

A muscular, hairy man with a purple eye and a chain around his neck, standing in a forest. He is wearing a loincloth made of animal skins. The background is a lush green forest with trees and foliage.

PADRAIC
COLUM

THE
CHILDREN'S
HOMER

THE ADVENTURES OF ODYSSEUS AND THE TALE OF TROY

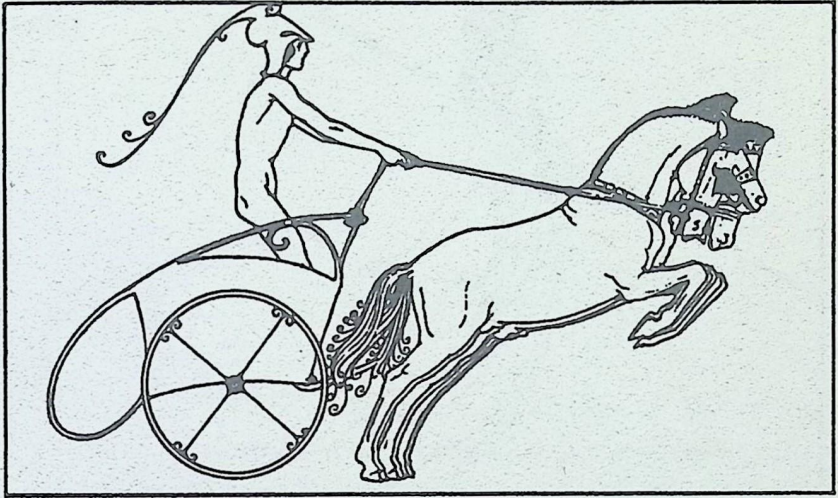
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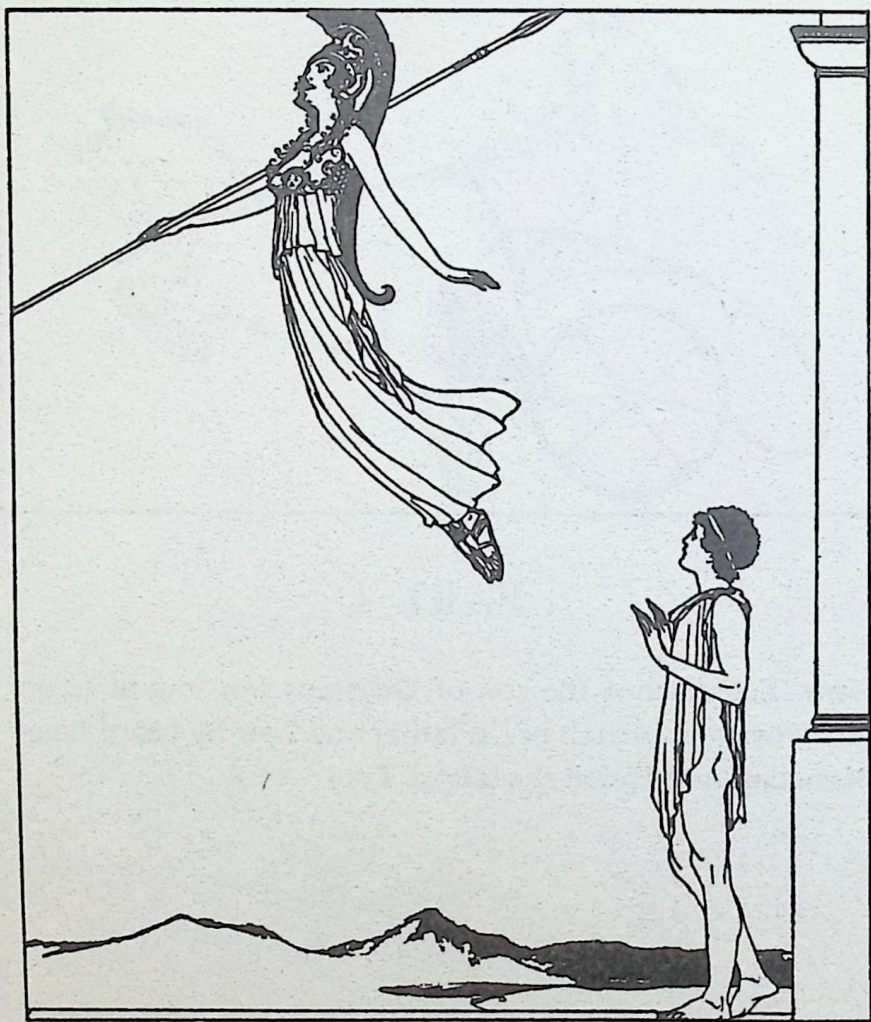
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PART I

How Telemachus the son of Odysseus was moved to go on a voyage in search of his father and how he heard from Menelaus and Helen the tale of Troy

