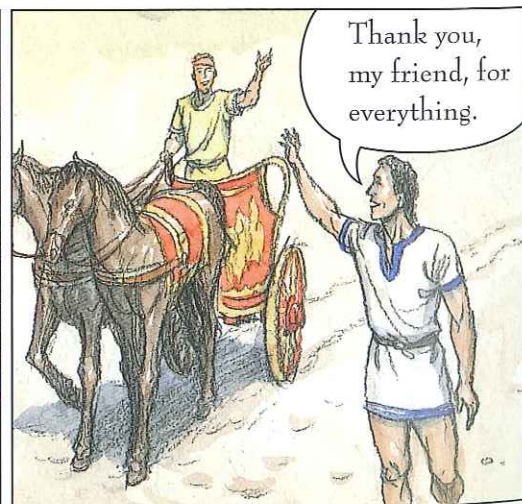
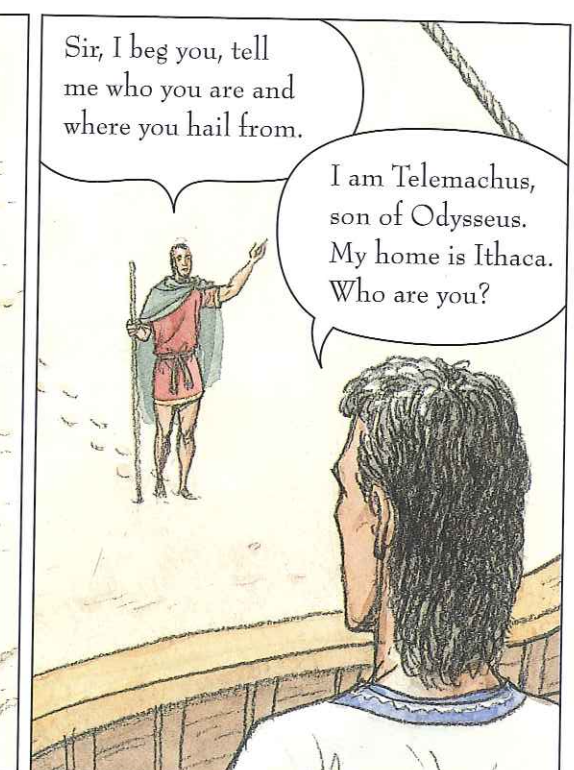
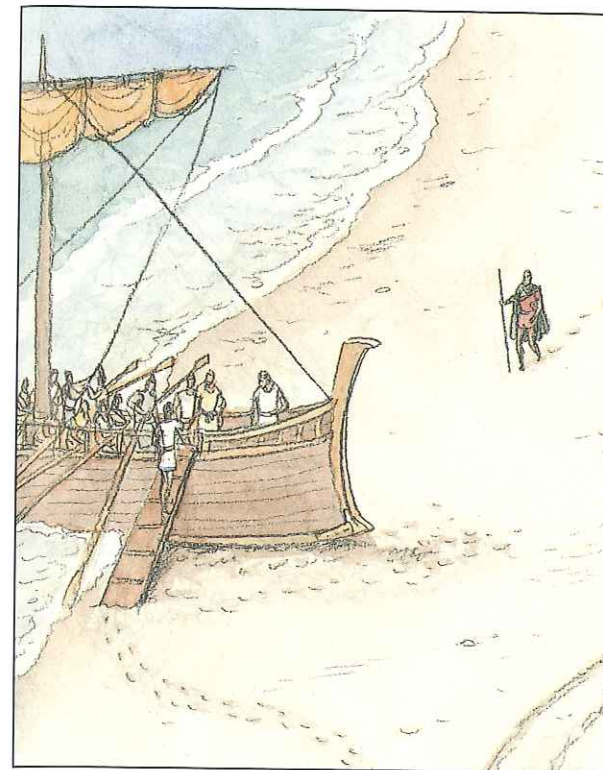


Telemachus, I think you'd best set sail at once. When my father hears we're back, he'll insist on keeping you here for more feasting and gifts.

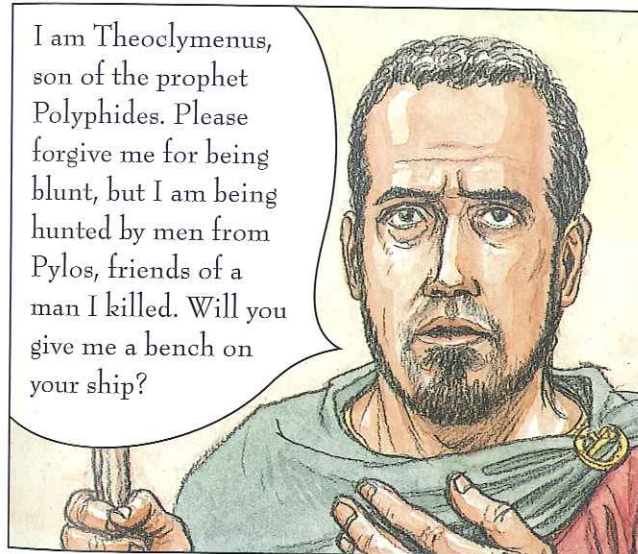


Thank you, my friend, for everything.

