

H O M E R

The
Odyssey

TRANSLATED BY

Robert Fagles

INTRODUCTION AND
NOTES BY

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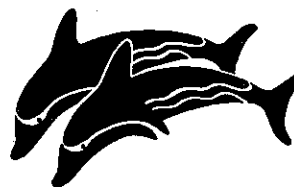
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BOOK ONE



Athena Inspires the Prince

Sing to me of the man, Muse, the man of twists and turns
driven time and again off course, once he had plundered
the hallowed heights of Troy.

Many cities of men he saw and learned their minds,
many pains he suffered, heartsick on the open sea,
fighting to save his life and bring his comrades home.

But he could not save them from disaster, hard as he strove—
the recklessness of their own ways destroyed them all,
the blind fools, they devoured the cattle of the Sun
and the Sungod wiped from sight the day of their return.

10

Launch out on his story, Muse, daughter of Zeus,
start from where you will—sing for our time too.

By now,

all the survivors, all who avoided headlong death
were safe at home, escaped the wars and waves.

77

But one man alone . . .

his heart set on his wife and his return—Calypso,
the bewitching nymph, the lustrous goddess, held him back,
deep in her arching caverns, craving him for a husband.

But then, when the wheeling seasons brought the year around,
that year spun out by the gods when he should reach his home, 20
Ithaca—though not even there would he be free of trials,
even among his loved ones—then every god took pity,
all except Poseidon. He raged on, seething against
the great Odysseus till he reached his native land.

But now

Poseidon had gone to visit the Ethiopians worlds away,
Ethiopians off at the farthest limits of mankind,
a people split in two, one part where the Sungod sets
and part where the Sungod rises. There Poseidon went
to receive an offering, bulls and rams by the hundred—
far away at the feast the Sea-lord sat and took his pleasure. 30

But the other gods, at home in Olympian Zeus's halls,
met for full assembly there, and among them now
the father of men and gods was first to speak,
sorely troubled, remembering handsome Aegisthus,
the man Agamemnon's son, renowned Orestes, killed.
Recalling Aegisthus, Zeus harangued the immortal powers:
"Ah how shameless—the way these mortals blame the gods.
From us alone, they say, come all their miseries, yes,
but they themselves, with their own reckless ways,
compound their pains beyond their proper share. 40

Look at Aegisthus now . . .

above and beyond *his* share he stole Atrides' wife,
he murdered the warlord coming home from Troy
though he knew it meant his own total ruin.

Far in advance we told him so ourselves,
dispatching the guide, the giant-killer Hermes.

'Don't murder the man,' he said, 'don't court his wife.

Beware, revenge will come from Orestes, Agamemnon's son,
that day he comes of age and longs for his native land.'

So Hermes warned, with all the good will in the world, 50

The nymph Thoosa bore him, daughter of Phorcys,
 lord of the barren salt sea—she met Poseidon
 once in his vaulted caves and they made love.
 And now for his blinded son the earthquake god—
 though he won't quite kill Odysseus—
 drives him far off course from native land.
 But come, all of us here put heads together now,
 work out his journey home so Odysseus can return.
 Lord Poseidon, I trust, will let his anger go.
 How can he stand his ground against the will
 of all the gods at once—one god alone?"

90

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 Ogygia Island, 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,
 speak his mind to all those suitors, slaughtering on and on
 his droves of sheep and shambling longhorn cattle.
 Next I will send him off to Sparta 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."

100

110

So Athena vowed
 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.
 And down she swept from Olympus' craggy peaks
 and lit on Ithaca, standing tall at Odysseus' gates,

120

the threshold of his court. Gripping her bronze spear,
she looked for all the world like a stranger now,
like Mentès, lord of the Taphians.
There she found the swaggering suitors, just then
amusing themselves with rolling dice before the doors,
lounging on hides of oxen they had killed themselves.
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.

130

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 . . .
in the mind's eye—if only *he* might drop from the clouds
and drive these suitors all in a rout throughout the halls
and regain his pride of place and rule his own domains!
Daydreaming so as he sat among the suitors,
he glimpsed Athena now
and straight to the porch he went, mortified
that a guest might still be standing at the doors.
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."

140

He led the way and Pallas Athena followed.
Once in the high-roofed hall, he took her lance
and fixed it firm in a burnished rack against
a sturdy pillar, there where row on row of spears,
embattled Odysseus' spears, stood stacked and waiting.
Then he escorted her to a high, elaborate chair of honor,
over it draped a cloth, and here he placed his guest
with a stool to rest her feet. But for himself
he drew up a low reclining chair beside her,
richly painted, clear of the press of suitors,

150

concerned his guest, offended by their uproar,
 might shrink from food in the midst of such a mob.
 He hoped, what's more, to ask her about his long-lost father.
 A maid brought water soon in a graceful golden pitcher 160
 and over a silver basin tipped it out
 so they might rinse their hands,
 then pulled a gleaming table to their side.
 A staid housekeeper brought on bread to serve them,
 appetizers aplenty too, lavish with her bounty.
 A carver lifted platters of meat toward them,
 meats of every sort, and set beside them golden cups
 and time and again a page came round and poured them wine.

