the warm East Wind thaws
and the snow, melting, swells the rivers to overflow their banks—
so she dissolved in tears, streaming down her lovely cheeks,
weeping for him, her husband, sitting there beside her.
255 Odysseus' heart went out to his grief-stricken wife
but under his lids his eyes remained stuck-still—
they might have been horn or iron—

His gaze fought back his tears. And she
 260 once she'd had her fill of grief and weeping
 turned again to her guest with this reply:
 "Now, stranger, I think I'll test you, just to see
 if there in your house, with all his friends in arms,
 you actually entertained my husband as you say.
 265 Come, tell me what sort of clothing he wore,
 what cut of man was he?
 What of the men who followed in his train?"
 "Ah, good woman,"
 Odysseus, the great master of subtility, returned,
 270 "how hard it is to speak, after so much time
 apart ... why, some twenty years have passed
 since he left my house and put my land behind him.
 Even so, imagine the man as I portray him—
 I can see him now.
 King Odysseus ...
 275 he was wearing a heavy wooden cape, sea-purple,
 in double folds, with a golden brooch to clasp it,
 twin sheaths for the pins, on the face a work of art,
 a hound clenching a dappled fawn in its front paws,
 slashing it as it writhed. All marveled to see it,
 280 solid gold as it was, the hound slashing, throttling
 the fawn in its death-throes, hoofs flailing to break free.
 I noticed his glossy tunic too, clinging to his skin
 like the thin glistening skin of a dried onion,
 silky, soft, the glint of the sun itself.
 285 Women galore would gaze on it with relish,
 And this too, Bear it in mind, won't you?
 I've no idea if Odysseus wore these things at home
 or a comrade gave him them as he boarded ship,
 or a host perhaps—the man was loved by many.
 290 There were few Achaeans to equal him ... and I?
 I gave him a bronze sword myself, a lined cloak,
 elegant, deep red, and a fringed shirt as well,
 and I saw him off in his long-benched stow of war
 in lordly style.
 295 Something else. He kept a herald
 beside him, a man a little older than himself,
 I'll try to describe him to you, best I can.
 Round-shouldered he was, swarthy, curly-haired,
 his name? Eurybates. And Odysseus prized him
 300 most of all his men. Their minds worked as one."
 His words renewed her deep desire to weep,
 recognizing the strong clear signs Odysseus offered.
 But as soon as she'd had her fill of tears and grief,
 Penelope turned again to her guest and said,
 305 "Now, stranger, much as I pined you before,
 now in my house you'll be my special friend,
 my honored guest. I am the one, myself,
 who gave him the very clothes that you describe.
 I brought them up from the storeroom, folded them in a
 310 fastened the golden brooch to adorn my husband.

Odysseus—never again will I embrace him
 striding home to his own native land.
 A black day it was
 when he took ship to see that cursed city—
 315 Destroy, I call it—I hate to say its name!"
 "Ah my queen," the man of craft assured her,
 "noble wife of Laertes' son, Odysseus,
 ravage no more your lovely face with tears
 or consume your heart with grieving for your husband.
 320 Not that I'd blame you, ever. Any woman will mourn
 the bridegroom she has lost, lain with in love
 and borne his children too. Even though he
 was no Odysseus—a man like a god, they say,
 But dry your tears and take my words to heart.
 325 I will tell you the whole truth and hide nothing:
 I have heard Odysseus now, at last, is on his way,
 he's just in reach, in rich Thesprotian country—
 the man is still alive
 and he's bringing home a royal hoard of treasure,
 330 gifts he won from the people of those parts.
 His crew? He's lost his crew and hollow ship
 on the wine-dark waters off Thrinacia Island.
 Zeus and Helios raged, dead set against Odysseus
 for his men-at-arms had killed the cattle of the Sun,
 335 so down to the fast hand they drowned in crashing seas.
 But not Odysseus, clinging tight to his ship's keel—
 the breakers flung him out onto dry land, on Scheria,
 the land of Phaeacians, close kin to the gods themselves,
 and with all their hearts they prized him like a god,
 340 showered the man with gifts, and they'd have gladly
 sailed him home unscathed. In fact, Odysseus
 would have been here beside you long ago,
 but he thought it the better, shrewder course
 to recoup his fortunes roving through the world.
 345 At sly profit-turning there's not a man alive
 to touch Odysseus. He's got no rival there.
 So I learned from Phidon, king of Thesprotia,
 who swore to me as he poured libations in his house,
 350 "The ship's hauled down and the shipmates set to sail
 to take Odysseus home to native land."
 But I ...
 he shipped me off before. A Thesprotian cutter
 chanced to be heading for Delichion rich in wheat.
 355 But he showed me all the treasure Odysseus had amassed
 enough to last a man and ten generations of his heirs—
 so great the wealth stored up for him in the king's vaults!
 But Odysseus, he made clear, was off at Dodona then
 to hear the will of Zeus that rustles forth
 360 from the god's tall leafy oak, how should he return
 after all the years away, to his own beloved Ithaca,
 openly or in secret?
 And so the man is safe,
 as you can see, and he's coming home, soon.

420) I leave just such an old woman, seasoned, wise, who carefully tended my unlikely husband, reared him, took him into her arms the day his mother bore him—
 425) Up with you now, my good old bid Eurycleia,
 come and wash your master's... equal in years
 Odysseus must have feet and hands like his by now—
 At that name
 430) the old retainer buried her face in both hands
 burst into warm tears and wailed out in grief,
 "Oh my child, how helpless I am to help you now!
 How Leus despised you, more than all other men,
 god-fearing man that you were."
 435) Never did any mortal burn the old Thakander
 such rich thighbones—offerings cleared and chauce—
 never as many as you did, praying always to reach
 a ripe old age and raise a son to glory. Now
 you alone he's rubbed of your home-coming day!
 Just so, the women must have mangled my long
 far way, when he'd slumped at some fine house—
 And because you shrink from their teams, their wretched bands,
 you will not let them wash you. The work is mine—
 445) I can't do it, my dear queen, and for yourself—
 and I am all too glad I will wash your feet
 both for my own dear queen and for yourself—
 your sorrow, wrong my heart— and why?
 450) Many a wayward guest has landed here
 but never, I swear, has one so struck my eyes—
 your build, your voice, your feet— you fit the Odysseus
 to the life!"
 455) "Old woman," why Odysseus counterbid
 "that's what they all say who've seen us both:
 We bear a striking resemblance to each other,
 as you have had the wit to say yourself."
 The old woman took up a burnished basin
 she used for washing feet and poured in bowls
 of fresh cold water before she stirred in hot
 Odysseus, sitting full in the firelight, suddenly
 swam round to the dark, gripped a quick message
 the truth would all come out.
 465) Bending closer
 she started to bathe her master— then
 in a flash, she knew the scar—
 that old wound
 made years ago by a boar's white tusk when Odysseus

365) the work he severed long from him and curdily
 no not now I give you my solemn, binding oath
 I swear by Zeus, the first, the greatest god—
 by Odysseus' hearth, where I have come for help,
 370) True, this very month— just as the old man on dies
 all will come to pass: I swear exactly as I say.
 and the new man rises into life— Odysseus will return!"
 "If only, my friend," replied Penelope exclaiming
 "everything you say would come to pass!
 375) You'd soon know my affection, know my gifts.
 But my heart can sense the way it all will go.
 Any man you mean I would call you best.
 380) I'd soon know my affection, know my gifts.
 But my heart can sense the way it all will go.
 Any man you mean I would call you best.
 385) Then tomorrow at daybreak, bathe him well
 and rub him down with oil so he can sit the stable
 Telamachus in the hall, enjoy his breakfast there.
 And anyone who out-guests beyond endurance
 his debts himself, he's doomed to fade here.
 390) no matter how generous by the rivers and billsters on
 all women in thoughtful and shrewd good sense.
 For how can you know, my friend, if I surpass
 if I'd allow you to take your meals at hall
 so wealthier table, clad in rags and tatters?
 395) Our lives are much too brief—
 if a man is cruel by nature, cruel in action
 the mortal world will call him mock, his memory after death
 while he is alive, and all will mock his memory after death
 But then if a man is kind by nature, kind in action,
 his guests will carry his name across the earth.
 400) "What, my queen, the crafty man objected
 "able wife of I Leucus, son, Odysseus—
 Not from the day I lunched out in my long-owed shop
 and the snowy peaks of Crete went fading far astern,
 410) Many a night I've spent on rugged beds before
 waiting for Dawn to mount her lovely throne.
 Not do I pine for any footstools either
 Of all the women who serve your household here,
 415) I wouldn't mind if she would touch my feet"
 "Dear friend,

Summary of Book 19

470 went to Parnassus out to see Autolycus and his sons.
The man was his mother's noble father, and who excelled
the world at thievery, that and subtle, shifty oaths.
Hermes gave him the gift, overjoyed by the thighs
of lambs and kids he burned in the god's honor—
475 Hermes the ready partner in his crimes. Now,
Autolycus once visited Ithaca's fertile land,
to find his daughter's son had just been born.
Euryclia set him down on the old man's knees
as he finished dinner, urging him, "Autolycus
480 you must find a name for your daughter's darling son.
The baby comes as the answer to her prayers."
"You
my daughter, and you, my son-in-law," Autolycus returned,
"give the boy the name I tell you now. Just as I
485 have come from afar, creating pain for many—
men and women across the good green earth—
so let his name be Odysseus ...
the Son of Pain, a name he'll earn in full.
And when he has come of age and pays his visit
490 to Parnassus—the great estate of his mother's line
where all my treasures lie—I will give him enough
to cheer his heart, then speed him home to you."
And so,
in time, Odysseus went to collect the splendid gifts
495 Autolycus and the sons of Autolycus warmed him in
with eager handclasps, hearty words of welcome.
His mother's mother, Amphithea, hugged the boy
and kissed his face and kissed his shining eyes.
Autolycus told his well-trod sons to prepare
500 a princely feast. They followed orders gladly,
herded an ox inside at once, five years old,
skinned it and split the carcass into quarters,
deftly cut it in pieces, skewered these on spits,
roasted all to a turn and served the portions out.
505 So all day long till the sun went down they feasted,
consuming equal shares to their hearts' content.
Then when the sun had set and night came on
they turned to bed and took the gift of sleep.
As soon
510 as young Dawn with her rose-red fingers shone once more
they all moved out for the hunt, hounds in the lead,
Autolycus' sons and Prince Odysseus in their ranks.
Climbing Parnassus' ridges, thick with timber,
they quickly reached the mountain's windy folds
515 and just as the sun began to strike the plowlands,
rising out of the deep calm flow of the Ocean River,
the beaters came to a wooded glen, the hounds broke,
hot on a trail, and right behind the pack they came,
Autolycus' sons—Odysseus out in front now,
520 pressing the dogs, brandishing high his spear
with its long shadow waving. Then and there
a great boar lay in wait, in a thicket fair so dense

that the sudden gusty winds could never pierce it,
nor could the sun's sharp rays invade its depths,
525 nor a downpour drench it through and through,
so dense, so dark, and piled with fallen leaves.
Here, as the hunters closed in for the kill,
crowding the hounds, the tramp of men and dogs
came drumming round the boar—he crashed from his lair,
530 his razor back bristling, his eyes flashing fire
and charging up to the hunt he stopped, at bay—
and Odysseus rushed him first,
staking his long spear in a sturdy hand,
wild to strike but the boar struck faster,
535 lunging in on the slant, a tusk thrusting up
over the boy's knee, gouging a deep strip of flesh
but it never hit the bone—
Odysseus thrust and struck,
stabbing the beast's right shoulder—
540 a glint of bronze—
the point ripped clean through, and down in the dust he dropped,
grunting out his breath as his life winged away.
The sons of Autolycus, working over Odysseus,
skillfully banding up his open wound—
545 the gallant, godlike prince—
chanted an old spell that stanchd the blood
and quickly bore him home to their father's palace.
There, in no time, Autolycus and the sons of Autolycus
healed him well and, showering him with splendid gifts,
550 sped Odysseus back to his native land, to Ithaca,
a young man filled with joy. His happy parents,
his father and noble mother, welcomed him home
and asked him of all his exploits, blow-by-blow:
how did he get that wound? He told his tale with style,
555 how the white tusk of a wild boar had gashed his leg,
hunting on Parnassus with Autolycus and his sons ...
That scar—
as the old nurse cradled his leg and her hands passed down
she felt it, knew it, suddenly let his foot fall—
560 down it dropped in the basin—the bronze clanged,
tipping over, spilling water across the floor.
Joy and torment gripped her heart at once,
tears rushed to her eyes—voice choked in her throat
she reached for Odysseus' chin and whispered quickly,
565 "Yes, yes! you are Odysseus—oh dear boy—
I couldn't know you before ...
not till I touched the body of my king!"
She glanced at Penelope, keen to signal her
that here was her own dear husband, here and now,
570 but she could not catch the glance, she took no heed.
Athena turned her attention elsewhere, but Odysseus—
his right hand shot out, clutching the nurse's throat,
with his left he hugged her to himself and muttered,
"Nurse, you want to kill me? You suckled me yourself
575 at your own breast—and how I'm home, at last,