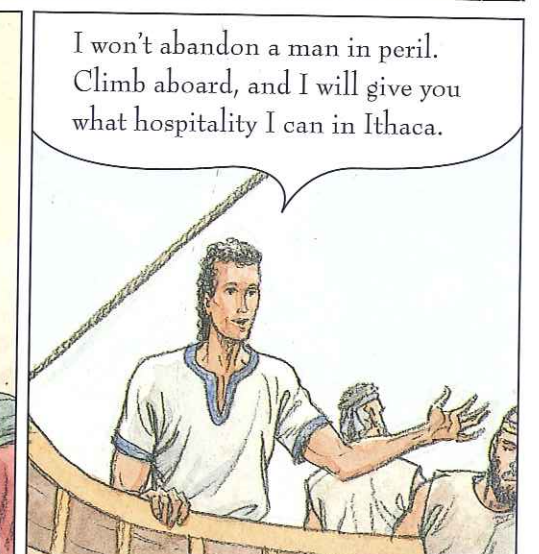


Sir, I beg you, tell me who you are and where you hail from.

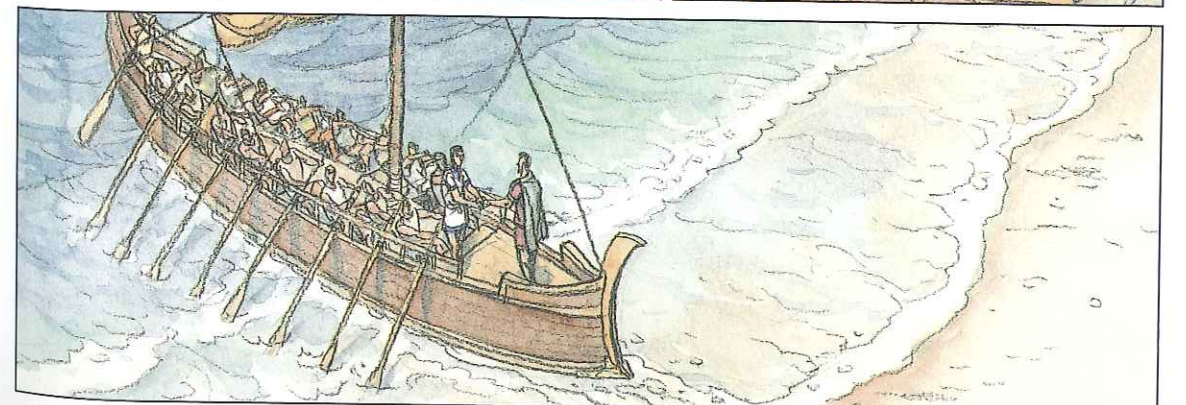
I am Telemachus, son of Odysseus. My home is Ithaca. Who are you?



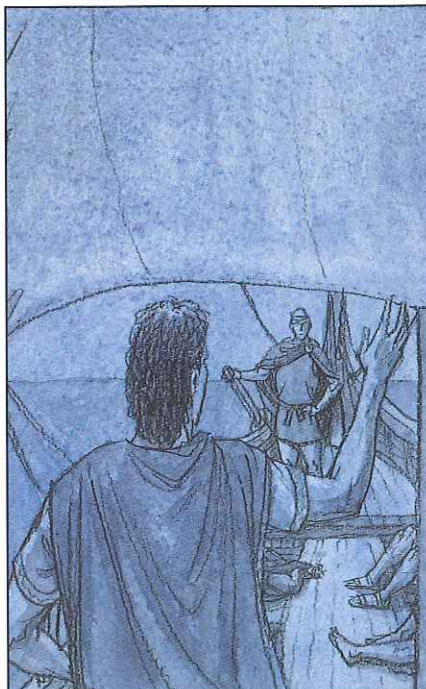
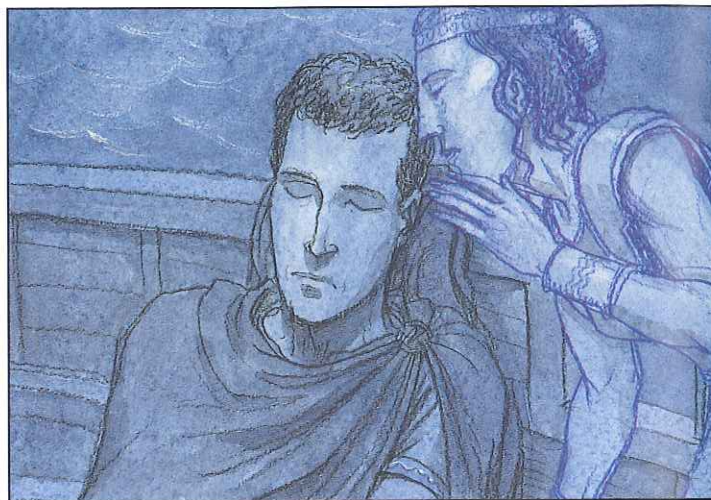
I am Theoclymenus, son of the prophet Polyphides. Please forgive me for being blunt, but I am being hunted by men from Pylos, friends of a man I killed. Will you give me a bench on your ship?