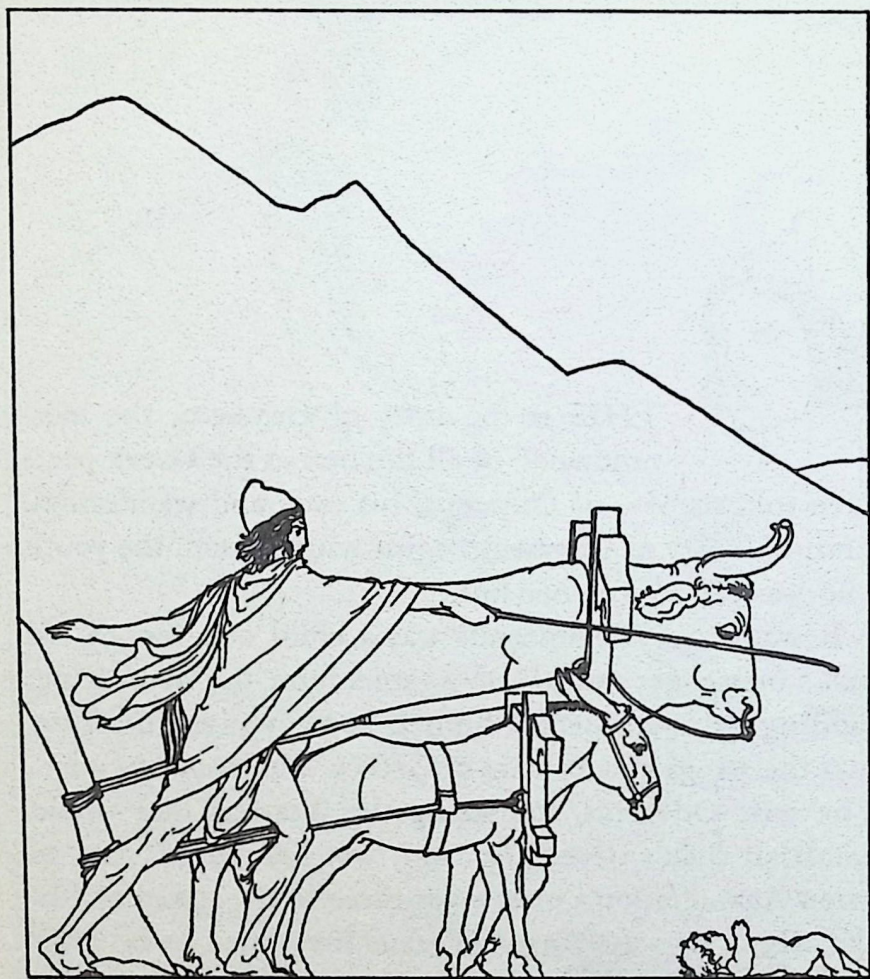




I

THIS is the story of Odysseus, the most renowned of all the heroes the Greek poets have told us of — of Odysseus, his wars and wanderings. And this story of Odysseus begins with his son, the youth who was called Telemachus.

It was when Telemachus was a child of a month old that a messenger came from Agamemnon, the Great King, bidding Odysseus betake himself to the war against Troy that the Kings and Princes of Greece were about to wage. The wise Odysseus, foreseeing the disasters that would befall all that entered that war, was loth to go. And so when Agamemnon's messenger came to the island of Ithaka where he was King, Odysseus pretended to be mad. And that the messenger, Palamedes, might believe he was mad indeed, he did a thing that no man ever saw being done before — he took an ass and an ox and yoked them together to the same plough and began to plough a field. And when he had ploughed a furrow he sowed it, not with seeds that would grow, but with salt. When Palamedes saw



him doing this he was nearly persuaded that Odysseus was mad. But to test him he took the child Telemachus and laid him down in the field in the way of the plough. Odysseus, when he came near to where the child lay, turned the plough aside and thereby showed that he was not a mad man. Then had he to take King Agamemnon's summons. And Agamemnon's word was that Odysseus should go to Aulis where the ships of the Kings and Princes of Greece were being gathered. But first he was to go into another country to seek the hero Achilles and persuade him also to enter the war against Troy.

And so Odysseus bade goodby to his infant son, Telemachus, and to his young wife, Penelope, and to his father, old Laertes. And he bade goodby to his house and his lands and to the island of Ithaka where he was King. He summoned a council of the chief men of Ithaka and commended to their care his wife and his child and all his household, and thereafter he took his sailors and his fighting men with him and he sailed away. The years went by and Odysseus did not return. After ten years the City was taken by the Kings and Princes of Greece and the thread of war was wound up. But still Odysseus did not return. And now minstrels came to Ithaka with word of the deaths or the homecomings of the heroes who had fought in the war against Troy. But no minstrel brought any word of Odysseus, of his death or of his appearance in any land known to men. Ten years more went by. And now that infant son whom he had left behind, Telemachus, had grown up and was a young man of strength and purpose.



II

ONE day, as he sat sad and disconsolate in the house of his father, the youth Telemachus saw a stranger come to the outer gate. There were many in the court outside, but no one went to receive the newcomer. Then, because he would never let a stranger stand at the gate without hurrying out to welcome him, and because, too, he had hopes that some day such a one would bring him tidings of his father, Telemachus rose up from where he was sitting and went down the hall and through the court and to the gate at which the stranger stood.

"Welcome to the house of Odysseus," said Telemachus giving him his hand. The stranger clasped it with a friendly clasp. "I thank you, Telemachus," he said, "for your welcome, and glad I am to enter the house of your father, the renowned Odysseus."

The stranger looked like one who would be a captain amongst soldiers. His eyes were gray and clear and shone wonderfully. In his hand he carried a great bronze spear. He and Telemachus went together through the court and into the hall. And when the stranger left his spear within the spearstand Telemachus took him to a high chair and put a footstool under his feet.

He had brought him to a place in the hall where the

crowd would not come. There were many in the court outside and Telemachus would not have his guest disturbed by questions or clamors. A handmaid brought water for the washing of his hands, and poured it over them from a golden ewer into a silver basin. A polished table was left at his side. Then the housedame brought wheaten bread and many dainties. Other servants set down dishes of meat with golden cups, and afterwards the maids came into the hall and filled up the cups with wine.

But the servants who waited on Telemachus and his guest were disturbed by the crowd of men who now came into the hall. They seated themselves at tables and shouted out their orders. Great dishes of meat were brought to them and bowls of wine, and the men ate and drank and talked loudly to each other and did not refrain even from staring at the stranger who sat with Telemachus.