But now the suitors trooped in with all their swagger
 and took their seats on low and high-backed chairs. 170
 Heralds poured water over their hands for rinsing,
 serving maids brought bread heaped high in trays
 and the young men brimmed the mixing-bowls with wine.
 They reached out for the good things that lay at hand,
 and when they'd put aside desire for food and drink
 the suitors set their minds on other pleasures,
 song and dancing, all that crowns a feast.
 A herald placed an ornate lyre in Phemius' hands,
 the bard who always performed among them there;
 they forced the man to sing.

A rippling prelude— 180
 and no sooner had he struck up his rousing song
 than Telemachus, head close to Athena's sparkling eyes,
 spoke low to his guest so no one else could hear:
 "Dear stranger, would you be shocked by what I say?
 Look at them over there. Not a care in the world,
 just lyres and tunes! It's easy for them, all right,
 they feed on another's goods and go scot-free—
 a man whose white bones lie strewn in the rain somewhere,
 rotting away on land or rolling down the ocean's salty swells.
 But that man—if they caught sight of him home in Ithaca, 190
 by god, they'd all pray to be faster on their feet
 than richer in bars of gold and heavy robes.

So Nausicaa shone among her maids, a virgin, still unwed.

But now, as she was about to fold her clothes
and yoke the mules and turn for home again,
now clear-eyed Pallas thought of what came next,
to make Odysseus wake and see this young beauty
and she would lead him to the Phaeacians' town.
The ball—

the princess suddenly tossed it to a maid
but it missed the girl, it splashed in a deep swirling pool
and they all shouted out—

and that woke great Odysseus.

He sat up with a start, puzzling, his heart pounding: 130
"Man of misery, whose land have I lit on now?
What *are* they here—violent, savage, lawless?
or friendly to strangers, god-fearing men?
Listen: shouting, echoing round me—women, girls—
or the nymphs who haunt the rugged mountaintops
and the river springs and meadows lush with grass!
Or am I really close to people who speak my language?
Up with you, see how the land lies, see for yourself now . . ."

Muttering so, great Odysseus crept out of the bushes,
stripping off with his massive hand a leafy branch 140
from the tangled olive growth to shield his body,
hide his private parts. And out he stalked
as a mountain lion exultant in his power
strides through wind and rain and his eyes blaze
and he charges sheep or oxen or chases wild deer
but his hunger drives him on to go for flocks,
even to raid the best-defended homestead.
So Odysseus moved out . . .
about to mingle with all those lovely girls,
naked now as he was, for the need drove him on, 150
a terrible sight, all crusted, caked with brine—
they scattered in panic down the jutting beaches.
Only Alcinous' daughter held fast, for Athena planted
courage within her heart, dissolved the trembling in her limbs,

and she firmly stood her ground and faced Odysseus, torn now—
Should he fling his arms around her knees, the young beauty,
plead for help, or stand back, plead with a winning word,
beg her to lead him to the town and lend him clothing?

This was the better way, he thought. Plead now
with a subtle, winning word and stand well back,
don't clasp her knees, the girl might bridle, yes.
He launched in at once, endearing, sly and suave:

160

"Here I am at your mercy, princess—
are you a goddess or a mortal? If one of the gods
who rule the skies up there, you're Artemis to the life,
the daughter of mighty Zeus—I see her now—just look
at your build, your bearing, your lithe flowing grace . . .
But if you're one of the mortals living here on earth,
three times blest are your father, your queenly mother,
three times over your brothers too. How often their hearts
must warm with joy to see you striding into the dances—
such a bloom of beauty. True, but he is the one
more blest than all other men alive, that man
who sways you with gifts and leads you home, his bride!
I have never laid eyes on anyone like you,
neither man nor woman . . .

170

I look at you and a sense of wonder takes me.

Wait,

once I saw the like—in Delos, beside Apollo's altar—
the young slip of a palm-tree springing into the light.
There I'd sailed, you see, with a great army in my wake,
out on the long campaign that doomed my life to hardship.
That vision! Just as I stood there gazing, rapt, for hours . . .
no shaft like that had ever risen up from the earth—
so now I marvel at *you*, my lady: rapt, enthralled,
too struck with awe to grasp you by the knees
though pain has ground me down.

180

Only yesterday,

the twentieth day, did I escape the wine-dark sea.
Till then the waves and the rushing gales had swept me on
from the island of Ogygia. Now some power has tossed me here,
doubtless to suffer still more torments on your shores.

