**The Odyssey, Book One, lines 1-17**

Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story

Of that man skilled in all ways of contending,

The wanderer, harried for years on end,

After he plundered the stronghold

On the proud height of Troy.

He saw the townlands

And learned the minds of many distant men,

And weathered many days

In his deep heart at sea, while he fought only

To save his life, to bring his shipmates home.

But not by will or valor could he save them,

For their own recklessness destroyed them all—

Children and fools, they killed and feasted on

The cattle of Lord Helios, the Sun,

And he who moves all day through heaven

Took from their eyes the dawn of their return.

Of these adventures, Muse, daughter of Zeus,

Tells us in our time, lift the great song again.

**Homework**:

Imagine that a storyteller is writing the story of your life as an epic poem. What would the first 17 lines of your poem reflect?

Your assessment of the task will include your smartly executed examples of each of the following items: Call to the divine, Epic Setting, Identification of the Hero (that’s you!), Epic Simile, and Epithet. Your Invocation should be 17 lines and have a correct MLA format and title. You are also expected to include a visual component to the Invocation.

Your Invocation is due in class on Friday, December 2. You will be instructed when that class meets to identify the examples of the expectations listed above.

**This will be a major writing grade. Please use the following example as inspiration, but DO NOT “fill in the blanks.” Use your own life story and your goals as inspiration for your Invocation.**

*Example*:

Speak through me, Athena, goddess of wisdom, and tell the story

Of that man, skilled in the arts of language, grammar, and composition of brilliant ideas,

The English Teacher, so skilled in capitalization, in punctuation, as well as in persuasion,

who muddled through the mountains of paper and ink and staples and pencils.

He was born humbly in the northern snow-capped and constricting small towns of New England,

where he aged and longed out for greener pastures – or busier cosmopolitans.

He studied and grew capable; a budding teacher who grew learned behind the fortified walls of noble institutions,

And began the journey to the classroom amid the suburban nation of Mashpee,

then later hearing and accepting the call to Buford: 999 dazzling miles apart.

He grew to know his students, their parents, his curriculum, and his discipline;

he read and he wrote and he worked to improve his classroom instruction.

Like the dedicated musician whose perfected rhythm escapes him – just out of reach

A melody dreamed just before waking and now he struggles to remember,

But he tries – daily, weekly, and yearly – to find the notes to match his dream

With instruments in hand and in heart:

it is that effort which lights the way for a constant carousel of wondrous eyes and inquisitive minds.

He dreamed of helping his students, his teammates, to the Milestone

Where they would soar, succeed, and explode in joy and words and correct answers

Because it would be so easy, so attainable, and so beautifully simple:

Their months of dedication had made this exam a trifle that they would leave behind,

With the sun in their eyes

as they gazed outward at the glory that is their future.

Athena, wisest of all goddesses – help me tell the story.