"Is there a wedding-feast in the house?" the stranger asked, "or do the men of your clan meet here to drink with each other?"

A flush of shame came to the face of Telemachus. "There is no wedding-feast here," he said, "nor do the men of our clan meet here to drink with each other. Listen to me, my guest. Because you look so wise and because you seem so friendly to my father's name I will tell you who these men are and why they trouble this house."

Thereupon Telemachus told the stranger how his father had not returned from the war of Troy although it was now ten years since the City was taken by those with whom he went. "Alas," Telemachus said, "he must have died on

his way back to us, and I must think that his bones lie under some nameless strait or channel of the ocean. Would he had died in the fight at Troy! Then the Kings and Princes would have made him a burial mound worthy of his name and his deeds. His memory would have been revered amongst men, and I, his son, would have a name, and would not be imposed upon by such men as you see here — men who are feasting and giving orders in my father's house and wasting the substance that he gathered."

"How come they to be here?" asked the stranger.

Telemachus told him about this also. When seven years had gone by from the fall of Troy and still Odysseus did not return there were those who thought he was dead and would never be seen more in the land of Ithaka. Then many of the young lords of the land wanted Penelope, Telemachus' mother, to marry one of them. They came to the house to woo her for marriage. But she, mourning for the absence of Odysseus and ever hoping that he would return, would give no answer to them. For three years now they were coming to the house of Odysseus to woo the wife whom he had left behind him. "They want to put my lady-mother between two dread difficulties," said Telemachus, "either to promise to wed one of them or to see the substance of our house wasted by them. Here they come and eat the bread of our fields, and slay the beasts of our flocks and herds, and drink the wine that in the old days my father laid up, and weary our servants with their orders."

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When he had told him all this Telemachus raised his head and looked at the stranger: "O my guest," he said, "wisdom and power shine out of your eyes. Speak now to me and tell me what I should do to save the house of Odysseus from ruin. And tell me too if you think it possible that my father should still be in life."

The stranger looked at him with his gray, clear, wonderfully shining eyes. "Art thou verily the son of Odysseus?" said he.

"Verily, I am the son of Odysseus," said Telemachus.

"As I look at you," said the stranger, "I mark your head and eyes, and I know they are such a head and such eyes as Odysseus had. Well, being the son of such a man, and of such a woman as the lady Penelope, your spirit surely shall find a way of destroying those wooers who would destroy your house."

"Already," said Telemachus, "your gaze and your speech make me feel equal to the task of dealing with them."

"I think," said the stranger, "that Odysseus, your father, has not perished from the earth. He may yet win home through labors and perils. But you should seek for tidings of him. Harken to me now and I shall tell you what to do.

"Tomorrow summon a council of all the chief men of the land of Ithaka, and stand up in that council and declare that the time has come for the wooers who waste your substance to scatter, each man to his own home. And after the council has been held I would have you voyage to find out tidings of your father, whether he still lives

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and where he might be. Go to Pylos first, to the home of Nestor, that old King who was with your father in the war of Troy. Beg Nestor to give you whatever tidings he has of Odysseus. And from Pylos go to Sparta, to the home of Menelaus and Helen, and beg tidings of your father from them too. And if you get news of his being alive, return: It will be easy for you then to endure for another year the wasting of your substance by those wooers. But if you learn that your father, the renowned Odysseus, is indeed dead and gone, then come back, and in your own country raise a great funeral mound to his memory, and over it pay all funeral rites. Then let your mother choose a good man to be her husband and let her marry him, knowing for a certainty that Odysseus will never come back to his own house. After that something will remain for you to do: You will have to punish those wooers who destroy the goods your father gathered and who insult his house by their presence. And when all these things have been done, you, Telemachus, will be free to seek out your own fortune: you will rise to fame, for I mark that you are handsome and strong and most likely to be a wise and valiant man. But now I must fare on my journey."

The stranger rose up from where he sat and went with Telemachus from the hall and through the court and to the outer gate. Telemachus said: "What you have told me I shall not forget. I know you have spoken out of a wise and a friendly heart, and as a father to his son."

The stranger clasped his hands and went through the gate. And then, as he looked after him Telemachus saw

