

Andrew Pun

Being a cyclops isn't easy; I'm slow, I bear an unquenchable appetite, and I'm not gonna lie, I ain't the sharpest dory in the hoplite armoury. To that off, just yesterday I lost my eye. As if having one eye weren't insufficient, I now have a total of zero eyes. At least I don't need to complain about my poor depth-perception, because I can't see anymore. Do you want to know how this all went down? Well, I'm glad you never asked. Strap yourselves in, because I'm about to tell you the story of an annoying little man named Nobod- I mean Odysseus.

Two days ago, I was letting my flock graze in the field as I gathered some logs. When I took them back to my cave, I noticed something strange; a small fire had been started. Maybe I had left it running from last night, but even a less-than-genius cyclops like me would know not to leave the fire burning, and I sure knew that fires didn't last for that long.

Then I saw them: a band of unwelcome, minuscule humans stealing my cheese. At least they had the decency to start me a fire, but they were unwelcome nonetheless. Also, may I emphasize the fact that they were stealing my cheese? I confronted them, and one of them had the nerve to talk to me about this "Xenia" thing. Never heard of that word, but apparently, it meant something about treating your guests kindly. Like I cared. I ate two of them, which didn't seem like a crime for a cyclops to commit, especially towards people who try to steal from others. That night, as I slept, I had this dream that this human was groping around my chest area, which I didn't like. So I ate him. It was a weird dream.

The next morning, I took my sheep out, but not before eating two more of those pathetic humans. When I got back, the fire was once again curiously lit, and I had no memory of starting one. Shortly after, I decided to eat two more of the travelers. Then, that same man who dared to talk back to me kindly offered me some wine. What could I do? I just ate six of his men, so I guess the least I could do was accept the gift. It was free wine after all.

"What's your name? I'd like to give you a gift." I said as I downed more wine.

The little guy answered, "my name is Nobody. Now give me the gift".

"Alright. Your gift is that you get eaten last," I said.

Hey, it seemed like a nice gift, especially from a hungry cyclops. The fright that showed on their faces was great, and that was the last thing I saw before I fell asleep.

This time the dream was about a large fire inside my cave that engulfed everything around me. Even those pesky humans were eaten alive by the blaze. I laughed at their demise, stopping to realize that the fire was heading towards me as if it were a punishment from Zeus! The heat stung my eye and just as everything turned red, I woke up. My eye burned greatly with pain. Blinded, I let out a great roar as I heard the noise of human footsteps scurrying around.

"What's wrong, Polyphemus?" said the familiar voice of my neighbouring cyclops, who had heard my cry and faithfully come to my aid.

"Nobody has stabbed my eye out!" I said.

"Nobody?" he replied, "I guess the pain is from Zeus. Not much to do about that, bud".

I wasn't so convinced, but with that, I heard the stone slab close behind him as he left. It was time to let my sheep graze anyway, so I felt for the door, opened it, and my sheep left one by one.

Suddenly, I heard that same annoying voice from that one guy in the distance.

"Nice try cyclops, but the gods have paid you back for your crimes!" he taunted.

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He had escaped.

I was infuriated. I reached for the nearest heavy object next to me, which happened to be a boulder, and flung it out in his direction. Judging by the fact that that annoying little man didn't stop talking, it probably never reached its target.

"By the way, my name is Odysseus of Ithaca, not Nobody. I can't believe you would fall for the old 'Nobody is my name' thing. It's the oldest trick in the book," he called out once again.

That name, Odysseus, I knew it too well. It was mentioned in a prophecy told by Telemus, who warned me that a man named as such would come and blind me.

"Come here, Odysseus," I said. "You're a pretty crafty dude, and although you blinded me and stole some of my belongings, I'm still willing to help you out. My dad can send you back to Ithaca".

He rudely reacted, "no way, you big fatty. Go back to your cave, blind and alone, because I've got better things to do than to trust a cyclops".

Odysseus and his men rowed away in his ship without another word.

So that's how I'm here. Blind, tired, wasting my time telling you this story. Maybe I had devoured six of his men, among some other wrongdoings, but I still tried to offer Odysseus some help, which he declined. That clever, selfish, ruthless man, dared to insult me before his departure, which really crossed the line. I hope his trip back to Ithaca is greatly delayed, and that he returns alone, a broken man. Poseidon, father, if you hear this, please make my plea a reality.