32:00

Euryclia sees
the scar and
knows that
he is
Odysseus

god's interventions

Part of the story
Penelope's dilemma

630 But now he has grown and reached his young prime.
 He begs me to leave our palace, travel home,
 Telemachus, so obsessed with his own estate,
 the wealth my princely suitors bleed away,
 But please
 read this dream for me, won't you? Listen closely:
 I keep twenty geese in the house, from the water trough
 they come and peck their wheat - I love to watch them all
 But down from a mountain swooped this great hook-beaked eagle
 yes, and he snipped their necks and bled them one and all
 and they lay in heaps throughout the halls white as
 back to the clear blue sky he soared at once.
 But I wept and wailed - only a dream, of course -
 and our well-groomed ladies came and clustered round me
 sobbing, stricken: the eagle killed my geese, but down
 he swooped again and scattering onto a jutting rafters
 called out in a human voice that drew my tears.
 "Cowardly daughter of famous King Icarus!
 That is no dream but a happy walking visitor
 real as day, that will come true for you
 The geese were your suitors - I was once the eagle
 but now I am your husband, back again at last!
 So he yowled, and the soothing sleep released me
 I peeped around and saw my geese in the house
 pecking at their wheat, at the same rough
 where they always look their meal."
 "Dear woman,
 quick Odysseus answered, "twist it however you like
 your dream can only mean one thing: Odysseus
 led you home safe - he'll make it come to pass.
 Destruction is clear for each and every suitor:
 not a soul escapes his death and doom."
 "My friend," seasoned Penelope asserted,
 "dreams are hard to unravel, wayward, drifting things -
 not all we glimpse in them will come to pass.
 Two gates there are for our evanescent dreams:
 one is made of ivory, the other made of horn,
 These that pass through the ivory clearly carved
 are will-o'-the-wisp, their messages bear no fruit.
 The dreams that pass through the gates of polished horn
 are fraught with truth for the dreamer who can see them
 But I can't believe my strange dream has come that way,
 much as my son and I would love to have it so.
 Oh more things I'll tell you - weigh it well.
 The day that dawns today, this cursed day,
 will cut me off from Odysseus' house, now,
 I mean to announce a contest with those axes.
 The ones he would set in front of me inside the hall
 twice in a string, until he has blacked to show the
 when I find well-behaved and with a part through the
 How I will bring them on as a trial for my suitors:
 the hand that can string the bow with greatest ease

she thinks if
can't be true

Odysseus will come
the suitors will die

Eagle kills all
her pet geese -
human voice
geese = suitors
eagle = Odysseus

Describe Penelope's dream.

Penelope's characterization
can be filled with grief
what do I do?
stay or marry

630 after. During twenty years of brutal hardship
 hence, on native ground. But now you know,
 now that a god has fished it in your mind,
 quiet! not a word to anyone in the house.
 Or else I warn you - and I mean business too -
 if a god beats down these brazen suitors at my hands,
 I will spare you - my old nurse that you are -
 "Child," stirred old Eurycleia protested,
 "what nonsense you let slip through your teeth!
 You keep me - I'm stubborn, never give an inch -
 I'll keep still as solid rock or iron.
 One more thing, take it to heart, I tell you:
 if a god beats down these brazen suitors at your hands,
 I'll report in full on the women in your house,
 who are dishonest to you, who are glibbers."
 "Nurse," but cool tactician Odysseus said,
 "Why bother to count them off? A waste of breath!
 I'll answer them, judge each one myself.
 Just be quiet, keep your tales to yourself.
 Leave the rest to the gods."
 Husband so
 the old nurse went padding along the halls
 and once she'd bedded and rubbed him down with oil
 to fetch him water - her basin had all spilled -
 trying to keep warm
 but he had the exact beauty his beggars rage
 as cautious Penelope resumed their conversation
 "My friend, I have only one more question for you:
 something slight, now the hour draws on for welcome sleep -
 for those who can yield to sweet repose, that is,
 heartsick as they are, as for myself, though
 some god has sent me pain that knows no bounds.
 All day long I indulge myself in sighs and tears
 as I see to my tasks, direct the household women
 When night falls and the world has lost its sleep,
 I take to my bed, my hair throbbing about to break,
 an elusive swarming, piercing - may god med with grief
 the Penelope's daughter, the nightingale in the green woods
 thing her lovely song at the first warm rain of spring
 purchased in the treeline's rasping leaves and pouring forth
 her music's shivering, tripping light to burst
 in grief for Iphus, her beloved boy, King Leirhus' son,
 whom she in innocence once cut down with bronze
 so my wavering heart goes shuddering back and forth
 Do I stay beside my son and keep all things secure -
 my hands, my serving-women, the grand high-trodden house -
 true to my husband's bed, the people's voice as well?
 Or do I follow, at last, the best man who courts me
 here in the halls, who gives the greatest gifts?
 My son - when he was a boy and high-spirited -
 urged me not to marry and leave my husband's house

685 that shoots an arrow clean through all twelve axes -
 he's the man I follow yes forsaking this house
 where I was once a bride. this gracious house
 so filled with the best that life can offer -
 I shall always remember it. that I know
 even in my dreams."
 "Oh my queen."
 Odysseus, man of exploits, urged her on.
 690 "royal wife of Laertes' son, Odysseus, now,
 don't put off this test in the halls a moment.
 Before that crew can handle the polished bow,
 string it taut and shoot through all those axes -
 Odysseus, man of exploits, will be home with you!"
 695 P "if only, my friend," the wise Penelope replied,
 "you were willing to sit beside me in the house,
 indulging me in the comfort of your presence,
 sleep would never drift across my eyes.
 But one can't go without his sleep forever.
 700 The immortals give each thing its proper place
 in our mortal lives throughout the good green earth.
 So now I'm going back to my room upstairs
 and lie down on my bed,
 that bed of pain my tears have streaked, year in,
 705 year out, from the day Odysseus sailed away to see
 Destroy. I call it - I hate to say its name!
 There I'll rest, while you lie here in the hall,
 spreading your blankets somewhere on the floor,
 or the women will prepare a decent bed."
 710 With that
 the queen went up to her lofty well-lit room
 and not alone: her women followed close behind.
 Penelope, once they reached the upper story,
 fell to weeping for Odysseus, her beloved husband.
 715 till watchful Athena sealed her eyes with welcome sleep

Test of the Bow

don't wait, Odysseus will
 return to help
 you.

I'm going to bed

- How would the old Odysseus have responded to insults from a lowly goatherd?
- What is an earlier episode in the text where Odysseus encountered someone who made him angry? How did he react?
- Up to this point, is Odysseus a thoughtful, reflective man? How do you know?
- What does Athena do in this book to encourage Odysseus?
- Who is Phobos?
- How is Odysseus insulted by Cleopatra?
- Why do the suitors behave even more inappropriately than usual?
- What is Penelope doing at the end of the book?

Describe Odysseus's prayer to Athena.

55 But I am a goddess, look, the very one who guards you in all your trials to the last. I tell you this straight out: even if thy hands of mortal fighters closed around us, hot to kill us off in battle, still you could drive away their herds and sleek flocks! So, surrender to sleep at last. What a mercy! keeping watch through the night, wide awake— you'll soon come up from under all your troubles." With that she showered sleep across his eyes, and back to Olympus went the lustrous goddess. As soon as sleep came on him, kassing his limbs, slipping the toils of anguish from his mind. his devoted wife awake and sitting up in her soft bed, returned to tears. When the queen had wept to her heart's content she prayed to the Hymns, Artemis, first of all: "Artemis—goddess, noble daughter of Zeus, if only you'd whip an arrow through my breast and tear my life out now, at once! Let some whirlwind pick me up and sweep me away along those murky paths and flung me down where the Iliac River runs; round the world rods back upon itself!"

75 as the whirlwinds swept away Furies' daughters— years ago, when the gods destroyed their parents, leaving the young girls orphans in their houses. But radiant Aphrodite nursed them well on cheese and biscuits honey and heady wine, and Hera gave them beauty and sound good sense. more than all other women—when Artemis made them fall and Athena honed their skills to fashion lovely work. But then, when Aphrodite approached Olympus' peaks to ask for the girls' lives, crowning day as brides from Zeus who loves the lightning—Zeus who knows all that's fated, all not fated, for mortal man—then the storm spirits snatched them away and passed them on to the hateful Furies. eyes for all their loving care.

90 may the gods who rule Olympus bid me out- list so

95 Artemis with your glossy braids, come sit at me dead— so I can bring beauty to this leaden, lifeless earth with the image of Odysseus vivid in my mind. Never let me warm the heart of a weaker man! Even grief is bearable, true, when someone weeps through the days, sobbing, heart convulsed with pain. Yet embraced by sleep all night—sweet oblivion, sleep dissolving all, the good and the bad, once it seals our eyes— but even my dreams torment me, scold by wicked spirits. Again—just this night—someone lay beside me— the Odysseus to the life, when he embraced with his man-at-arms. My heart raced with joy.

a sign or an omen

How does Odysseus react to the maids' behavior?

Back 20 The situation with the suitors escalates. Portia's father spreading out on the ground the raw hide of an ox, heaping over it fleeces from sheep the suitors butchered day and night, then Eurymachos threw a blanket over him, once he'd nestled down. And there Odysseus lay— plotting with him himself the suitors' death— the maids who whored in the suitors' beds each night, hithering, linking arms and frisking as before. form in thought, debating, head and heart— should he up and rush them, kill them one and all or let them rot with their lovers' bow and arrow? The heart inside him growled low with rage. as a bitch mounting over her weak, defenseless pups growls, fawning a stranger, vishing for a shadow— so he growled from his depths, hatches rising at their outrage. But he struck his chest and curbed his fighting heart. "Bear up, old heart! You've borne worse, far worse, that day when the Cyclops, man-mountain, boiled your hardy comrades down. But you held fast— the monster's cave you thought would be your death." So he forced his spirit into submission. The rage in his breast raged back—unsuavering, all endurance. But he himself kept losing, burning who roars his sizzling sausages back and forth, packed with fat and blood—keen to broil it quickly, tossing, turning it, this way, that way—so he cast about how could he get these shameless suitors in his clutches? Athena sweeping down from the sky in a woman's build and hovering at his head, the goddess spoke: "Why did I wake? The unluckiest man alive! Here is your house, your wife at home, your son. as me a boy as one could hope to have." "True," the wily fighter replied, "how right you are, goddess, but still I his worry haunts me, heart and soul— how can I get these shameless suitors in my clutches? Single-handed, braving an army always camped beside their's another worry, that haunts me even more. What if I kill them—thanks to you and Zeus— how do I run from under their avengers?" Show me the way, I ask you." "Impossible man!" Athena bantered, the goddess' eyes blazing. "Others are quick to trust a weaker comrade. Some poor mortal far less cunning than I.

