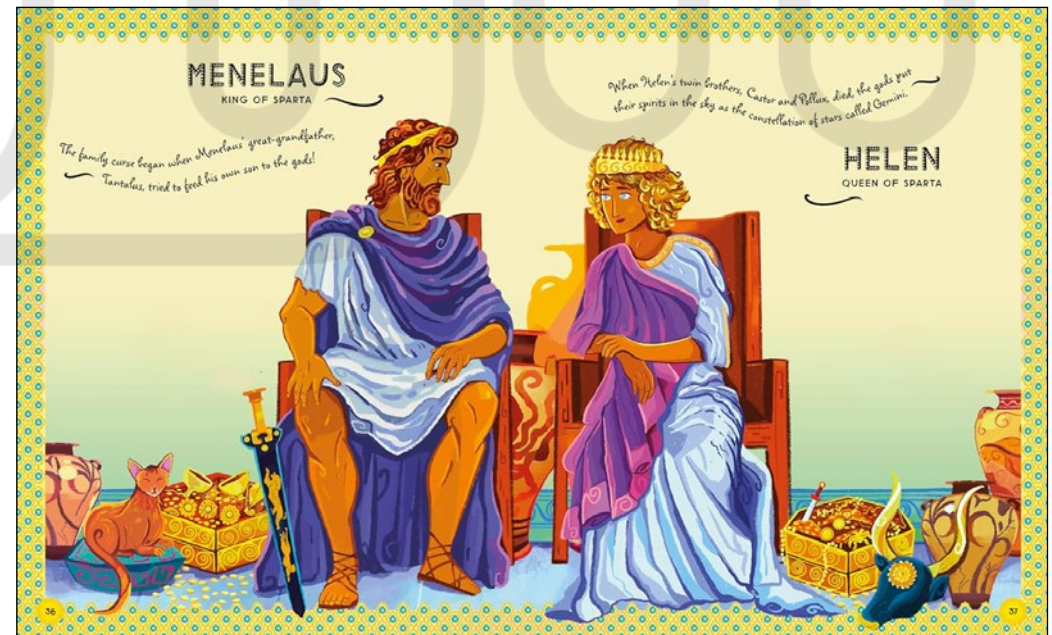
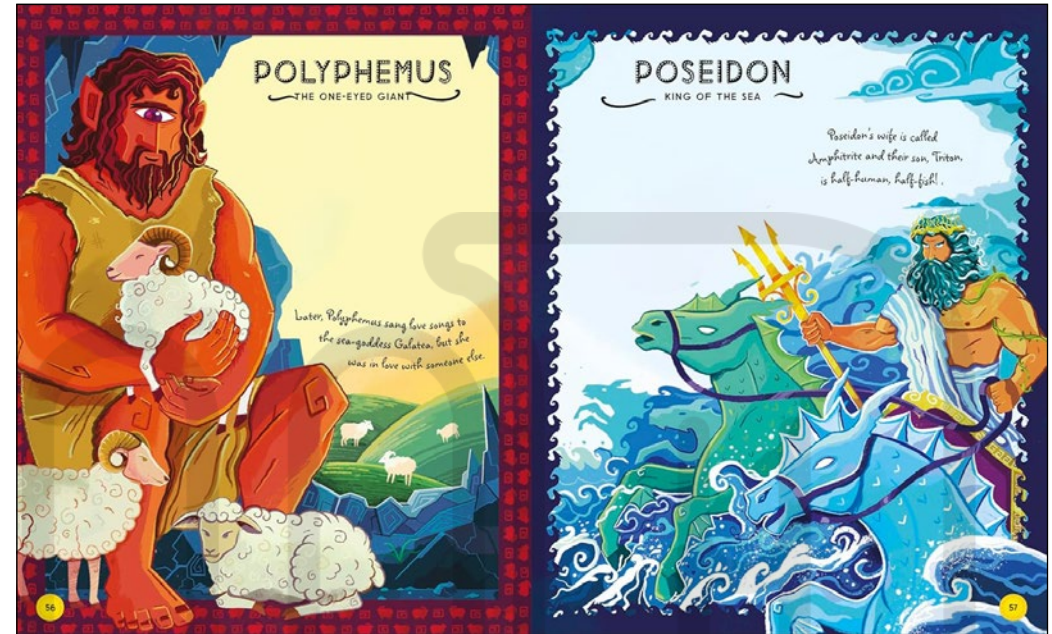
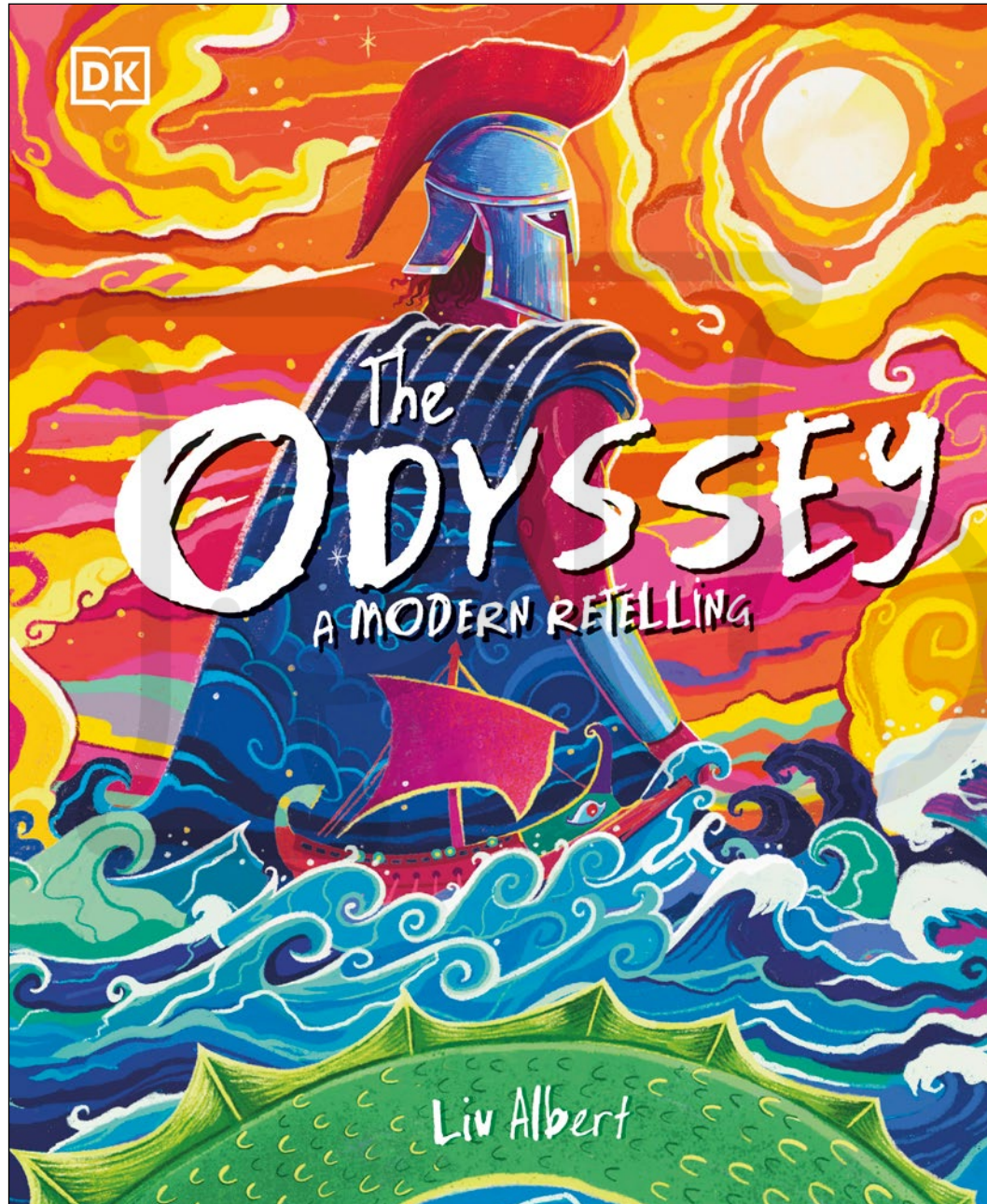