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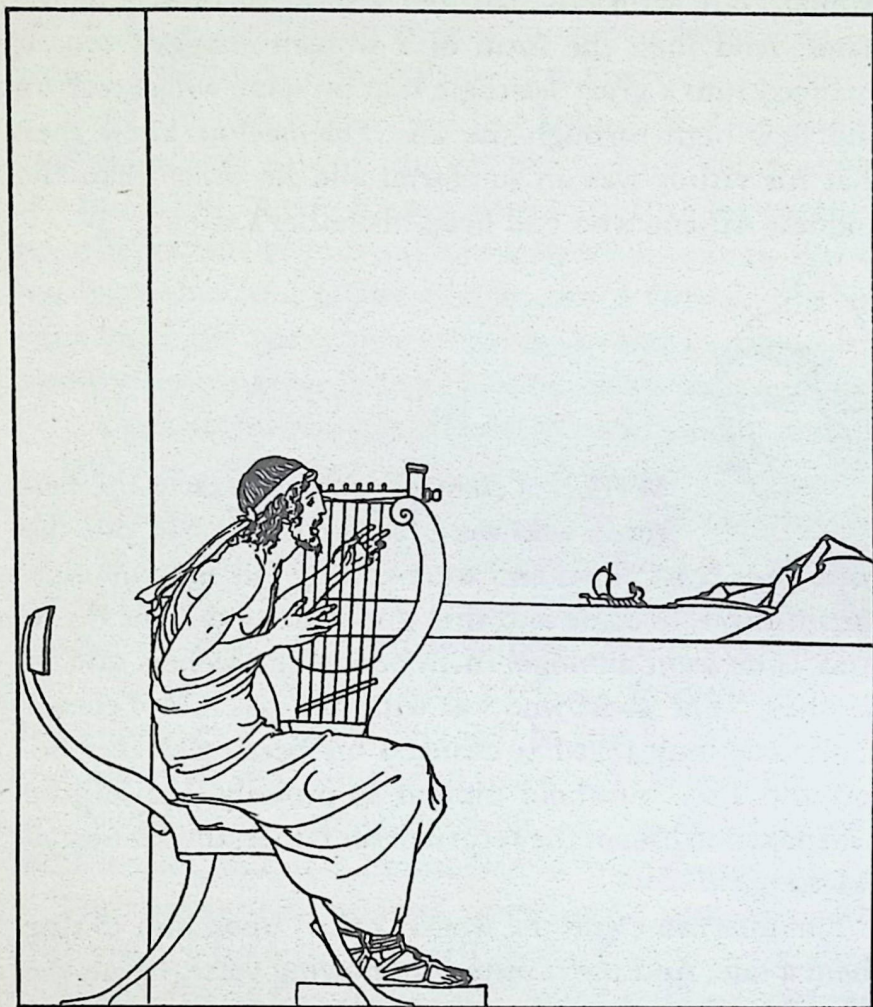
the stranger change in his form. He became first as a woman, tall, with fair hair and a spear of bronze in her hand. And then the form of a woman changed too. It changed into a great sea-eagle that on wide wings rose up and flew high through the air. Telemachus knew then that his visitor was an immortal and no other than the goddess Athene who had been his father's friend.



III

WHEN Telemachus went back to the hall those who were feasting there had put the wine cups from them and were calling out for Phemius, the minstrel, to come and sing some tale to delight them. And as he went amongst them one of the wooers said to another, "The guest who was with him has told Telemachus something that has changed his bearing. Never before did I see him hold himself so proudly. Mayhap he has spoken to him of the return of his father, the renowned Odysseus."

Phemius came and the wooers called upon him to sing them a tale. And the minstrel, in flowing verse, began the tale of the return of the Kings and Princes from Troy, and of how some god or goddess put a trouble upon them as they left the City they had taken. And as the minstrel began the tale, Penelope, Telemachus' lady-mother, was coming down the stairs with two handmaids beside her.



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She heard the words he sang, and she stood still in her grief and drew her veil across her face. "O Phemius," she cried, "cease from that story that ever wastes my heart — the story that has brought me sorrow and that leaves me comfortless all my days! O Phemius, do you not know other tales of men and gods that you might sing in this hall for the delight of my noble wooers?"

The minstrel would have ceased when Penelope spoke thus to him, but Telemachus went to the stairway where his lady-mother stood, and addressed her.

"My lady-mother," said he, "why should you not let the minstrel delight the company with such songs as the spirit moves him to give us? It is no blame to him if he sings of that which is sorrowful to us. As for you, my mother, you must learn to endure that story, for long will it be sung and far and wide. And you are not the only one who is bereaved — many another man besides Odysseus lost the happy days of his homecoming in the war of Troy."

Penelope, his lady-mother, looked in surprise at the youth who spoke to her so wisely. Was this indeed Telemachus who before had hardly lifted his head? And as she looked at him again she saw that he carried his head — that head of his that was so like Odysseus' — high and proudly. She saw that her son was now indeed a man. Penelope spoke no word to him, for a new thought had come into her mind. She turned round on the stairs and went back with her handmaids to the chamber where her loom and her distaff were. And as she went up the stairway and away from them her wooers muttered one to the

other that she would soon have to choose one of them for her husband.

Telemachus turned to those who were standing at the tables and addressed them. "Wooers of my mother," he said, "I have a word to say to you."

"By the gods, youth," said one of the wooers, "you must tell us first who he is who has made you so high and proud of speech."

"Surely," said another, "he who has done that is the stranger who was with him. Who is he? Why did he come here, and of what land has he declared himself to be?"

"Why did he not stay so that we might look at him and speak to him?" said another of the wooers.

"These are the words I would say to you. Let us feast now in peace, without any brawling amongst us, and listen to the tale that the minstrel sings to us," said Telemachus. "But tomorrow let us have a council made up of the chief men of this land of Ithaka. I shall go to the council and speak there. I shall ask that you leave this house of mine and feast on goods that you yourselves have gathered. Let the chief men judge whether I speak in fairness to you or not. If you do not heed what I will say openly at the council, before all the chief men of our land, then let it be on your own heads what will befall you."

All the wooers marvelled that Telemachus spoke so boldly. And one said, "Because his father, Odysseus, was King, this youth thinks he should be King by inheritance. But may Zeus, the god, never grant that he be King."

