



ELA/Literacy
Released Item 2017

Grade 11
Narrative Task
What Happens After She Finishes Her Cloth
VH130242

Today you will read a passage from the epic poem *The Odyssey* and view the painting *Penelope and the Suitors*. *The Odyssey* tells the story of Ulysses, who, after the decade-long war between the Greeks (the Achaeans) and the Trojans, spends an additional ten years journeying back to his home in Greece, where his son Telemachus and wife Penelope await his return. As you read, you will gather information about the passage and the painting and answer questions about them so you can write a narrative story.

Read the passage from *The Odyssey*. Then answer the questions.



from *The Odyssey*

by Homer

- 1 “The sons of all the chief men among you are pestering my mother to marry them against her will. They are afraid to go to her father Icarius, asking him to choose the one he likes best, and to provide marriage gifts for his daughter, but day by day they keep hanging about my father’s house, sacrificing our oxen, sheep, and fat goats for their banquets, and never giving so much as a thought to the quantity of wine they drink. No estate can stand such recklessness; we have now no Ulysses to ward off

harm from our doors, and I cannot hold my own against them. I shall never all my days be as good a man as he was, still I would indeed defend myself if I had power to do so, for I cannot stand such treatment any longer; my house is being disgraced and ruined. Have respect, therefore, to your own consciences and to public opinion. Fear, too, the wrath of heaven, lest the gods should be displeased and turn upon you. I pray you by Jove and Themis, who is the beginning and the end of councils, [do not] hold back, my friends, and leave me singlehanded—unless it be that my brave father Ulysses did some wrong to the Achaeans which you would now avenge on me, by aiding and abetting these suitors. Moreover, if I am to be eaten out of house and home at all, I had rather you did the eating yourselves, for I could then take action against you to some purpose, and serve you with notices from house to house till I got paid in full, whereas now I have no remedy.”

- 2 With this Telemachus dashed his staff to the ground and burst into tears. Every one was very sorry for him, but they all sat still and no one ventured to make him an angry answer, save only Antinous, who spoke thus:—
- 3 “Telemachus, insolent braggart that you are, how dare you try to throw the blame upon us suitors? It is your mother’s fault not ours, for she is a very artful woman. This three years past, and close on four, she has been driving us out of our minds, by encouraging each one of us, and sending him messages without meaning one word of what she says. And then there was that other trick she played us. She set up a great tambour frame in her room, and began to work on an enormous piece of fine needlework. ‘Sweet hearts,’ said she, ‘Ulysses is indeed dead, still do not press me to marry again immediately, wait—for I would not have my skill in needlework perish unrecorded—till I have completed a pall for the hero Laertes, to be in readiness against the time when death shall take him. He is very rich, and the women of the place will talk if he is laid out without a pall.’
- 4 “This was what she said, and we assented; whereon we could see her working on her great web all day long, but at night she would unpick the stitches again by torchlight. She fooled us in this way for three years and

we never found her out, but as time wore on and she was now in her fourth year, one of her maids who knew what she was doing told us, and we caught her in the act of undoing her work, so she had to finish it whether she would or no. The suitors, therefore, make you this answer, that both you and the Achaeans may understand—‘send your mother away, and bid her marry the man of her own and of her father’s choice’; for I do not know what will happen if she goes on plaguing us much longer with the airs she gives herself on the score of the accomplishments Minerva has taught her, and because she is so clever. We never yet heard of such a woman; we know all about Tyro, Alcmena, Mycene, and the famous women of old, but they were nothing to your mother any one of them. It was not fair of her to treat us in that way, and as long as she continues in the mind with which heaven has now endowed her, so long shall we go on eating up your estate, and I do not see why she should change, for she gets all the honour and glory, and it is you who pay for it, not she. Understand, then, that we will not go back to our lands neither here nor elsewhere, till she has made her choice and married some one or other of us.”

From THE ODYSSEY by Homer—Public Domain

Art: © Aberdeen Art Gallery & Museums Collections.

5. You have read a passage from *The Odyssey* and viewed the painting *Penelope and the Suitors*. Using what you have learned from these sources, write an original narrative in the form of a journal entry from Penelope's point of view, describing what happens after she finishes weaving her cloth. Your journal entry should offer insight into Penelope's thoughts and interactions with other characters.

