GREEN VALE SCHOOL

2026 Summer Work

Entering 6th Grade

Reading: Pages 2-6

The Pantheon: Pages 7-35

(available online via link on Page 2)

Pantheon Worksheets: Pages 36-39

Regular Math: Pages 40-48

Name: _____

6th Grade Reading Overview

1. Selection from 6th Grade List - Written Report Due August 1 Please select one book from the **6th Grade Book List** and complete the **writing assignment**. Submit by August 1 either via email to Camissa Gallagher or postal mail to “6th Grade English” at the main GVS address.

2. Book of Your Choice
   Read any book of your choosing and come to school prepared to discuss and write about it.

3. *The Greek Gods* by Bernard Evslin, Dorothy Evslin, and Ned Hoopes This book is connected to the 6th Grade study of Greek Mythology and theme of Journey. Students will read the first half of the book on “The Pantheon” and use the attached support guide to organize character information and plot. We have provided the reading in PDF format for easy access. Students will receive the paperback book when school begins in the fall. We suggest that students read this book last so that it is fresh for class discussion and assignments upon return.

6th Grade Book Selection List

Autobiography

Life in Motion: An Unlikely Ballerina, Misty Copeland (Young Readers Edition) The first female African American principal dancer in American Ballet Theatre history recounts her road to stardom as she faced poverty, racism, criticism, and injury to do what she loves.

The Upstairs Room, Johanna Reiss

A Newbery Honor Book and winner of the Jewish Book Council Children's Book Award, author Johanna Reiss depicts her own childhood and the trials of her Dutch-Jewish family during World War II. The young girl in the story tells how she and one of her sisters hid for more than two years in the upstairs room.

Fiction

Ice Drift, Theodore Taylor
A thrilling adventure story from bestselling author Theodore Taylor of two brothers who are stranded on an ice floe in the Greenland Strait. During months at sea, the brothers face bitter cold, starvation, and vicious polar bears hoping to one day be rescued.

The Trumpet of the Swan, E.B. White
This classic tells the struggle of a swan named Louis who is born without a voice and learns to play the trumpet in order to win the love of a swan named Serena. Based on the real-life trumpeter Louis Armstrong, the novel moralizes the struggle to overcome life's inherent challenges with practice and determination.

Listen, Slowly, Thanhha Lai
A remarkable novel from a New York Times bestselling author about a young girl who learns about her Vietnamese culture and the true meaning of family.

Historical Fiction

The Sword and the Circle, Rosemary Sutcliff
An action-filled retelling of the legend of King Arthur and the quests of Queen Guinevere, Sir Lancelot, and the other knights of the Round Table.

The Boy in the Striped Pajamas, John Boyne
A powerful novel set in Germany in the 1940s shares the perspective of a nine-year-old boy during World War II. It offers a unique viewpoint on how prejudice, hatred and violence affect innocent people, particularly children, during wartime.

Dateline Troy, Paul Fleischman
Newbery Medal winner Paul Fleischman retells Homer's tale of the Trojan War and connects the Greek myth to contemporary news headlines of present-day society.

Science Fiction/Fantasy

Artemis Fowl, Eoin Colfer
A New York Times Bestseller and the first in the eight-book Artemis Fowl series, this novel tells of a 12-year-old prodigy who has dedicated his life to criminal activities. A magical adventure full of twists and turns, he leads the Fowl criminal empire, which has existed in his family for generations.

A Wrinkle in Time, Madeleine L'Engle
This science fiction and fantasy classic tells the story of the adventures in space and time of Meg, Charles Wallace, and Calvin O'Keefe (athlete, student, and one of the most popular boys in high school). They are in search of Meg's father, a scientist who disappeared while engaged in secret work for the government on the tesseract problem. This is the first book in Madeleine L'Engle's classic Time Quintet and the winner of the 1963 Newbery Medal.

The Golden Compass, Philip Pullman
In this first volume of a fantasy trilogy, the reader meets a headstrong young girl named Lyra, and her daemon (supernatural animal creature) Pantalaimon, as they journey from their home in Oxford to the mysterious North. Children have begun disappearing from Lyra's hometown, and it is up to her to figure out the mystery.

Poetry/Short Stories

Baseball in April & Other Stories, Gary Soto
Mexican American author and poet Gary Soto draws on his own experience of growing up in California's Central Valley in this collection of eleven short stories of a group of smart, tough, Latino kids going through everyday life. From Little League tryouts to annoying siblings, the stories of these children show how the small events in life highlight big themes--love, friendship, growing up, success and failure--that are meaningful to all of us.