Then said Telemachus, "If the god Zeus should grant

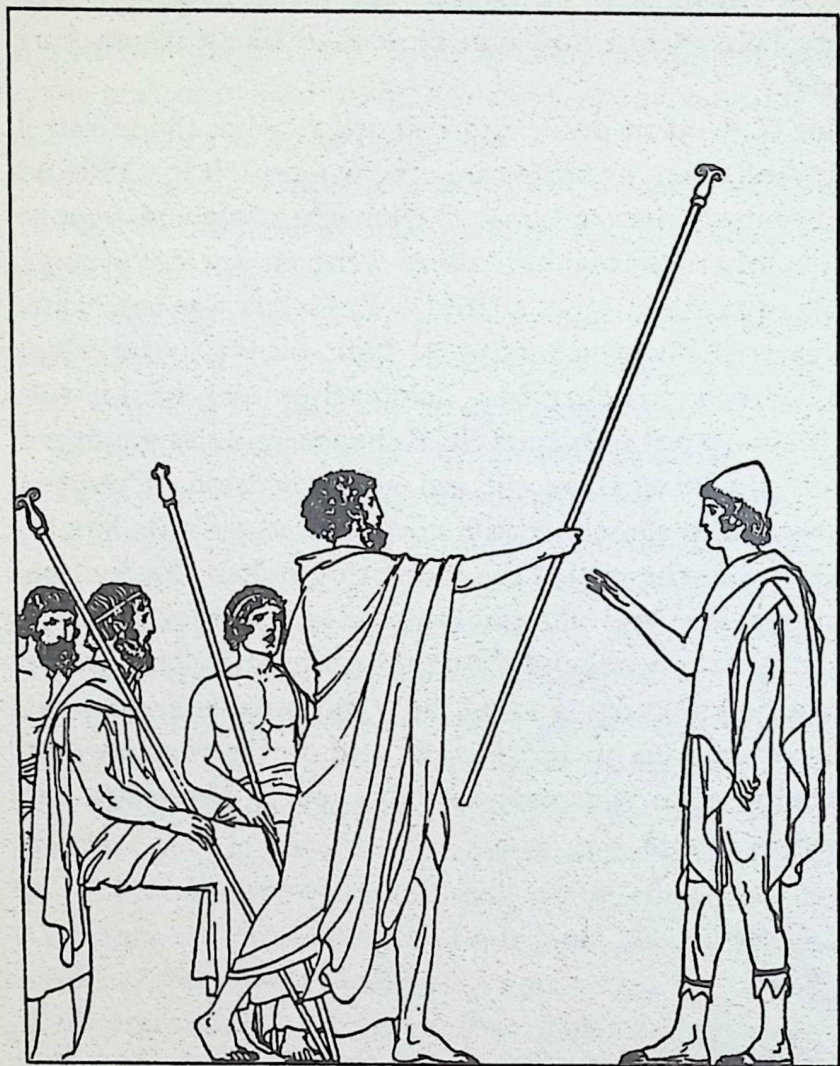
that I be King, I am ready to take up the Kingship of the land of Ithaka with all its toils and all its dangers." And when Telemachus said that he looked like a young king indeed.

But they sat in peace and listened to what the minstrel sang. And when evening came the wooers left the hall and went each to his own house. Telemachus rose and went to his chamber. Before him there went an ancient woman who had nursed him as a child — Eurycleia was her name. She carried burning torches to light his way. And when they were in his chamber Telemachus took off his soft doublet and put it in Eurycleia's hands, and she smoothed it out and hung it on the pin at his bedside. Then she went out and she closed the door behind with its handle of silver and she pulled the thong that bolted the door on the other side. And all night long Telemachus lay wrapped in his fleece of wool and thought on what he would say at the council next day, and on the goddess Athene and what she had put into his heart to do, and on the journey that was before him to Nestor in Pylos and to Menelaus and Helen in Sparta.



IV

AS soon as it was dawn Telemachus rose from his bed. He put on his raiment, bound his sandals on his feet, hung his sharp sword across his



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shoulder, and took in his hand a spear of bronze. Then he went forth to where the Council was being held in the open air, and two swift hounds went beside him.

The chief men of the land of Ithaka had been gathered already for the council. When it was plain that all were there, the man who was oldest amongst them, the lord Ægyptus, rose up and spoke. He had sons, and two of them were with him yet, tending his fields. But one, Eurynomous by name, kept company with the wooers of Telemachus' mother. And Ægyptus had had another son; he had gone in Odysseus' ship to the war of Troy, and Ægyptus knew he had perished on his way back. He constantly mourned for his son, and thinking upon him as he spoke, Ægyptus had tears in his eyes.

"Never since Odysseus summoned us together before he took ship for the war of Troy have we met in council," said he. "Why have we been brought together now? Has someone heard tidings of the return of Odysseus? If it be so, may the god Zeus give luck to him who tells us of such good fortune."

Telemachus was glad because of the kindly speech of the old man. He rose up to speak and the herald put a staff into his hands as a sign that he was to be listened to with reverence. Telemachus then spoke, addressing the old lord Ægyptus.

"I will tell you who it is," he said, "who has called the men of Ithaka together in council, and for what purpose. Revered lord Ægyptus, I have called you together, but not because I have had tidings of the return of my father,

the renowned Odysseus, nor because I would speak to you about some affair of our country. No. I would speak to you all because I suffer and because I am at a loss — I, whose father was King over you, praised by you all. Odysseus is long away from Ithaka, and I deem that he will never return. You have lost your King. But you can put another King to rule over you. I have lost my father, and I can have no other father in all my days. And that is not all my loss, as I will show you now, men of Ithaka.

“For three years now my mother has been beset by men who come to woo her to be wife for one of them. Day after day they come to our house and kill and devour our beasts and waste the wine that was laid up against my father’s return. They waste our goods and our wealth. If I were nearer manhood I would defend my house against them. But as yet I am not able to do it, and so I have to stand by and see our house and substance being destroyed.”

So Telemachus spoke, and when his speech was ended Antinous, who was one of the wooers, rose up.

“Telemachus,” said he, “why do you try to put us to shame in this way? I tell all here that it is not we but your mother who is to blame. We, knowing her husband Odysseus is no longer in life, have asked her to become the wife of one of us. She gives us no honest answer. Instead she has given her mind to a device to keep us still waiting.

“I will tell you of the council what this device is. The lady Penelope set up a great loom in her house and began to weave a wide web of cloth. To each of us she sent a message saying that when the web she was working at was

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woven, she would choose a husband from amongst us. 'Laertes, the father of Odysseus, is alone with one to care for him living or dead,' said she to us. 'I must weave a shroud for him against the time which cannot now be far off when old Laertes dies. Trouble me not while I do this. For if he should die and there be no winding-sheet to wrap him round all the women of the land would blame me greatly.'