190

I can't believe they'll stop. Long before that
the gods will give me more, still more.

Compassion—

princess, please! You, after all that I have suffered,
you are the first I've come to. I know no one else,
none in your city, no one in your land.
Show me the way to town, give me a rag for cover,
just some cloth, some wrapper you carried with you here.
And may the good gods give you all your heart desires:
husband, and house, and lasting harmony too.
No finer, greater gift in the world than that . . .
when man and woman possess their home, two minds,
two hearts that work as one. Despair to their enemies,
a joy to all their friends. Their own best claim to glory."

200

"Stranger," the white-armed princess answered staunchly,
"friend, you're hardly a wicked man, and no fool, I'd say—
it's Olympian Zeus himself who hands our fortunes out,
to each of us in turn, to the good and bad,
however Zeus prefers . . .
He gave you pain, it seems. You simply have to bear it.
But now, seeing you've reached our city and our land,
you'll never lack for clothing or any other gift,
the right of worn-out suppliants come our way.
I'll show you our town, tell you our people's name.
Phaeacians we are, who hold this city and this land,
and I am the daughter of generous King Alcinous.
All our people's power stems from him."

210

She called out to her girls with lovely braids:
"Stop, my friends! Why run when you see a man?
Surely you don't think *him* an enemy, do you?
There's no one alive, there never will be one,
who'd reach Phaeacian soil and lay it waste.
The immortals love us far too much for that.
We live too far apart, out in the surging sea,
off at the world's end—
no other mortals come to mingle with us.

220

But here's an unlucky wanderer strayed our way
and we must tend him well. Every stranger and beggar
comes from Zeus, and whatever scrap we give him
he'll be glad to get. So, quick, my girls,
give our newfound friend some food and drink 230
and bathe the man in the river,
wherever you find some shelter from the wind."

At that

they came to a halt and teased each other on
and led Odysseus down to a sheltered spot
where he could find a seat,
just as great Alcinous' daughter told them.
They laid out cloak and shirt for him to wear,
they gave him the golden flask of suppling olive oil
and pressed him to bathe himself in the river's stream.
Then thoughtful Odysseus reassured the handmaids, 240
"Stand where you are, dear girls, a good way off,
so I can rinse the brine from my shoulders now
and rub myself with oil . . .
how long it's been since oil touched my skin!
But I won't bathe in front of you. I would be embarrassed—
stark naked before young girls with lovely braids."

The handmaids scurried off to tell their mistress.
Great Odysseus bathed in the river, scrubbed his body
clean of brine that clung to his back and broad shoulders,
scoured away the brackish scurf that caked his head. 250
And then, once he had bathed all over, rubbed in oil
and donned the clothes the virgin princess gave him,
Zeus's daughter Athena made him taller to all eyes,
his build more massive now, and down from his brow
she ran his curls like thick hyacinth clusters
full of blooms. As a master craftsman washes
gold over beaten silver—a man the god of fire
and Queen Athena trained in every fine technique—
and finishes off his latest effort, handsome work,
so she lavished splendor over his head and shoulders now. 260
And down to the beach he walked and sat apart,

he crossed the threshold quickly,
 strode inside the palace. Here he found 160
 the Phaeacian lords and captains tipping out
 libations now to the guide and giant-killer Hermes,
 the god to whom they would always pour the final cup
 before they sought their beds. Odysseus went on
 striding down the hall, the man of many struggles
 shrouded still in the mist Athena drifted round him,
 till he reached Arete and Alcinous the king. And then,
 the moment he flung his arms around Arete's knees,
 the godsent mist rolled back to reveal the great man.
 And silence seized the feasters all along the hall— 170
 seeing him right before their eyes, they marveled,
 gazing on him now as Odysseus pleaded, "Queen,
 Arete, daughter of godlike King Rhexenor!
 Here after many trials I come to beg for mercy,
 your husband's, yours, and all these feasters' here.
 May the gods endow them with fortune all their lives,
 may each hand down to his sons the riches in his house
 and the pride of place the realm has granted *him*.
 But as for myself, grant me a rapid convoy home
 to my own native land. How far away I've been 180
 from all my loved ones—how long I have suffered!"

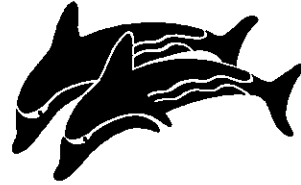
Pleading so, the man sank down in the ashes,
 just at the hearth beside the blazing fire,
 while all the rest stayed hushed, stock-still.
 At last the old revered Echeneus broke the spell,
 the eldest lord in Phaeacia, finest speaker too,
 a past master at all the island's ancient ways.
 Impelled by kindness now, he rose and said,
 "This is no way, Alcinous. How indecent, look,
 our guest on the ground, in the ashes by the fire! 190
 Your people are holding back, waiting for your signal.
 Come, raise him up and seat the stranger now,
 in a silver-studded chair,
 and tell the heralds to mix more wine for all
 so we can pour out cups to Zeus who loves the lightning.

champion of suppliants—suppliants' rights are sacred.
 And let the housekeeper give our guest his supper,
 unstinting with her stores."

