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Epigraph from the poem 'Requiem' by Robert Louis Stevenson

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Στους Έλληνες, αρχαίους και σύγχρονους.

To the people of Greece, ancient and modern.

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Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson, 'Requiem'

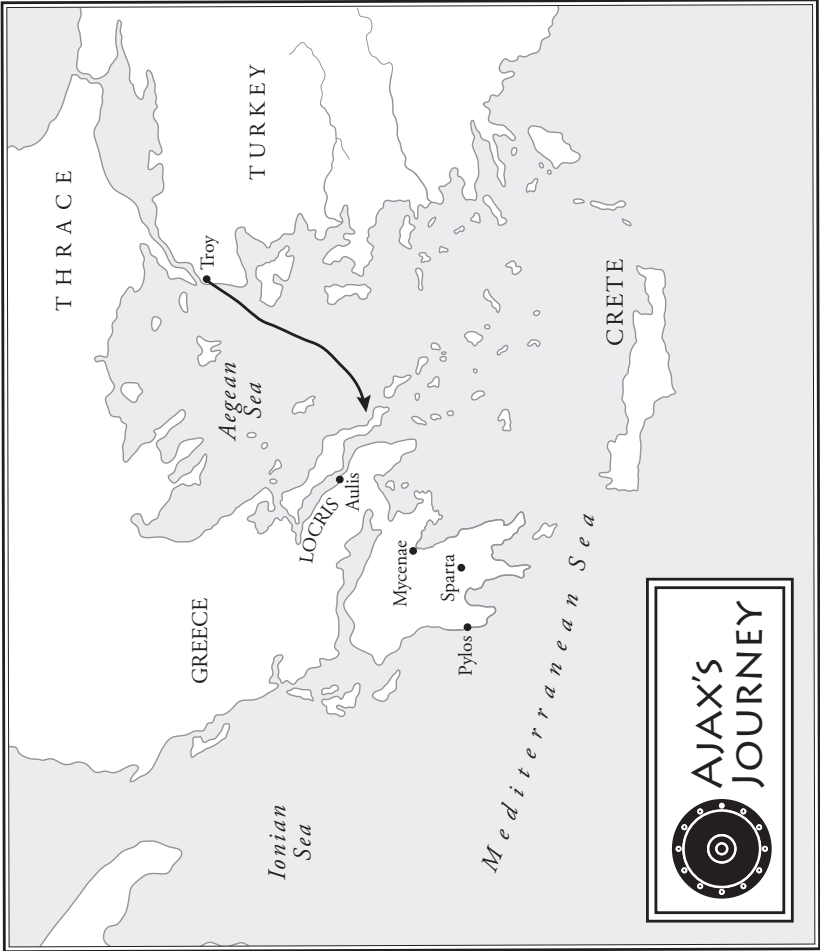
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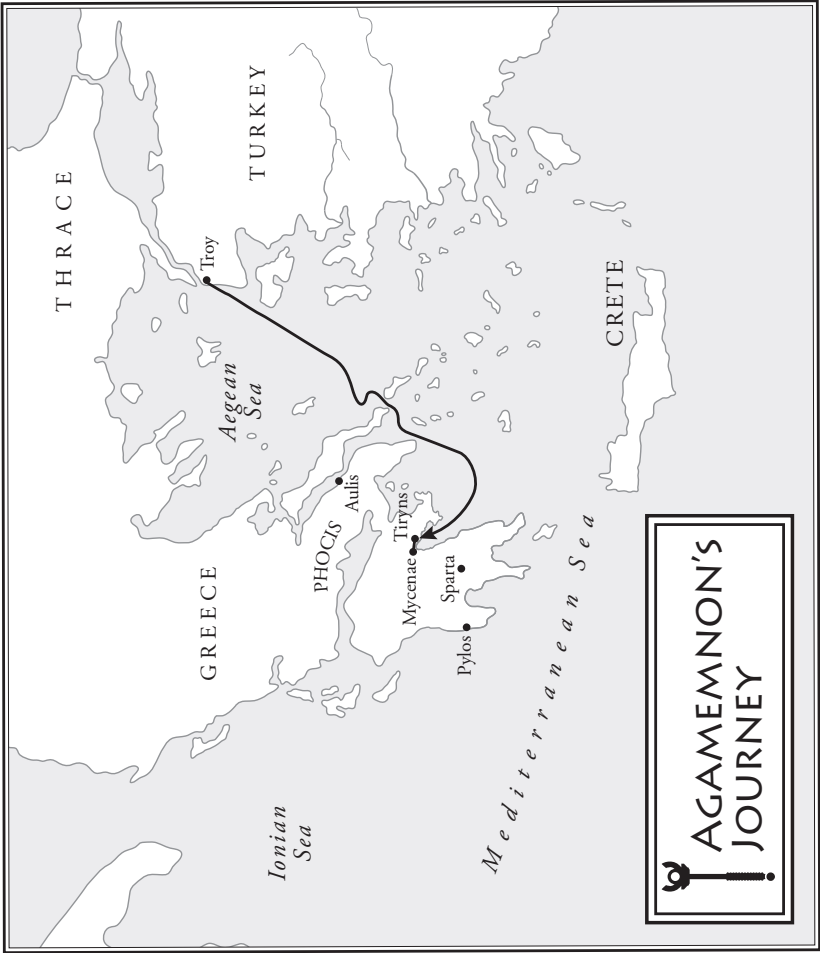
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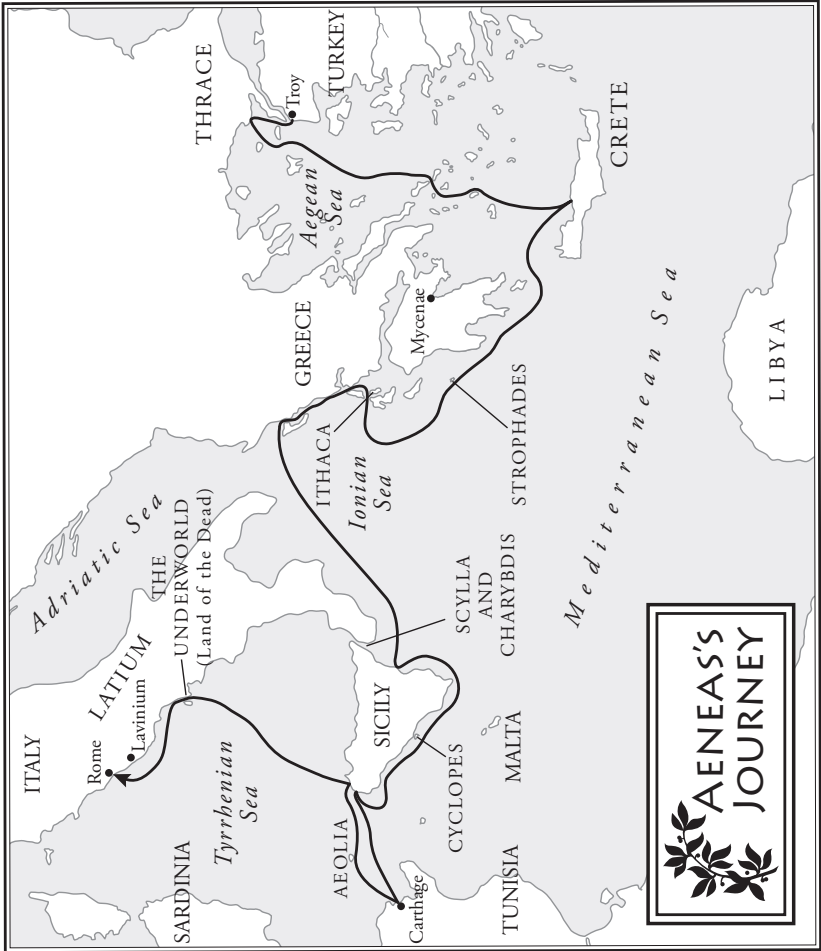
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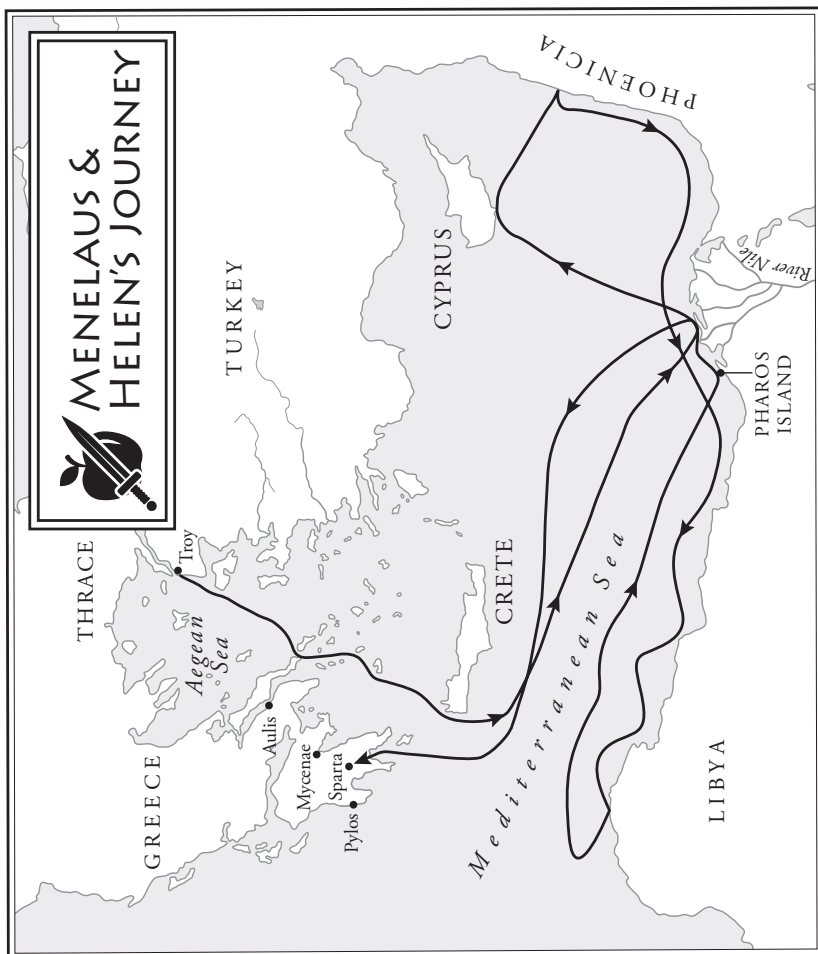