A DEADLY WHIRLPOOL

Odysseus took a deep breath. Then he began to tell the Phaeacians about his crew's final moments.

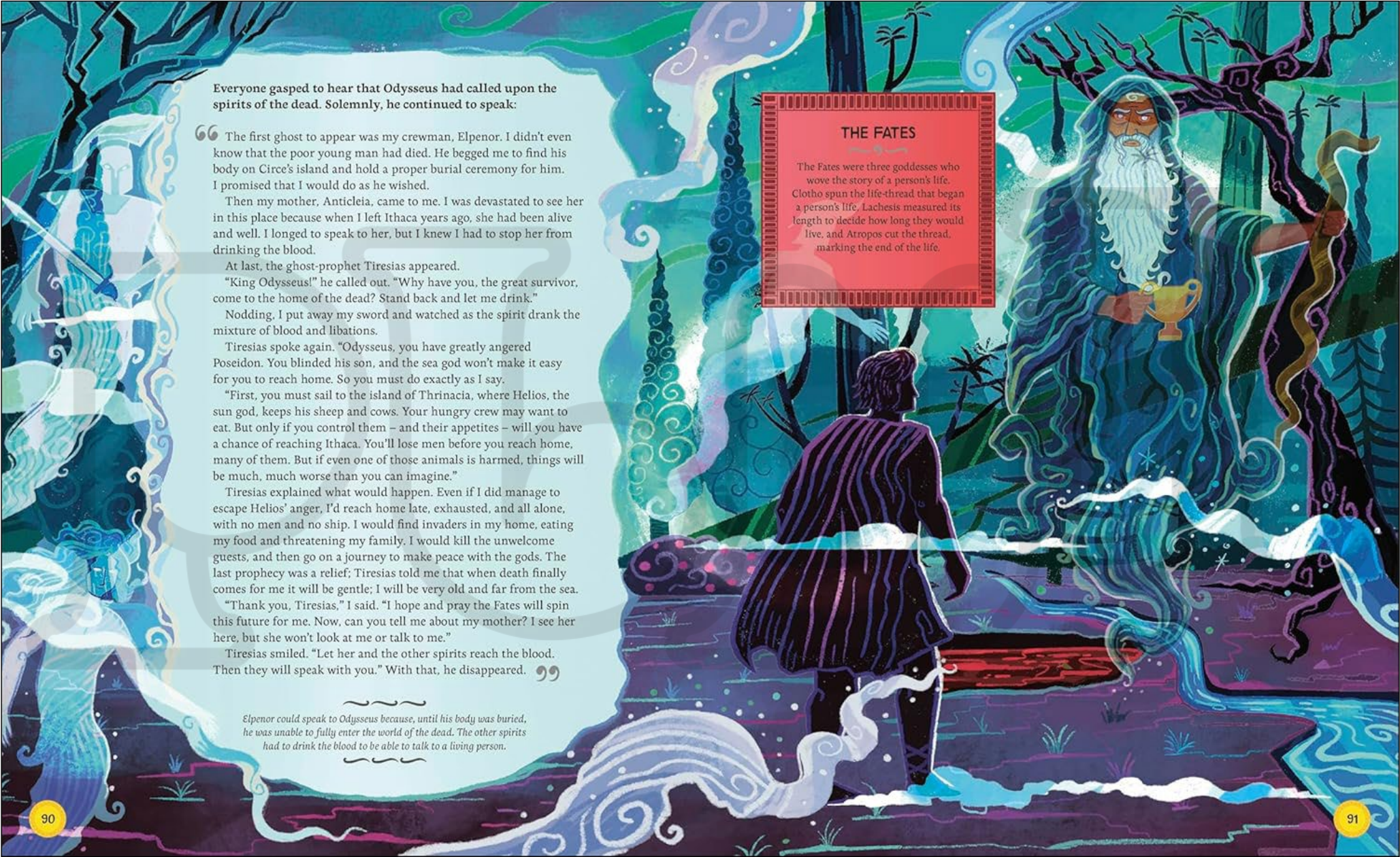
“After seven more days, Zeus calmed the winds. Finally, we could leave behind the island of Thrinacia and the remains of the sun god's cattle. Out at sea, no land was visible anywhere, not even other islands. There was only our ship, the sky, and the wine-dark waters.