Hearing that,
 Alcinous, poised in all his majesty, took the hand
 of the seasoned, worldly-wise Odysseus, raised him up 200
 from the hearth and sat him down in a burnished chair,
 displacing his own son, the courtly Lord Laodamas
 who had sat beside him, the son he loved the most.
 A maid brought water soon in a graceful golden pitcher
 and over a silver basin tipped it out
 so the guest might rinse his hands,
 then pulled a gleaming table to his side.
 A staid housekeeper brought on bread to serve him,
 appetizers aplenty too, lavish with her bounty.
 As long-suffering great Odysseus ate and drank, 210
 the hallowed King Alcinous called his herald:
 "Come, Pontonous! Mix the wine in the bowl,
 pour rounds to all our banqueters in the house
 so we can pour out cups to Zeus who loves the lightning,
 champion of suppliants—suppliants' rights are sacred."

At that Pontonous mixed the heady, honeyed wine
 and tipped first drops for the god in every cup,
 then poured full rounds for all. And once they'd poured
 libations out and drunk to their hearts' content,
 Alcinous rose and addressed his island people: 220
 "Hear me, lords and captains of Phaeacia,
 hear what the heart inside me has to say.
 Now, our feast finished, home you go to sleep.
 But at dawn we call the elders in to full assembly,
 host our guest in the palace, sacrifice to the gods
 and then we turn our minds to his passage home,
 so under our convoy our new friend can travel back
 to his own land—no toil, no troubles—soon,
 rejoicing, even if his home's a world away.
 And on the way no pain or hardship suffered, 230
 not till he sets foot on native ground again.

BOOK NINE



In the One-Eyed Giant's Cave

Odyseus, the great teller of tales, launched out on his story:
"Alcinous, majesty, shining among your island people,
what a fine thing it is to listen to such a bard
as we have here—the man sings like a god.
The crown of life, I'd say. There's nothing better
than when deep joy holds sway throughout the realm
and banqueters up and down the palace sit in ranks,
enthralled to hear the bard, and before them all, the tables
heaped with bread and meats, and drawing wine from a mixing-bowl
the steward makes his rounds and keeps the winecups flowing. 10
This, to my mind, is the best that life can offer.

But now

you're set on probing the bitter pains I've borne,
so I'm to weep and grieve, it seems, still more.
Well then, what shall I go through first,

what shall I save for last?
 What pains—the gods have given me my share.
 Now let me begin by telling you my name . . .
 so you may know it well and I in times to come,
 if I can escape the fatal day, will be your host,
 your sworn friend, though my home is far from here. 20
 I am Odysseus, son of Laertes, known to the world
 for every kind of craft—my fame has reached the skies.
 Sunny Ithaca is my home. Atop her stands our seamark,
 Mount Neriton's leafy ridges shimmering in the wind.
 Around her a ring of islands circle side-by-side,
 Dulichion, Same, wooded Zacynthus too, but mine
 lies low and away, the farthest out to sea,
 rearing into the western dusk
 while the others face the east and breaking day.
 Mine is a rugged land but good for raising sons— 30
 and I myself, I know no sweeter sight on earth
 than a man's own native country.

True enough,
 Calypso the lustrous goddess tried to hold me back,
 deep in her arching caverns, craving me for a husband.
 So did Circe, holding me just as warmly in her halls,
 the bewitching queen of Aeaea keen to have me too.
 But they never won the heart inside me, never.
 So nothing is as sweet as a man's own country,
 his own parents, even though he's settled down
 in some luxurious house, off in a foreign land 40
 and far from those who bore him.

No more. Come,
 let me tell you about the voyage fraught with hardship
 Zeus inflicted on me, homeward bound from Troy . . .

The wind drove me out of Ilium on to Ismarus,
 the Cicones' stronghold. There I sacked the city,
 killed the men, but as for the wives and plunder,
 that rich haul we dragged away from the place—
 we shared it round so no one, not on my account,
 would go deprived of his fair share of spoils.

When Dawn with her lovely locks brought on the third day,
then stepping the masts and hoisting white sails high,
we lounged at the oarlocks, letting wind and helmsmen
keep us true on course . . .

And now, at long last,
I might have reached my native land unscathed,
but just as I doubled Malea's cape, a tide-rip
and the North Wind drove me way off course
careering past Cythera.