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MENELAUS & HELEN'S JOURNEY



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ITHACA

When you start on your way to Ithaca,
pray that the journey be long,
rich in adventure, rich in discovery.
Do not fear the Cyclops, the Laestrygonians
or the anger of Poseidon. You'll not encounter them
on your way if your thoughts remain high,
if a rare emotion possesses you body and soul.
You will not encounter the Cyclops,
the Laestrygonians or savage Poseidon
if you do not carry them in your own soul,
if your soul does not set them before you.

Pray that the journey be a long one,
that there be countless summer mornings
when, with what pleasure, what joy,
you drift into harbours never before seen;
that you make port in Phoenician markets
and purchase their lovely goods:
coral and mother of pearl, ebony and amber,
and every kind of delightful perfume.
Acquire all the voluptuous perfumes that you can,

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then sail to Egypt's many towns
to learn and learn from their scholars.

Always keep Ithaca fixed in your mind.
Arrival there is your destination.
Yet do not hurry the journey at all:
better that it lasts for many years
and you arrive an old man on the island,
rich from all that you have gained on the way,
not counting on Ithaca for riches.

For Ithaca gave you the splendid voyage:
without her you would never have embarked.
She has nothing more to give you now.

And though you find her poor, she has not misled you;
you having grown so wise, so experienced from your
travels,
by then you will have learned what Ithacas mean.

C. P. Cavafy

ΙΘΑΚΗ

Σὰ βγεῖς στὸν πηγαιμὸ γιὰ τὴν Ἰθάκη,
νὰ εὐχέσαι νᾶναι μακρὺς ὁ δρόμος,
γεμάτος περιπέτειες, γεμάτος γνώσεις.
Τοὺς Λαιστρυγόνας καὶ τοὺς Κύκλωπας,
τὸν θυμωμένο Ποσειδῶνα μὴ φοβᾶσαι,
τέτοια στὸν δρόμο σου ποτέ σου δὲν θὰ βρεῖς,
ἂν μέν᾽ ἡ σκέψις σου ὕψηλὴ, ἂν ἐκλεκτὴ
συγκλίνησις τὸ πνεῦμα καὶ τὸ σῶμα σου ἀγγίζει.
Τοὺς Λαιστρυγόνας καὶ τοὺς Κύκλωπας,
τὸν ἄγριο Ποσειδῶνα δὲν θὰ συναντήσεις,
ἂν δὲν τοὺς κουθανεῖς μὲς στὴν ψυχὴ σου,
ἂν ἡ ψυχὴ σου δὲν τοὺς στήνει ἔμπρός σου.