Anchor Set A1 – A10

With Annotations

" Oh what shall I do?" Penelope questions. "As sweet as it is, the attention like a sugar plum, I can't help but to acknowledge my poor son. He aches when they are around, mourns for the loss of his father, longs for his return. But I must also consider myself. It has been long since I have felt the jubilant feeling of love and I'm afraid the lack of warmth is beginning to freeze my heart, to which only the caring arms of another can melt. Oh how this would all be so much easier had Ulysses still been present and he did not have to leave us so vulnerable. I know what I must do, honor his name and please not only my name and dignity, but to please my poor son and possibly deceased father. And so I sit here, weaving, waiting for a sudden change of mind, an epiphany that will allow the choice to become as clear as the waters my dear Ulysses might be sailing. Once my cloth has been weaved, I might become that much closer into finding an answer to this unsolvable riddle. In times such as these, there are no benefactors, only less severe detriments. Every solution results in a disadvantageous outcome for one party. And so my decision must be made based off the the least possible downfall."

"On one hand lies my loyal son, uninterested in the gifts of my lovers but rather in the honor that I must bring to my family. He believes that the only possible person for I to marry would be the one to confront my father and ask of his opinion. In my eyes, this would be noble, but I would not want the majority of the reason for my matrimony to be based off the opinion of someone outside of myself. Although this may seem to be the likely outcome, I will keep this to myself so whoever may seek the approval of Icarius is asking out of authenticity and not because of their knowledge of my wish."

"On the other side of the spectrum, I am constantly flourished in gifts by these ever so noble suitors. On other occasions, this flattery would not strike me as impressive, however my lonely heart has grown susceptible to these offerings. As bad as it may sound, I am beginning to cave into their gifts and it has become a custom to give my attention to these fine gentlemen in return for their gratuitous gifts. What source of evil would I be protruding had I not blinked in the direction of the man who extends his kind hand my way with a bouquet of roses. If there is so much wrong with a simple flirtatious gesture in the direction of kindness, then I have done much wrong. I cannot be expected to live the rest of my aging life in solitude."

"Finally, I must respect the honor that has been brought to this family to even attract the attention of such fine gentlemen. The honor that has mounted a legacy in the name of both my father and husband. Ulysses has been nothing but divine in his treatment to me, his only sin being leaving me, and for that, I cannot forget. I love Ulysses and will not marry until I am positive that he has left us permanently. Only then, will I choose one of these fine suitors under the approval of my father who has done so much already for the name of this family. It is only right that I pay my loyalty to my husband before moving on in case of his return, then I shall pay loyalty secondly to my father for having raised me to be of such desire today. God help me in my decision as it is not one I can go through alone and let whatever it is I do decide on cause the least amount of pain and suffering to those affected."

Annotation

Anchor Paper 1

Written Expression

Score Point 4

This response demonstrates effective narrative development. From the outset, the writing is filled with well-chosen details and descriptive word choice that illuminate the situation and its effect on multiple characters (*"Oh what shall I do?" Penelope questions. "As sweet as it is, the attention like a sugar plum, I can't help but to acknowledge my poor son. He aches when they are around, mourns for the loss of his father, longs for his return*). The writer makes use of a style that resembles the passage in tone to some degree, while also offering insight into the characters' motivations and feelings (*On other occasions, this flattery would not strike me as impressive, however my lonely heart has grown susceptible to these offerings. As bad as it may sound, I am beginning to cave into their gifts and it has become a custom to give my attention to these fine gentlemen in return for their gratuitous gifts*). Penelope's thoughts are presented with depth and detail, effectively illustrating the internal monologue that might accompany a journal entry (*It is only right that I pay my loyalty to my husband before moving on in case of his return, then I shall pay loyalty secondly to my father for having raised me to be of such desire today. God help me in my decision as it is not one I can go through alone and let whatever it is I do decide on cause the least amount of pain and suffering to those affected*).