90

Nine whole days
I was borne along by rough, deadly winds
on the fish-infested sea. Then on the tenth
our squadron reached the land of the Lotus-eaters,
people who eat the lotus, mellow fruit and flower.
We disembarked on the coast, drew water there
and crewmen snatched a meal by the swift ships.
Once we'd had our fill of food and drink I sent
a detail ahead, two picked men and a third, a runner,
to scout out who might live there—men like us perhaps,
who live on bread? So off they went and soon enough
they mingled among the natives, Lotus-eaters, Lotus-eaters
who had no notion of killing my companions, not at all,
they simply gave them the lotus to taste instead . . .
Any crewmen who ate the lotus, the honey-sweet fruit,
lost all desire to send a message back, much less return,
their only wish to linger there with the Lotus-eaters,
grazing on lotus, all memory of the journey home
dissolved forever. But *I* brought them back, back
to the hollow ships, and streaming tears—I forced them,
hauled them under the rowing benches, lashed them fast
and shouted out commands to my other, steady comrades:
'Quick, no time to lose, embark in the racing ships!'
so none could eat the lotus, forget the voyage home.
They swung aboard at once, they sat to the oars in ranks
and in rhythm churned the water white with stroke on stroke.

100

110

From there we sailed on, our spirits now at a low ebb,
and reached the land of the high and mighty Cyclops,

lawless brutes, who trust so to the everlasting gods 120
they never plant with their own hands or plow the soil.
Unsown, unplowed, the earth teems with all they need,
wheat, barley and vines, swelled by the rains of Zeus
to yield a big full-bodied wine from clustered grapes.
They have no meeting place for council, no laws either,
no, up on the mountain peaks they live in arching caverns—
each a law to himself, ruling his wives and children,
not a care in the world for any neighbor.

Now,

a level island stretches flat across the harbor,
not close inshore to the Cyclops' coast, not too far out, 130
thick with woods where the wild goats breed by hundreds.
No trampling of men to start them from their lairs,
no hunters roughing it out on the woody ridges,
stalking quarry, ever raid their haven.
No flocks browse, no plowlands roll with wheat;
unplowed, unsown forever—empty of humankind—
the island just feeds droves of bleating goats.
For the Cyclops have no ships with crimson prows,
no shipwrights there to build them good trim craft
that could sail them out to foreign ports of call 140
as most men risk the seas to trade with other men.
Such artisans would have made this island too
a decent place to live in . . . No mean spot,
it could bear you any crop you like in season.
The water-meadows along the low foaming shore
run soft and moist, and your vines would never flag.
The land's clear for plowing. Harvest on harvest,
a man could reap a healthy stand of grain—
the subsoil's dark and rich.
There's a snug deep-water harbor there, what's more, 150
no need for mooring-gear, no anchor-stones to heave,
no cables to make fast. Just beach your keels, ride out
the days till your shipmates' spirit stirs for open sea
and a fair wind blows. And last, at the harbor's head
there's a spring that rushes fresh from beneath a cave
and black poplars flourish round its mouth.

No maid or man of his household knew that secret store,
only himself, his loving wife and a single servant. 230
Whenever they'd drink the deep-red mellow vintage,
twenty cups of water he'd stir in one of wine
and what an aroma wafted from the bowl—
what magic, what a godsend—
no joy in holding back when *that* was poured!
Filling a great goatskin now, I took this wine,
provisions too in a leather sack. A sudden foreboding
told my fighting spirit I'd soon come up against
some giant clad in power like armor-plate—
a savage deaf to justice, blind to law. 240

Our party quickly made its way to his cave
but we failed to find our host himself inside;
he was off in his pasture, ranging his sleek flocks.
So we explored his den, gazing wide-eyed at it all,
the large flat racks loaded with drying cheeses,
the folds crowded with young lambs and kids,
split into three groups—here the spring-born,
here mid-yearlings, here the fresh sucklings
off to the side—each sort was penned apart.
And all his vessels, pails and hammered buckets 250
he used for milking, were brimming full with whey.
From the start my comrades pressed me, pleading hard,
'Let's make away with the cheeses, then come back—
hurry, drive the lambs and kids from the pens
to our swift ship, put out to sea at once!'
But I would not give way—
and how much better it would have been—
not till I saw him, saw what gifts he'd give.
But he proved no lovely sight to my companions.