Νὰ εὐχέσαι νᾶναι μακρὺς ὁ δρόμος.
Πολλὰ τὰ καλοκαιρινὰ πρωῒα νὰ εἶναι
ποῦ μὲ τί εὐχαρίστηση, μὲ τί χαρὰ
θὰ μπαίνειις σὲ λιμένας πρωτοειδωμένους·
νὰ σταματήσεις σ' ἔμπορεῖα Φοινικικά,
καὶ τὲς καλὲς πραγμάτειες ν' ἀποκτήσεις,
σεντέφια καὶ κοράλλια, κεχριμπάρια κ' ἔβενους,
καὶ ἡδονικὰ μυρωδικὰ κάθε λογῆς,
ὅσο μπορεῖς πιὸ ἄφθονα ἡδονικὰ μυρωδικά·

σὲ πόλεις Αἰγυπτιακὰς πολλὰς νὰ πᾶς,
νὰ μάθεις καὶ νὰ μάθεις ἀπ' τοὺς σπουδασμένους.

Πάντα στὸν νοῦ σου ν'ἄχεις τὴν Ἰθάκη.
Τὸ φθάσιμον ἐκεῖ εἶν' ὁ προορισμός σου.
Ἄλλὰ μὴ βιάζεις τὸ ταξεῖδι διόλου.
Καλλίτερα χρόνια πολλὰ νὰ διαρκέσει·
καὶ γέρος πιά ν' ἄράξεις στὸ νησί,
πλούσιος μὲ ὅσα κέρδισες στὸν δρόμο,
μὴ προσδοκῶντας πλούτη νὰ σὲ δώσει ἡ Ἰθάκη.

Ἡ Ἰθάκη σ' ἔδωσε τ' ὥραϊο ταξεῖδι.
Χωρὶς αὐτὴν δὲν θ' ἄβγαινες στὸν δρόμο.
Ἄλλα δὲν ἔχει νὰ σὲ δώσει πιά.

Κι ἂν πτωχικὴ τὴν βρεῖς, ἡ Ἰθάκη δὲν σὲ γέλασε.
Ἔτσι σοφὸς ποῦ ἔγινες, μὲ τόση πεῖρα,
ἤδη θὰ τὸ κατάλαβες ἡ Ἰθάκη τὶ σημαίνουν.



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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Odyssey*. This is the fourth book in my series retelling the Greek myths. In order to understand and enjoy *Odyssey* there is no need, I assure you, to have read the previous three – *Mythos*, *Heroes* and *Troy*. Naturally, I hope that you might turn to them, or have already done so, but the story of the *Odyssey* stands alone, in every sense.

Having said which, it is perhaps worth a walk round the course before the race begins, to familiarize ourselves with the world we have entered. This might be best achieved by thinking of the three ‘Ages’ that correspond to the first three books of the sequence.

The Age of the Gods

The birth and rise of the gods forms the first part of the book *Mythos*. After violent acts of overthrow, twelve major divine entities settle themselves upon Mount Olympus to

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rule the world and its domains. Their king is Zeus, the Sky Father. You can see a list of the main gods with a brief description of their natures and responsibilities in the Cast of Characters at the back of the book.

To begin with, the realm below is populated only by animals, monsters, nymphs and assorted minor deities. In time, however, Zeus and his friend, the Titan Prometheus, create *us*, humankind, and before long we spread around the world.

Zeus and most of the other Olympians cannot help but busy themselves in our affairs, often punishing what they see as uppity mortal *hubris*, and just as often involving themselves at the most carnal level with those humans they find comely and attractive.

The Age of Heroes

Many of the children born to one mortal and one immortal parent rise to heroic demigod status – Perseus, Heracles, Theseus and Jason, for example. These are the subject of *Heroes* – courageous and often complicated figures especially celebrated for their quests and duels with the monsters that intimidate and threaten humankind. Through their victories over these creatures, the world becomes safer and stabler for humans. The first signs of cities, harbours, trade and agriculture appear in the world.

As the years pass and human civilization develops further, its relationship with the immortals begins subtly

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to change. Humans are obedient in praying and sacrificing to the gods, but more and more of their time and interest is devoted to their own concerns. The gods still interfere on occasion, but become more wary (or weary?) of interbreeding and interfering. Humankind seems more interested in itself, in setting and achieving its own goals.

The Age of Man

The Trojan War, though instigated by divine actions and regularly subject to divine intervention and intrusion, is largely fought, suffered and endured by ordinary men and women. Some of its leading characters have divine blood in their lineage – Achilles, Helen, Odysseus and Aeneas, for example – and certain of the gods assuredly have a passionate interest in the conflict, but, in essence, the Trojan War is a mortal enterprise.

And now it is over, and the Greek fleet and its kings, princes and commanders are anxious to return home.

