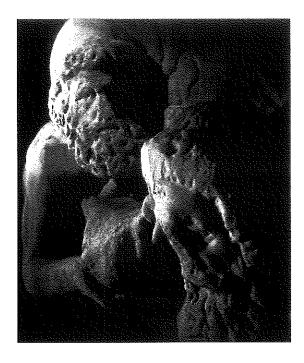
135

Odysseus handing the drink to Polyphemus. Relief on a Grecian marble sarcophagus (1st century A.D.). Museo Archeologico Nazionale, Naples, Italy. Art Resource, NY.



'Cyclops, try some wine.

Here's liquor to wash down your scraps of men.

Taste it, and see the kind of drink we carried under our planks. I meant it for an offering if you would help us home. But you are mad, unbearable, a bloody monster! After this, will any other traveler come to see you?'

He seized and drained the bowl, and it went down so fiery and smooth he called for more:

'Give me another, thank you kindly. Tell me, how are you called? I'll make a gift will please you. Even Cyclopes know the wine grapes grow out of grassland and loam in heaven's rain, but here's a bit of nectar and ambrosia!'

Three bowls I brought him, and he poured them down. I saw the fuddle and flush come over him, then I sang out in cordial tones:

	ies		30.113.11311111111111111111111111111111	

				2000000000
***************		LLVAILLY/VAR.FYM	uerano versus e relicires e el muerto	
wante	·			
	manife victor or property of the property in the terminal			
	A 35 W 36			
	P	(FD)(C		
CVCI	ops wine	e?		
Cycl	ops wine	e?		
	ops wine	≘?		
	ops wine	e? 		
	ops wine	e? 		
	ops wine	e? 		
	ops wine	e?		
	ops wine	e?		
	ops wine	97		
	ops wine	e?		
	ops wine	e?		
Cycl	ops wine	e?		
Cycl	ops wine	e?		
Cycl	ops wine	= ?		
Cycl	ops wine	e?		
Cycl	ops wine	: ?		
Cycl	ops wine	e?		
Cycl	ops wine	e?		
Cycl	ops wine	e?		
Cycl	ops wine	e?		
Cycl	ops wine	: ?		
Cycl	ops wine	= ?		
Cycl	ops wine	= ?		
Cycl	ops wine	= ?		
Cycl	woi		JDY	

Underline the alliteration repetition of consonant sounds in words close together—in line 138. Here fuddle means "drunkenness."



IDENTIFY

Pause at line 143. Odysseus doesn't tell the Cyclops his real name. Underline the name he uses. What word does the name sound like?

/ Me	March	: 6 /e	101:
COM			re N

What happens in lines 146–167?

WORD STUDY

Underline the extended similes in lines 160–163 and 166–171, which use gruesome comparisons to help you see how the eye is gouged out.

'Cyclops,

you ask my honorable name? Rememberthe gift you promised me, and I shall tell you.My name is Nohbdy: mother, father, and friends,everyone calls me Nohbdy.'

And he said:

'Nohbdy's my meat, then, after I eat his friends. Others come first. There's a noble gift, now.'

Even as he spoke, he reeled and tumbled backward, his great head lolling to one side; and sleep took him like any creature. Drunk, hiccuping, he dribbled streams of liquor and bits of men.

Now, by the gods, I drove my big hand spike deep in the embers, charring it again, and cheered my men along with battle talk to keep their courage up: no quitting now. The pike of olive, green though it had been, reddened and glowed as if about to catch. I drew it from the coals and my four fellows gave me a hand, lugging it near the Cyclops as more than natural force nerved them; straight forward they sprinted, lifted it, and rammed it deep in his crater eye, and I leaned on it turning it as a shipwright turns a drill in planking, having men below to swing the two-handled strap that spins it in the groove. So with our brand we bored that great eye socket while blood ran out around the red-hot bar. Eyelid and lash were seared; the pierced ball

hissed broiling, and the roots popped.

165

145

150

155

160

175

180

185

190

In a smithy⁶

one sees a white-hot axhead or an adze⁷
plunged and wrung in a cold tub, screeching steam—
the way they make soft iron hale and hard—
just so that eyeball hissed around the spike.
The Cyclops bellowed and the rock roared round him, and we fell back in fear. Clawing his face
he tugged the bloody spike out of his eye,
threw it away, and his wild hands went groping;
then he set up a howl for Cyclopes
who lived in caves on windy peaks nearby.
Some heard him; and they came by divers⁸ ways
to clump around outside and call:

'What ails you,

Polyphemus? Why do you cry so sore in the starry night? You will not let us sleep. Sure no man's driving off your flock? No man has tricked you, ruined you?'

Out of the cave

the mammoth Polyphemus roared in answer:

'Nohbdy, Nohbdy's tricked me. Nohbdy's ruined me!'