"We were not oppressive and we left the lady Penelope to weave the web, and the months have gone by and still the web is not woven. But even now we have heard from one of her maids how Penelope tries to finish her task. What she weaves in the daytime she unravels at night. Never, then, can the web be finished and so does she try to cheat us.

"She has gained praise from the people for doing this. 'How wise is Penelope,' they say, 'with her devices.' Let her be satisfied with their praise then, and leave us alone. We too have our devices. We will live at her house and eat and drink there and give orders to her servants and we shall see which will satisfy her best — to give an answer or to let the wealth of her house be wasted.

"As for you, Telemachus, I have these words to say to you. Lead your mother from your father's house and to the house of her father, Icarius. Tell Icarius to give her in marriage to the one she chooses from amongst us. Do this and no more goods will be wasted in the house that will be yours."

Then Telemachus rose and said, "Never will I lead my

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mother out of a house that my father brought her into. Quit my father's house, or, as I tell you now, the day may come when a doom will fall upon you there for your insolence in it."

And even as Telemachus spoke, two eagles from a mountain crest flew over the place where the council was being held. They wheeled above and flapped their wings and looked down upon the crowd with destruction in their gaze. They tore each other with their talons, and then flew away across the City.

An old man who was there, Halitherses by name, a man skilled in the signs made by birds, told those who were around what was foreshown by the combat of the eagles in the air. "Odysseus," he said, "is not far from his friends. He will return, and his return will mean affliction for those who insult his house. Now let them make an end of their mischief." But the wooers only laughed at the old man, telling him he should go home and prophesy to his children.

Then arose another old man whose name was Mentor, and he was one who had been a friend and companion of Odysseus. He spoke to the council saying:

"Never again need a King be gentle in his heart. For kind and gentle to you all was your King, Odysseus. And now his son asks you for help and you do not hurry to give it him. It is not so much an affliction to me that these wooers waste his goods as that you do not rise up to forbid it. But let them persist in doing it on the hazard of their own heads. For a doom will come on them, I say. And I

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say again to you of the council: you are many and the wooers are few: Why then do you not put them away from the house of Odysseus?"

But no one in the council took the side of Telemachus and Halitherses and Mentor — so powerful were the wooers and so fearful of them were the men of the council. The wooers looked at Telemachus and his friends with mockery. Then for the last time Telemachus rose up and spoke to the council.

"I have spoken in the council, and the men of Ithaka know, and the gods know, the rights and wrongs of my case. All I ask of you now is that you give me a swift ship with twenty youths to be my crew so that I may go to Pylos and to Sparta to seek tidings of my father. If I find he is alive and that he is returning, then I can endure to wait another year in the house and submit to what you do there."

Even at this speech they mocked. Said one of them, Leocritus by name, "Though Odysseus be alive and should one day come into his own hall, that would not affright us. He is one, and we are many, and if he should strive with those who outnumber him, why then, let his doom be on his own head. And now, men of the council, scatter yourselves and go each to his own home, and let Mentor and Halitherses help Telemachus to get a ship and a crew."

Leocritus said that knowing that Mentor and Halitherses were old and had few friends, and that they could do nothing to help Telemachus to get a ship. The council

broke up and those who were in it scattered. But the wooers went together back to the house of Odysseus.

