

The day started like any other. I had been outside, ranging my flocks and smacking down trees for firewood. It was a long day, and I was very hungry and very tired from carrying so many logs. I returned to my spacious cave with my flock, pushed my boulder aside, and dropped all the logs. The relief of releasing all the logs was one of my last few pleasant moments before my encounter with those peasants.

I then started milking my sheep and goats and set half of the milk aside to stand in pails and buckets to wash my supper down. I was hoping to finish my chores quickly and get some rest. When I finished, I lit my fire and saw the strangest creatures. These creatures were about twenty times smaller than I was and had two eyes instead of one, as if one eye wasn't enough.

I wondered whether I should eat them or let them go, and then I noticed: these savages ate my cheese and were trying to run off with my lambs and kids! There was no way in Tartarus that I would tolerate this; I was infuriated! I shouted at them, asking for their identities, and I wondered if they were able to understand me at all because the little grunts looked like they had seen the Furies when I finished. After a long pause, one of them told me that they were human warriors from some faraway land and had been pushed off course by raging winds. Their story was surprising in and of itself, considering that these men were supposed to be soldiers and soldiers tend to know how to reef sails, or shorten the sails so that the strong winds don't push them off course. He said that I should give them a gift because guests are protected by Zeus and it's a custom. This was appalling; these dwarves come into my home, eat my cheese, and want me to reward them? I promptly ate two of the creatures and quickly fell asleep.

The next day I got up, laughed to myself at how pitiful the little men looked, took my sheep out to graze, and made sure to roll my boulder into the opening of the cave. I came home that night excited to taste some more of their succulent flesh. I quickly did my chores and grabbed another two of his men to devour. Then, the one who spouted blasphemy earlier offered me wine as a testament to my superiority. With one taste of his wine, I was hooked! That wine rivalled ambrosia and he was more than willing to give me more! In retrospect, I should have caught on to his scheme, but I was too occupied with the delectable wine. I figured that I should reward him for the amazing wine so I told him I would eat him last. He then offered his name, and said that everyone, including his parents called him "Nobody". My heart sank at that moment; this guy must have had a rough childhood for his parents and everyone he knew to barely acknowledge his existence. I know I seem like a fool for believing him, but I was too intoxicated to realize I'd been duped. Before passing out, I remember him offering more wine.

Moments later, I had this searing pain in my eye, as if a stake was being driven through my eye! I instantly realized Nobody's scheme and screamed out of pain and anger, furious that he tricked me. My fellow Cyclops heard my cries, but yelling "*Nobody* poked my eye out" just incited laughter. I groped my way to the boulder and pushed it away. I let each animal of my flock out one by one, feeling their backs to ensure the men weren't passing through. I realized I'd been duped again when I noticed that my flock was moving slowly today. Nobody taunted me, saying that I brought my blinding upon myself. He called his name out—Odysseus. I prayed to father to heal my eye and never allow Odysseus to return home or to arrive as a shadow of his former self. Odysseus' was the person who Telemus warned me that I'd be blinded by. I thought Odysseus would be a warrior fighting me in combat, not some puny human!