Then a thick, grey cloud began to form above us. Zeus was about to send a storm like no other. The cloud grew larger and beneath it, the sea grew darker. We sailed on for as long as we could, but when Zephyr, the west wind, came howling through, it brought torrents of rain and violent gusts of wind. First, the ship's rigging tore free and then the mast split in half, hitting the pilot and pitching his body into the sea.

Deafening thunder rumbled as Zeus threw out bolt after bolt of lightning. As the ship broke up, we were all tossed overboard. I clung on to the remains of my ship and watched, helpless, as all the men were carried away, like seabirds bobbing in the waves. The gods had decided. My men would never reach home.

I managed to make a kind of raft from fragments of ship, lashing a strip of leather around the broken mast and the keel. At last, the storm calmed, but by then I was floating dangerously close to the strait of Scylla and Charybdis. Would the south wind blow me right into Charybdis' raging whirlpool?

All night, I held on tight to the mast until, in the morning light, I saw that my worst fears had come true. My raft was already being sucked into Charybdis' swirling depths! ”



Everyone gasped to hear that Odysseus had called upon the spirits of the dead. Solemnly, he continued to speak:

“The first ghost to appear was my crewman, Elpenor. I didn’t even know that the poor young man had died. He begged me to find his body on Circe’s island and hold a proper burial ceremony for him. I promised that I would do as he wished.

Then my mother, Anticleia, came to me. I was devastated to see her in this place because when I left Ithaca years ago, she had been alive and well. I longed to speak to her, but I knew I had to stop her from drinking the blood.

At last, the ghost-prophet Tiresias appeared.

“King Odysseus!” he called out. “Why have you, the great survivor, come to the home of the dead? Stand back and let me drink.”

Nodding, I put away my sword and watched as the spirit drank the mixture of blood and libations.

Tiresias spoke again. “Odysseus, you have greatly angered Poseidon. You blinded his son, and the sea god won’t make it easy for you to reach home. So you must do exactly as I say.

“First, you must sail to the island of Thrinacia, where Helios, the sun god, keeps his sheep and cows. Your hungry crew may want to eat. But only if you control them – and their appetites – will you have a chance of reaching Ithaca. You’ll lose men before you reach home, many of them. But if even one of those animals is harmed, things will be much, much worse than you can imagine.”

Tiresias explained what would happen. Even if I did manage to escape Helios’ anger, I’d reach home late, exhausted, and all alone, with no men and no ship. I would find invaders in my home, eating my food and threatening my family, I would kill the unwelcome guests, and then go on a journey to make peace with the gods. The last prophecy was a relief; Tiresias told me that when death finally comes for me it will be gentle; I will be very old and far from the sea.