NC 22

No dream, I thought, the waking truth at last!"
 At those words
 Dawn rose on her gilded throne in a sudden gleam of light.
 110 And great Odysseus caught the sound of his wife's cry
 and began to daydream—deep in his heart it seemed
 she stood beside him, knew him, now, at last—
 Gathering up the fleece and blankets where he'd slept,
 he laid them on a chair in the hall, he took the oxhide out
 115 and spread it down, lifted his hands and prayed to Zeus:
 "Father Zeus, if you really willed it so—to bring me
 home over land and sea-lanes, home to native ground
 after all the pain you brought me—show me a sign,
 a good omen voiced by someone awake indoors,
 120 another sign, outside, from Zeus himself!"
 And Zeus in all his wisdom heard that prayer.
 He thundered at once, out of his clear blue heavens
 high above the clouds, and Odysseus' spirit lifted.
 Then from within the halls a woman grinding grain
 125 let fly a lucky word. Close at hand she was,
 where the good commander sat the handmills once
 and now twelve women in all performed their tasks,
 grinding the wheat and barley, marrow of men's bones.
 The rest were abed by now—they'd milled their stint—
 130 this one alone, the frailest of all, kept working on.
 Stopping her mill, she spoke an omen for her master:
 "Zeus, Father! King of gods and men, now there
 was a crack of thunder out of the starry sky—
 and not a cloud in sight!"
 135 Sure it's a sign you're showing someone now,
 So, poor as I am, grant me my prayer as well,
 let this day be the last, the last these suitors
 bolt their groaning feasts in King Odysseus' house!
 These brutes who break my knees—heart-wrenching labor,
 140 grinding their grain—now let them eat their last!"
 A lucky omen, linked with Zeus's thunder,
 Odysseus' heart leapt up, the man convinced
 he'd grind the scoundrels' lives out in revenge.
 By now
 145 the other maids were gathering in Odysseus' royal palace,
 raking up on the hearth the fire still going strong.
 Telemachus climbed from bed and dressed at once,
 brisk as a young god—
 over his shoulder he slung his well-honed sword,
 150 he fastened rawhide sandals under his smooth feet,
 he seized his tough spear tipped with a bronze point
 and took his stand at the threshold, calling Eurycleia:
 "Dear nurse, how did you treat the stranger in our house?
 With bed and board? Or leave him to be untended?"
 155 That would be mother's way—sensible as she is—
 all impulse, doting over some worthless stranger,
 turning a good man out to face the worst."
 "Please, child," his calm old nurse replied,
 "don't blame her—your mother's blameless this time.

What sign does Zeus send?

160 He sat and drank his wine till he'd had his fill
 Food? He'd lost his hunger. But she asked him
 And when it was time to think of turning in,
 she told the maids to spread a decent bed, but he—
 so down-and-out, poor soul, so dogged by fate—
 165 said no to snuggling into a bed, between covers.
 No sir, the man lay down in the entrance-hall
 on the raw hide of an ox and sheep's fleece,
 and we threw a blanket over him, so we did."
 Hearing that,
 170 Telemachus strode out through the palace, spear in hand
 and a pair of sleek hounds went trotting at his heels.
 He made for the meeting grounds to join the island lords
 while Eurycleia the daughter of Ops, Pisenor's son,
 that best of women, gave the maids their orders:
 175 "Quick now, look alive, sweep out the house
 wet down the floors!
 You, those purple coverlets,
 fling them over the fancy chairs!
 All those tables,
 180 sponge them down—scour the winebowls, burnished cups!
 The rest—now off you go to the spring and fetch some water,
 fast as your legs can run!
 Our young gallants won't be long from the palace,
 they'll be bright and early—today's a public feast."
 185 They hung on her words and ran to do her bidding,
 full twenty scurried off to the spring's dark water,
 others bent to the housework, all good hands.
 Then in they trooped, the strutting serving-men,
 who split the firewood cleanly now as the women
 190 bustled in from the spring, the swineherd at their heels,
 driving three fat porters, the best of all his herds,
 and leaving them to root in the broad courtyard,
 up he went to Odysseus, hailed him warmly:
 "Friend, do the suitors show you more respect
 195 or treat you like the dogs of the earth as always?"
 "Good Eumaeus," the crazy man replied,
 "if only the gods would pay back their outrage!
 Wild and reckless young cubs, conniving here
 in another's house. They've got no sense of shame."
 200 And now as the two confided in each other,
 the goatherd Melanthius sauntered toward them,
 herding his goats with a pair of drovers' help,
 the pick of his flocks to make the suitors' meal.
 Under the echoing porch he tethered these, then turned
 205 on Odysseus once again with cutting insults: "Still alive?
 Still hounding your betters, begging round the house?
 Why don't you cart yourself away? Get out!
 We'll never part, I swear,
 till we taste each other's fists. Riffraff
 210 you and your begging make us sick! Get out—
 we're hardly the only banquet on the island."
 No reply. The wily one just shook his head.

65

silent his mind churning with thoughts of bloody work
 215 Third to arrive was Philoctetes that good comrade
 prodding in for the crowd a keener and fat goat
 Boastmen had brought them over from the mainland
 crews who ferry across all travelers too
 Under the echoing porch he lechered all this wealth
 220 What roasts does the man claim - who are his people?
 Where are his blood kin? his father's fields?
 Floor beggar. But what a build - a royal king's!
 225 they drive us across the earth, they drown us all in pain
 even kings of the realm."
 And with that thought
 he walked up to Odysseus gave him the fifth hand
 230 and winged a greeting. "Cheer, old friend, old father
 here's to your luck, great days from this day on -
 saddle now as you are with so much trouble!
 Father Zeus, no god's more deadly than you,
 235 then plunge them into misery, brutal hardship
 I broke into sweat, when I first saw you -
 see, my eyes still brim with tears, remembering him.
 Odysseus... the most wear such rage, I know it
 240 if he's still alive and sees the light of day
 knocking about, drifting through the world
 He's dead already, lost in the House of Death,
 my heart achs for Odysseus, my great lord and
 245 when I was just a youngster. How they've grown by now,
 I'm tossed from horn to horn in my own mind -
 I'd run off to some other country, herbs and all
 255 What a wretch I'd be with the prince alive
 to a new set of strangers. Ah, but isn't it worse
 to hold out here, leading the herds for peasants,
 I could have fled ages ago, to some great king
 260 who'd give me shelter. It's unbearable here,
 free, but I still dream of my old master,
 unclay man - I only he'd drop in from the blue
 and drive these autos all in a rout throughout the hills."
 265 "Come here," the cool tactician Odysseus answered
 "you're no coward, and nobody's fool, I'd say."

270 By Odysseus' hearth where I have come for help
 Odysseus will come home while you're still here,
 You'll see with your own eyes, if you have the heart.
 275 "Stranger, if only," the comrade cried aloud,
 "if only Zeus would make that oath come true -
 you'd see my power, my fighting arms in action"
 Eumaeus echoed his prayer to all the gods
 that their wise king would soon come home again
 280 how as they spoke and urged each other on
 and once more the suitors were phoning certain doom
 for the young prince - suddenly, banding high on the left
 an urn in the past, an eagle clatching a trembling dove.
 285 "My friends, we'll never carry off this plot
 to kill the prince, let's concentrate on feasting."
 His timely invitation pleased them all.
 The suitors ambled into Odysseus' royal house
 290 and flung down their cloaks on a chair or bench,
 they butchered huling sheep and fatted goats.
 Half-grown hogs and a young cow from the herd
 They roasted all the innards, served them round
 295 and filled the bowls with wine and mixed it well.
 Eumaeus passed out cups, Philoetetes, thirsty herdman,
 brought in on hoaves of bread an ample wicker tray.
 300 Melanthius poured the wine, the whole company
 reached out for the good things that lay at hand.
 Telamachus, man-eating shrewdly, sat his father down
 on the stone threshold, just inside the timbered hall
 305 and sat a rickety stool and cramped table here,
 He gave him a share of innards, poured his wine
 in a golden cup and added a bracing invitation:
 "Now sit right here, drink your wine with the crowd
 310 (I'll defend you from all their taunts and blows,
 these young bucks, this is no public place,
 this Odysseus' house -
 my father won't for me, so it's mine
 315 You suitors, control yourselves, he wants now
 no braving, no one here it's war between us all."
 So he declared. And they all bit their lips,
 amazed the prince could speak with so much daring
 320 Only Zephyrus, son Anunnous wenture,
 "Fighting words, but do let's knowable under -
 to our prince. Such abuse, such hated threats!
 But clearly Zeus has foiled us. So long before
 325 we would have shut his mouth for him in the halls,
 flout and howling as he is."
 So he mumbled.
 Telamachus paid no heed.

And now through the streets
320 the heralds passed, leading the beasts marked out
for sacrifice on Apollo's grand festival day,
and the islanders with their long hair were filing
into the god's shady grove—the distant deadly Archer
325 Those in the palace, once they'd roasted the prime cuts,
pulled them off the spits and, sharing out the portions,
fell to the royal feast . . .
The men who served them gave Odysseus his share,
fair as the helping they received themselves.
So Telemachus ordered, the king's own son.
330 But Athena had no mind to let the brazen suitors
hold back now from their heart-rending insults—
she meant to make the anguish cut still deeper
into the core of Laertes' son Odysseus.
There was one among them, a lawless loon—
335 Ctesippus was his name, he made his home in Same,
a fellow so impressed with his own astounding wealth
he courted the wife of Odysseus, gone for years.
Now the man harangued his swaggering comrades:
"Listen to me, my fine friends, here's what I say!
340 From the start our guest has had his fair share—
it's only right, you know.
How impolite it would be, how wrong to scant
whatever guest Telemachus welcomes to his house.
Look here, I'll give him a proper guest-gift too,
345 a prize he can hand the crane who bathes his feet
or a tip for another slave who hawks the halls
of our great king Odysseus!"
On that note,
grabbing an oxhoof out of a basket where it lay,
350 with a brawny hand he flung it straight at the king—
but Odysseus ducked his head a little, dodging the blow,
and seething just as the oxhoof hit the solid wall
he clenched his teeth in a wry sardonic grin.
Telemachus dressed Ctesippus down at once:
355 "Ctesippus, you can thank your lucky stars
you missed our guest—he ducked your blow, by god!
Else I would have planted my sharp spear in your bowels—
your father would have been busy with your funeral,
not your wedding here. Enough!
360 Don't let me see more offenses in my house,
not from anyone! I'm alive to it all, now,
the good and the bad—the boy you knew is gone.
But I still must bear with this, this lovely sight—
365 sheepflocks butchered, wine swilled, food squandered—
how can a man fight off so many single-handed?
But no more of your crimes against me, please!
Unless you're bent on cutting me down, now,
and I'd rather die, yes, better that by far
than have to look on at your outrage day by day
370 guests treated to blows, men dragging the serving-women
through our noble house, exploiting them all, no shame!"

