A) From Proclus’ summary of the now lost *Iliou Persis* (Sack of Troy) and those in the wooden horse fall upon their enemies. They kill many and take the city by force. Neoptolemos kills Priam, who has taken refuge at the altar of Zeus Herkeios. Menelaos murders Deiphobos, he finds Helen and leads her down to the ships. Ajax son of Oileus takes Kassandra by force, dragging her away from the wooden statue of Athena.

The Achaeans, angry at this, want to stone Ajax to death, but he takes refuge at the altar of Athena, and so is preserved from the immediate danger. The Achaeans put the city to the torch. They slaughter Polyxena on the tomb of Achilles. Odysseus kills Astyanax, and Neoptolemos takes Andromache as his prize. The rest of the spoils are distributed. Demophon and Akamas find their mother Aithra and take her with them. Then the Achaeans sail off, while Athena plots destruction for them on the seas.

B) *Odyssey* 3.132-135: When however, we had sacked the city of Priam, and were setting sail in our ships as heaven had dispersed us, then Zeus saw fit to vex the Argives on their homeward voyage [*nostos*]; for they had not all been either wise or just, and hence many came to a bad end through the anger [*mênis*] of Zeus’ daughter Athena.

C) *Odyssey* 1.1-10: Tell me, O Muse, of that many-sided hero who traveled far and wide after he had sacked the famous town of Troy. Many cities did he visit, and many were the people with whose customs and thinking [*noos*] he was acquainted; many things he suffered at sea while seeking to save his own life [*psukhê*] and to achieve the safe homecoming [*nostos*] of his companions; but do what he might he could not save his men, for they perished through their own sheer recklessness in eating the cattle of the Sun-god Helios; so the god prevented them from ever reaching home. Tell me, as you have told those who came before me, about all these things, O daughter of Zeus, starting from whatsoever point you choose.

D) *Odyssey* 1.44ff.: Then Athena said, “Father, son of Kronos, King of kings, it served Aigisthos right, and so it would any one else who does as he did; but Aigisthos is neither here nor there; it is for Odysseus that my heart bleeds, when I think of his sufferings in that lonely sea-girt island, far away, poor man, from all his friends. It is an island covered with forest, in the very middle of the sea, and a goddess lives there, daughter of the magician Atlas, who looks after the bottom of the ocean, and carries the great columns that keep heaven and earth asunder. This daughter of Atlas has got hold of poor unhappy Odysseus, and keeps trying by every kind of blandishment to make him forget his home, so that he is tired of life, and thinks of nothing
but how he may once more see the smoke of his own chimneys.” ... “And Athena said, “Father, son of Kronos, King of kings, if, then, the gods now mean that Odysseus should get home, we should first send Hermes to the Ogygian island to tell Calypso that we have made up our minds and that he is to have his homecoming [nostos]. In the meantime I will go to Ithaca, to put heart into Odysseus’ son Telemakhos; I will embolden him to call the Achaeans in assembly, and speak out to the suitors of his mother Penelope, who persist in eating up any number of his sheep and oxen; I will also conduct him to Sparta and to Pylos, to see if he can hear anything about the return [nostos] of his dear father - for this will give him genuine fame [kleos] throughout humankind.”

So saying she bound on her glittering golden sandals, imperishable, with which she can fly like the wind over land or sea; she grasped the redoubtable bronze-shod spear, so stout and sturdy and strong, wherewith she quells the ranks of heroes who have displeased her, and down she darted from the topmost summits of Olympus, whereon forthwith she was in the démos of Ithaca, at the gateway of Odysseus’ house, disguised as a visitor, Mentes, chief of the Taphians, and she held a bronze spear in her hand. There she found the lordly suitors seated on hides of the oxen which they had killed and eaten, and playing draughts in front of the house. Men-servants and pages were bustling about to wait upon them, some mixing wine with water in the mixing-bowls, some cleaning down the tables with wet sponges and laying them out again, and some cutting up great quantities of meat.

Telemakhos in appearance like a god [theoeidês] saw her long before any one else did. He was sitting moodily among the suitors thinking about his brave father, and how he would send them fleeing out of the house, if he were to come to his own again and be honored as in days gone by.

E) Odyssey 1.325-355: Phemios was still singing, and his hearers sat rapt in silence as he told the baneful tale of the homecoming [nostos] from Troy, and the ills Athena had laid upon the Achaeans. Penelope, daughter of Ikarios, heard his song from her room upstairs, and came down by the great staircase, not alone, but attended by two of her handmaids. When she reached the suitors she stood by one of the bearing posts that supported the roof of the cloisters with a staid maiden on either side of her. She held a veil, moreover, before her face, and was weeping bitterly.

“Phemios,” she cried, “you know many another feat of gods and heroes, such as poets love to celebrate. Sing the suitors some one of these, and let them drink their wine in silence, but cease this sad tale, for it breaks my sorrowful heart, and reminds me of my lost husband for whom I have grief [penthos] ever without ceasing, and whose name [kleos] was great over all Hellas and middle Argos.”

“Mother,” answered Telemakhos, “let the bard sing what he has a mind [noos] to; bards are not responsible for the ills they sing of; it is Zeus, not they, who is responsible, and who sends weal or woe upon humankind according to his own good pleasure. There should be no feeling of nemesis against this one for singing the ill-fated return of the Danaans, for people always favor most warmly the kleos of the latest songs. Make up your mind to it and bear it; Odysseus is not the only man who never came back from Troy, but many another went down as well as he.”
F) Odyssey 1.267-302 “But there! It rests with heaven to determine whether he is to return, and take his revenge in his own house or no; I would, however, urge you to set about trying to get rid of these suitors at once... You are too old to plead infancy any longer; have you not heard how people are singing Orestes’ praises [kleos] for having killed his father’s murderer Aigisthos? You are a fine, smart looking young man; show your mettle, then, and make yourself a name in story.”