Today is finally the day. The day I have been dreading since I started weaving this "great web". I thought this day would never come. Today is the day when I have to pick my new suitor. It has been 4 years since I began weaving the "Great Web" and I had prayed every night and morning that my dear Ulysses will come back before I was done. He has been gone for almost ten years and every single day I weep when I think about him never coming back from the god forsaken war he went to. Why did he even have to go? He was a wife and a child, Ulysses was needed here more than at the war. But now, almost 10 years after, he is still not back and I do not know if I should still be hopeful or give up and assume that he has died. I still love Ulysses dearly and will never love a man more than I have loved him. Unfortunately, the suitors outside my home, that have been slaughtering my lambs and destroying my land, have been pressing me to choose one as a husband. Today is the day when I will choose but I do not love any of them. My heart still aches for my one true love, Ulysses, and even though I am forced to marry another man I still have hope that my dear Ulysses will come back home and rescue me from these men and avenge what they have destroyed and taken away from us.

It is over and I now have a new husband, Antinous. I have never known of the man before he showed up at our home but I had the least bit of care of whom I was going to marry since none of them were my Ulysses. But I am most proud of my son, for during the picking he turned into a man and fought Antinous in a duel. Sadly he was struck down but in him, and me, grew a new heated anger that will not be put out until the day we die. After the duel Antinous had the nerve to come to me and try to kiss me as if he was my husband. And he was just that, my new husband. When I rejected his kiss he became fueled with all the anger he was growing for 4 years that he was waiting. He went off on a rant that lasted what seemed like hours. He ordered every servant outside and beat each one of them with the frustration of Hades since he knew he could not lay on hand on me. He then proceeded to go through the house and threw out every single thing that he did not like. When he finally got into my room he saw the needlework that I have been weaving and reweaving for the past 4 years. He stared at it as if it were something he has never seen before and didn't understand. Suddenly he grabbed it, ripped it and destroyed it letting all his anger out in the process. I stood and watched in shock at what he has just done. This was my needlework of the great hero Laertes and he has just

destroyed a pall that was made for him. I knew that he will be punished from the gods. When he finally came back from his mad rage he too realized what he has just done. He started to mumble something unintelligible when through the window I saw a ship that looked very familiar. I was blinded by the light from the sun but when everything started to become clear I had to do a double take but it seemed like a ship that I have not seen in a while. As my eyes adjusted to the light my stomach sank and my heart started to beat as fast as Hermes delivering messages. For this was the ship of my Ulysses.

Annotation

Anchor Paper 2

Written Expression

Score Point 4

This response illustrates effective development and style. The scene and point of view are clearly laid out immediately (*Today is finally the day. The day I have been dreading since I started weaving this "great web". I thought this day would never come. Today is the day when I have to pick my new suitor. It has been 4 years since I began weaving the "Great Web" and I had prayed every night and morning that my dear Ulysses will come back before I was done*). Penelope's dilemma and her feelings are made apparent through ample reflection (*My heart still aches for my one true love, Ulysses, and even though I am forced to marry another man I still have hope that my dear Ulysses will come back home and rescue me from these men and avenge what they have destroyed and taken away from us*). The story arc moves through a complex, yet clearly written sequence of events, building suspense (*He started to mumble something unintelligible when through the window I saw a ship that looked very familiar*) and ultimately, a satisfying resolution (*As my eyes adjusted to the light my stomach sank and my heart started to beat as fast as Hermes delivering messages. For this was the ship of my Ulysses*).

Dear Diary,

My dear husband, Ulysses, has still not returned yet. It could be possible that he is dead or living. I choose to believe he is well and living but if he were, why hasn't he written me a letter or send a messenger to me? Does he not love me anymore and moved on? Or is he truly dead and gone forever? Oh God, I am so confused and lost in my own thoughts.

As I shall continue to weave and sew this web of uncertainty, I become more aware of how real this is. Telemachus, my son, my only son, is trying his best to keep himself together and this estate. He has tried to warn the suitors and make them leave but, all they do is scoff and laugh at him. I have been so self-centered that I laid all of my problems onto my son. He probably feels very pressured and heart broken right now. He hasn't seen his father in years. The suitors, oh yes, the suitors. They won't stop asking for my hand in marriage. I continue to lie to God, them and myself. I am never going to marry one of them for my heart and mind is stuck on Ulysses's return.