Dead quiet. The suitors all fell silent, hushed.
At last Damastor's son Agelaus rose and said,
"Fair enough, my friends, when a man speaks well
375 we have no grounds for wrangling, no cause for abuse.
Hands off this stranger! Or any other servant
in King Odysseus' palace. But now a word
of friendly advice for Telemachus and his mother—
here's hoping it proves congenial to them both.
380 So long as your hearts still kept a spark alive
that Odysseus would return—that great, deep man—
who could blame you, playing the waiting game at home
and holding off the suitors? The better course, it's true.
What if Odysseus had returned, had made it home at last?
385 But now it's clear as day—the man will come no more.
So go, Telemachus, sit with your mother, coax her
to wed the best man here, the one who offers most,
so you can have and hold your father's estate,
eating and drinking here, your mind at peace
390 while mother plays the wife in another's house."
The young prince, keeping his poise, replied,
"I swear by Zeus, Agelaus, by all my father suffered—
dead, no doubt, or wandering far from Ithaca these days—
I don't delay my mother's marriage, not a moment.
395 I press her to wed the man who takes her heart,
I'll shower her myself with boundless gifts.
But I shrink from driving mother from our house,
issuing harsh commands against her will.
God forbid it ever comes to that!"
400 So he vowed
and Athena set off uncontrollable laughter in the suitors,
crazed them out of their minds—mad, hysterical laughter
seemed to break from the jaws of strangers, not their own,
and the meat they were eating oozed red with blood—
405 tears flooded their eyes, hearts possessed by grief.
The inspired seer Theoclymenus wailed out in their midst,
"Poor men, what terror is this that overwhelms you so?
Night shrouds your heads, your faces, down to your knees—
cries of mourning are bursting into fire—cheeks rivering tears—
410 the walls and the handsome crossbeams dripping dank with blood!
Chests, look, thronging the entrance, thronging the court,
go trooping down to the realm of death and darkness!
The sun is blotted out of the sky—look there—
a lethal mist spreads all across the earth!"
415 At that
they all broke into peals of laughter aimed at the seer—
Polybus' son Eurymachus braying first and foremost,
"Our guest just in from abroad, the man is raving!
Duck, my boys, hustle him out of the house,
420 into the meeting grounds, the light of day—
everything here he thinks is dark as night!"
"Eurymachus," the inspired prophet countered,
"when I want your escort, I'll ask for it myself.
I have eyes and ears, and both my feet, still,

Describe Telemachus. How has he
changed over the course of the
epic?

- 425 and a head that's fairly sound,
nothing to be ashamed of. These will do
to take me past those doors ...
Oh I can see it now—
the disaster closing on you all! There's no escaping it,
no way out—not for a single one of you suitors,
wild reckless fools, plotting outrage here,
the halls of Odysseus, great and strong as a god!"
With that he marched out of the sturdy house
and went home to Piraeus, the host who warmed him in.
435 Now all the suitors, trading their snide glances, started
heckling Telemachus, made a mockery of his guests.
One or another brash young gallant scoffed,
"Telemachus, no one's more unlucky with his guests!"
440 "Look what your man dragged in—this mangy tramp
scraping for bread and wine!"
"Not fit for good hard work,
the bag of bones—"
"A useless dead weight on the land!"
"And then this charlatan up and apes the prophet."
445 "Take it from me—you'll be better off by far—
toss your friends in a slave-ship—"
"Pack them off
to Sicily, fast—they'll fetch you one sweet price!"
So they jeered, but the prince paid no attention ...
450 silent, eyes riveted on his father, always waiting
the moment he'd lay hands on that outrageous mob.
And all the while Icarius' daughter, wise Penelope,
had placed her carved chair within earshot, at the door,
so she could catch each word they uttered in the hall.
455 Laughing rowdily, men prepared their noonday meal,
succulent, rich—they'd butchered quite a herd.
But as for supper, what could be less enticing
than what a goddess and a powerful man
would spread before them soon? A groaning feast—
460 for they'd been first to plot their vicious crimes.

Describe the suitors' bizarre
behavior at the end of the book.

Book 19 Summary

When the suitors retire for the night, Telemachus and Odysseus remove the arms as planned. Telemachus tells Eurycleia that they are storing the arms to keep them from being damaged.

↳ Odysseus's nurse / housekeeper

Telemachus retires and Odysseus is joined by Penelope. She has come from the women's quarters to question her curious visitor. She knows that he has claimed to have met Odysseus, and she tests his honesty by asking him to describe her husband. Odysseus describes himself, capturing each detail so perfectly that it reduces Penelope to tears. He then tells the story of how he met Odysseus and eventually came to Ithaca. He tells Penelope that, essentially, Odysseus had a long ordeal but is alive and freely traveling the seas, and predicts that Odysseus will be back within the month.

Penelope offers the beggar a bed to sleep in, but he declines. He reluctantly allows Eurycleia to wash his feet who immediately recognizes the scar that Odysseus received when he went boar hunting as a child. He silences her while Athena keeps Penelope distracted so that his secret remains safe.

What excuse does Telemachus give for removing the weapons from the hall?

Telemachus says that he is removing the weapons so that they aren't made dirty by the smoke from the hall.

Describe Melantho.

Melantho is an unfaithful maid. She has allied herself to the suitors and treats Odysseus (still in disguise as a beggar) poorly.

Describe Penelope and Odysseus's first encounter.

Penelope thinks Odysseus is a visitor.

How does Eurycleia recognize Odysseus?

Eurycleia recognizes a scar on Odysseus's upper thigh that he sustained from a wild hog in his youth.

Describe Penelope's dream.

Penelope dreams about her pet geese being killed by an eagle.

Book Twenty Guide “PortentsGather”

Summary: Book 20

Penelope and Odysseus both have trouble sleeping that night. Odysseus worries that he and Telemachus will never be able to conquer so many suitors, but Athena reassures him that through the gods all things are possible. Tormented by the loss of her husband and her commitment to remarry, Penelope wakes and prays for Artemis to kill her. Her distress wakes Odysseus, who asks Zeus for a good omen. Zeus responds with a clap of thunder, and, at once, a maid in an adjacent room is heard cursing the suitors.

The next day, Odysseus and Telemachus meet, in succession, the swineherd Eumaeus, the foul Melanthius, and Philoetius, a kindly and loyal herdsman who says that he has not yet given up hope of Odysseus’s return.

The suitors enter, once again plotting Telemachus’s murder. Amphinomus convinces them to call it off. Athena keeps the suitors antagonistic through dinner to prevent Odysseus’s anger from losing its edge. Ctesippus, a wealthy and arrogant suitor, throws a cow’s hoof at Odysseus, then Telemachus threatens to run him (Ctesippus) through with his sword. The suitors laugh, failing to notice that they and the walls of the room are covered in blood and that their faces have assumed a foreign, ghostly look—portents of inescapable doom.

Define portent.

Portent means sign or omen.

Why do the maids infuriate Odysseus?

The maids have been unfaithful to the royal family by associating with the suitors.

How does Odysseus react to the maids’ behavior?

Although he wants to react in anger, he steadies himself and waits for the right time for revenge.

Describe Odysseus’s prayer to Athena.

Odysseus asks that Athena will show him the way.

What sign does Zeus send?

Zeus sends a thunder clap as an acknowledgement to Odysseus.

Describe Telemachus. How has he changed over the course of the epic?

Telemachus is quick and confident. He is described as a young god taking his stand. He is now a man of action.

Describe the suitors’ bizarre behavior at the end of the book.

Athena causes the men to have a strange fit of laughter that evolves into weeping in response to Telemachus telling them that he will not give his mother away in marriage. Their behavior is manic as the meat that they are eating oozes with blood.

NC 23: Enemy or Ally?

Complete the chart below to keep track of some of the minor characters in Book Twenty. For each character, describe if he/she is an ally or enemy of Odysseus. Then in the right column, describe the character and his/her behavior.

Character	Ally or Enemy?	Character Description Character Behavior
Euryclia		
Melantho		
Melanthius		
Philoetius		
Antinous		
Eumaeus		
Estepius		

BONUS
STAMP



NC 24

Book 21

Penelope arranges for the suitors to compete for her hand in marriage by performing a test with Odysseus's bow.

Odysseus String His Bow

5 The time had come. The goddess Athena with her blazing eyes inspired Penelope, Icarus' daughter, wary, poised,

to set the bow and the gleaming iron axes out before her suitors waiting in Odysseus' hall—to test their skill and bring their slaughter on.

see picture - google



10 Up the steep stairs to her room she climbed and grasped in a steady hand the curved key— fine bronze, with ivory haft attached—

and then with her chamber-women made her way to a hidden storeroom, far in the palace depths, and there they lay, the royal master's treasures: bronze, gold and a wealth of hard wrought iron and there it lay as well ... his backsprung bow with its quiver, bristling arrows, shafts of pain.

she got Odysseus' bow from the storeroom.

15

Edith from the old days. Turn a friend the d...
in the garden - I wish I had a son.

That great weapon -

King Dagsus never told it buried with him
when he sailed off to war in his long black ship.

He kept it stored away in his stately house
guarding the memory of a cherished friend
and only took that bow on hunts at home.

Now
the hitman's quest soon reached the hidden vault
and stopped at the oaken doors. Work an expert
sanded smooth and tried to fit the fine some years ago
padding the door with hanging shaggy doors
inserted the key and aiming straight and true.

Shot back the bolts - and the rasping doors ground
as loud as a bull will bellow. Champing grass at pasture
So as the key went home those handsome double doors

rang out now and sprang wide before her
She stepped onto a plank where chests stood tall
brimming with clothing scented sweet with cedar.

Reaching, tipped the bow down off its peg
still secure in the bristled case that held it.
down she sank, laying the case across her knees.

and dissolved in beads with a high thin wail
as she drew her husband's weapon from its sheath -
then having wept and sobbed to her heart's content -
off she went to the hall to meet her proud advisers.

its quiver bristling arrows, shafts of pain.
her woman followed, bringing a chest that held
the bronze axe and the iron axe, trophies won by the master

That radiant woman, once she reached her suitors,
drawing her glistening veil across her cheeks
passed now her royal handmaids stationed either side
and delivered an ultimatum to her suitors:

Listen to me, my overbearing friends!
You who plague this palace night and day,
drinking eating us out of house and home
to win as your bride. So to arms, my gallants!

Here is the prize at issue, right before you, look -
I set before you the great bow of King Dagsus now!
The hand that can string this bow with greatest ease
that shoots an arrow clean through all twelve axes -

He is the man I follow, yes, forsaking this house
where I was once a bride. His gracious house
so filled with the best that life can offer -
I shall always remember it that I know...

Chapter 2

he didn't take the bow with him
a murderer of his friend.

head and pined for a son

the cover again

the puzzle Odysseus has from
it's sheath

murder them

Odysseus

if you can string this bow
and shoot an arrow through
twelve axes, well

many you and leave this house
future axehead, well

even in my dreams

ordered the good swiftnow to set the bow
and the gleaming iron axes out before the suitors.

The covered wall, when he saw his master's bow,
bit Amphinous whined on both and let them have it.
"Who's that? - you can't tell night from day!"

You're stirring up your mistress! Isn't she drowned
in grief already? She's lost her darling husband!
Sit down! Eat in peace, or take your snuffing
out of doors! But leave that bow right here -

our crucial test that makes or breaks us all -
My easy game. I wager to string his polished bow
what a man he was -

I saw him once, remember him to this day,
though I was young and foolish way back then."

Smooth talk
but deep in the stator's heart his hopes were bent
on stringing the bow and shooting through the axes.

Amphinous - lured to be the first man to taste
an arrow whipped from great Dagsus' hand:
the king he mocked, at ease in the king's house.

"Amazing!"
Prince Telemachus wailed in with a laugh.
"Sure up there has robbed me of my wife
My own dear mother, sensible as she is

says she'll marry again, forsake our house,
and look at me - laughing for all I'm worth.
giggling like some fool. Step up, my friends!