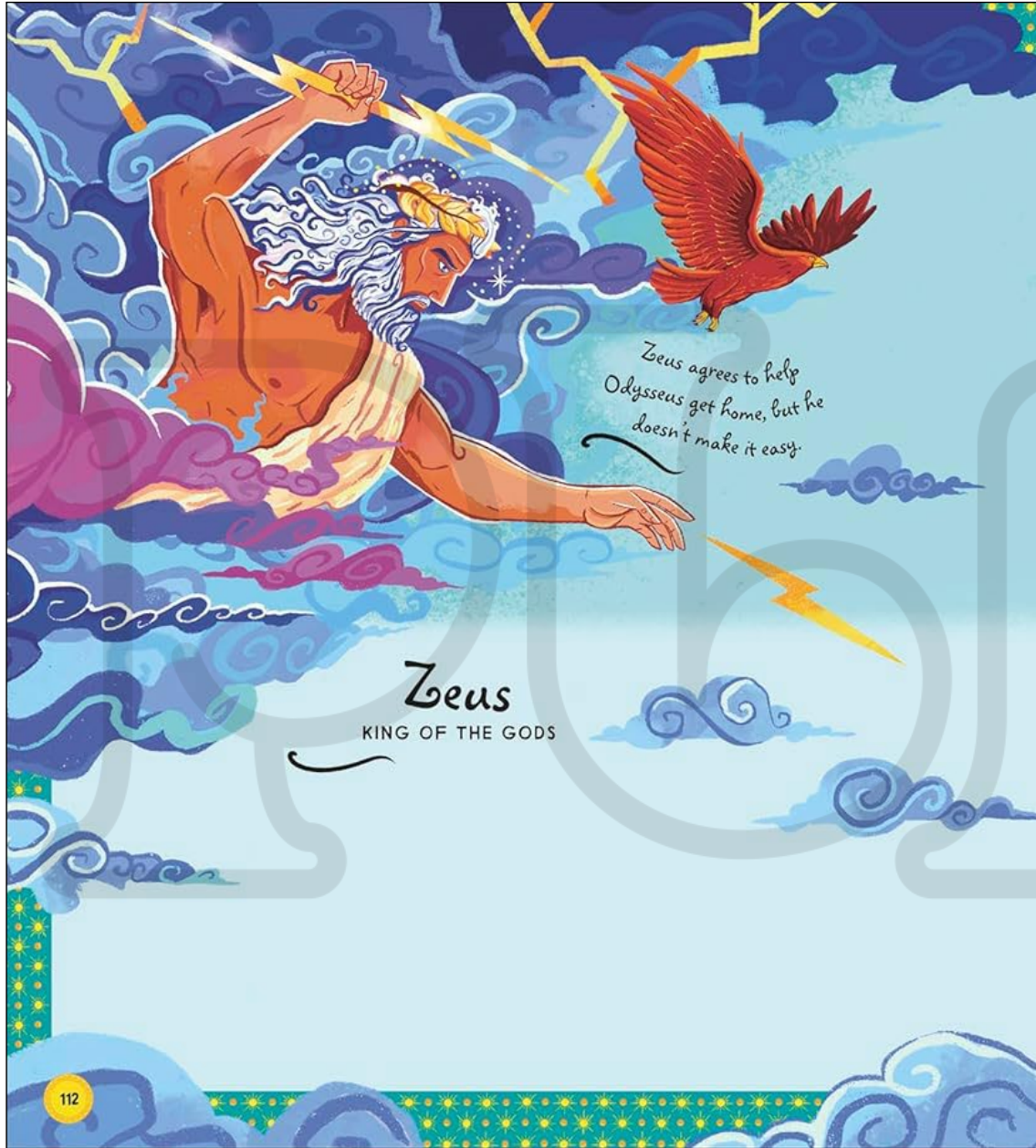
“Thank you, Tiresias,” I said. “I hope and pray the Fates will spin this future for me. Now, can you tell me about my mother? I see her here, but she won’t look at me or talk to me.”

Tiresias smiled. “Let her and the other spirits reach the blood. Then they will speak with you.” With that, he disappeared. ”

Elpenor could speak to Odysseus because, until his body was buried, he was unable to fully enter the world of the dead. The other spirits had to drink the blood to be able to talk to a living person.