So, as I weave this web of confusion and uncertainty, I think about how I should continue to play my role. Should I give up on hope and marry a suitor or should I continue to wait for my dear husband? I know I shall never finish weaving this web, but I am finished weaving this cloth. Now, I know they will force me to marry one of them or send me to my father's house so he could find someone to his liking. Antinous came to me today and smirked telling me, "Your time is up my fair maiden. Now, you have to make some choices." When he said this, I shuttered and fainted. Telemachus came in and came to my aid. I knew it was time and I shall not get my way.

Annotation

Anchor Paper 3

Written Expression

Score Point 3

This response illustrates mostly effective development. The writer sets out a point of view, the situation, and its impact on Penelope's feelings from the beginning (*I choose to believe he is well and living but if he were, why hasn't he written me a letter or send a messenger to me? Does he not love me anymore and moved on? Or is he truly dead and gone forever? Oh God, I am so confused and lost in my own thoughts*). The narrative includes well-chosen details and illustrative word choice at times (*As I shall continue to weave and sew this web of uncertainty, I become more aware of how real this is. Telemachus, my son, my only son, is trying his best to keep himself together and this estate. He has tried to warn the suitors and make them leave but, all they do is scoff and laugh at him*). Insight into Penelope's motivations and emotions strengthens the readers' sense of her character (*I continue to lie to God, them and myself. I am never going to marry one of them for my heart and mind is stuck on Ulysses's return*). The conclusion follows the sequence of thoughts and events logically, making us aware of the gravity of Penelope's situation (*Antinous came to me today and smirked telling me, "Your time is up my fair maiden. Now, you have to make some choices." When he said this, I shuttered and fainted. Telemachus came in and came to my aid. I knew it was time and I shall not get my way*).

Once I had finished my great needlework, it was time to choose a suitor to replace my husband Ulysses. I did not want to choose a new husband, as I still believed that Ulysses may somehow still be traversing the unknown, however I had a status and a reputation to uphold. I had decided that, when I picked the worthiest suitor, I would not treat them with the love and respect as I had Ulysses, but rather would play tricks and manipulate their will to do my every bidding. I picked the strongest of the suitors, a behemoth of a man who coincidentally had no name, which was to my advantage. From observation I could tell he valued brawn much more than brains, as he would often stare at me in wonder and perplexity when I asked him a simple question. After thinking of many ways to exploit my new "husband," I sent him out day after day to gather all kinds of berries, beetles, and wool that I could use for my needlework. He never complained once, as he thought he was gaining my favor; which he was, in a way. He became the village brute, defending against would-be raiders, slaying wild dog after wild dog for meat, even going as far as to chop trees with his own hands to supply us with much needed lumber. This went on for months, subsequently leading our little town to become one of the most prosperous in the area, until one day Ulysses had come back. The behemoth caught sight of him and had thought he was just a very well-equipped bandit and had rushed out to confront him. Ulysses was a much better swordsman than he, and so the battle was over in a matter of seconds. The giant brute had unknowingly ran himself through with Ulysses' sword, falling from the wound almost instantaneously. As Ulysses was wiping down the blood from his gleaming weapon, he hadn't noticed a bandit hiding amongst the trees. As I watched from the front gates an arrowhead blossomed from Ulysses' neck and he fell to the ground.

Annotation

Anchor Paper 4

Written Expression

Score Point 3

This response illustrates mostly effective development of narrative framework and style. The writing includes details that illuminate Penelope's internal struggle (*I did not want to choose a new husband, as I still believed that Ulysses may somehow still be traversing the unknown, however I had a status and a reputation to uphold*). The sequence of events is generally clear, as Penelope uses her new husband's abilities for various purposes (*He became the village brute, defending against would-be raiders, slaying wild dog after wild dog for meat, even going as far as to chop trees with his own hands to supply us with much needed lumber*). The unexpected ending demonstrates some command of narrative construction, with its surprise twist (*As Ulysses was wiping down the blood from his gleaming weapon, he hadn't noticed a bandit hiding amongst the trees. As I watched from the front gates an arrowhead blossomed from Ulysses' neck and he fell to the ground*). The writing contains slight lapses in clarity at times (*I picked the strongest of the suitors, a behemoth of a man who coincidentally had no name, which was to my advantage. From observation I could tell he valued brawn much more than brains, as he would often stare at me in wonder and perplexity when I asked him a simple question*). Overall, however, the narrative is mostly effective in development, organization, and style.

