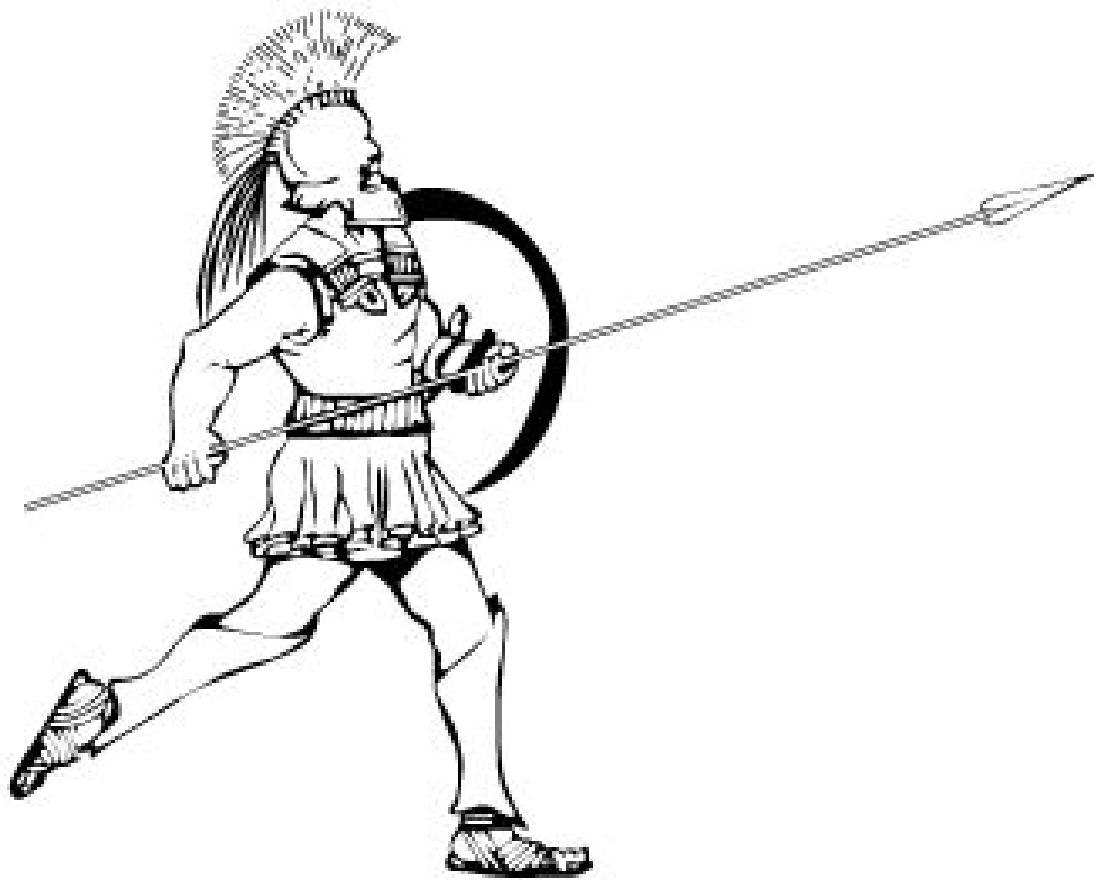


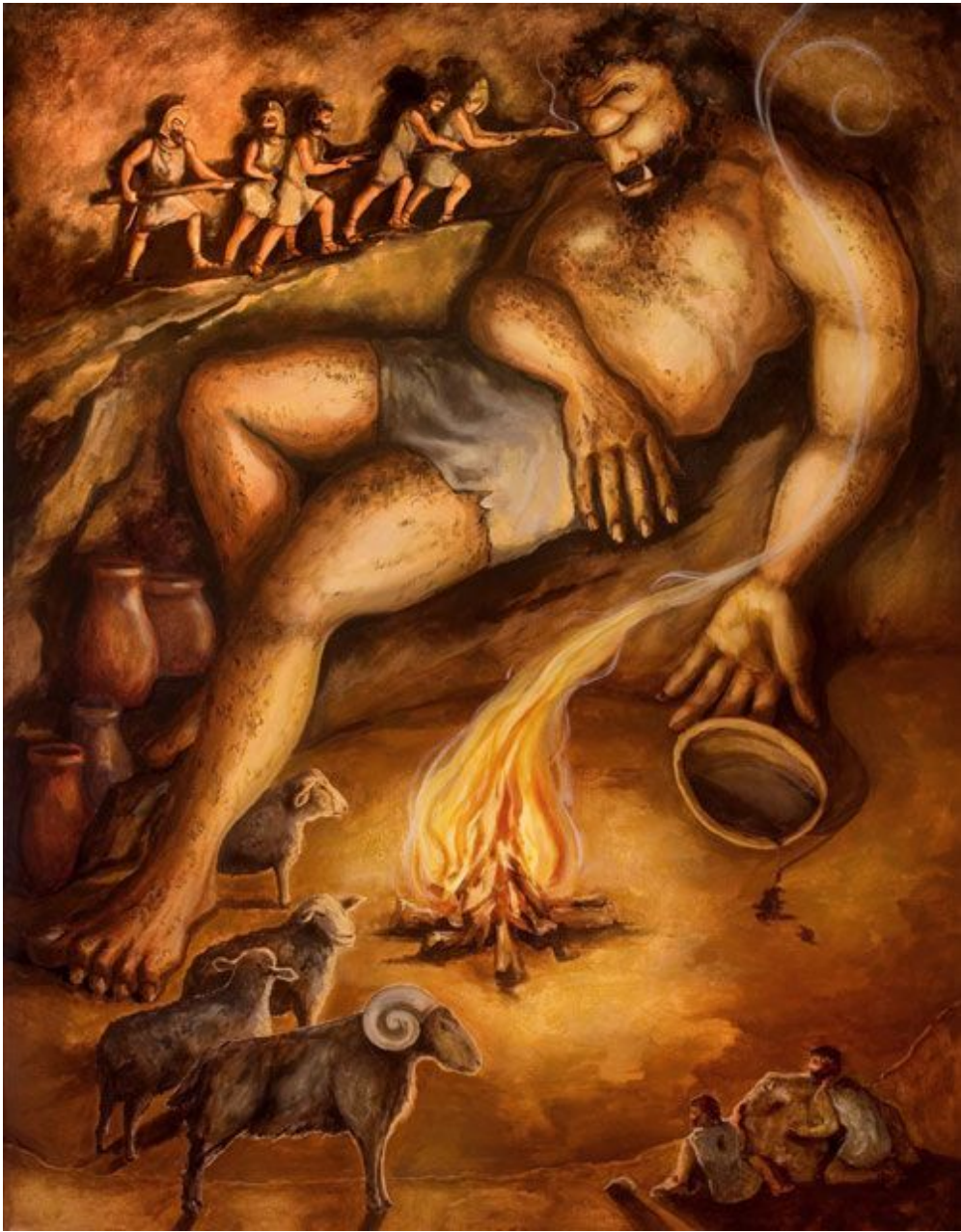
Phase One













Phase Two

“Nobody is my name.”

“Cyclops, if any mortal man ever asks you who it was that inflicted upon your eye this shameful blinding, tell him that you were blinded by Odysseus, sacker of cities.”

“Next I told the rest of the men to cast lots, to find out which of them must endure with me to take up the great beam and spin it in the Cyclops’ eye when sweet sleep had come over him.”

“While we were feasting we kept turning our eyes towards the land of the Cyclopes, which was close by, and saw the smoke of their stubble fires. We could almost fancy we heard their voices and the bleating of their sheep and goats...”

“We soon reached his cave, but he was out shepherding, so we went inside and took stock of all that we could see. His cheese-racks were loaded with cheeses, and he had more lambs and kids than his pens could hold.”

“Strangers, who are you? Where do sail from?”

“We Cyclopes do not care about Zeus or any of your blessed gods, for we are ever so much stronger than they. I shall not spare either yourself

or your companions out of any regard for Zeus...”

“When he had got through with all this work, he gripped up two more of my men, and made his supper off them.”

“Their master in spite of all his pain felt the backs of all the sheep as they stood upright, without being sharp enough to find out that the men were underneath their bellies”