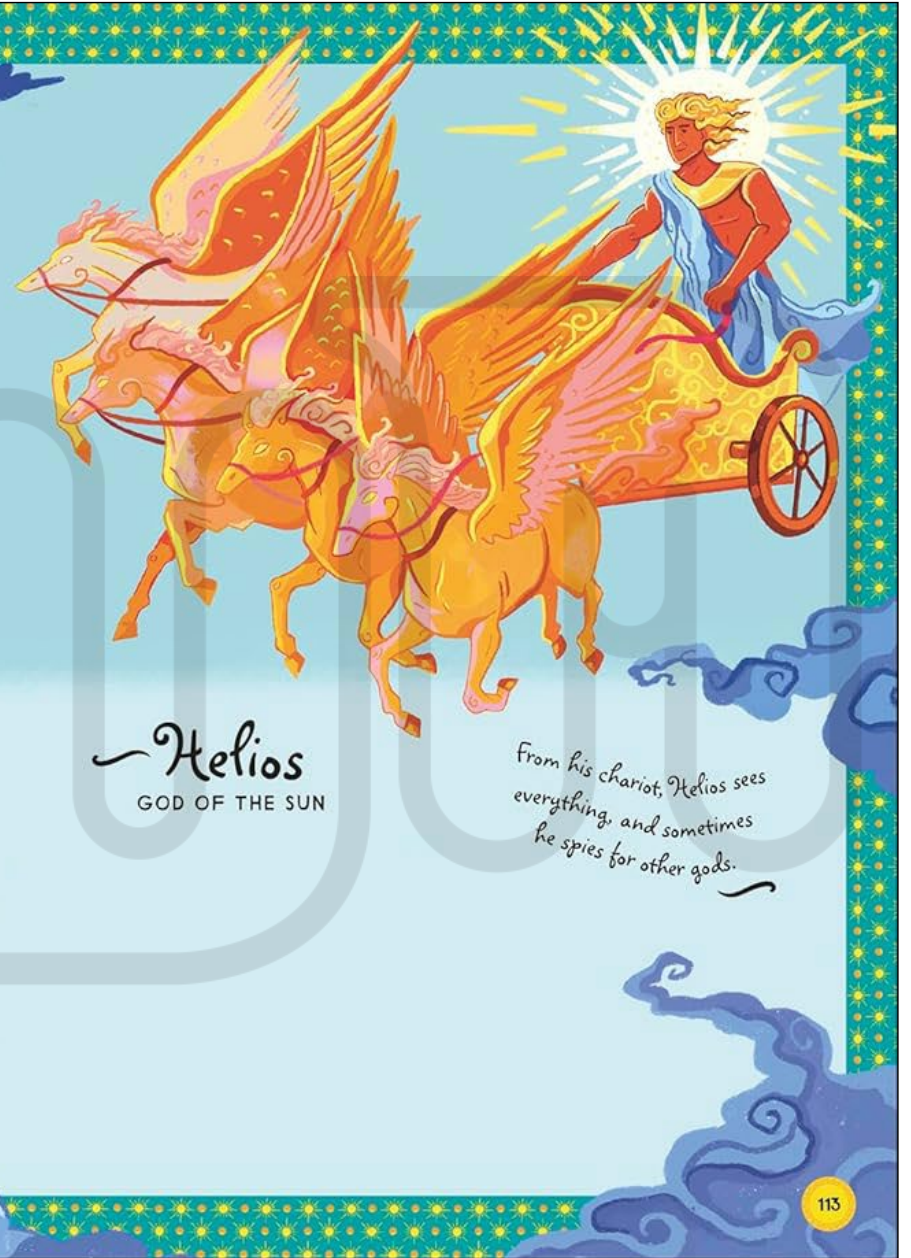
THE FATES

The Fates were three goddesses who wove the story of a person’s life. Clotho spun the life-thread that began a person’s life, Lachesis measured its length to decide how long they would live, and Atropos cut the thread, marking the end of the life.



*Zeus agrees to help
Odysseus get home, but he
doesn't make it easy.*

Zeus
KING OF THE GODS



*From his chariot, Helios sees
everything, and sometimes
he spies for other gods.*

Helios
GOD OF THE SUN

ODYSSEUS' TRAVELS

Odysseus' journey happened at a time before maps. He and his crew had to find their way by using their experience, learning from other sailors, following the stars – and, hopefully, some help from the gods.

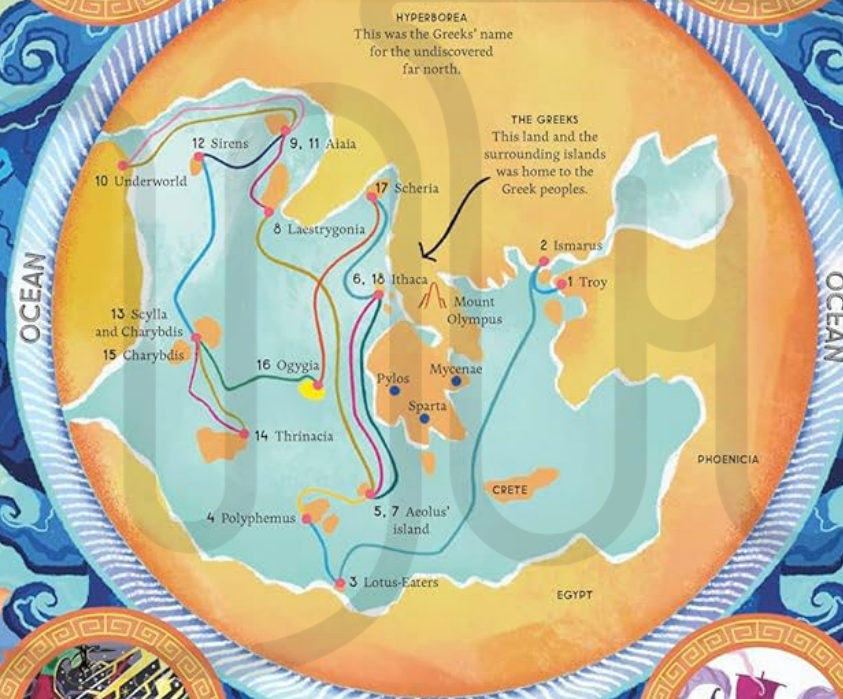
No bards could have travelled as much and as far as Odysseus, so they imagined his adventures taking place in exciting, supernatural places that were yet to be discovered. Some of the stops on his journey are real places, while others are made up. This can make charting his journey a little confusing, but it's also what makes mythology so much fun. This is one way the ancient Greeks imagined their world – one where regular humans lived only a boat-ride away from human-eating giants and the kingdom of the dead! This map shows the different steps of Odysseus' journey in the order they happened, even though

Homer tells the story in a different order. It will help you keep track of Odysseus' long, complicated voyage home.

A LONG VOYAGE

- 1 After the war, the Greeks leave Troy
- 2 Ismarus, the land of the Cicones
- 3 The island of the Lotus-Eaters
- 4 The island of Polyphemus and the Cyclopes
- 5 Aeolus' floating island of the Winds
- 6 Off the coast of Odysseus' home island, Ithaca
- 7 Back to Aeolus' floating island
- 8 Laestrygonia, home of man-eating giants
- 9 Alaiia, Circe's island
- 10 The Underworld
- 11 Return to Alaiia
- 12 The Sirens' rocks
- 13 The strait of Scylla and Charybdis
- 14 Thrinacia, where Helios keeps his cattle
- 15 Back to the whirlpool, Charybdis
- 16 Ogygia, Calypso's island
- 17 Scheria, the land of the Phaeacians
- 18 Ithaca – home!

ODYSSEUS' JOURNEY





"This magical moly will
protect you from the
goddess' potions and spells."

MYSTERIOUS MOLY

For thousands of years, people have tried to work out which real-life plant was the inspiration for Homer's magical moly. Because it's described as a white flower with a black root, historians and botanists think it was most likely a snowdrop – but don't try it yourself. Snowdrops won't protect you from magical potions; instead, eating one would make you violently ill!



I TRIED TO FIX
THE PAST.
NOW I HAVE
TO SAVE THE
FUTURE.

THE NIGHT I BORROWED TIME

IQBAL
HUSSAIN



THE OF MINISTRY MANNERS

EVERYONE'S
POLITE.