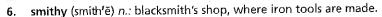
To this rough shout they made a sage9 reply:

'Ah well, if nobody has played you foul there in your lonely bed, we are no use in pain given by great Zeus. Let it be your father,

Poseidon Lord, to whom you pray.'

So saying

they trailed away. And I was filled with laughter to see how like a charm the name deceived them.



^{7.} adze (adz) n.: axlike tool with a long, curved blade.

FLUENCY

Read the boxed passage aloud twice. On your first reading, pause at the end of a line if it ends in punctuation. Read on when the line does not end with a comma, dash, semicolon, colon, or period. On your second reading, focus on reading with expression.

MONITOR YOUR COMPREHENSION

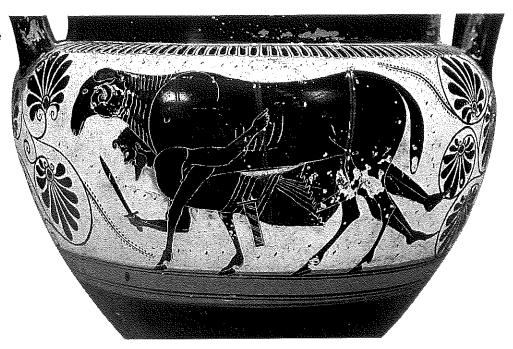
Re-read lines 178–191. What happens when Polyphemus's fellow Cyclopes come to his aid?
MANUSCHI IN CONTROL OF A PARTY HOSPITATION OF A PARTY HOSPITATION OF THE PARTY HOSPITATION OF TH
ANADAY MARANE SALAY AND ANADAY AND AND ANADAY AND AND ANADAY AND

^{8.} divers (dī'vərz) adj.: diverse; various.

sage (sāj) adj.: wise.

Copyright © by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. All rights reserved.

Odysseus escaping the cave of Polyphemus under the belly of the ram. Detail from a krater, a vessel for holding wine (c. 510 B.C.). Badisches Landesmuseum, Karlsruhe, Germany.



HERO

Pause at line 202. What character trait helps Odysseus defeat the Cyclops?
ALL, I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I

Now Cyclops, wheezing as the pain came on him, fumbled to wrench away the great doorstone and squatted in the breach with arms thrown wide for any silly beast or man who bolted—hoping somehow I might be such a fool.

But I kept thinking how to win the game: death sat there huge; how could we slip away? I drew on all my wits, and ran through tactics, reasoning as a man will for dear life, until a trick came—and it pleased me well. The Cyclops' rams were handsome, fat, with heavy fleeces, a dark violet.

Three abreast
I tied them silently together, twining
cords of willow from the ogre's bed;
then slung a man under each middle one
to ride there safely, shielded left and right.
So three sheep could convey each man. I took
the woolliest ram, the choicest of the flock,

195

200

205

210

230

235

240

and hung myself under his kinky belly, pulled up tight, with fingers twisted deep in sheepskin ringlets for an iron grip. So, breathing hard, we waited until morning.

When Dawn spread out her fingertips of rose
the rams began to stir, moving for pasture,
and peals of bleating echoed round the pens
where dams with udders full called for a milking.
Blinded, and sick with pain from his head wound,
the master stroked each ram, then let it pass,
but my men riding on the pectoral fleece¹⁰
the giant's blind hands blundering never found.
Last of them all my ram, the leader, came,
weighted by wool and me with my meditations.

The Cyclops patted him, and then he said:

'Sweet cousin ram, why lag behind the rest in the night cave? You never linger so, but graze before them all, and go afar to crop sweet grass, and take your stately way leading along the streams, until at evening you run to be the first one in the fold. Why, now, so far behind? Can you be grieving over your Master's eye? That carrion rogue¹¹ and his accurst companions burnt it out when he had conquered all my wits with wine. Nohbdy will not get out alive, I swear. Oh, had you brain and voice to tell where he may be now, dodging all my fury! Bashed by this hand and bashed on this rock wall his brains would strew the floor, and I should have rest from the outrage Nohbdy worked upon me.'



	sseus and				e ni	m
·		······································			***************************************	
			er distansana	ATTEM BEAUTION	JULIU 11.	

		····				
	······			•		

COMPARE & CONTRAST

Re-read lines 226-232. How

is the Cyclops's treatment of

his ram different from his treatment of the Greeks?
dentification are greeks.

^{10.} pectoral fleece: wool on an animal's chest.

^{11.} carrion rogue: rotten scoundrel. Carrion is decaying flesh.



MONITOR YOUR COMPREHENSION

245

250

255

260

What is happening in lines 242–255?
000000000000000000000000000000000000000
VOCABULARY
adversary (ad'vər-ser'ē) n.:
enemy; opponent.