This is the point where *Odyssey* begins. It is a profoundly human story, but there are gods and monsters enough to be encountered still. After Zeus, the three goddesses Hera, Aphrodite and Athena feature most heavily in this story, along with the messenger god Hermes. There is a reason for their close involvement, a reason that derives from the episode that triggered the whole Trojan War and its aftermath. Let's (re)acquaint ourselves with that story . . .

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The Judgement of Paris

One momentous day on Mount Ida, outside the city of Troy, Hermes brought a young shepherd named Paris before the three goddesses, Hera, Athena and Aphrodite. Paris was called upon to award a golden apple to the one he judged the most beautiful. He chose Aphrodite, the goddess of love, who had promised him the reward of Helen, the most beautiful of all mortal women. The other two goddesses disappeared in a puff of smoke and acrimony.

Aphrodite kept her word, helping Paris to bring Helen from her home in Sparta all the way across the sea to Troy.

Humiliated, dishonoured and enraged, Helen's husband Menelaus and his brother Agamemnon, King of Mycenae, raised a colossal invasion force from all over the mainland and islands of Greece with the aim of winning back Helen and their slighted honour. The fleet of Achaeans, Danaans, Hellenes, Argives – easier to call them 'Greeks', although there was no such country as Greece then – sailed east to Troy, to which they laid siege for ten brutal, bloody years.

Aphrodite naturally sided with Troy, as did her lover the war god Ares and the archer god twins Artemis and Apollo. Having been as they saw it spurned by Paris, Athena and Hera took up the cause of the Greeks. Zeus, distressed by the whole affair, attempted some kind of neutrality.

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The Wooden Horse

The ten-year deadlock was broken by the most cunning and quickest witted of the senior Greek warriors, Odysseus of Ithaca (later known by his Roman name of 'Ulysses'), who contrived an extraordinary plan.

One morning, the Trojans looked out from their ramparts to see that every ship and tent of the Greek expeditionary force had disappeared. Outside, on the plain of Ilium, the only thing observable was a huge wooden horse. The jubilant Trojans, convinced that victory was theirs and that the Greeks had fled, leaving this artefact behind as a gift, pulled the contrivance into the city. At night, a squadron of Greek soldiers climbed out of a concealed trapdoor in its belly and opened the gates to let in the main body of their army. The population of Troy was put to the sword and the city set ablaze.

The war was over. For the Trojans, home was destroyed. For the Greeks, home beckoned.

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STORMS



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The Gods Look Down

It is common to portray us mortals as the children of the gods, but in reality it is the gods who are children. Like children, the gods have no patience. Like children, they erupt into tantrums when their desires are thwarted; and when they discover that those desires are not what they wanted after all, they stamp their feet and scream in fury. No rage is wilder and more unendurable for mortals or immortals than that which is self-directed.

Watching the smoke rise from the ruined city of Troy and hearing the last weepings of the slaughtered and their survivors, ATHENA found herself haunted by a feeling of dread. Everything she had worked for had come to pass. The impertinent PARIS, who had presumed to judge her beauty inferior to the cheap appeal of APHRODITE, had paid for his insolence, dying in agony outside the walls of his adopted city. HELEN, the prize Aphrodite had helped Paris steal, would soon be on her way back to Sparta in the company of her lawful husband, King MENELAUS. A great wrong had been righted. The victory of the Achaean forces over the defending Trojans was absolute.

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As great, golden Troy burned into ruin and rubble, Athena felt no surge of triumph. She watched its citizens being raped, enslaved and hacked to pieces in a frenzied orgy of killing such as the world had never seen. What she felt – she could not call it *shame*; surely no Olympian could feel shame – was a blend of horror and disappointment that was new to her. Was it possible that mortals were beginning to infect the gods with the perverse self-indulgence of inner feelings? It was for the gods to inspire humankind into imitations of divinity, not for humans to shrink the gods into flawed images of themselves.

With the fall of Troy something else had fallen, but Athena was not able to say quite what it was. She had a sense that nothing in the mortal or the immortal realms could ever be the same again.

She watched the victorious Greeks pulling their carts of treasure and herding their slaves towards the great fleet so long harboured on the Trojan shore.

A thick silence hung over the world; Athena was consumed by the conviction that there had been a shift in the balance of things, that the world of gods and men had undergone an alteration.

Her Greeks had proved unworthy of their victory and all that she had done to bring it about. It was unreasonable of her; it was childish of her; but she blamed them for arriving at the very point to which she had led them. Happily, she found – as we all contrive to find – a fitter target for her anger than herself.

