

giving dreams characterization and traits

530- keep faith with my husband's bed and regard the voice of the people, or go away at last with the best of all those Achaians who court me here in the palace, with endless gifts to win me? My son, while he was still a child and thoughtless, would not let me marry and leave the house of my husband; but now that he is grown a tall man and come to maturity's measure, he even prays me to go home out of the palace, fretting over the property, which the Achaian men are devouring. But come, listen to a dream of mine and interpret it for me. I have twenty geese here about the house, and they feed on grains of wheat from the water trough. I love to watch them, but a great eagle with crooked beak came down from the mountain, and broke the necks of them all and killed them. So the whole twenty lay dead about the house, but he soared high in the bright air. Then I began to weep—that was in my dream—and cried out aloud, and around me gathered the fair-haired Achaian women as I cried out sorrowing for my geese killed by the eagle. But he came back again and perched on the jut of the gabled roof. He now had a human voice and spoke aloud to me: "Do not fear, O daughter of far-famed Ikarion. This is no dream, but a blessing real as day. You will see it done. The geese are the suitors, and I, the eagle, have been a bird of portent, but now I am your own husband, come home, and I shall inflict shameless destruction on all the suitors." So he spoke; and then the honey-sweet sleep released me, and I looked about and saw the geese in my palace, feeding on their grains of wheat from the water trough, just as they had been. Then resourceful Odysseus spoke in turn and answered her: "Lady, it is impossible to read this dream and avoid it by turning another way, since Odysseus himself has told you its meaning, how it will end. The suitors' doom is evident for one and all. Not one will avoid his death and destruction. Circumspect Penelope said to him in answer: "My friends, dreams are things hard to interpret, hopeless to puzzle out, and people find that not all of them end in anything."

In book XIX of Homers Odeyssey, Penelope is describing + wo things dream seen are more reliable than things spoken

control themselves, not that the dreams are coming from the dreamer's mind or ideas while sleeping.

570 But those that come into the open through the gates of the polished horn accomplish the truth for any mortal who sees them. I do not think that this strange dream that I had came to me through this gate. My son and I would be glad if it did so. And put away in your heart this other thing that I tell you. This dawn will be a day of evil name, which will take me away from the house of Odysseus; for now I will set up a contest: those axes which, in his palace, he used to set up in order so that, twelve in all, they stood in a row, like timbers to hold a ship. He would stand far off, and send a shaft through them. Now I will set these up as a contest before my suitors, and the one who takes the bow in his hands, strings it with the greatest ease, and sends an arrow clean through all the twelve axes shall be the one I will go away with, forsaking this house where I was a bride, a lovely place and full of good living. I think that even in my dreams I shall never forget it." Then resourceful Odysseus spoke in turn and answered her: "Respected wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, do not put off this contest in your house any longer. Before these people can handle the well-wrought bow, and manage to hook the string and bend it, and send a shaft through the log, Odysseus of the many designs will be back here with you." Circumspect Penelope said to him in answer: "If my friend, you were willing to sit by me in my palace and entertain me, no sleep would be drifted over my eyelids. But it is in no way possible for people forever to go without sleep; and the immortals have given to mortals each his own due share all over the grain-giving corn land. So I shall now go back again to my upper chamber, and lie on my bed, which is made a sorrowful thing now, always disordered with the tears I have wept, ever since Odysseus went away to that evil, not-to-be-mentioned Ilium. There I must lie; but you can sleep here in the house, either bedding down on the floor, or they can make a bed for you." So she spoke, and went back up to her shining chamber, not alone, since others, her women, went to attend her. She went back to the upper story with her attendant women, and wept for Odysseus, her beloved husband, until gray-eyed Athene cast sweet slumber over her eyelids.

uses the word see for sense of filter and clarity

things seen are more reliable than things spoken; talk, speaks, interpret; no black or white; people interpret different things; no "right" answer

as spoken grey-eyed Athene cast sweet slumber over her eyelids. Penelope is attempting to make sense of a message in gates to symbolize that