MONITOR YOUR COMPREHENSION

Pause at line 271. What hap-

the Cyclops?
The state of the s

He sent us into the open, then. Close by,
I dropped and rolled clear of the ram's belly,
going this way and that to untie the men.
With many glances back, we rounded up
his fat, stiff-legged sheep to take aboard,
and drove them down to where the good ship lay.
We saw, as we came near, our fellows' faces
shining; then we saw them turn to grief
tallying those who had not fled from death.
I hushed them, jerking head and eyebrows up,
and in a low voice told them: 'Load this herd;
move fast, and put the ship's head toward the breakers.'
They all pitched in at loading, then embarked
and struck their oars into the sea. Far out,
as far offshore as shouted words would carry,

'O Cyclops! Would you feast on my companions?

Puny, am I, in a Caveman's hands?

How do you like the beating that we gave you,
you damned cannibal? Eater of guests

under your roof! Zeus and the gods have paid you!'

I sent a few back to the adversary:

The blind thing in his doubled fury broke
a hilltop in his hands and heaved it after us.

Ahead of our black prow it struck and sank
whelmed in a spuming geyser, a giant wave
that washed the ship stern foremost back to shore.
I got the longest boathook out and stood
fending us off, with furious nods to all

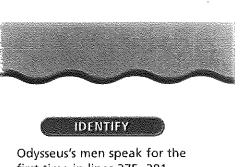
to put their backs into a racing stroke—
row, row or perish. So the long oars bent
kicking the foam sternward, making head
until we drew away, and twice as far.

Now when I cupped my hands I heard the crew

in low voices protesting:

295

280



'Godsake, Captain!

Why bait the beast again? Let him alone!'

'That tidal wave he made on the first throw all but beached us.'

'All but stove us in!'

'Give him our bearing with your trumpeting, he'll get the range and lob12 a boulder.'

Aye

He'll smash our timbers and our heads together!'

I would not heed them in my glorying spirit, but let my anger flare and yelled:

'Cyclops,

if ever mortal man inquire

how you were put to shame and blinded, tell him
Odysseus, raider of cities, took your eye:
Laertes' son, whose home's on Ithaca!'

At this he gave a mighty sob and rumbled:

'Now comes the weird¹³ upon me, spoken of old.

A wizard, grand and wondrous, lived here—Telemus,¹⁴
a son of Eurymus;¹⁵ great length of days
he had in wizardry among the Cyclopes,
and these things he foretold for time to come:
my great eye lost, and at Odysseus' hands.
Always I had in mind some giant, armed
in giant force, would come against me here.
But this, but you—small, pitiful, and twiggy—

you put me down with wine, you blinded me.

Odysseus's men speak for the first time in lines 275–281. What is their reaction to their captain's behavior?
WINDERFOR THE
WE WELL THE WORLD CONTROL OF THE VIEW AND ADMILLATIVE LIBERTY OF THE PROPERTY
HEROES
Odysseus ignores his men's
advice and continues to
taunt the Cyclops in lines
282–287. What does
Odysseus's behavior reveal

COMPARE & CONTRAST

about him?

EUNTRASI
Pause at line 298. Polyphemus had been warned by a wizard that Odysseus would blind him. Ir what ways is Odysseus different from the attacker the Cyclops had imagined?

^{12.} lob (läb) v.: toss.

^{13.} weird (wird) n.: fate.

^{14.} Telemus (tel'a-mas).

^{15.} Eurymus (yoō'rē·məs).



MONITOR YOUR COMPREHENSION

Pause at line 308. The Cyclops has asked Odysseus to come back and says he'll treat him well. Underline Odysseus's reply. Then, read on and underline the Cyclops's curse on Odysseus and his men.

MONITOR YOUR COMPREHENSION

ngi Mara alaman sanahanna	PARTITION PROPERTY AND RESIDENCE	The same of the case of the special property of the same of	
	***************************************		and the state of t

ne weberen were en en en e			
······································			nema projectorio de la compansión de la
***************************************	***************************************		

			•

			-

Come back, Odysseus, and I'll treat you well,

praying the god of earthquake to befriend you—
his son I am, for he by his avowal
fathered me, and, if he will, he may
heal me of this black wound—he and no other
of all the happy gods or mortal men.'

Few words I shouted in reply to him:

'If I could take your life I would and take your time away, and hurl you down to hell!

The god of earthquake could not heal you there!'

At this he stretched his hands out in his darkness toward the sky of stars, and prayed Poseidon:

'O hear me, lord, blue girdler of the islands, if I am thine indeed, and thou art father: grant that Odysseus, raider of cities, never see his home: Laertes' son, I mean, who kept his hall on Ithaca. Should destiny intend that he shall see his roof again among his family in his fatherland, far be that day, and dark the years between. Let him lose all companions, and return under strange sail to bitter days at home.'..."

310

315

320