Here is the prize at issue, right before you, look -
a woman who has no equal now in all Aegean country.
neither in holy Pylus, nor in Argos or Mycenae
not even Ithaca itself, or the kaamy mainland.

You know it well! Why say my mother's prayers?
Come, let the games begin! No dodges, no delays,
no turning back from the stinging of the bow -
we'll see who wins, we will.

I'd even take a crack at the bow myself -
If string it and shoot through all the axes,
I'd worry less if my noble mother left our home
with another man and left me here behind - man enough

With that
he leapt to his feet and dropped his bright red cloak
stripping the sword and sword-belt off his shoulders,
first he planted the axes, digging a long trench,
one for all, and tried them all to a line.

then lapped the earth to bed them. Woe! Woe!
the revelers looking on his work so firm, precise.

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get the servant to
set it up - they greet
for the master upon stairs
the bow

Amphinous - murder him?
leada them

Mocka Odysseus

prochados

Odysseus she will marry
again - and
Describe the test of the bow.

he set up the axes b/c
of making the division -
but he knows Odysseus
is strong - plans to
kill them all.

105 though he'd never seen the axes ranged before
 He stood at the threshold, poised to try the bow
 Three times he made it shudder, straining to bend it
 three times his power flagged - but his hopes ran high
 he'd string his father's bow and shoot through every iron
 110 and now, struggling with all his might for the fourth time,
 he would have strung the bow but Odysseus shook his head
 and stopped him short despite his tensing zeal
 T: "God help me," the inspired prince cried out
 "must I be a weakling, a failure all my life?
 115 Unless I'm just too young to trust my hands
 to fight off any man who rises up against me.
 Come, my betters, so much stronger than I am -
 try the bow and finish off the contest."
 He propped his father's weapon on the ground,
 120 tilting it up against the polished well-hung doors
 and resting a shaft askant the bow's fine horn,
 then back he went to the seat that he had left.
 A: "Up, friends!" Antinous called, taking over
 "One man after another, left to right,
 125 starting from where the steward pours the wine."
 So Antinous urged and all agreed.
 The first man up was Leodes, Demops' son,
 a seer who could see their futures in the smoke,
 who always sat by the glowing winebowl, well back,
 130 the one man in the group who loathed their reckless ways,
 appalled by all their outrage. His turn first...
 Picking up the weapon now and the swift arrow,
 he stood at the threshold, poised to try the bow
 but failed to bend it. As soon as he tugged the string
 135 his hands went slack, his soft, uncallused hands
 and he called back to the suitors. "Friends,
 I can't bend it. Take it, someone - try.
 Here is a bow to rob our best of life and breath,
 all our best contenders! Still, better be dead
 140 than live on here, never winning the prize
 that tempts us all - forever in pursuit,
 burning with expectation every day,
 if there's still a suitor here who hopes
 who aches to marry Penelope, Odysseus' wife,
 145 just let him try the bow, he'll see the truth!
 He'll soon lay siege to another Argive woman
 trailing her long robes, and shower her with gifts -
 and then our queen can marry the one who offers most,
 the man marked out by fate to be her husband." → Odysseus
 150 With those words he thrust the bow aside,
 tilting it up against the polished well-hung doors
 and resting a shaft askant the bow's fine horn,
 then back he went to the seat that he had left.
 But Antinous turned on the seer, abuses flying.
 155 A: "Leodes! what are you saying? what's got past your lips?
 What awful, grisly nonsense - it shocks me to hear it -
 there is a bow to rob our best of life and breath!"

Telemachus cannot string the bow -
 Odysseus stops him.

Antinous tells them to take turns

a seer - not a really bad suitor

he can't string it - he sees their future, tells them that they will die for trying

Describe Antinous's behavior.

160 Just because you can't string it, you're so weak?
 Clearly your genteel mother never bred her boy
 for the work of bending bows and shooting arrows.
 We have champions in our ranks to string it quickly
 Hop to it, Melanthius!" - he barked at the goatherd -
 "Rake the fire in the hall, pull up a big stool,
 165 heap it with fleece and fetch that hefty ball
 of lard from the stores inside. So we young lords
 can heat and limber the bow and rub it down with grease
 before we try again and finish off the contest!"
 The goatherd bustled about to rake the fire
 still going strong. He pulled up a lag stool,
 170 heaped it with fleece and fetched the hefty ball
 of lard from the stores inside. And the young men
 limbered the bow, rubbing it down with hot grease,
 then struggled to bend it back but failed. No use -
 they fell far short of the strength the bow required.
 175 Antinous still held off, dashing Eurymachus too,
 the ringleaders of all the suitors,
 head and shoulders the strongest of the lot.
 But now
 the king's two men, the cowherd and the swineherd,
 180 had slipped out of the palace side-by-side
 and great Odysseus left the house to join them.
 Once they were past the courtyard and the gates
 he proved them deftly, surely: "Cowherd, swineherd,
 185 what shall I blurt this out or keep it to myself?
 No, speak out. The heart inside me says so.
 How far would you go to fight beside Odysseus?
 Say he dropped like that from a clear blue sky
 and a god brought him back -
 would you fight for the suitors or your king?
 190 Tell me how you feel inside your hearts."
 "Father Zeus," the trusty cowherd shouted,
 "bring my prayer to pass! Let the master come -
 some god guide him now! You'd see my power,
 my fighting arms in action!"
 195 Eumaeus echoed his prayer to all the gods
 that their wise king would soon come home again.
 Certain at least these two were loyal to the death,
 Odysseus reassured them quickly: "I'm right here,
 200 here in the flesh - myself - and home at last,
 after bearing twenty years of brutal hardship.
 Now I know that of all my men you two alone
 longed for my return. From the rest I've heard
 not one real prayer that I come back again.
 205 So now I'll tell you what's in store for you.
 If a god beats down the lofty suitors at my hands,
 I'll find you wives, both of you, grant you property
 sturdy houses beside my own, and in my eyes you'll be
 comrades to Prince Telemachus, brothers from then on.
 210 Come, I'll show you something - living proof -
 know me for certain, put your minds at rest."

Antinous boasts about his prediction & tips something new

He lets everyone else try to string the bow.

Servants leave them

What is the cowherd's name, and how does he prove his loyalty to Odysseus?

They want the master to be home and pray for his return

Reveals himself to them then promises to take care of them if the fight beside him - shows them his scar

215 With that hurtling on Parnassus, Anticleus' sons and I" look where a bear's white back gored me, years ago. This scar.

220 Now the sun would have set upon their wars and so Odysseus kissed their heads and hands. And the men gazed at it, screamed, it knew it well. broke into hearts and threw their arms around their master.

230 If anyone hears from there the jangling blows and groans of men, slow her face not one of them show her face - sit tight, keep to her weaving, not a sound. You my good Philoetius, here are your orders. Shoot the bolt of the courtyard's outer gate. lock it fast, it fast!

235 With that command the master entered his well-timed, tracked house and back he went to the stool that he had left. The king's two men in turn, shipped in as well. Just now Eurymachus held the bow in his hands turning it over, lip to lip, before the blazing fire and the suitors' high heart greened to bursting. "A black day," he exclaimed in wounded pride. "It's less the marriage that mortifies me now - that's galling too, but lots of women are left some in against Ithaca, some in other cities. What breaks my heart is the fact we fall so short of great Odysseus' strength we cannot string the bow. A disgrace to ring in the ears of men to come." Eurymachus' epithets son Antinous countered. "It will never come to that, as you well know. Today is a feast, Archer God. Who takes bows today? in honor of the Archer God. Who takes bows today? Set it aside. Rest easy now. And all the axes. Let's just leave them planted where they are. Trust me, no one's about to crash the gates of Ithaca's son and carry off these trophies. Steward, pour some drops for the god in every cup. We'll tip the wine, then put the bow to bed.

no one can string the bow -
you can brown strings
if a fine piece of Ithaca's bow
let's what with him on now

the plan:
bring the bow to me
when I can't get for it
tell the woman not to
lock Ithaca on.

they cried for him
also cryin' - we can't get caught

265 And first thing in the morn'ning have Melanthius bring the pick of his goats from all his herds - so we can burn the thighs to Agatha, god of archers - then try the bow and fash off the corners. Melanoe advice. And again they all agreed. Herads sprinkled water over their hands for washing. The young men trimmed the making bowls with wine. they topped first drops for the god in every cup. they'd poured full rounds for all. And now, once they'd dipped libations out and drunk their fill. the king of crew. Odysseus, said with all his cunning. Listen to me, you lords who court the noble queen. I appeal especially to Eurymachus, and you, noble Antinous, who spoke so so widely now. Give the bow a rest for today, leave it to the gods - at dawn the Archer God will grant a victory to the man he favors most. For the moment, give me the polished bow now, won't you? So to amuse you all, I can try my hand, my strength - is the old force still alive inside these gauged limbs? Or has a life of roaming, years of rough neglect destroyed it long ago?"

270 275 280 285

290 Eurymachus' son Eurymachus stepped in. "Antinous" which Penelope stepped in. how impetive it would be how warning to scan whatever guest Telemachus welcomes to his house. You really think - all the stranger trusts to his hands - and string that he strings Odysseus' great bow - he'll take me home and claim me as his bride? He never dreamed of such a thing, I'm sure. Don't let that ruin the feast for any reveler here. Unthinkable - nothing, nothing could be worse. Eurymachus' son Eurymachus had an answer. "Wise Penelope, danger of Ithaca: do we really expect the man to wed you? Unthinkable. I know. But we do recall at the tale of men and women. Look at the island's meaner sort will mither. Wealings look, they can't even string his bow. But along came this beggar, drifting out of the blue - strings his bow with ease and shot through all the axes! Shame!" alert Penelope protested - "How can you hope for any public fame at all? You who disgrace, devour a great man's house and name? Why hang your heads in shame over next to nothing? Our friend here is a strapping well built man

we will make a sacrifice when they again tomorrow
order for the bow to try to
How do the suitors act when Odysseus (the beggar) steps up to try his turn?
this question for
has been given food &
drunk - conversation
Penelope wants to eat
from from a chance
they don't want to
can do it & they
can't do it. -
Penelope falls from they
should be ashamed for the
way they act.

and claims to be the son of a noble father.
 Come, hand him the bow now. Let's just see.
 I tell you this—and I'll make good my word—
 if he strings the bow and Apollo grants him glory
 I'll dress him in shirt and cloak in handsome clothes.
 I'll give him a good sharp lance to fight off men and dogs,
 give him a two-edged sword and sandals for his feet
 and send him off, wherever his heart desires."
 "Mother,"
 poised Telemachus broke in now. "my father's bow—
 no Achaean on earth has more right than I
 to give it or withhold it, as I please.
 Of all the lords in Ithaca's rocky heights
 or the islands facing Elis grazed by horses,
 not a single one will force or thwart me will
 even if I decide to give our guest this bow—
 a gift outright—to carry off himself.
 So, mother,
 go back to your quarters. Tend to your own tasks,
 the distaff and the loom, and keep the women
 working hard as well. As for the bow now,
 men will see to that, but I most of all:
 I hold the reins of power in this house."
 Astonished,
 she withdrew to her own room. She took to heart
 the clear good sense in what her son had said.
 Climbing up to the lofty chamber with her women,
 she fell to weeping for Odysseus, her beloved husband,
 till watchful Athena sealed her eyes with welcome sleep.
 And now the loyal swineherd had lifted up the bow,
 was taking it toward the king, when all the suitors
 burst out in an ugly uproar through the palace—
 brash young bullies, this or that one heckling.
 "Where on earth are you going with that bow?"
 "You, you grubby swineherd, are you crazy?"
 "The speedy dogs you reared will eat your corpse—"
 "Out there with your pigs, out in the cold, alone!"
 "If only Apollo and all the gods shine down on us!"
 Eumaeus froze in his tracks, put down the bow,
 panicked by every outcry in the hall.
 Telemachus shouted too, from the other side,
 and full of threats: "Carry on with the bow, old boy!
 If you serve too many masters, you'll soon suffer.
 Look sharp, or I'll pelt you back to your farm
 with flying rocks. I may be younger than you
 but I'm much stronger. If only I had that edge
 in fists and brawn over all this courting crowd,
 I'd soon dispatch them—lacking their wounds at last—
 clear of our palace where they plot their vicious plots!"
 His outburst sent them all into gales of laughter,
 blithe and oblivious: that dissolved their pique
 against the prince. The swineherd took the bow,
 carried it down the hall to his ready, waiting king.

he is supposed to be of noble blood, let him try if he can string it, I promise to send him away

Telemachus takes charge - says that the bow is his by right (rem in spirit of earlier episode of trying to be a man)

servant is bringing the bow to Odysseus. They insult him - he pauses. Telemachus instructs him to bring Odysseus the bow.