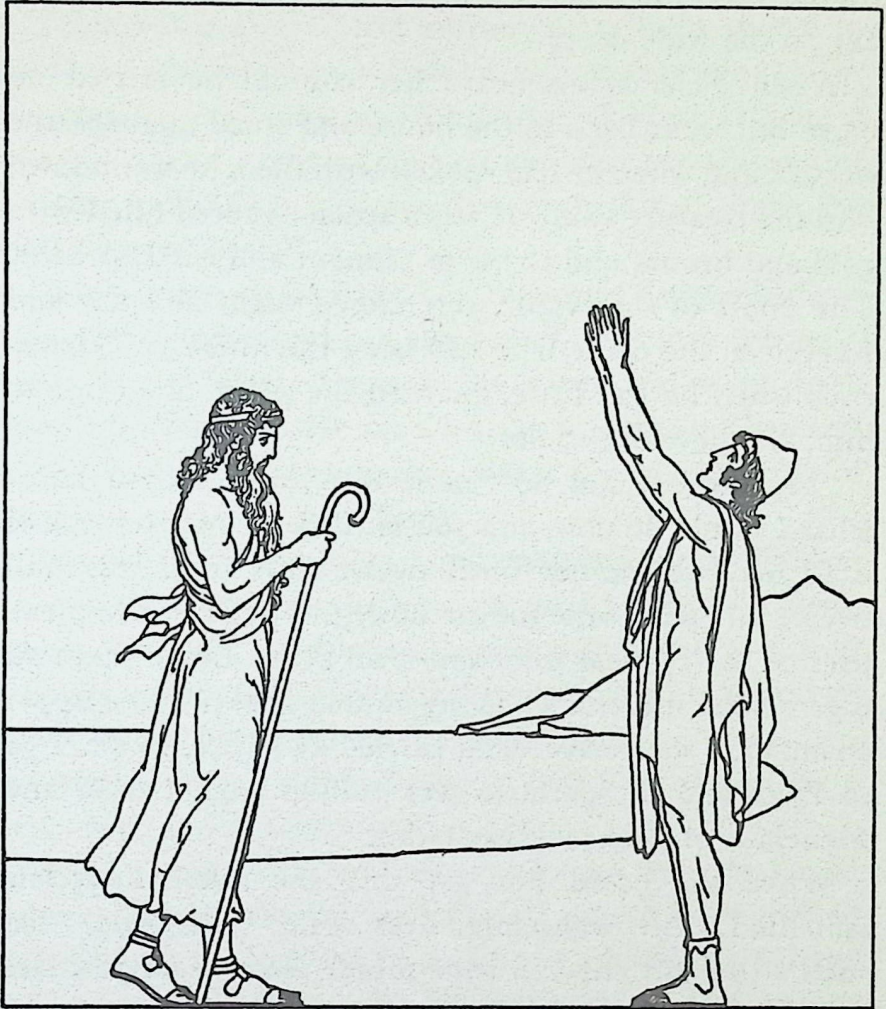


V

TELEMACHUS went apart, and, going by himself, came to the shore of the sea. He dipped his hands into the seawater and prayed, saying, "O Goddess Athene, you who did come to my father's hall yesterday, I have tried to do as you bade me. But still the wooers of my mother hinder me from taking ship to seek tidings of my father."

He spoke in prayer and then he saw one who had the likeness of the old man Mentor coming toward him. But by the gray, clear, wonderfully shining eyes he knew that the figure was none other than the goddess Athene.

"Telemachus," said she, "if you have indeed one drop of your father's blood in you or one portion of his spirit, if you are as he was — one ready to fulfil both word and work, your voyage shall not be in vain. If you are different from what he was, I have no hope that you will accomplish your desire. But I have seen in you something of the wisdom and the courage of Odysseus. Hear my counsel then, and do as I direct you. Go back to your father's house and be with the wooers for a time. And get together corn and barley-flour and wine in jars. And while you are doing all this I will gather together a crew for your ship.



There are many ships in sea-girt Ithaka and I shall choose the best for you and we will rig her quickly and launch her on the wide deep."

When Telemachus heard her counsel he tarried no more but went back to the house and stood amongst the wooers, and when he had spoken with them he went down into the treasure-vault. It was a spacious room filled with gold and bronze and chests of raiment and casks of wine. The doors of that vault were closed night and day and Eurycleia, the dame who had been the nurse of Telemachus when he was little, guarded the place. She came to him, and he spoke to her:

"My nurse," said he, "none but yourself must know what I would do now, and you must swear not to speak of it to my lady-mother until twelve days from this. Fill twelve jars with wine for me now, and pour twelve measures of barley-meal into well-sewn skins. Leave them all together for me, and when my mother goes into the upper chamber, I shall have them carried away. Lo, nurse, I go to Pylos and to Sparta to seek tidings from Nestor and Menelaus of Odysseus, my father."

When she heard him say this, the nurse Eurycleia lamented. "Ah, wherefore, dear child," she cried, "has such a thought risen in your mind? How could you fare over wide seas and through strange lands, you who were never from your home? Stay here where you are well beloved. As for your father, he has long since perished amongst strangers — why should you put yourself in danger to find out that he is no more? Nay, do not go, Telem-

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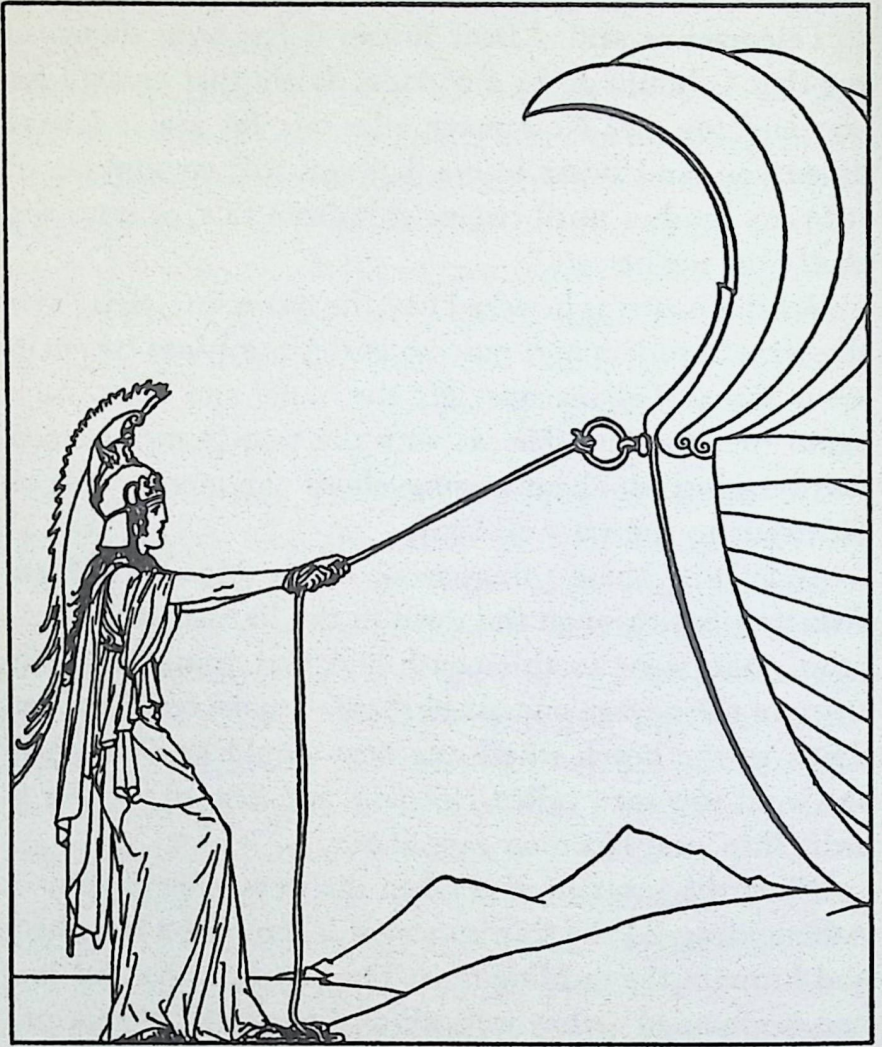
achus, my fosterling, but stay in your own house and in your own well-beloved country."