The Crossover, Kwame Alexander
Told entirely through verse by American author and poet, Kwame Alexander, this is the story of twin brothers, Josh and Jordan, who are incredible basketball players. Both brothers, however, must face the challenges of growing up, on and off the court, as they learn about the impact choices have on people, their health, and their loved ones. This book was awarded a Newbery Medal and a Coretta Scott King Book Honor.

6th Grade Summer Writing Assignment

Name Section _____

Date _____

Title _____

Author _____

Publisher_____

Date of publication _____

Number of pages _____

Genre _____

INSTRUCTIONS:
On loose-leaf or on the computer, please answer the following by using complete sentences. Use the Glossary at the end of the questions and the "Elements of Good Writing" list to help explain terms you may not understand.

Attach this sheet to your book review.

1. Describe with details the setting of your favorite scene in the book. Be sure to include where and when this scene is taking place. 2. Choose one character in the book and discuss one trait that character has. Give two examples of the character exhibiting that trait. 3. Describe a major theme (a lesson or moral) that emerges from this story.
4. Share one way the story connects to the real world or your life. 5. Identify and discuss one instance when the author uses descriptive language to help the reader visualize the story.
6. How did you choose this book? To whom would you recommend this book?
7. On a scale of 1 to 10, how would you rate this book? Explain your answer.

Glossary:

Setting: This is the time, location and circumstances in which the story takes place. Broadly speaking,the setting provides the main backdrop for the story.

Character Traits: words used to describe how characters act during certain situations or what kind of people they are.

Theme: Theme is defined as a main idea or an underlying meaning of a literary work that may be stated directly or indirectly.

Point of View - this is how the work's narrator tells the story. Literary narration can occur from the first-person or third-person point of view. In a novel, the first person is shown when the narrator says, "I saw, We did," etc. A Narrator is writing in the third person when the narrator says, "that happened, the king died", etc.

Elements of Good Writing:

1. **Vivid imagery** - use of adjectives and description to paint a picture in the reader's mind

2. **Characterization** - how the writer creates realistic or interesting characters by giving them specific traits or characteristics.

3. **Conflict-** essential to the plot; the conflict can be any form of struggle the main character faces. Is the conflict or problem that the characters deal within the story interesting? How do the characters deal with the main conflict?

Zeus

Cronos, father of the gods, who gave his name to time, married his sister Rhea, goddess of earth. Now, Cronos had become king of the gods by killing his father Oranos, the First One, and the dying Oranos had prophesied, saying, “You murder me now, and steal my throne — but one of your own Sons twill dethrone you, for crime begets crime.”

So Cronos was very careful. One by one, he swallowed his children as they were born; First, three daughters Hestia, Demeter, and Hera; then two sons — Hades and Poseidon. One by one, he swallowed them all.

Rhea was furious. She was determined that he should not eat her next child who she felt sure would he a son. When her time came, she crept down the slope of Olympus to a dark place to have her baby. It was a son, and she named him Zeus. She hung a golden cradle from the branches of an olive tree, and put him to sleep there. Then she went back to the top of the mountain. She took a rock and wrapped it in swaddling clothes and held it to her breast, humming a lullaby. Cronos came snorting and bellowing out of his great bed, snatched the bundle from her, and swallowed it, clothes and all.

Rhea stole down the mountainside to the swinging golden cradle, and took her son down into the fields. She gave him to a shepherd family to raise, promising that their sheep would never be eaten by wolves.

Here Zeus grew to be a beautiful young boy, and Cronos, his father, knew nothing about him. Finally, however, Rhea became lonely for him and brought him back to the court of the gods, introducing him to Cronos as the new cupbearer. Cronos was pleased because the boy was beautiful.

One night Rhea and Zeus prepared a special drink. They mixed mustard and salt with the nectar. Next morning, after a mighty swallow, Cronos vomited up first a stone, and then Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Hades, and Poseidon — who, being gods, were still undigested, still alive. They thanked Zeus, and immediately chose him to be their leader.

Then a mighty battle raged. Cronos was joined by the Titans, his half-brothers, huge, twisted, dark creatures taller than trees, whom he kept pent up in the mountains until there was fighting to be done. They attacked the young gods furiously. But Zeus

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

had allies too. He had gone to darker caverns — caves under caves under caves, deep in the mountainside — formed by the first bubbles of the cooling earth. Here, Cronos, thousands of centuries before - (a short time in the life of a god) had pent up other monsters, the one-eyed Cyclopes, and the Hundred-handed Ones. Zeus unshackled these ugly cousins and led them against the Titans.