One legitimate cause for rage had been the abominable

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crime of AJAX, King of Locris. ‘Ajax the Lesser’, some men called him, to distinguish him from Telamonian Ajax, ‘Ajax the Mighty’. That Ajax had died honourably by his own hand before the war’s end,* but this Ajax had proved himself lesser indeed. On a night of unspeakable barbarities and innumerable crimes against all canons of honour, Locrian Ajax had exceeded the worst in depraved brutality and blasphemy. On the very floor of a temple dedicated to Athena, he had dragged the Trojan princess CASSANDRA from the altar to which she clung for refuge.

The act was committed without mortal witnesses, but Athena could not let matters rest. Sanctuary was sanctuary. She whispered details of the desecration to AGAMEMNON’s seer, the prophet CALCHAS, and he relayed it to the princes and chieftains of the alliance, adding that Ajax had *raped* Cassandra.

Of all the Greeks Athena favoured, she loved none more than ODYSSEUS of Ithaca. It pleased her that the moment he heard Calchas’s description of the crime, he called for the rapist to be stoned.

Ajax fled to a temple to seek refuge, and this cowardly act only inflamed Athena’s indignation. The gross impiety, the shattering insolence of a man who had committed such sacrilege in one temple daring to beg for sanctuary in another: this could not go unpunished. And yet the Greeks – despite the demands of Odysseus and another

* See *Troy*, page 264. Page references to *Mythos*, *Heroes* and *Troy* correspond to the relevant paperback edition.

of Athena's favourites, DIOMEDES of Argos – refused to cross the threshold of this temple for fear of offending the minor god to whom it was dedicated.*

Agamemnon was preparing for the voyage home to Mycenae, loading his ships with the pick of ransacked Trojan booty, as was his due as supreme commander of the invading forces. Amongst his human treasure was the same violated Cassandra, whom he had taken from Ajax. Her fate now was to be carried off captive to Agamemnon's palace, where she would serve as one of his concubines.† When she was too old for sexual use, she could live out her life in the kitchens.

A daughter of King PRIAM and Queen HECUBA, and therefore a sister to HECTOR and Paris, Cassandra had dedicated her life to service as a priestess in the temple of APOLLO. She was not long into that role when the god Apollo himself fell for her beauty. He offered her the gift of prophecy, which she gratefully accepted. When he moved forward to exact what he considered a just reward for this gift, she repelled him, shocked that he could imagine he had earned the right to her body. In his turn stung and humiliated, Apollo could not take back his gift – no god can – but he could blight it. He spat in her mouth. Thenceforward, no one would ever believe her prophecies, eternally accurate as they would always be.

* History does not relate the identity of that minor god.

† Outdated as 'concubine' is, it's hard to find another word. 'Mistress' is absurd; 'forced mistress' is odd. 'Sex slave' is perhaps the closest, but it's a phrase that's been somewhat cheapened over time.

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The terrible cruelty of Apollo's curse had perhaps been most apparent on the fateful morning that Odysseus's wooden horse had appeared outside the walls of Troy. The vast besieging army of the Greeks and its vessels anchored at the shore had disappeared. The Trojans celebrated jubilantly and prepared to bring the horse into their city. Cassandra had begged them to have nothing to do with what she rightly saw as a trap. She foretold that only death, destruction and defeat could come from the horse. But of course, she had not been heard.

Since then, she had seen her family all but wiped out and her city reduced to rubble. And now she was in shackles aboard a ship that would carry her to a life of sexual servitude. Strangely, however, she did not complain about this terrible fate. Indeed, she laughed and sang out in appalling detail the story of what would happen to her and to Agamemnon when they arrived back in Mycenae.

All along the beachhead, the ships of the victorious Greeks and their allies were being loaded up with the last of the plunder from the fallen city. Vultures and jackals do not abandon a carcass until every shred of flesh has been picked from its bones. In Athena's eyes, the Greeks, with their arrogant air of worthiness in victory, were worse than vultures and jackals.

There were exceptions. NESTOR, the aged King of Pylos, had already departed, taking very little treasure with him. The fleets of IDOMENEUS of Crete and Diomedes of Argos were sailing south and westwards to their homes,

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too. It seemed that, for them, their waiting wives, families and kingdoms were worth more than gold plates and beautiful slaves.

None was more impatient for home than Odysseus of Ithaca. Athena watched him board his flagship. The fleet he commanded comprised twelve ships, each crewed by more than forty Ithacans. In calm waters, they could bend to the oar if need be, but naturally they hoped for good winds to blow them home. Once proper prayers and sacrifices had been cast up, they too would leave the cursed shoreline on which they had been beached for ten long years.