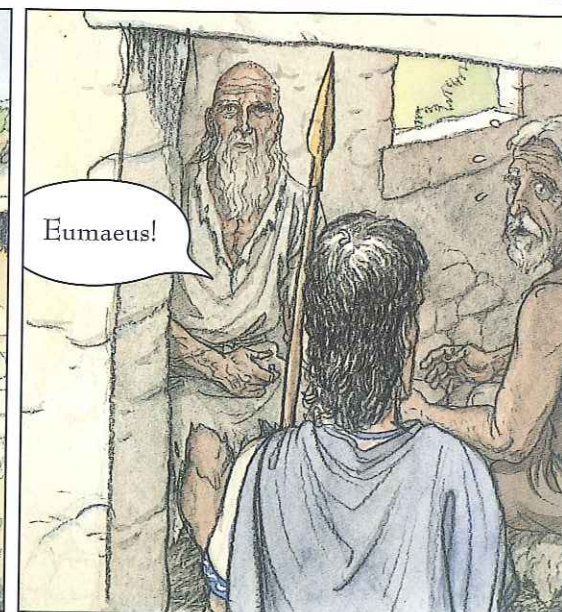
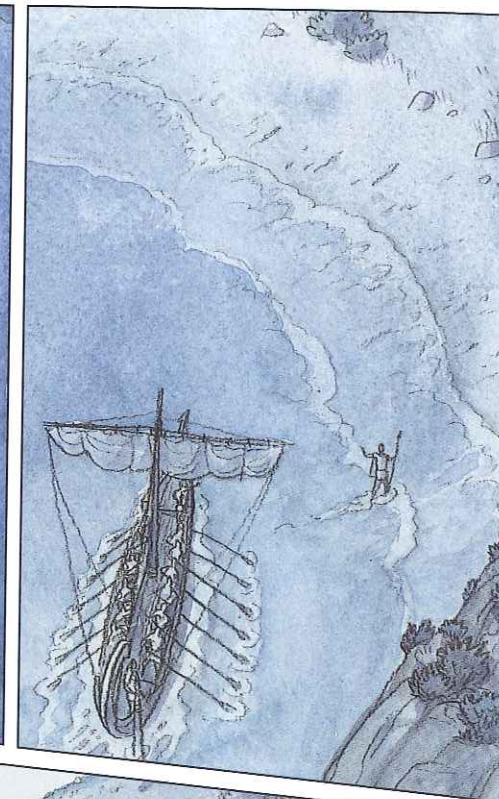
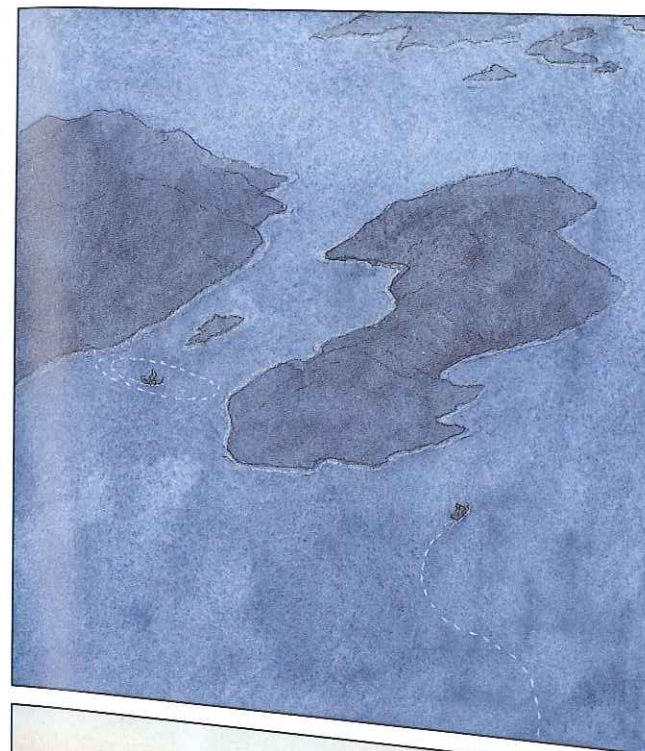
I won't abandon a man in peril. Climb aboard, and I will give you what hospitality I can in Ithaca.







Sail around to the east, and put me ashore there, then sail on to the port. I'll meet you in town tomorrow.



Eumaeus!