80 and standing by him placed it in his hands.
 then he called the nurse aside and whispered.
 "Good Eurycliea—Telemachus commands you now
 to lock the snugly fitted doors to your own rooms.
 If anyone hears from there the jolting blows
 and groans of men, caught in our huge net,
 not one of you show your face—
 sit tight, keep to your weaving, not a sound."
 That silenced the old nurse—
 she barred the doors that led from the long hall.
 The cowherd quietly bounded out of the house
 to lock the gates of the high-stocked court.
 Under the portico lay a cable, ship's tough gear:
 he lashed the gates with this, then slipped back in
 and ran and sat on the stool that he'd just left.
 eyes riveted on Odysseus.
 Now he held the bow
 in his own hands, turning it over, tip to tip,
 testing it, this way, that way... fearing worms
 had bored through the weapon's horn with the master gune abroad.
 A suitor would glance at his neighbor, jeering, taunting.
 "Look at our connoisseur of bows!"
 "Sly old fox maybe
 he's got bows like it stored in his house."
 "That or he's bent on making one himself."
 "Look how he twists and turns it in his hands!"
 "The clever tramp means trouble—"
 "I wish him luck." some cocksure lord chimed in,
 "as good as his luck in bending back that weapon!"
 So they mocked, but Odysseus, mastermind in action,
 once he'd handled the great bow and scanned every inch,
 then, like an expert singer skilled at lyre and song—
 who strains a string to a new peg with ease,
 making the pliant sheep gut fast at either end—
 so with his virtuous ease Odysseus strung his mighty bow.
 Quickly his right hand plucked the string to test its pitch
 and under his touch it sang out clear and sharp as a swallow's cry.
 Horror swept through the suitors, faces blanching white,
 and Zeus cracked the sky with a bolt, his blazing sign,
 and the great man who had borne so much rejoiced at last
 that the son of cunning Cronus flung that woman down for him.
 He snatched a winged arrow lying bare on the board—
 the rest still bristled deep inside the quiver,
 soon to be tasted by all the feasters there.
 Setting shaft on the handgrip, drawing the notch
 and bowstring back, back... right from his stool
 just as he sat but aiming straight and true, he let fly—
 and never missing an ox from the first ax-handle
 clean on through to the last and out
 the shaft with its weighted brazen head shot free!
 "My son."
 Odysseus looked to Telemachus and said, "your guest
 sitting here in your house, has not disgraced you.

lock the doors. ignore all noise

Telemachus wants to take a try, but his father tells him not to. Why won't Odysseus give him a try?

Odysseus touches the bow for the first time if anyone it closely

They mock Odysseus

he strings it w/ ease 1st block

places the arrow in the quiver draws it back and then shoots it through all the axeheads

Telemachus, we have not disgraced you

NC 25

135 But the hour has come to serve our masters right - snapper in a bread daylight - then to other reveals.
 He passed with a warning nod and of that sign
 Prince Leirnechus, son of King Odysseus,
 gripping his sharp sword on clamping hand to spear:
 took his stand by a chair that flanked his father -
 his bronze spearpoint glistening now like fire -

U took the shot, & passed
 the first of an arrowing enough
 write what the swiftness thought
 of Odysseus a nod to Jellman
 the attendants next to his father
 with the spear ready
 to fight

Book 22 Slaughter in the Hall
 Odysseus takes his revenge against the suitors that have disrespected his home.
 How stripping back his rage Odysseus master of craft and bailed
 vaulted onto the great threshold gripping his bow and quiver
 bursting arrows, and poured his flashing shafts before him
 Look - your crucial test is finished now, at last!
 moans at his feet and thundered out to all the suitors:
 But another target's left that no one's hit before -
 we'll see if I can hit it - Apollo give me glory!
 Which that he rained a stabbing arrow on Antinous -
 just hitting a gorgeous golden loving cup in his hands
 about to drain the wine - and slaughter the last thing
 on that crown of feasters, however great his power,
 would bring down death on himself and black doom?
 But Odysseus aimed and shot Antinous square in the throat
 and the point went clean through the soft neck and out -
 as the shaft sank home, and the man's life-blood came spurting
 out his nostrils -
 a sudden thrust of his foot -
 thick red jets -
 he kicked away the table -
 found showered across the floor:
 the bread and meats soaked in a sweat of bloody thib
 The suitors burst into open air throughout the house
 when they saw their leader down. They leapt from their seats
 minding about desperate, scanning the stone walls -
 not a shield in sight, no rugged spear to save.
 "Stranger, shooting at men will cost your life!"
 "Your game is over - you, you've shot your last!"
 "You'll never escape your own headlong death!"
 "You'll die the first in the ca - our time prince!"
 "Whiters will eat your corpse!"
 "Bring, Frank!"
 each one persuading himself the guest had killed
 the man by chance. Poor fools, blind to the fact
 that all their necks were in the noose, their doom sealed!

30) suitors

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They go crazy searching
 for weapons (they've all been
 packed up) they begin yelling
 at Odysseus (as a stranger) and
 threatening that if was an
 accident, not an attack.

blood & food
 go everywhere as the door
 Describe Antinous's fate and the
 suitors' subsequent reactions.

0) You dogst you never thought I'd return from Troy -
 so cackles that you fled my house to death -
 ravished my serving-women - wooed my wife
 behind my back while I was still alive!
 Hear of the gods who ride the skies up there.
 no hear that man's revenge might arrive someday -
 how all your necks are in the noose - your doom is sealed!
 Lector gripped them all, blanched their faces white.
 each man glancing wildly - how to escape his instant death?
 Only Eurymachus had the breath to venture, "If you,
 you're truly Odysseus of Ithaca, home at last,
 your right to accuse these men of what they've done -
 so much on your lands. But here he has,
 look dead, and he incited it all - Antinous -
 the man who drove us all to crime!
 That that he needed marriage, craved it so,
 and bigger game in mind - though Zeus barred his way -
 he'd lord it over Ithaca's handsome country, king himself!
 once he'd lain in wait for your son and cut him down!
 But now he's received the death that he deserved.
 So spare your own people! Later we'll re-occupy
 your coats with a tax laid down upon the land,
 covering all we ate and drank inside your halls.
 and each of us there will pay his dues -
 twenty oen in value, bronze or silver and gold we'll give
 until you reach your heart. Before we've settled
 who on earth could blame you for your rage?"
 But the battle-master kept on glaring, seething
 The Eurymachus! Not if you paid me all your father's wealth -
 all you passers now, and all that could pour in from the world's end -
 not even then would I stay my hands from slaying
 all you suitors had paid for all your crimes!
 How like or death - your choice - fight me or flee
 if you hope to escape your sudden bloody doom!
 I doubt one man in the lot will save his skin!
 This man will never rest until his hands, unworkable hands -
 but Eurymachus spoke again, now to the suitors, "Friends!
 this menace stood their knees, their hearts too
 I doubt one man in the lot will save his skin!"
 Now that he's seized that polished bow and quiver, look
 how that he'll shoot from the side until he's killed us all!
 So light - call up the joy of battle! Swords out!
 tables lifted - block his arrows winging death!
 Change him, changed in a pack -
 race through town and sound alarm at once -
 Try to rout the man from the side, the doors.
 Drive take -
 our friend would soon see he's shot his bolt!"
 he drew his two-edged sword, bronze, honed for the bill
 and hurled himself at the king with a raw savage cry
 on the same breath that Odysseus loosed an arrow
 ripping his breast beside the nipple so hard!

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and back
 the

look at what you have
 done to my home usage
 if have been gone, you
 wouldn't worried about
 the gods or my revenge
 one day, you would
 all due
 They try to convince O
 not to kill him as
 Antinous was the
 worst of them all.
 the dreamer from the
 their custom/corner
 and offer to
 pay Odysseus back
 for what they've
 taken
 Odysseus says they
 will pay w/ their
 death
 Eurymachus convinces
 them all to attack
 at once - they
 are many against
 two -
 ATTACKS O & O shoot &
 turn in the chest

NOTE CHARACTERIZATION

95 it lodged in the man's liver -
 But of his grasping sword dropped to the ground -
 over his table, head over heels he tumbled, doubled up
 flinging his food and his two-handed cup across the floor -
 he smashed the ground with his forehead, writhing in pain,
 both feet flailing out, and his high seat tottered -
 100 the mist of death came swirling down his eyes.
 Amphinomus rushed the king in all his glory,
 charging him face-to-face, a slashing sword drawn -
 if only he could force him clear of the doorway now,
 but Telemachus - too quick - stabbed the man from behind,
 105 plunging his bronze spear between the suitor's shoulders
 and straight on through his chest the point came putting out -
 down he went with a thud, his forehead slammed the ground.
 Telemachus swerved aside, leaving his long spear shaft
 lodged in Amphinomus - fearing some suitor just might
 110 lunge in from behind as he tugged the shaft,
 impale him with a sword or hack him down,
 crouching over the corpse.
 He went on the run, reached his father at once
 and halting right beside him, let fly, "Father -
 115 now I'll get you a shield and a pair of spears,
 a helmet of solid bronze to fit your temples!
 I'll arm myself on the way back and hand out
 arms to the swineherd, arm the cowherd too -
 we'd better fight equipped!"
 120 "Run, fetch them."
 the wily captain urged, "while I've got arrows left
 to defend me - or they'll force me from the doors
 while I fight on alone!"
 Telemachus moved to his father's orders smartly
 125 Off he ran to the room where the famous arms lay stored,
 took up four shields, eight spears, four bronze helmets
 ridged with horsehair crests and, loaded with these,
 ran back to reach his father's side in no time.
 The prince was first to case himself in bronze
 130 and his servants followed suit - both harnessed up
 and all three flanked Odysseus, mastermind of war
 and he, as long as he'd arrows left to defend himself,
 kept picking suitors off in the palace, one by one
 and down they went, corpse on corpse in droves.
 135 Then, when the royal archer's shafts ran out,
 he leaned his bow on a post of the massive doors -
 where walls of the hallway catch the light - and armed
 across his shoulder he slung a buckler four plies thick,
 over his powerful head he set a well-forged helmet,
 140 the horsehair crest atop it tossing, bristling terror,
 and grasped two rugged lances tipped with fiery bronze.
 Now a side-door was fitted into the main wall -
 right at the edge of the great hall's stone sill -
 and led to a passage always shut by good tight boards.
 145 But Odysseus gave the swineherd strict commands
 to stand hard by the side-door, guard it well -

Another suitor attacks
 Telemachus joins in.