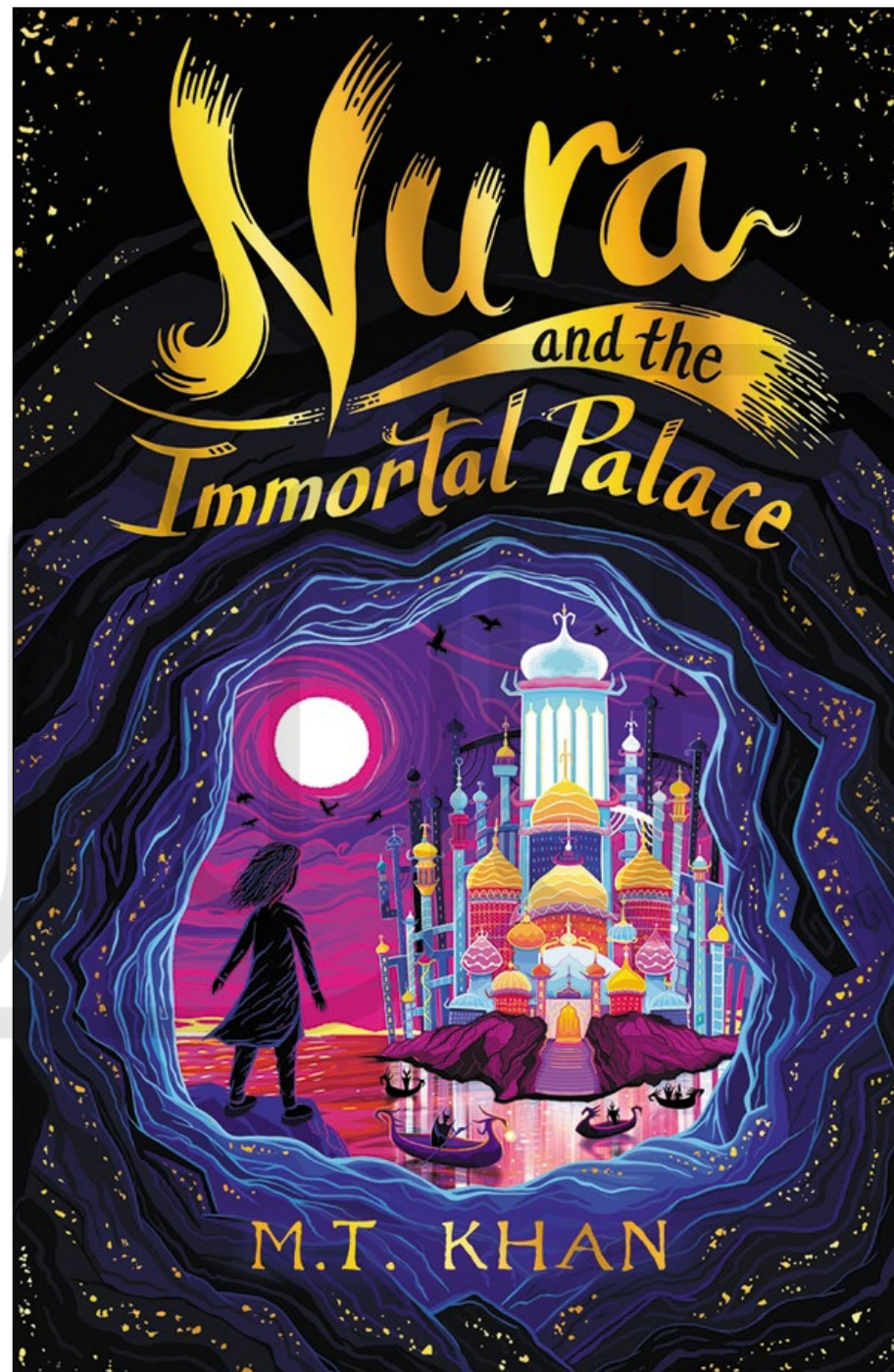
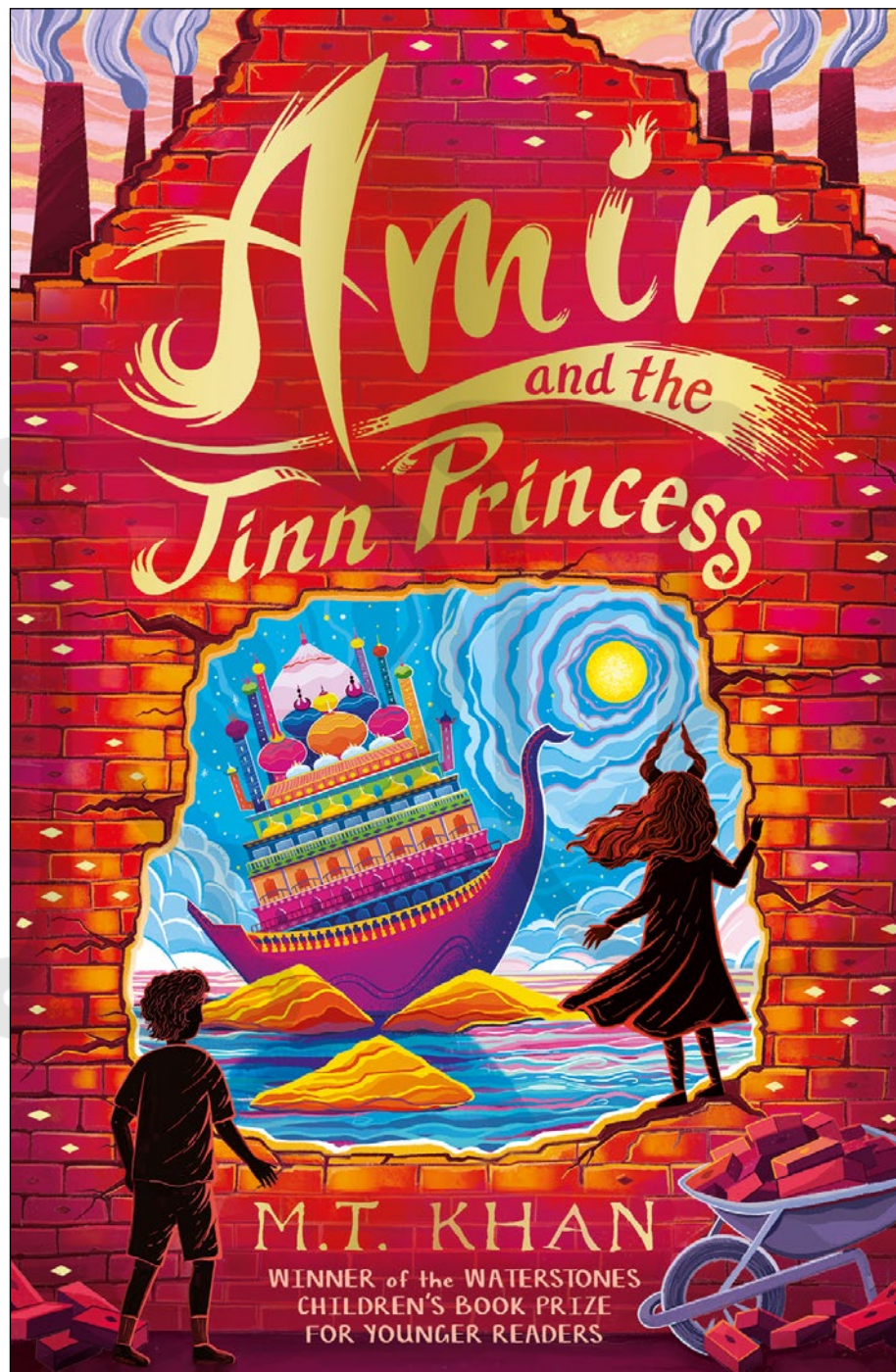