The suitors are relentless. For four years now they spend everyday trying to obtain my hand in marriage. I still have hope that my husband will return. Regardless of that hope, none of these suitors appeal to me in the slightest. They all want me for selfish reasons, and to be able to boast in their new, lovely, and aristocratic wife. So I devised a plan to give my husband, and myself, some more time. I have been weaving an intricate cloth. I have declared that when I am done weaving it, I will decide on a husband. However, every night, I have been undoing all of my progress so that I would not finish until Ulysses returns. Unexpectedly, they discovered my trick and are now forcing me to finish. I am now very frightened that I will finish too soon, and that my husband will not return in time to take me back. When I am done with my cloth, I will have to make a decision.

Solemnly,
Penelope

Annotation

Anchor Paper 5

Written Expression

Score Point 2

The writing in this response shows somewhat effective narrative development and style. Some details help to outline the first-person point of view and the story's primary dilemma (*The suitors are relentless. For four years now they spend everyday trying to obtain my hand in marriage. I still have hope that my husband will return*). Although the story mostly recasts the passage from Penelope's point of view, it does offer insight into her motivations with some original narrative development (*So I devised a plan to give my husband, and myself, some more time. I have been weaving an intricate cloth. I have declared that when I am done weaving it, I will decide on a husband*). The ending ties up the events thus far, demonstrating some cohesion (*I am now very frightened that I will finish too soon, and that my husband will not return in time to take me back. When I am done with my cloth, I will have to make a decision*).

It looks like today shall not be the day my husband returns. The suitors had found out about the undoing of my work in order to stall my picking of a new husband a few days ago. Now that I have finished it they will not stop pestering me with gifts of flowers and jewlery in their feeble attempts to court me. I have every intention of waiting for Ulysses' return until the day of my death. I have spoken to my son about this and he is displeased as to all the pestering i have gone through and continue to go through from the animals who wish to court me, Especially Antinous. Antinous was the first to come and try to court me, and he will most likely be the last to leave. Every morning he brings me flowers and everytime i either throw them or burn them. oh Ulysses, wherever you are please come hoem as quickly as you possibly can. I believe this is all the leisure time i have for journaling today, until next time
~Penelope

Annotation

Anchor Paper 6

Written Expression

Score Point 2

This response illustrates somewhat effective narrative writing. Penelope's situation is apparent from the outset, including some detail and descriptive language (*It looks like today shall not be the day my husband returns. The suitors had found out about the undoing of my work in order to stall my picking of a new husband a few days ago. Now that I have finished it they will not stop pestering me with gifts of flowers and jewelry in their feeble attempts to court me*). Some character development is evident through her description of what has been taking place (*Antinous was the first to come and try to court me, and he will most likely be the last to leave. Every morning he brings me flowers and everytime i either throw them or burn them*). The writer ties up the narrative with Penelope signing off from her journal, adding some cohesion to the story (*I believe this is all the leisure time i have for journaling today, until next time ~Penelope*).

Today, I am finishing weaving my cloth. Just a couple more stitches. Finally, I have finished this magnificent piece of material. I have a lot of things to do and it gets overwhelming. I have to choose my husband and it's a huge decision I ought to make. It becomes hard, so that is why I do my art. I don't know who I shall pick nor whether I want to pick. Love is hard. Love is just a shout to the void and the oblivion is inevitable. I ponder and suddenly I know what I shall do. I ought to go tell the news of who I plan to marry.

