

*Odyssey* gobbet:

"Be good enough," he said, "to let me have some more; and tell me your name, here and now, so that I may make you a gift that you will value. We Cyclopes have wine of our own made from the grapes that our rich soil and timely rains produce. But this vintage of yours is nectar and ambrosia distilled."

'So said the Cyclops, and I handed him another bowlful of the ruddy wine. Three times I filled up for him; and three times the fool drained the bowl to the dregs. At last, when the wine had fuddled his wits, I addressed him with disarming suavity, ' "Cyclops," I said, "you wish to know the name I bear. I'll tell it to you; and in return I should like to have the gift you promised me. My name is Nobody. That is what I am called by mother and father and by all my friends" (*Od.* 9.355-367)

*Iliad* gobbet:

"Then Helen was the third to lead their lamentation: "Hektor, dearest to my heart by far of all my husband's brothers - my husband is godlike Alexandros: he brought me to Troy, and how I wish I had died before that! This is now the twentieth year since I came from there and left my own native land. But in all that time I have never heard a harsh word from you or any rudeness. But if anyone spoke harshly to me in the house - one of your brothers or sisters or your brothers' fine-dressed wives, or your mother (though your father was always kind to me as a real father) - then you would speak winning words to them and stop them, through your own gentle-hearted way and your gentle words. And so I weep in anguish of heart both for you and for my own ill-fated self. There is no-one else now in the broad land of Troy to be kind to me and a friend, but they all shudder with loathing for me." (*Il.* 24.761-781)