There was a great rushing and tumult in the skies. The people on earth heard mighty thunder, and saw mountains shatter. The earth quaked and tidal waves rolled as the gods fought. The Titans were tall as trees, and old Cronos was a crafty leader. He attacked fiercely, driving the young gods before him. But Zeus had laid a trap. Halfway up the slope of Olympus, he whistled for his cousins, the Hundred-handed Ones, who had been lying in ambush. They took up huge boulders, a hundred each, and hurled them downhill at the Titans. The Titans thought the mountain itself was falling on them. They broke ranks, and fled.

The young goat-god Pan was shouting with joy. Later he said that it was his shout that made the Titans flee. That is where we get the word “panic.”

Now the young gods climbed to Olympus, took over the castle, and Zeus became theft king. No one knows what happened to Cronos and his Titans. But sometimes mountains still explode in fire, and the earth still quakes, and no one knows exactly why.

One story says that Zeus killed Cronos with a scythe — the same one that Cronos had used on Oranos. Perhaps this is the real meaning behind the greeting-card pictures we exchange on New Year’s Day, a rosy little baby confronting an old man who carries a scythe. Memories of the old gods crop up in odd places.

Hera

Now these gods reigned for some three thousand years. There were many of them, but twelve chief ones. Zeus married his sister Hera — a: family habit. They were always quarreling. He angered her by his infidelities; she enraged him with her strategies. She was the queen of intriguers, and always found it easy to outwit Zeus who was busy with many things.

Once, she persuaded the other gods into a plot against him. She drugged his drink; they surrounded him as he slept, and bound him with rawhide thongs. He raged and roared and swore to destroy them, but they had stolen his thunderbolt, and he

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

could not break the thongs. But his faithful cousin, the Hundred-handed Briareus, who had helped him against the Titans, was working as his gardener. He heard the quarreling under the palace window, looked in, and saw his master bound to the couch. He reached through with his hundred long arms, and unbound the hundred knots.

Zeus jumped from the couch and seized his thunderbolt. The terrified plotters fell to their knees, weeping and pleading. He seized Hera and hung her in the sky, binding her with golden chains. And the others did not dare to rescue her, although her voice was like the wind sobbing. But her weeping kept Zeus awake. In the morning he said he would free her if she swore never to rebel again. She promised, and Zeus promised to mend his ways too. But they kept watching each other.

Zeus was king of the gods, lord of the sky. His sister Demeter was the earth-goddess, lady of growing things. His sister Hera was also his wife, queen of the gods. His brother Poseidon, was god of the sea, His other brother, Hades, ruled a dark domain, the underworld, the land beyond death.

The other gods in the Pantheon were Zeus's children; three of them were also Hera's. These were Ares, the god of war; Hephaestus, the smith-god, forger of weapons; and Eris, goddess of discord, who shrieks beside Ares in his battle chariot. The rest of Zeus's children were born out of wedlock. Three of them entered the Pantheon.

The first was Athene, and the story of how she was born is told in the next chapter.

Athene

Zeus was strolling on Olympus one morning, and noticed a new maiden walking in his garden. She was Metis, a Titaness, daughter of one of his old enemies. But the war was long ago, and she was beautiful. He charged down the slope after her.

She turned into a hawk and flew away. He turned into a hawk and flew after. She flew over the lake and dived in and became a fish. He became a fish and swam after her. She climbed on the bank, and became a serpent and wriggled away. He changed himself into a serpent, and wriggled after, and caught her.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

After he left her, he heard a bird cry and a fish leap, and those wild sounds combined to become a prophecy, which the rattling leaves echoed. “Oh, Zeus, Metis will bear a child, a girl child. But if she bears again, it will be a son who will depose you as you deposed Cronos.”

The next day Zeus walked in his garden again, and found Metis there. This time she did not flee. He spoke softly to her, and smiled. She came to him. Suddenly, he opened his mouth and swallowed her.

That afternoon he suffered a headache — the worst headache that anyone, god or mortal, had suffered since the beginning of time. It was exactly as if someone were inside him with a. spear, thrusting at all the soft places in his head. He shouted for Hephaestus, who came rushing up with hammer and wedge. Zeus put his head on the anvil, and1 Hephaestus split the mighty skull; then he leaped back, frightened, because out of the head sprang a tall maiden in armor, holding a long spear.