Annotation

Anchor Paper 7

Written Expression

Score Point 1

This response demonstrates a limited approach to the narrative writing task. The writer addresses Penelope's point of view and the situation (*Today, I am finishing weaving my cloth. Just a couple more stitches. Finally, I have finished this magnificent piece of material*). The writing includes minimal narrative development with cursory insight into the character's thoughts (*I have a lot of things to do and it gets overwhelming. I have to choose my husband and it's a huge decision I ought to make. It becomes hard, so that is why I do my art*). The writing jumps from idea to idea at times, with limited connection (*I dont know who I shall pick nor wether I want to pick. Love is hard. Love is just a shout to the void and the oblivion is enevitable. I ponder and suddenly I know what I shall do. I ought to go tell the news of who I plan to marry*). While a nominal sequence of events is present, how and why they take place goes largely unaddressed. While a couple of narrative elements are at work in this response, the overall story is more disjointed and leaves gaps in development compared to those at higher score points.

My hands never resting entangled in thread, suffocated by the affection of the suitors and the loss of my dear Ulysses. For this clothe which was only intend to entrap the suiters has now wntangled me. My dear son Telemachus has done all he could to protect the estate and his fathers memory, but has done so providing no success. Once this clothe is finnally woven I shall lie in it with another man.

Annotation

Anchor Paper 8

Written Expression

Score Point 1

This response demonstrates minimal narrative development. The writer has a couple of nice ideas and attempts to utilize descriptive language (*My hands never resting entangled in thread, sufficated by the affection of the suiters and the loss of my dear Ulysses. For this clothe which was only intend to entrap the suiters has now wntangled me*). The final sentence demonstrates some precision in presenting the story's central dilemma (*Once this clothe is finnally woven I shall lie in it with another man*). Despite the introduction of some intriguing ideas, the development proceeds no farther, leaving this response limited in scope and cohesion.

This story is called "The Obyssey" by Homer. this story is about a mother and a few suitors trying to marry the mother. The mother is "weaving her cloth". What do you think this means? She has a plan to get all the suitors to fall in love with her. She does this by making it seem like she is giving them a chance. This goes on for about 4 years until the suitors find out what is really going on. They found out she was doing. She fooled all of them. One of her maids told them what was going on. They caught her in the act of undoing her work. She was trying to make it seem like she didn't do anything. In reality, she had this all planned out in the begining.

Annotation

Anchor Paper 9

Written Expression

Score Point 0

This response is inappropriate to the narrative writing task. It is an attempt to summarize the passage (*This story is called "The Obyssey" by Homer. this story is about a mother and a few suitors trying to marry the mother. The mother is "weaving her cloth". What do you think this means? She has a plan to get all the suitors to fall in love with her*). The writing never shifts into original narrative development, remaining a summary throughout, with an inappropriate style (*They caught her in the act of undoing her work. She was trying to make it seem like she didn't do anything. In reality, she had this all planned out in the beginning*).

I was the center of their universe, they were paying attention to my every action.
This one man was trying to hand me some flowers, but I didn't want them.

Annotation

Anchor Paper 10

Written Expression

Score Point 0

While possibly written from Penelope's point of view, this response is ultimately undeveloped (*I was the center of their universe, they were paying attention to my every action*). The ideas presented lack sufficient specificity or elaboration to constitute significant narrative development (*This one man was trying to hand me some flowers, but I didn't want them*).

Practice Set P101 - P105

No Annotations Included

As I sew the last needlepoint, I know everyone is watching me. Everyone always worries, wondering if I'm okay. I never had any sense of privacy especially since my beloved hasn't returned quite yet. It's been hard on me and Telemachus but I know we can make it through. I headed to my room as tears fell down my face.

Dear Journal,

I am starting to lose track of the years that my husband, Ulysses, has been gone. Has it been three? Four? Who knows? It really does not matter, but what does matter is that I am now being forced into choosing a new husband. All these desperate men who won't stop pestering me. Leave! All of you, just leave me and my son, Telemachus alone.

It seems like this cloth I've been weaving has been my distraction, my escape from all of this. But now that I have finished it, where do I go? What do I do now? It looks like my only choice is to finally decide on one of these men who keep climbing in my windows.

All I know for sure is that I will not be choosing Antinous. I really do not like how he has talked to my son. You know, he once called him an, "insolent braggart." The nerve he has!

Well I should probably wrap this entry up now for I think I hear one of those men coming through my window again.