NOBODY'S
SAFE.

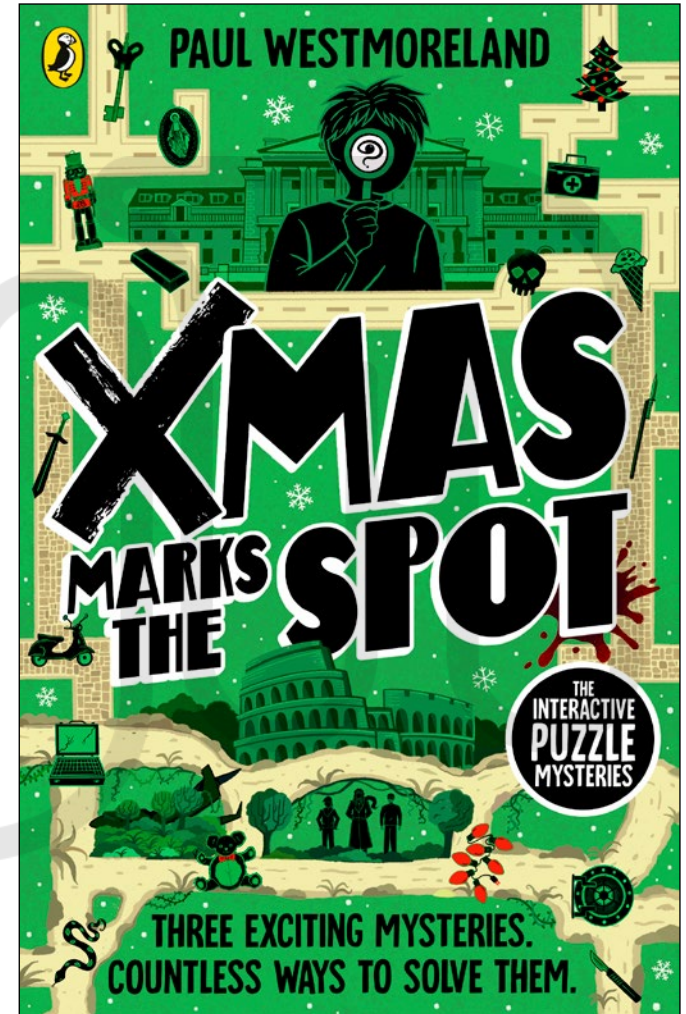
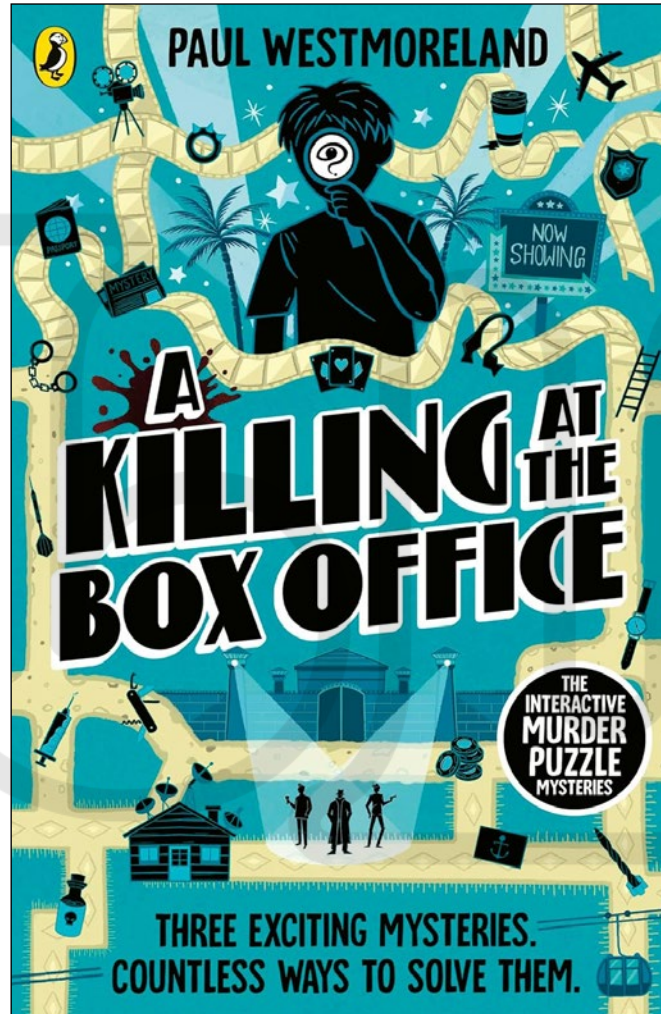
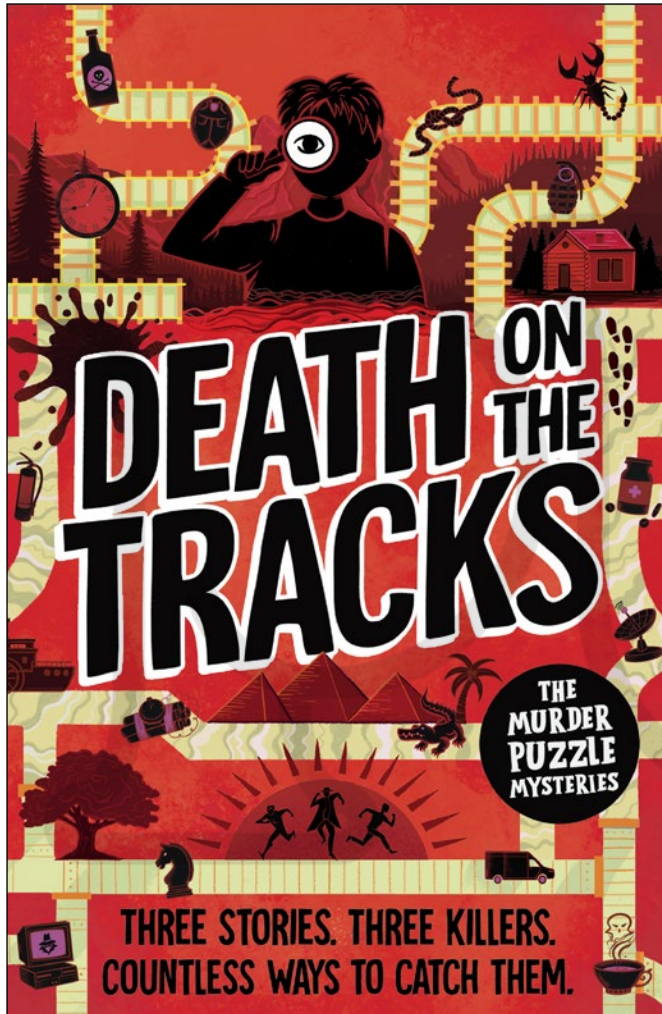
Illustrated by
Hazem Asif