Odysseus, mastermind of the stratagem that finally won the war, had been awarded the great prize of Troy's queen, Hecuba. A doubtful trophy she was turning out to be. The moment he went aboard, she launched herself at him like a wild animal. He pushed her away as calmly as he could, but she would not stop screaming out the list of horrors that had befallen her. Her sons Hector, Paris, Deiphobus, Troilus, and even her youngest, Polydorus – all dead. Her daughters defiled. Her beloved husband, Priam, the greatest and wisest king the world had known, decapitated before her very eyes by ACHILLES' murderous son, NEOPTOLEMUS. Hecuba howled out her furious catalogue of despair and grief, culminating in a recitation of the awful fate that befell her grandson ASTYANAX, the only child of the great Prince Hector. Neoptolemus and his men had snatched Astyanax from the arms of his mother, ANDROMACHE, and, laughing, hurled the infant down

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onto the rocks below the city walls.* Now Andromache was chained up in Neoptolemus's Myrmidon† flagship, doomed, like Cassandra, to a life of sexual servitude. Hecuba swore before the gods that while she had a voice in her throat, she would never cease to curse the Greeks for these and their other nameless and abominable crimes.

Odysseus liked to think of himself as a patient man, but this demented grandmother shrieking and spitting in his face was more than he could bear. Hecuba was one prize of war he could do without. He lifted her up, swung her over the side of the ship and let her down onto the sand. She snarled and screamed there in the shadow of the ship's prow until, to Odysseus's straining eyes, she seemed to turn into the wild dog she so resembled in sound and savagery.‡

* In some versions it was the soldiers who threw Astyanax to his death, in others – notably Euripides' tragedy *The Trojan Women* – it was Neoptolemus himself. His excuse, echoed by so many mafia bosses after him, was that the boy would otherwise grow up to revenge himself upon him.

† The Myrmidons (literally 'Ant People') were a fearsome Phthian militia loyal to Achilles. For their origin story, see *Troy*, page 30.

‡ Whatever the true fate of Hecuba, many writers give it a canine flavour. One source tells that out of pity the gods did indeed turn her into a dog, allowing her to escape Odysseus and the Greeks, and live out her life somewhere, no one seems sure quite where. Dante follows a version that suggests her grief at the death of her youngest two children, POLYXENA and Polydorus, drove her mad and caused her to bark like a dog. 'A fiery-eyed dog.' She was buried, yet others say, in Gallipoli, at a place called Cynossema – which does mean 'dog-grave' . . .

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Desperate for home as the Greeks were, they were not so foolish as to neglect the gods. Grateful sacrifices for their victory and survival were offered, but Athena and the other Olympians found these obeisances to be token, hasty, perfunctory . . . lacking in conviction.

This insolence was compounded by Neoptolemus's next act of savagery. He informed the Greeks that his father, Achilles, had appeared to him in a dream to demand the sacrifice of the Trojan princess Polyxena, Hecuba and Priam's youngest daughter. Achilles had been much attracted to Polyxena when he had encountered her in the company of her young brother Troilus, whom he had killed.* Even though Achilles was now dead, he considered himself betrothed, and his shade demanded Polyxena. So claimed his son, Neoptolemus. The cult of Achilles' glory, combined with a real fear of the merciless violence of which Neoptolemus and his Myrmidon army were capable, proved too strong for the Greeks to resist. The sacrifice was permitted. Neoptolemus led Polyxena to the tomb of Achilles, where he slit her throat. She put up no resistance, declaring that she would rather die a virgin than live a slave. Agamemnon, revolted by the whole affair and perhaps reminded of his part in the sacrifice of his daughter IPHIGENIA,† kept to his ship. With

* On account of a prophecy which had foretold that Troy could not fall if Troilus reached the age of twenty.

† See *Troy*, page 137.

the war won, his authority as commander-in-chief was notably diminished, and he knew it. Odysseus, Diomedes, the great Ajax and many others were better loved and had made greater reputations for themselves. It was time for the exhausted general to return to Mycenae and reward himself with the gentle pleasures, so deeply missed, of hearth and home. His flagship silently slipped anchor and led the Mycenaean fleet away from the beachhead. There was no ceremony, and almost nobody noticed.