Yours,
Penelope

Of all the pleasures of humankind, success is surely the sweetest. Alas, success tainted with the complete failure of my true purpose is bitter. I have completed my great pail for the hero Laertes, but at what a price! For three full years, now in the fourth, I have labored over the pail, for I knew it was the only thing keeping me still faithful to Ulysses and unwed to the large and ignorant suitors who remained constant. So, to give Ulysses more time to come home, I awoke every night and removed and undid the day's stitches in a clever way so that no male could recognize my deceit. However, this plot was not to last as it was laid on such weak grounds that eventually my guilt would surface.

Indeed, that is why after being found out I was guarded and watched day and night to assure that I would not postpone my selection of the suitors any longer. Perhaps, I thought one would be decent, not an arrogant or ignorant pig, but alas that hope was too much. I pray every night for Ulysses' quick return, for I know not how much longer I can continue in this way.

Now that the Pail is done the suitors will do all in their power to hasten my choice, as I have unfortunately promised them. Oh, how I wish that the gods would take pity upon me and take me away, or better still, remove the suitors by some gory and deserved means.

The men never leave, nor do they stop their frivolous behavior, and continue to drink and eat and flirt to their heart's content. O, what a world we live in that a woman cannot dare to speak against a man, to say no, to remain untouchable, for these acts are against the entire society and, worst, against Jove himself.

Today, upon completion of my pail, for example, a drunken Antinous asks me once again for marriage, and if I would sleep with him just one night, I would no longer miss Ulysses. What an outrage! The disgusting slime dares to speak against my husband in such a manner! May the gods curse his soul. But at the time, I merely stated I was feeling rather ill and would prefer to sleep alone. Antinous requested a doctor then, to check and make sure I was truly ill and not just avoiding him, but to my luck that morning I had put on a salve that summons red repulsive pustules from my skin and upon seeing those, the doctor stated that I was in fact quite ill and not a liar this time. This was uncomfortable to say the least, but quite worthwhile when I reflect upon the consequences.

Oh, how I long for freedom. Oh, how I long for Ulysses. Poor Telemachus is in such a state, but then, as am I. Best wishes and may the gods be blessed.

My name is Penelope. Every single day of the week I think about my husband Ulysses. Ulysses have been fighting years of war between the Achaeans and the Trojans. He had sacrificed himself, for the greater good of others, he has made himself a hero. Every time I wake, I feel his presence, begging me to wait for him after all these years. Telling me that he's just somewhere lost, in the middle of the sea, forest, or caves, trying to find his way back home, to me. I worry a lot about my son Telemachus. I know he's been through a lot, he is internally conflicted, and emotionally struggling, about the throne and the suitors, but I know he will get through all of this. He blames my suitors. But I am the one to blame. I am undecisive and self-centered. I know to myself that I have been leading those men on for 4 years now. I just wish that those men would be wiser and leave the state. I tell them that I'm not ready, that I need more time, that even though my husband is "dead" it still doesn't give me the reason to marry again immediately, that I have to finish my needlework. I would be working on weaving my cloth all day long but at night I would unpick the stitches again by torchlight, just to delay my responsibility on deciding. I just need more time. To think and wait, before I can be ready to love again. That's the thing, I don't think I can ever love again. Ulysses is the only man that I love and still do in my life. I love him truly, that I will wait for him till my last breath. But someday, I'm going to have to finish my needlework, for the Achaeans, and for my son (who's been going mental because of all these suitors that pursue us to sacrifice our goats, oxen, sheep, and the high quantity of wine that they drink). When that day comes, I must let my father choose a Strong, Rich and Courageous King to lead. I will not be selfish anymore, nor be boastful. I will think not about myself, but for the people in my Kingdom. I will bid to marry the man of my own father's choice...

The Odyssey, I think is all about other people being caring for one another. If they all care for each other then they will overcome any problem on their path. They are called the sons not because they are related but because they will look after one another and also never make each other have troubled times.

Practice Set

(Order of Scores: Written Expression, Conventions)

Paper	Score
P101	1,1
P102	2,3
P103	4,3
P104	3,2
P105	0,0