This was Athene, the gray-eyed, the wide-browed. The manner of her birth gave her domain over intellectual activities. It was she who taught man how to use tools. She taught him to invent the ax, the plough, the ox-yoke, the wheel, and the sail. She taught his wife to spin and weave. She concocted the science of numbers and taught it to man — but never to woman. She hated Ares, and took great pleasure in thwarting him on the field of battle. For all his mighty strength, she often beat him, because she was a mistress of strategy. Before battle, captains prayed to her for tactics. Before trial, judges prayed to her for wisdom. It was she who stated that compassion was the best part of wisdom. The - other gods didn’t know what she meant by this. But some men understood and were grateful. All in all, she was perhaps the best-loved god in the Pantheon; the people of Athens named their beautiful city after her.

There are many stories about Athene — about her skill in battle, her wisdom, and her kindliness. But, like the other gods, she was also very jealous. One of the best stories is that of Arachne.

Arachne was a young girl who lived in Lydia, famous for its purple dye. Her joy was weaving, and she wove the most beautiful things anyone had ever seen: cloaks so light you could not feel them about your shoulders, but warmer than fur; tapestries wrought with pictures so marvelous that birds would fly through the window and try to eat the cherries off the woven bough. She was a very young girl, and everyone praised her — and soon she began to praise herself.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

She said, “I, I am the greatest weaver in all the world. The greatest since the world began, no doubt. In fact, I can weave better than Athene herself.”

Athene heard this, of course. The gods are very quick to hear criticism, and very swift to act. So she came to earth, to the little village where Arachne lived.

The girl was inside, spinning. She heard a knock at the door, and opened it. There stood a lady so tall, so sternly beautiful that Arachne knew she must be a goddess, and she was afraid she knew which one. She fell on her knees. Far above her head she heard a voice speaking softly, saying terrible things.

“Yes, miserable girl, I am Athene. I am the goddess you have mocked. Is there any reason I should not kill you?” Arachne shook her head, weeping. She could not answer.

“Very well,” said Athene. “Prepare yourself for death. You have defied the gods, and must die.”

Then Arachne stood up and said, “Before I die, great Athene, let me give you a present.” She went in and took a lovely cloak she had woven, and gave it to her. And said: “Take this cloak. It must often get cold, up high on Olympus. This will shield you from the wind. Please take it. I am sure you have nothing so fine.”

Athene shook her head and said, “Poor child. You are being destroyed by your own worth. Your talent has poisoned you with pride like the sting of a scorpion. So that which makes beauty brings death. But it is a handsome cloak, and I appreciate the gift. I will give you one chance. You have boasted that you can spin and weave better than I... than I, who invented the loom and the spinning, wheel, the distaff and the spindle, and out of the fleece of the clouds wove the first counterpane for my father, Zeus, who likes to sleep warm, and dyed it with the colors of the sunset. But, you say you can weave better than I. Very well, you shall have a chance to prove it. And your own villagers shall judge. Seven days from today, we shall meet. You will set your spinning wheel in that meadow, and I shall be in my place, and we shall have a contest. You will weave what you will, and I shall do so too. Then we will show what we have done, and the people will judge. If you win, I shall withdraw the punishment. If you lose, it is your life. Do you agree?”

“Oh, yes,” said Arachne. “Thank you, dear goddess, for sparing my life.”

“It is not yet spared,” said Athene.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

The Pantheon

The word flashed from village to village. When the time came, not only Arachne's neighbors, but all the people in the land had gathered in the great meadow to watch the contest. Arachne' house was the last in the village, and faced the great meadow. She had set up her loom outside the door. Athene sat on a low flat hill overlooking the field. Her loom was as large as Arachne's cottage.

