

- ★ You may choose to make him sympathetic or play up his uncivilized nature. Delve into how Polyphemus might have felt or what he may have experienced during the incident that motivated his behaviour.
- ★ Due tomorrow. Typed. 250-500 words.

Cyclops describes the importance of cheese ← Primitive mind

To get cheese you need sheep ← Shepard, source of income/food,

The glaring sun strikes my resting eye, disrupting my mid-day slumber. I Wake up finding my herd of sheep gazing at me from my side, telling me they are satisfied with their morning forest-graze. I, however, am not filled and need something to eat. Hungered, I got up and began to gather my herd to prepare for the hike home. What should I eat today? Devour yet another unlucky weakling from my flock? Or consume a chunk of my prized cheese? My stomach continues to plead for satisfaction, I shall decide later, for now, I must focus on bringing my sheep home. Polyphemus being the primitive being he is, lived a simple yet fulfilling life-one of a sheep shepherd. Each day was the same; he would take the sheep out, feed the sheep, milk the sheep, make cheese and eat. Today, however, was very different.

As my cave comes into view, I pick up an unfamiliar scent, one that of a man... no, men. My past encounters with these mortals have not gone so well. Their selfishness has lead to the murder of my entire flock, which devastated me as they took what I valued most for the sake of replenishing their insignificant bodies. I, however, ate all of the men and was granted a new flock by my father, Poseidon. When Polyphemus steps into his dwelling, dozens of terrified heads turn back at him, all knowing that they have stepped into the wrong cave. "Why are these mortals stealing my cheese! You must all pay for trespassing and stealing!". Stupid men, not knowing what is theirs. For this, I must punish them by trapping them in my cave until they meet the warmth of my stomach. Before Polyphemus could eat any men, one man, Nobody steps up and gives Polyphemus a gift of wine. "Thank you, kind man, for this magical drink, my gift in return would be to eat you last" As the wine starts to kick in, so does the drowsiness and soon Polyphemus falls asleep.

I wake up once again, however, this time it is no longer the welcoming sunlight. The sudden pain of the wooden spear jabbed into my eye paralyzes me, and I lose grip on reality. "Nobody is killing me!" Polyphemus continues to scream until he regains his thinking and realizes that the mortals still cannot escape his dwelling. Tomorrow when I let my sheep outside, I shall make sure that they are caught. The next day, Polyphemus lets his sheep out but does not feel or hear any men while inspecting who leaves his cave. He however still smells their presence nearby but slowly fading away. Suddenly Nobody's all too familiar voice screams "You fat monster! I am Odysseus! I tricked you, and you can't do anything to stop us!" Infuriated, he throws rocks in the direction of Odysseus' voice but sadly they escape. I shall tell daddy about this for man must pay for what Odysseus did to me.

Where art thou

Bro how to shorten

Polyphemus Perspective:

“Sheep. That’s all I need right now. My stomach rumbles for a tasty meal, but who to eat? I can’t succumb to just one. To be truly fair, I shall eat a whole dozen! This must be the only way. It is sad to see them go, but they died for a good cause; to be in my stomach!”

Polyphemus was just another sheep herder, in an island filled with sheep herders. He was simple; milk the cows, make cheese, and eat the sheep. For him, a life like this was heaven in itself, a life equal to the gods of Olympus.

But as the Cyclops walked back to his humble abode, he heard the chattering of men. He peeked in, and saw these foul-looking beasts stealing his prized cheese. Polyphemus had only one course of action; trap and eat this new species.

Polyphemus launched into his newly fashioned speech. The leader responded, and the two went off on a tangent gaining information. The cyclops realized that without his help, these feeble beings could never escape his home. So, as any sane cyclops would do, he ate two of his new companions.

“These men can do nothing but wallow in their own pity as I eat them one by one! Look at them, conversing like imbeciles with imminent doom!” Polyphemus thought. But Polyphemus would not realize how cunning this simple band of men would be.

The leader Nobody gave Polyphemus some “magical” wine. Little did this inferior species know that his present would do nothing to sway the cyclops into allowing the beasts to escape. But soon enough, that laughter turned into yawning, and the Old cyclops slept in great slumber.

But this is where our wary cyclops would be tricked by these beasts. The cunning cyclops woke with a wooden pillar stabbing his eye, which threw him into a fit of anger.

“WHERE ARE YOU NOBODY! YOUR DEFEAT WAS NOT OF STRENGTH BUT OF FRAUD!” After proceeding to tell and learn nothing of how to find this Nobody, Polyphemus again went back to his home once again, and sealed himself off from his cruel world.

Sadly enough, our Cyclops is frauded again. “Ah, my prized sheep. It seems you are beefing up just my stomach! Never fear, I will end your misery”.

This was Nobody’s final trick, as he rode on the underbellies of the sheep and escaped Polyphemus’ wrath. But the fatally dumb man did not realize his wrongdoing when he told the Cyclops his real name.

“Hear me now! I am Odysseus, son of Laertes, true king of Ithaca! I tricked you, who can do

nothing to stop us!”

Polyphemus could not attack them at all, so he prayed to his father Poseidon to avenge him. The poor cyclops became a husk of what he once was, and Poseidon had avenged him in his time of need. But as a cyclops, his experience faded, and he once again became the simple cyclops on a simple island.

Polyphemus's Point Of View

By: Sigil Wen

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