Telemachus goes to get
 the weapon for
 us and the servants too

Go now, while I still have
 arrows left

He got the weapons that
 he had stored away
 and put on his
 armor

Runs out of arrows
 but he gets more weapons
 and puts on armor

The swinehead is guarding
 the doors so no one will get
 out.

the only way the suitors might break out.
 Agelaus called to his comrades with a plan:
 150 "Friends, can't someone climb through the hatch? -
 tell men outside to sound the alarm, be quick -
 our guest would soon see he'd shot his last!"
 M The goatherd Melanthius answered, "Not a chance
 my lord - the door to the courtyard's much too near:
 155 dangerous too, the mouth of the passage cramped.
 One strong man could block us, one and all!
 No, I'll fetch you some armor to harness on,
 out of the storeroom - there, nowhere else, I'm sure,
 the king and his gallant son have stowed their arms!"
 160 With that the goatherd clambered up through smoke ducts
 high on the wall and scurried into Odysseus' storeroom,
 bundled a dozen shields, as many spears and helmets
 ridged with horsehair crests and, loaded with these,
 rushed back down to the suitors, quickly issued arms.
 165 Odysseus' knees shook, his heart too, when he saw them
 buckling on their armor, brandishing long spears -
 here was a battle looming, well he knew.
 He turned at once to Telemachus, warnings flying
 "A bad break in the fight, my boy! One of the women's
 170 T tipped the odds against us - or could it be the goatherd?"
 "My fault, father," the cool clear prince replied,
 "the blame's all mine. That snug door to the vault,
 I left it ajar - they've kept a better watch than I.
 175 Go, Eumaeus, shut the door to the storeroom,
 check and see if it's one of the women's tricks
 or Odus' son Melanthius. He's our man, I'd say."
 And even as they conspired, back the goatherd
 climbed to the room to fetch more burnished arms.
 E But Eumaeus spotted him, quickly told his king
 180 who stood close by: "Odysseus, wily captain,
 there he goes again, the infernal nuisance -
 just as we suspected - back to the storeroom.
 Give me a clear command!
 185 Do I kill the man - if I can take him down -
 or drag him back to you, here, to pay in full
 for the dirty work he's plotted in your house?"
 Odysseus, master of tactics, answered briskly,
 190 "I and the prince will keep these brazen suitors
 crammed in the hall, for all their battle-fury.
 You two wrench Melanthius' arms and legs behind him,
 fling him down in the storeroom - lash his back to a plank
 and strap a twisted cable fast to the scoundrel's body,
 195 hoist him up a column until he hits the rafters -
 let him dangle in agony, still alive,
 for a good long time!"

another suitor -
 "See if you can get out to
 get help"
 no it's blocked - and done
 so easily
 I'll go look for weapons
 they get some.
 I gets scared.

Telemachus left the
 door ajar so they
 have shields and weapons
 Describe Melanthius's actions.
 What kind of character is he?

Eumaeus tells Odysseus to
 tell him what to do about
 them getting to the
 weapons room; you want
 me to kill him or do
 you want to do it

Odysseus says he and
 Telemachus will take care of
 the rest of them, but he wants
 Melanthius to suffer

revelation of god

So the master of longhorn cattle had his say - as Odysseus lighting at close quarters, ran Agelaus through with a long lance - Telemachus speared Leucurus so deep in the groin the bronze came punching the ground full-face and the man crashed headfirst, slamming the ground full-face. And now Athena, looming out of the rafters high above them brandished her mean-destroying shield of thunder, terrifying the suitors out of their minds, and down they had they panicked with the hands stampeding down as the danger gaily

Excerpt 3 17:30

10 This your enemies, pays you back for service? see how Mentor the son of Alcimus, that brave fighter. Come, old friend, stand by me! You'll see action now. Bewail the loss of your comrade's strength in a war with suitors? now you've returned to your own house, your own wealth - with you, you've retired to your own house, your own wealth - you who seized the broad streets of Ithaca - mowing their armies down in grueling battle - battling Trojans one long year - constant, no mercy.

30 The great soldier with Iouli for famous wife armed Helen. "Where's it gone, Odysseus - your power, your fighting heart?" she bashed now with beating accusations. Helad thieves - and Athena hit the new heights of rage. and never let your sons live on in your halls and never let your wife and daughters to walk through sweat.

25 We'll lump it all with Odysseus' rich estate all your property, all in your house, your fields. And once our swords have stopped your violence call - here in the halls - you'll pay with your own head. We'll kill you too, for all you're bent on doing. Once we've killed them both, the father and the son.

20 Here's our plan of action, and we will see it through! siding with him to fight against the suitors. Mentor, never let Odysseus trick you into Agelaus' fist, the outwrestling of the gods. But across the hall the suitors brayed against her. Yet knew in his bones it was Athena, Driver of Armes. So he cried.

10 Remember your old comrade - all the service "Rescue us, Mentor, now it's life or death!" and Odysseus, thrilled to see her, cried out, taking the bull and voice of Mentor, swept in arrayed inside the hall - now Zeus's daughter Athena four at the sill controlling a larger, stronger force. And now as the ranks squared off, bristling fury - they clapped an arrow again, shut the gleaming doors. So they left him, trapped in his agonizing shing

Excerpt 2 11:40

And now as the ranks squared off, bristling fury - they clapped an arrow again, shut the gleaming doors. So they left him, trapped in his agonizing shing

Then a thunders he "thunder" storming the man

Odysseus tells the suitors "This is the suitors' doom" Telemachus told the suitors

Athena (or Mentor) to become more engaged and the promises to stand by the side of the and the pace has answered together

Athena shows Mentor how to take Mentor's side and Telemachus in battle? how does Athena assist Odysseus and Telemachus in battle? family and property

Why jump him up and want hate to help Odysseus

60 I laugh myself the craft, but a god has planted if you let the singer now, who sings for gods and men. What a grief it will be to you for all the years to come. "I beg your knees, Odysseus - mercy! spare my life!" singing out to his king with a starting, winged prayer. Then rushed up to Odysseus, yes, and clutched his knees between the making bowl and the silver-studded throne, creding his hollow lyre, he laid it on the ground grasp the knees of Iarbas' royal son, and so that was the better way - or so it struck him, yes.

55 Or throw himself on the master's mercy, clasp his knees? of Teus who guards the court, where time and again Odysseus and Iarbas burned the long thighs of men? still clutching his ringing lyre in his hands. There he stood, backing into the side-door they forced the man to sing - the bard who always performed among the suitors - lying still to escape black death. Phoenix, Teipis' son, how one was left.

50 And snatching up in one powerful hand a sword. For that there's no escape from grieving death - you die! my dear wife would bear your children? that the heady day of my return would never dawn - How hard you must have played in my own house. "Only a priest, a prophet for the mob, you say?" A king took, and that why soldier answered.

45 But I was just their prophet! my hands are clean - and 'm to die their death!" Look at the thanks I get for years of service!" A king took, and that why soldier answered. "Only a priest, a prophet for the mob, you say?" How hard you must have played in my own house. "Only a priest, a prophet for the mob, you say?"

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the beggar Odysseus's mercy

the anger would be forced to sing for them

the anger would be forced to sing for them

you wanted covered my wife - that's why you deserve to die

What is the fate of the priest? the prophet

the man (who wasn't beggar for his wife)

they keep getting blood

epic simile -

65 deep in my spirit all the paths of song -
songs I'm fit to sing for you as for a god
Calm your bloodlust now - don't take my head!
He'd bear me out, your own dear son Telemachus -
never of my own will, never for any gain did I
70 perform in your house, singing after the suitors
had their feasts. They were too strong, too many -
they forced me to come and sing - I had no choice!
The inspired Prince Telemachus heard his pleas
and quickly said to his father close beside him,
75 "Stop, don't cut him down! This one's innocent
So is the herald Medon - the one who always
tended me in the house when I was little -
spare him too. Unless he's dead by now,
killed by Philoetius or Eumaeus here -
80 or ran into you rampaging through the halls."
The herald pricked up his anxious ears at that
cautious soul, he cowered, trembling under a char-
wrapped in an oxhide freshly stripped - to dodge black death.
He jumped in a flash from there, threw off the smelly hide
and scuttling up to Telemachus, clutching his knees,
85 the herald begged for life in words that fluttered
"Here I am, dear boy - spare me! Tell your father
flushed with victory, not to kill me with his sword -
enraged as he is with these young lords who bled
his palace white and showed you no respect,
90 the reckless fools!"

please don't kill me

What is the fate of the bard?

Telemachus asks Odysseus
to spare the bard and
the herald

Describe the conclusion of the
battle.

They fall at their knees
and begged for their lives

Book 23 The Great Rooted Bed

Penelope and Odysseus are reunited, but their trials are not yet finished.

Up to the rooms the old nurse clambored, chuckling all the way,
to tell the queen her husband was here now, home at last.
Her knees bustling, feet shuffling over each other,
till hovering at her mistress' head she spoke:
5 "Penelope - child - wake up and see for yourself!
with your own eyes, all you dreamed of, all your days!
He's here - Odysseus - he's come home, at long last!
He's killed the suitors, swaggering young brutes
who plagued his house, wolfed his cattle down,
10 rode roughshod over his son!"
"Dear old nurse," wary Penelope replied,
"the gods have made you mad. They have that power,
putting lunacy into the clearest head around
or setting a hull-wit on the path to sense.
15 They've unlied you, and you were once so sane.
Why do you mock me? - haven't I wept enough? -
telling such wild stories, interrupting my sleep,
sweet sleep that held me, sealed my eyes just now.
Not once have I slept so soundly since the day
20 Odysseus sailed away to see that cursed city -
Destroy, I call it - I hate to say its name!"

wakes her up to give her the news
that Odysseus is alive and has
killed the suitors

How does Penelope first react to
Euryclieia's news?

She says that
the gods
have made
Euryclieia

reprimands her for waking
her up for such nonsense

Now down you go. Back to your own quarters.
If any other woman of mine had come to me,
rousing me out of sleep with such a tale,

25 I'd have her bundled back to her room in pain.
It's only your old gray head that spares you that!
"Never" - the fond old nurse kept pressing on -
"dear child, I'd never mock you! No, it's all true.

he's the beggar

30 He's the hero - Odysseus - he's come home, just as I tell you!
He's the stranger they all manhandled in the hall
Telemachus knew he was here, for days and days,
but he knew enough to hide his father's plans
so he could pay those vipers back in kind!"
Penelope's heart burst in joy she leapt from bed,
35 her eyes streaming tears, she hugged the old nurse
and cried out with an eager, winging word,
"Please, dear one, give me the whole story.
If he's really home again, just as you tell me,
how did he get those shameless suitors in his clutches? -
40 single-handed, braving an army always camped inside."

Telemachus knew - it was
so they could defeat the
suitors.

P - joy! tell me more -
how has he done it.

2:17

She is still extremely
cautious about believing
it to be true. Euryclieia
tells her about the
Scar but Penelope doubts
it still - thinking
it's a trick of the gods

P stayed back, sat in silence
O waited as she examined

Telemachus tells her
to ease up on O, stop
being so hard-hearted

cl'm in awe.
We know each other -
we have our secrets

Excerpt 2

With that thought

Penelope started down from her lofty room, her heart
in turmoil, torn she should she keep her distance,
probe her husband, or rush up to the man of once
and kiss his head and cling to both his hands?

As soon as she stepped across the stone threshold,
slipping in, she took a seat at the closest wall
and radiant in the firelight, faced Odysseus now.

10 There he sat, leaning against the great central column,
eyes fixed on the ground, waiting, poised for whatever words
his hardy wife might say when she caught sight of him.
A long while she sat in silence, numbing wonder
filled her heart as her eyes explored his face.