G) Odyssey 2.262ff.: “Hear me,” he cried, “you god who visited me yesterday, and bade me sail the seas in search of the nostos of my father who has so long been missing. I would obey you, but the Achaeans, and more particularly the wicked suitors, are hindering me that I cannot do so.” As he thus prayed, Athena came close up to him in the likeness and with the voice of Mentor. “Telemakhos,” said she, “if you are made of the same stuff as your father you will be neither fool nor coward henceforward, for Odysseus never broke his word nor left his work half done. If, then, you take after him, your voyage will not be fruitless, but unless you have the blood of Odysseus and of Penelope in your veins I see no likelihood of your succeeding. Sons are seldom as good men as their fathers; they are generally worse, not better; still, as you are not going to be either fool or coward henceforward, and are not entirely without some share of your father’s wise discernment, I look with hope upon your undertaking. But mind you never make common cause [noos] with any of those foolish suitors, for they are neither sensible nor just, and give no thought to death and to the doom that will shortly fall on one and all of them, so that they shall perish on the same day.

H) Odyssey 1.368ff. Then Telemakhos spoke, “You suitors of my mother,” he cried, “you with your overweening aggression, let us feast at our pleasure now, and let there be no brawling, for it is a rare thing to hear a man with such a divine voice as Phemios has; but in the morning meet me in full assembly that I may give you formal notice to depart, and feast at one another’s houses, turn and turn about, at your own cost. If on the other hand you choose to persist in sponging upon one man, heaven help me, but Zeus shall reckon with you in full, and when you fall in my father’s house there shall be no man to avenge you.”

The suitors bit their lips as they heard him, and marveled at the boldness of his speech. Then, Antinoos, son of Eupeithes, said, “The gods seem to have given you lessons in bluster and tall talking; may Zeus never grant you to be chief in Ithaca as your father was before you.”

Telemakhos answered, “Antinoos, do not chide with me, but, god willing, I will be chief too if I can. Is this the worst fate you can think of for me? It is no bad thing to be a chief, for it brings both riches and honor. Still, now that Odysseus is dead there are many great men in Ithaca both old and young, and some other may take the lead among them; nevertheless I will be chief in my own house, and will rule those whom Odysseus has won for me...”

“The nostos of my father is dead and gone,” answered Telemakhos, “and even if some rumor reaches me I put no more faith in it now. My mother does indeed sometimes send for a soothsayer and question him, but I give his prophesying no heed. As for the stranger, he was Mentes, son of Anchialos, chief of the Taphians, an old friend of my father’s.” But in his heart he knew that it had been the goddess.
I) Odyssey 2.229-234: “Hear me, men of Ithaca, I hope that you may never have a kind and well-disposed ruler any more, nor one who will govern you equitably; I hope that all your chiefs henceforward may be cruel and unjust, for there is not one of you that remembers Odysseus, who ruled you as though he were your father.”

J) Odyssey 3.184-209: “Therefore, my dear young friend, I returned without hearing anything about the others. I know neither who got home safely nor who were lost but, as in duty bound, I will give you without reserve the reports that have reached me since I have been here in my own house. They say the Myrmidons returned home safely under Achilles’ son Neoptolemos; so also did the valiant son of Poias, Philoctetes. Idomeneus, again, lost no men at sea, and all his followers who escaped death in the field got safe home with him to Crete. No matter how far out of the world you live, you will have heard of Agamemnon and the bad end he came to at the hands of Aigisthos - and a fearful reckoning did Aigisthos presently pay. See what a good thing it is for a man to leave a son behind him to do as Orestes did, who killed false Aigisthos the murderer of his noble father. You too, then - for you are a tall, smart-looking young man - show your mettle and make yourself a name in story.”

“Nestor son of Neleus,” answered Telemakhos, “honor to the Achaean name, the Achaeans will bear the kleos of Orestes in song even to future generations, for he has avenged his father nobly. Would that heaven might grant me to do like vengeance on the insolence of the wicked suitors, who are ill treating me and plotting my ruin; but the gods have no such happiness in store for me and for my father, so we must bear it as best we may.”

K) Odyssey 4.113-119: “Would that I had only a third of what I now have so that I had stayed at home, and all those were living who perished on the plain of Troy, far from Argos. I often grieve, as I sit here in my house, for one and all of them. At times I cry aloud for sorrow, but presently I leave off again, for crying is cold comfort and one soon tires of it. Yet grieve for these as I may, I do so for one man more than for them all. I cannot even think of him without loathing both food and sleep, so miserable does he make me, for no one of all the Achaeans worked so hard or risked so much as he did. He took nothing by it, and has left a legacy of sorrow to myself, for he has been gone a long time, and we know not whether he is alive or dead. His old father, his long-suffering wife Penelope, and his son Telemakhos, whom he left behind him an infant in arms, are plunged in grief on his account.” Thus spoke Menelaos, and the heart of Telemakhos yearned as he bethought him of his father. Tears fell from his eyes as he heard him thus mentioned, so that he held his cloak before his face with both hands. When Menelaos saw this he doubted whether to let him choose his own time for speaking, or to ask him at once and find what it was all about.

L) Odyssey 4.219: Then Zeus’ daughter Helen bethought her of another matter. She drugged the wine with the herb nêpenthes [= anti-penthos], which banishes all care, sorrow, and anger. Whoever drinks wine thus drugged cannot shed a single tear all the rest of the day, not even though his father and mother both of them drop down dead, or he sees a brother or a son hewn in pieces before his very eyes.