In Athena's eyes, there had been neither grace nor worth in the Greek victory. And now, when she saw the profane Ajax flee the temple in which he had been cowering and reach the safety of his Locrian ships unchallenged, her kindling displeasure flared into a burning fury. She watched the rapist scuttle across the sand and clamber up the mooring ropes of his flagship to safety. Not a single Greek, from the highest to the lowest, had courage or honour enough to intervene. This was more than the goddess could endure.

There existed powers older and greater than she, greater even than Father ZEUS, Bringer of Storms and King of the Gods. The cosmic laws of Time, Fate, Necessity, Justice and Retribution were inescapable and unstoppable.* They could no more be resisted or denied than the laws that guide rivers to the sea or cause a stone dropped from the hand always to fall downwards, never upwards or sideways.

Zeus's brother POSEIDON might be able to shake the

* Chronos, Moros, Ananke, Dike and Nemesis were their names.

solid earth into city-destroying quakes and whip the oceans into waves higher than hills; HEPHAESTUS might make mountains burst with fire and flame; Zeus might fill the sky with thunder-booming clouds and scorch the world with cracks of lightning, but such displays were less than the whirling of gnats when set against those terrible forces of Time, Fate, Necessity, Justice and Retribution. Before these implacable executors of the deep will of the cosmos, all Titans, gods, men, women and worlds were as fluff and chaff in the wind.

These powers had no face or figure, no personality, presence or place that could be prayed to or placated. But there came certain times when the signs of their working could be most clearly felt. This, now, Athena felt sure, was such a time.

Zeus, whose chief emotion was relief that the war was over, knew well that the Trojan-loving gods – Aphrodite, ARES and Apollo chief amongst them – would be petitioning him to make life as difficult as possible for the Greek ships as they returned home, but for his daughter Athena to grasp his knees and beg for the fleet to be sunk was quite unexpected.

‘For ten years, you have knelt before me, urging for a Greek victory by any means, and now you want them destroyed?’

Zeus’s wife HERA and his brother Poseidon, who like Athena had both always favoured the Greeks, clamoured their agreement. The Greek ships must be tossed and flung

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into confusion and the worst of them, Ajax, wrecked and drowned. Impiety must be paid for.

‘Very well, very well.’ Zeus passed the back of his hand across his brow. ‘You may start up your storms and scatter the Greeks. But know this . . .’

‘. . . and I will need a storm too,’ said Hera.

‘I’ve told you, you may have it.’

‘Another one. A different one.’

Zeus shook his head. ‘You see, this is my point. I’m not putting up with another ten years of you all coming in here and begging for my intervention against this side or that. I’m done with it all. The mortals can make shift as best they can.’

‘I am certain that you do not wish to displease me, husband.’

That look had come into Hera’s eye, the look before which the great sky god always wilted.*

‘But why an extra storm?’

‘Poseidon will blow to confusion the Greeks travelling westwards to their homes. But it is necessary that he send a tempest against another ship, a Trojan ship that even now slinks southwards.’

* To Homer, the goddess is nearly always ‘cow-eyed’ Hera (βοῶπις, *boōpis* – ‘with bovine optics’), which comes across to us after thousands of years as rather less than complimentary. Cows and heifers were particular to the goddess, and perhaps the safest assumption is that she was *large-eyed*. Cows (to us) are rarely imperious in aspect in the way Hera manifestly was, but perhaps this is a failure of observation on our part.

‘Trojan? What Trojan? Which Trojan? Who Trojan?
There are none left, surely?’

‘Prince AENEAS.’

‘But for heaven’s sake, I can’t consent to his destruction. He is a son of Aphrodite.’*

‘I am not demanding his destruction, only the wreckage of his ship and the complete frustration of his plans.’

‘But why? Aeneas is a devout and decent man. I’ve heard nothing to his discredit. I know you dislike Trojans, but they are defeated. Surely you . . .’

‘I require it.’

‘No. No, I really am going to have to put my foot down here. Athena, you may have your storm. Ajax’s blasphemy deserves no less. But I’m sorry, dear wife, in this instance I will be firm. This desire to humble Aeneas, already a humble man, strikes us as petty and ignoble. He may pass. Our will is spoken.’

A roll of thunder accompanied this last declaration.

Spots of colour appeared on Hera’s cheeks, but she bowed her head. When she and Zeus found themselves alone, she would let him have the benefit of her thoughts on this public humiliation, but she was not minded to compound it now by making a scene before the other Olympians. She knew that it was useless to argue when

* Aphrodite was tricked by HERMES into falling love with ANCHISES, a cousin of Priam, the Trojan king. She bore him a son, Aeneas, who was welcomed into the Trojan court. See *Troy*, page 110.