DAVID
SOLOMONS













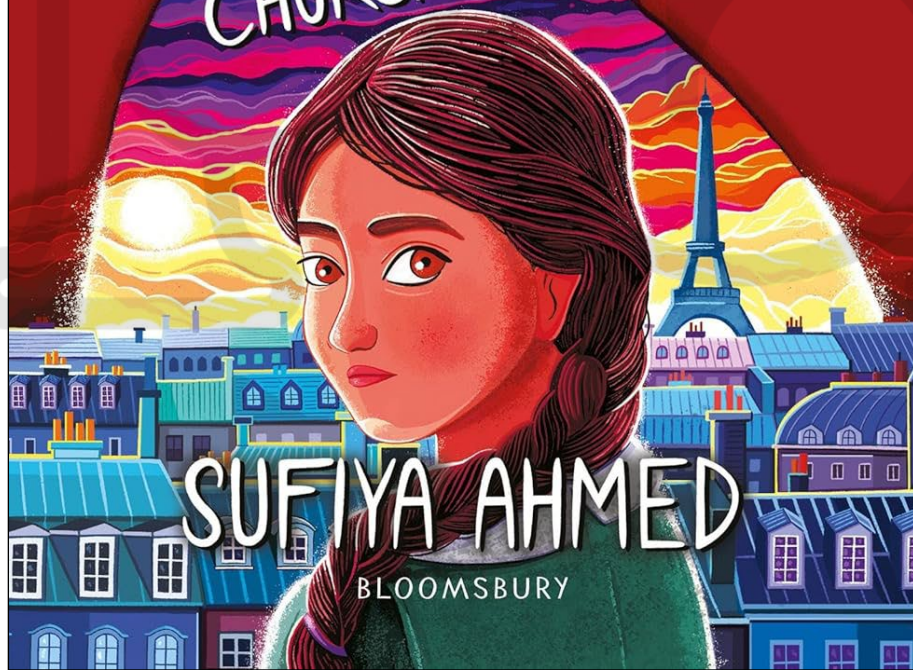
"GRIPPING, SUCH A BRILLIANT, FRESH ADDITION TO THE SHELF."
Emma Carroll, author of *Letters from the Lighthouse*

ROSIE RAJA

CHURCHILL'S SPY

SUFIYA AHMED

BLOOMSBURY



ROSIE RAJA

UNDERCOVER
CODEBREAKER

SUFIYA AHMED

BLOOMSBURY