Telemachus said: "Dear nurse, it has been shown to me that I should go by a goddess. Is not that enough for you and for me? Now make all ready for me as I have asked you, and swear to me that you will say nothing of it to my mother until twelve days from this, or until she shall miss me herself."

Having sworn as he asked her, the nurse Eurycleia drew the wine into jars and put the barley-meal into the well-sewn skins. Telemachus left the vault and went back again into the hall. He sat with the wooers and listened to the minstrel Phemius sing about the going forth of Odysseus to the wars of Troy.

And while these things were happening the goddess Athene went through the town in the likeness of Telemachus. She went to this youth and that youth and told them of the voyage and asked them to make ready and go down to the beach where the boat would be. And then she went to a man called Noëmon, and begged him for a swift ship, and Noëmon gave it her.

When the sun sank and when the ways were darkened Athene dragged the ship to where it should be launched and brought the tackling to it. The youths whom Athene had summoned — they were all of the age of Telemachus — came, and Athene aroused them with talk of the voyage. And when the ship was ready she went to the house of Odysseus. Upon the wooers who were still in the hall she caused sleep to fall. They laid their heads upon the



tables and slumbered beside the wine cups. But Athene sent a whisper through the hall and Telemachus heard and he rose up and came to where she stood. Now she had on the likeness of old Mentor, the friend of his father Odysseus.

"Come," said she, "your friends are already at the oars. We must not delay them."

But some of the youths had come with the one whom they thought was old Mentor. They carried with Telemachus the skins of corn and the casks of wine. They came to the ship, and Telemachus with a cheer climbed into it. Then the youths loosed the ropes and sat down at the benches to pull the oars. And Athene, in the likeness of old Mentor, sat at the helm.

And now they set up the mast of pine and they made it fast with forestays, and they hauled up the sails with ropes of twisted oxhide. And a wind came and filled out the sails, and the youths pulled at the oars, and the ship dashed away. All night long Telemachus and his friends sat at the oars and under the sails, and felt the ship bearing them swiftly onward through the dark water. Phemius, the minstrel, was with them, and, as the night went by, he sang to them of Troy and of the heroes who had waged war against it.



VI

TROY, the minstrel sang, was the greatest of the Cities of men; it had been built when the demigods walked the earth; its walls were so strong and so high that enemies could not break nor scale them; Troy had high towers and great gates; in its citadels there were strong men well armed, and in its treasuries there were stores of gold and silver. And the King of Troy was Priam. He was old now, but he had sons that were good Captains. The chief of them all was Hector.

Hector, the minstrel sang, was a match for any warrior the nations could send against Troy. Because he was noble and generous as well as brave, the people were devoted to him. And Hector, Priam's son, was commander in the City.

But Priam had another son who was not counted amongst the Captains. Paris was his name. Now when Paris was in his infancy, a soothsayer told King Priam that he would bring trouble upon Troy. Then King Priam had the child sent away from the City. Paris was reared amongst country people, and when he was a youth he herded sheep.

Then the minstrel sang of Peleus, the King of Phthia, and of his marriage to the river nymph, Thetis. All the

gods and goddesses came to their wedding feast. Only one of the immortals was not invited — Eris, who is Discord. She came, however. At the games that followed the wedding feast she threw a golden apple amongst the guests, and on the apple was written "For the fairest."

Each of the three goddesses who was there wished to be known as the fairest and each claimed the golden apple — Aphrodite who inspired love; Athene who gave wisdom; and Hera who was the wife of Zeus, the greatest of the gods. But no one at the wedding would judge between the goddesses and say which was the fairest. And then the shepherd Paris came by, and him the guests asked to give judgment.

Said Hera to Paris, "Award the apple to me and I will give you a great kingship." Said Athene, "Award the golden apple to me and I will make you the wisest of men." And Aphrodite came to him and whispered, "Paris, dear Paris, let me be called the fairest and I will make you beautiful, and the fairest woman in the world will be your wife." Paris looked on Aphrodite and in his eyes she was the fairest. To her he gave the golden apple and ever afterwards she was his friend. But Hera and Athene departed from the company in wrath.

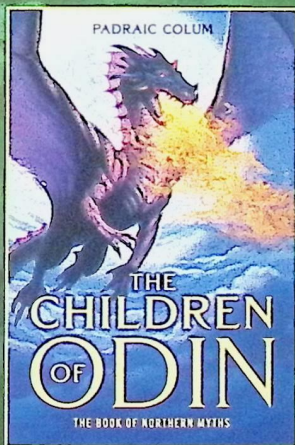
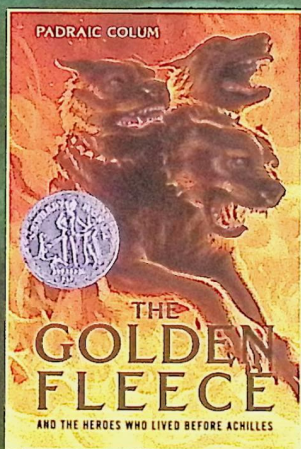
The minstrel sang how Paris went back to his father's City and was made a prince of Troy. Through the favor of Aphrodite he was the most beautiful of youths. Then Paris went out of the City again. Sent by his father he went to Tyre. And coming back to Troy from Tyre he went through Greece.

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