There we built a fire, set our hands on the cheeses, 260
offered some to the gods and ate the bulk ourselves
and settled down inside, awaiting his return . . .
And back he came from pasture, late in the day,
herding his flocks home, and lugging a huge load

of good dry logs to fuel his fire at supper.
 He flung them down in the cave—a jolting crash—
 we scuttled in panic into the deepest dark recess.
 And next he drove his sleek flocks into the open vault,
 all he'd milk at least, but he left the males outside,
 rams and billy goats out in the high-walled yard. 270
 Then to close his door he hoisted overhead
 a tremendous, massive slab—
 no twenty-two wagons, rugged and four-wheeled,
 could budge that boulder off the ground, I tell you,
 such an immense stone the monster wedged to block his cave!
 Then down he squatted to milk his sheep and bleating goats,
 each in order, and put a suckling underneath each dam.
 And half of the fresh white milk he curdled quickly,
 set it aside in wicker racks to press for cheese,
 the other half let stand in pails and buckets, 280
 ready at hand to wash his supper down.
 As soon as he'd briskly finished all his chores
 he lit his fire and spied us in the blaze and
 'Strangers!' he thundered out, 'now who are you?
 Where did you sail from, over the running sea-lanes?
 Out on a trading spree or roving the waves like pirates,
 sea-wolves raiding at will, who risk their lives
 to plunder other men?'

The hearts inside us shook,

terrified by his rumbling voice and monstrous hulk.
 Nevertheless I found the nerve to answer, firmly, 290
 'Men of Achaea we are and bound now from Troy!
 Driven far off course by the warring winds,
 over the vast gulf of the sea—battling home
 on a strange tack, a route that's off the map,
 and so we've come to you . . .
 so it must please King Zeus's plotting heart.
 We're glad to say we're men of Atrides Agamemnon,
 whose fame is the proudest thing on earth these days,
 so great a city he sacked, such multitudes he killed!
 But since we've chanced on you, we're at your knees 300
 in hopes of a warm welcome, even a guest-gift,

the sort that hosts give strangers. That's the custom.
 Respect the gods, my friend. We're suppliants—at your mercy!
 Zeus of the Strangers guards all guests and suppliants:
 strangers are sacred—Zeus will avenge their rights!

'Stranger,' he grumbled back from his brutal heart,
 'you must be a fool, stranger, or come from nowhere,
 telling *me* to fear the gods or avoid their wrath!
 We Cyclops never blink at Zeus and Zeus's shield
 of storm and thunder, or any other blessed god—
 we've got more force by far.
 I'd never spare you in fear of Zeus's hatred,
 you or your comrades here, unless I had the urge.
 But tell me, where did you moor your sturdy ship
 when you arrived? Up the coast or close in?
 I'd just like to know.'

310

So he laid his trap
 but he never caught me, no, wise to the world
 I shot back in my crafty way, 'My ship?
 Poseidon god of the earthquake smashed my ship,
 he drove it against the rocks at your island's far cape,
 he dashed it against a cliff as the winds rode us in.
 I and the men you see escaped a sudden death.'

320

Not a word in reply to that, the ruthless brute.
 Lurching up, he lunged out with his hands toward my men
 and snatching two at once, rapping them on the ground
 he knocked them dead like pups—
 their brains gushed out all over, soaked the floor—
 and ripping them limb from limb to fix his meal
 he bolted them down like a mountain-lion, left no scrap,
 devoured entrails, flesh and bones, marrow and all!
 We flung our arms to Zeus, we wept and cried aloud,
 looking on at his grisly work—paralyzed, appalled.
 But once the Cyclops had stuffed his enormous gut
 with human flesh, washing it down with raw milk,
 he slept in his cave, stretched out along his flocks.
 And I with my fighting heart, I thought at first

330

I got the very ones I would have picked myself,
four good men, and I in the lead made five . . .

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 380
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 bolted down!
Judge for yourself what stock our ship had stored. 390
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. 400
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 cordial, 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— 410
so 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 420
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
was about to catch fire—the glow terrific, yes—
I dragged it from the flames, my men clustering round
as some god breathed enormous courage through us all.
Hoisting high that olive stake with its stabbing point,
straight into the monster's eye they rammed it hard—
I drove my weight on it from above and bored it home
as a shipwright bores his beam with a shipwright's drill 430
that men below, whipping the strap back and forth, whirl
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 singed his brow and eyelids round the core
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 its temper hardens—that's the iron's strength— 440
so 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 wrenched the spike
 from his eye and out it came with a red geyser of blood—
 he flung it aside with frantic hands, and mad with pain
 he bellowed 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:
 'What, Polyphemus, what in the world's the trouble?
 Roaring out in the godsent night to rob us of our sleep.
 Surely no one's rustling your flocks against your will—
 surely no one's trying to kill you now by fraud or force!'

450

'*Nobody*, friends'—Polyphemus bellowed 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.'