15 One moment he seemed... Odysseus, to the life -
the next, no, he was not the man she knew,
a huddled mass of rags was all she saw.

"Oh mother," Telemachus reproached her

"cruel mother, you with your hard heart!

20 Why do you spur my father so - why don't you
sit beside him, engage him, ask him questions?
What other wife could have a spirit so unbending?
Holding back from her husband, home at last for her
after bearing twenty years of brutal struggle -
25 your heart was always harder than a rock?"

"My child,"
Penelope, well-aware, explained, "I'm stunned with wonder
powerless. Cannot speak to him, ask him questions,
look him in the eyes. But if he is truly
Odysseus, home at last, make no mistake:
we two will know each other, even better -

5:33

beginning

OT. 22

77

85 we two have secret signs
 known to us both but hidden from the world"
 Odysseus long-enduring broke into a smile
 and turned to his son with pained winging words:
 "Leave your mother here in the hall to feast me
 as she will. She soon will know me better
 How dubious am I! My wife, wear such grimy rags
 she spurs me - your mother still can't bring herself
 to believe I am her husband.
 But you and I
 put heads together. What's our best defense?
 When someone kills a lone man in the realm
 who leaves behind him no great band of avengers
 still the bitter fées goudry to kin and country
 But we brought down the best of the island's princes
 the pillars of Ithaca. Weigh it well, I urge you."
 "Look to it all yourself now, father," his son
 deferred at once. "You are the best on earth
 they say, when it comes to mapping tactics.
 No one, no mortal man, can touch you there
 But we're behind you, hearts intent on battle
 long as our strength will last."
 "Then here's our plan."
 The master of Iacids said. "I think it's best
 First go and wash and pull fresh tunics on
 and let the maids in the hall to dress well too
 And let the unspeared bard take up his mungy lyre
 that whoever hears the strains outside the gates -
 a passerby on the road, a neighbor round about -
 No news of the suitors' death must spread through town
 till we have shipped away to our own estates.
 Our orchard green with trees, there we'll see
 what winning strategy Iteus will hand us then."
 They hung on his words and moved to orders smartly
 First they washed and pulled fresh tunics on
 the women arrayed themselves - the inspeared bard
 struck up the resonating lyre and stirred in all
 a desire for dance and song, the lovely lilying deal
 till the great house echoed round to the measured tread
 of dancing men in midion women sashed and blue
 And whoever heard the strains outside would say
 "A miracle - someone's married the queen at last!"
 "The of her hundred suitors."
 "That callous woman
 too flatters to keep her lord and master's house
 to the bitter end."
 "Hil he came sailing home"
 So (he) say. Blind to what had happened
 the great-hearted Odysseus was home again at last!
 The maid Eurynome bathed him, rubbed him down with oil

she will come around

We have to figure it out. We have killed the prince of Ithaca

Peaan: pretend it's a wedding get dressed, sing the rest of Ithaca funding out the wine the next of Ithaca the questions

amogly

85 and drew around him a royal cape and choice tunic too
 And Athena crowned the man with beauty, head to foot
 made him taller to all eyes, his build more massive
 yes, and down from him his brow the great goddess
 ran his curls the thick hyacinth clusters
 full of bloom. As a master craftsman washes
 gold over beaten silver - a man the god of fire
 and Isthios of his latest effort, handsome work -
 so she finished splendor over his head and shoulders now
 He stepped from his bath, glistening like a god
 and back he went to the seat that he had left
 and facing his wife declared
 "Strange woman! So hard - the gods of Olympus
 made you harder than any other woman in the world!
 What other wife could have a spirit so unending?
 Holding back from her husband home at last for her
 after bearing twenty years of brutal struggle.
 Come, nurse, make me a bed. I'll sleep alone.
 She has a heart of iron in her breast"
 "Strange man,"
 wary Penelope said. "I'm not so proud, so scornful,
 nor am I overwhelmed by your quick change -
 You look - how well I know - the way he looked
 aboard the long-oared ship.
 Come, Eurycleia,
 make the sturdy bedstead out of our bridal chamber
 that room the master built with his own hands.
 Take it out now, surely bed that it is
 and spread it deep with fleece
 blankets and cushions (I want to keep him warm -
 Putting her husband to the proof - but Odysseus
 blazed up in fury, lashing out at his loyal wife:
 "Woman - your words, they cut me to the core!
 Who could move my bed? Impossible task
 even for some skilled craftsman - unless a god
 came down in person, quick to lend a hand.
 I did it with my ease and moved it elsewhere.
 Not a man on earth, not even at peak strength,
 would find it easy to press it up and shift it, no,
 a great sign, a hallmark, lies in the construction
 I know. I built it myself - no one else -
 There was a branching olive-tree beside our court
 grown to its full prime, the bole like a column, thick cut
 around it I built my bedroom, fastened off the walls
 with good tight stonework, rooled it over soundly
 and added doors, hung well and snugly wedged
 Then I topped the leafy crown of the olive
 clean-cutting the stump bare from roots up -
 planing it round with a bronze smoothing-axe -
 I had the skill - I shaped it plumb to the line to make
 my bedpost bend the holes it needed with an auger.

bathed, fresh Athena, ricko fun up a notch
 He is appeared but after she woda back
 Odysseus takes the nurse to make him up a bed
 P. you look like the Odysseus
 all not sure
 Eurycleia, move the bed that the master
 drew out of the room for him"
 TRICKERY
 Odysseus - no man can move that bed that is
 free - and the room
 you built around an olive tree - and the room
 you built around
 the bed

Working from there I built my bed, start to finish.
 I gave it ivory inlays, gold and silver fittings,
 I 140 wove the straps across it, outside gleaming red.
 There's our secret sign, I tell you, our life story!
 Does the bed, my lady, still stand planted firm?—
 I don't know—or has someone chopped away
 145 that olive-trunk and hauled our bedstead off?
 Living proof—
 Penelope felt her knees go slack, her heart surrender,
 recognizing the strong clear signs Odysseus offered.
 She dissolved in tears, rushed to Odysseus, flung her arms
 around his neck and kissed his head and cried out.
 150 P "Odysseus—don't flare up at me now, not you,
 always the most understanding man alive!
 The gods, it was the gods who sent us sorrow—
 they grudged us both a life in each other's arms
 from the heady zest of youth to the stoop of old age.
 155 But don't fault me, angry with me now because I faded
 at the first glimpse, to greet you, hold you, so ...
 In my heart of hearts I always cringed with fear
 some fraud might come, beguile me with his talk,
 the world is full of the sort.
 160 cunning ones who plot their own dark ends.
 Remember Helen of Argos, Zeus's daughter—
 would she have sported so in a stranger's bed
 if she had dreamed that Achaea's sons were doomed
 to fight and die to bring her home again?
 165 Some god spurred her to do her shameless work.
 Not till then did her mind conceive that madness,
 blinding madness that caused her anguish, ours as well.
 But now, since you have revealed such overwhelming proof—
 the secret sign of our bed, which no one's ever seen
 170 but you and I and a single handmaid, Actoria,
 the servant my father gave me when I came,
 who kept the doors of our room you built so well
 you've conquered my heart, my hard heart, at last!"
 The more she spoke, the more a deep desire for tears
 175 welled up inside his breast—he wept as he held the wife
 he loved, the soul of loyalty, in his arms at last.
 Joy, warm as the joy that shipwrecked sailors feel
 when they catch sight of land—Poseidon has struck
 their well-rigged ship on the open sea with gale winds
 180 and crushing walls of waves, and only a few escape, swimming
 struggling out of the frothing surf to reach the shore,
 their bodies crusted with salt, but buoyed up with joy—
 as they plant their feet on solid ground again,
 spared a deadly fate. So joyous now to her
 185 the sight of her husband, vivid in her gaze,
 that her white arms, embracing his neck
 would never for a moment let him go ...
 Dawn with her rose-red fingers might have shone
 upon their tears, if with her glinting eyes
 190 Athena had not thought of one more thing.

our secret sign.
 I built it myself
 No man besides Odysseus
 could know that.
 Penelope believes him
 finally.

The gods have done this
 to us. Don't be mad at me
 for questioning you.

Copy the epic simile that describes
 Odysseus's reaction as he and his
 wife reunite.

They weep together
 in joy as they
 reunite after 20 years

personification

She held back the night, and night lingered long
 at the western edge of the earth, while in the east
 she reined in Dawn of the golden throne at Ocean's banks,
 commanding her not to yoke the winds with team that brings men light.
 195 Blaze and Aurora, the young colts that race the Morning on.
 Yet now Odysseus, seasoned veteran, said to his wife,
 "Dear woman ... we have still not reached the end
 of all our trials. One more labor lies in store—
 boundless, laden with danger, great and long,
 200 and I must brave it out from start to finish.
 So the ghost of Tiresias prophesied to me,
 the day that I went down to the House of Death
 to learn our best route home, my comrades' and my own.
 But come, let's go to bed, dear woman—at long last
 205 delight in sleep, delight in each other, come!" 17:29
 "bed you'll have"
 Excerpt 3 (21:00-28:15)
 210 He launched in with how he fought the Cyclopes down,
 then how he came to the Lotus-eaters' lush green land,
 Then all the crimes of the Cyclops and how he paid him back
 for the gulfant men the monster ate without a qualm—
 then how he visited Aeolus, who gave him a hero's welcome
 215 then he sent him off, but the homeward run was not his fate,
 not yet—some sudden squalls snatched him away once more
 and drove him over the swarming sea, groaning in despair,
 then how he moored at Telephus, where Aeastrygonians
 wrecked his fleet and killed his men at arms.
 220 He told her of Circe's cunning magic wiles
 and how he voyaged down in his long benched ship
 to the moldering House of Death, to consult Tiresias,
 ghostly seer of Thebes, and he saw old comrades there
 and he saw his mother, who bore and reared him as a child.
 225 He told how he caught the Sirens' voices thrubbing in the wind
 and how he had scudded past the Clashing Rocks, past grim Charybdis,
 past Scylla—whom no rover had ever coasted by, home free—
 and how his shipmates slaughtered the cattle of the Sun
 and Zeus the king of thunder split his racing ship
 230 with a reeking bolt and killed his hardy comrades,
 all his fighting men at a stroke, but he alone
 escaped their death at sea. He told how he reached
 Ogygia's shores and the nymph Calypso held him back,
 deep in her arched caverns, craving him for a husband—
 235 cherished him, vowed to make him immortal, ageless, all his days,
 yes, but she never won the heart inside him, never ...
 then how he reached the Phaeacians—heavy sailing there—
 who with all their hearts had prized him like a god
 and sent him off in a ship to his own beloved land,
 240 giving him bronze and hoards of gold and robes ...
 and that was the last he told her, just as sleep
 overcame him ... sleep loosing his limbs,
 slipping the coils of anguish from his mind.

Athena makes
 the night longer
 for Penelope &
 Odysseus's
 first night back
 together

We have one more
 thing to face
 according to Tiresias
 what is the trial?
 I have to travel more →
 then make a
 sacrifice to Poseidon
 in order to be
 free of Poseidon's
 curse/future
 trials

Summary of all
 his adventures
 casually
 mentioning Circe's
 hall and Calypso's
 caverns.

Book 21
 summary

Athena calms the families of the
 suitors who want revenge

bl

NOTEBOOK CHECK #27

: Hero Journey Phases in *The Odyssey*
Applied to *The Odyssey* ***INCLUDE PAGE NUMBERS!***

BONUS
STAMP

1 The Call

2 Allies

3 Preparation

4 Guardian(s)
) of the
Threshold

5 Crossing
the
Threshold

6 The Road
of Trials

7 The Saving
Experience

8 The Trans-
formation

9 The Return

10 Sharing
the Gift