460

They lumbered off, but laughter filled my heart
 to think how nobody's name—my great cunning stroke—
 had duped them one and all. But the Cyclops there,
 still groaning, racked with agony, groped around
 for the huge slab, 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—
 life at stake, monstrous death staring us in the face—
 till this plan struck my mind as best. That flock,
 those well-fed rams with their splendid thick fleece,
 sturdy, handsome beasts sporting their dark weight of wool:

470

I lashed them abreast, quietly, twisting the willow-twigs
the Cyclops slept on—giant, lawless brute—I took them
three by three; each ram in the middle bore a man
while the two rams either side would shield him well. 480
So three beasts to bear each man, but as for myself?
There was one bellwether ram, the prize of all the flock,
and clutching him by his back, tucked up under
his shaggy belly, there I hung, face upward,
both hands locked in his marvelous deep fleece,
clinging for dear life, my spirit steeled, 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 rumbling out of the cave toward pasture,
the ewes kept bleating round the pens, un milked, 490
their udders about to burst. Their master now,
heaving in torment, felt the back of each animal
halting before him here, but the idiot never sensed
my men were trussed up under their thick fleecy ribs.
And last of them all came my great ram now, striding out,
weighed down with his dense wool and my deep plots.
Stroking 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 500
of the flock to graze the fresh young grasses,
first by far to reach the rippling streams,
first to turn back home, keen for your fold
when night comes on—but now you're last of all.
And why? Sick at heart for your master's eye
that coward gouged out with his wicked crew?—
only after he'd stunned my wits with wine—
that, that Nobody . . .
who's not escaped his death, I swear, not yet.
Oh if only you thought like *me*, had words like *me* 510
to tell me where that scoundrel is cringing 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 good-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 520
to loyal comrades—we who’d escaped our deaths—
but for all the rest they broke down and wailed.
I cut it short, I stopped each shipmate’s cries,
my head tossing, brows frowning, silent signals
to hurry, tumble our fleecy herd on board,
launch out on the open sea!
They swung aboard, they sat to the oars in ranks
and in rhythm churned the water white with stroke on stroke.
But once offshore as far as a man’s shout can carry,
I called back to the Cyclops, stinging taunts: 530
‘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,
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— 540
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,
tossing my head for dear life, signaling crews
to put their backs in the oars, escape grim death.
They threw themselves in the labor, rowed on 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 headstrong—why? Why rile the beast again?'

550

'That rock he flung in the sea just now, hurling 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 moan,
he would have crushed our heads and ship timbers
with one heave of another flashing, jagged rock!'

'Good god, the brute can throw!'

So they begged

but they could not bring my fighting spirit round.
I called back with another burst of anger, 'Cyclops—
if any man on the face of the earth should ask you
who blinded you, shamed you so—say Odysseus,
raider of cities, *he* gouged out your eye,
Laertes' son who makes his home in Ithaca!'

560

So I vaunted and he groaned back in answer,
'Oh no, no—that prophecy years ago . . .
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—
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!
Come here, Odysseus, let me give you a guest-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!'

570

'Heal you!'

here was my parting shot—'Would to god I could strip you

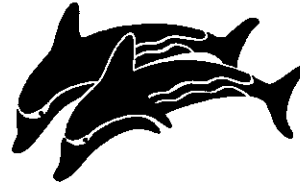
580

of life and breath and ship you down to the House of Death
as surely as no one will ever heal your eye,
not even your earthquake god himself!

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—
come, grant that Odysseus, raider of cities,
Laertes' son who makes his home in Ithaca,
never reaches home. Or if he's fated to see 590
his people once again and reach his well-built house
and his own native country, let him come home late
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.
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, 600
just failing to graze the rudder's bladed edge.
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.
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, 610
would go deprived of his fair share of spoils.
But the splendid ram—as we meted out the flocks
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.

BOOK TWENTY-THREE



The Great Rooted Bed

Up to the rooms the old nurse clambered, 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:
"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,
rode roughshod over his son!"

10

"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 half-wit on the path to sense.
 They've unhinged 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
 Odysseus sailed away to see that cursed city . . .
Destroy, I call it—I hate to say its name!
 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,
 I'd have her bundled back to her room in pain.
 It's only your old gray head that spares you that!"

20

"Never"—the fond old nurse kept pressing on—
 "dear child, I'd never mock you! No, it's all true,
 he's here—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!"

30

Penelope's heart burst in joy, she leapt from bed,
 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?—
 single-handed, braving an army always camped inside."

40

"I have no idea," the devoted nurse replied.
 "I didn't see it, I didn't ask—all I heard
 was the choking groans of men cut down in blood.
 We crouched in terror—a dark nook of our quarters—
 all of us locked tight behind those snug doors
 till your boy Telemachus came and called me out—
 his father rushed him there to do just that. And then
 I found Odysseus in the thick of slaughtered corpses;

there he stood and all around him, over the beaten floor,
the bodies sprawled in heaps, lying one on another . . . 50
How it would have thrilled your heart to see him—
splattered with bloody filth, a lion with his kill!
And now they're all stacked at the courtyard gates—
he's lit a roaring fire,
he's purifying the house with cleansing fumes
and he's sent me here to bring you back to him.
Follow me down! So now, after all the years of grief,
you two can embark, loving hearts, along the road to joy.
Look, your dreams, put off so long, come true at last—
he's back alive, home at his hearth, and found you, 60
found his son still here. And all those suitors
who did him wrong, he's paid them back, he has,
right in his own house!"

"Hush, dear woman,"

guarded Penelope cautioned her at once.
"Don't laugh, don't cry in triumph—not yet.
You know how welcome the sight of him would be
to all in the house, and to me most of all
and the son we bore together.
But the story can't be true, not as you tell it,
no, it must be a god who's killed our brazen friends— 70
up in arms at their outrage, heartbreaking crimes.
They'd no regard for any man on earth—
good or bad—who chanced to come their way. So,
thanks to their reckless work they die their deaths.
Odysseus? Far from Achaea now, he's lost all hope
of coming home . . . he's lost and gone himself."

"Child," the devoted old nurse protested,
"what nonsense you let slip through your teeth.
Here's your husband, warming his hands at his own hearth,
here—and you, you say he'll never come home again, 80
always the soul of trust! All right, this too—
I'll give you a sign, a proof that's plain as day.
That scar, made years ago by a boar's white tusk—
I spotted the scar myself, when I washed his feet,

and I tried to tell you, ah, but he, the crafty rascal,
clamped his hand on my mouth—I couldn't say a word.
Follow me down now. I'll stake my life on it:
if I am lying to *you*—
kill me with a thousand knives of pain!"

"Dear old nurse," composed Penelope responded, 90
"deep as you are, my friend, you'll find it hard
to plumb the plans of the everlasting gods.
All the same, let's go and join my son
so I can see the suitors lying dead
and see . . . the one who killed them."

With that thought
Penelope started down from her lofty room, her heart
in turmoil, torn . . . should she keep her distance,
probe her husband? Or rush up to the man at once
and kiss his head and cling to both his hands?
As soon as she stepped across the stone threshold, 100
slipping in, she took a seat at the closest wall
and radiant in the firelight, faced Odysseus now.
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.
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. 110

"Oh mother," Telemachus reproached her,
"cruel mother, you with your hard heart!
Why do you spurn 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—
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—
we two have secret signs,
known to us both but hidden from the world."

120

Odysseus, long-enduring, broke into a smile
and turned to his son with pointed, winging words:
"Leave your mother here in the hall to test me
as she will. She soon will know me better.
Now because I am filthy, wear such grimy rags,
she spurns me—your mother still can't bring herself
to believe I am her husband."

130

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 killer flees, goodbye 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,
nor do I think you'll find us short on courage,
long as our strength will last."

140

"Then here's our plan,"
the master of tactics said. "I think it's best.
First go and wash, and pull fresh tunics on
and tell the maids in the hall to dress well too.
And let the inspired bard take up his ringing lyre
and lead off for us all a dance so full of heart
that whoever hears the strains outside the gates—
a passerby on the road, a neighbor round about—

150

“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 unbending?
 Holding back from her husband, home at last for *her*
 after bearing twenty years of brutal struggle. 190
 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,
 setting sail from Ithaca years ago
 aboard the long-oared ship.

Come, Eurycleia,

move the sturdy bedstead out of our bridal chamber—
 that room the master built with his own hands.
 Take it out now, sturdy bed that it is, 200
 and spread it deep with fleece,
 blankets and lustrous throws 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,
 lifted it out with ease and moved it elsewhere.
 Not a man on earth, not even at peak strength, 210
 would find it easy to prise it up and shift it, no,
 a great sign, a hallmark lies in its construction.
 I know, I built it myself—no one else . . .
 There was a branching olive-tree inside our court,
 grown to its full prime, the bole like a column, thickset.
 Around it I built my bedroom, finished off the walls
 with good tight stonework, roofed it over soundly
 and added doors, hung well and snugly wedged.
 Then I lopped the leafy crown of the olive,
 clean-cutting the stump bare from roots up, 220

planing it round with a bronze smoothing-adze—
 I had the skill—I shaped it plumb to the line to make
 my bedpost, bored the holes it needed with an auger.
 Working from there I built my bed, start to finish,
 I gave it ivory inlays, gold and silver fittings,
 wove the straps across it, oxhide 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
 that olive-trunk and hauled our bedstead off?"

Living proof— 230

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,
 "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.
 But don't fault me, angry with me now because I failed,
 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,
 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?
 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
 but you and I and a single handmaid, Actoris,
 the servant my father gave me when I came,

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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
welled up inside his breast—he wept as he held the wife 260
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
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
the sight of her husband, vivid in her gaze, 270
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
Athena had not thought of one more thing.
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 windswift team that brings men light,
Blaze and Aurora, the young colts that race the Morning on. 280
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,
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
delight in sleep, delight in each other, come!" 290

"If it's bed you want," reserved Penelope replied,