The girl went first. At the sight of her sitting spinning there in the sunlight, the crowd pushed in so close she hardly had room to work. Her white hands danced among the flax, and she worked so quickly, so deftly, that she seemed to have forgotten the loom, and to be weaving in the air. Swiftly and more swiftly she tapped on the wool with her fingers, making it billow and curl, then rolling it quickly into a ball, then shaking it out again; straining the wool into long shining threads with quick little pokes of her thumb at her spindle. It was said that her working was as beautiful as her work, and when she was told that, she always smiled and said, "It is the same thing." So she wove, and the people watched. Then the finished cloth began to come from the loom, and everybody laughed to see, for they were joyous scenes. Morning scenes: a little boy and a little girl running in a green field among yellow flowers, chased by a black dog; a maiden at a window dreamily combing her hair; a young man watching the sea, counting the waves. And, later, in a purple dusk, that same young man and girl standing under a tree looking at each other. Swiftly and more swiftly the white hands danced between loom and spindle. She wove bouquets of flowers for the wedding, and a wedding gown for the bride, and a gorgeous cloak for the young husband. And, remembering what Athene had said before, she spun a counterpane for their bed. Each square not a block of color, but a little picture — one from the childhood of the man, one from the childhood of the bride, all together, mixing, as their memories would mix now.

The counterpane was last. When she arose and snapped it out, the people gasped and laughed and wept with joy. And Arachne curtsied toward the low hill, and Athene began to spin.

The goddess had conjured up a flock of plump white woolly clouds about her hilltop. So she did not have to comb fleece or draw thread; she used cloud-wool, the finest stuff in all the world. And she dyed it with the colors of the dawn, and the colors of the sunset, and the colors of sleep, and the colors of storm. Now the whole western part of the sky was her loom. She flung great tapestries across the horizon. Scenes from Olympus — things that mortal man had never hoped to see. Almost too terrible to see… Cronos cutting up Oranos with a scythe… Zeus charging across the firmament with his Hundred handed Ones, shattering the Titans... the binding of Zeus, the punishment of Hera. Zeus chasing Metis as hawk and fish and snake. Then the birth of Athene herself,

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

springing from Zeus's broken head. Then, more quiet scenes. Athene teaching the arts to man. Teaching him to plough, to sail, to ride in chariots; teaching the women to spin. And, then, finally — muddling it all up, poking her long spindle among the woven clouds and mixing them and stirring up a dark strange picture — the future of man. Man growing huge and monstrous, his trees turning to spikes, his fields to stone. Swollen and dropsical with pride, building something so loathsome he had to look away while he was making it.

This was too much for the multitude. The vast crowd fell on its knees and wept. Arachne was watching She had never moved from the time Athene had started to work, but stood there straight with pale face and glittering eyes, watching. And when the people fell on their knees, she turned and went away. She walked quietly to a grove of trees and there took a rope and hanged herself.

Athene came down from the bill, and spoke no word to the people, who dispersed. Then she went to the grove and saw Arachne hanging there. The girl's face was black, her eyes were bulging, her hair was streaming. Athene reached her long arm and touched the girl on the shoulder. The face grew blacker, and the eyes bulged more. The body shrank; the arms and legs dwindled and multiplied. Then Athene touched the rope. It shriveled, growing thinner and thinner, until it was a frail shining strand. And there at the end of this shining silken hair swung a small hairy creature with many legs.

It looked at Athene, then turned and scuttled up its thread, drawing it up as it climbed. It floated away over the grass until it came to a low bush, and cast another loop, and sat there practicing, for it knew that now it was meant to spin without rivalry until the end of time.
That is why spiders are called Arachnids by those who know them best.

Poseidon

After Cronos was deposed, the three sons threw dice for his empire. Zeus, the youngest, won — and chose the sky. Poseidon smiled to himself because the sky was empty, and he knew that the impulsive Zeus had chosen it because it looked so high. And now, he, Poseidon, could choose as he would have done if he had won. He chose the sea. He had always wanted it; it is the best place for adventures and secrets, and makes claim on land and sky. Hades, who was always unlucky, had to take the underworld. The earth was held as a commonwealth, and left to the goddesses to manage.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

The Pantheon

Poseidon left Olympus and came to his kingdom. He immediately set about building a huge underwater palace with a great pearl and coral throne. He needed a queen, and chose Thetis, a beautiful Nereid, or water nymph. But it was prophesied that any son born to Thetis would be greater than his father, so Poseidon decided to try elsewhere. (The prophecy came true. The son of Thetis was Achilles, Who undoubtedly was greater than his father Peleus.)

Poseidon chose another Nereid named Amphitrite. But like his brother Zeus, he was a great traveler, and had hundreds of children in different places. He was a very difficult god, changeful and quarrelsome. Although he did bear grudges, he could be pleased, and then his smile was radiant. He liked jokes, and thought up very curious forms for his creatures. He liked to startle nymphs with monsters, and concocted the octopus, the squid, the sea-polyp or jellyfish, the swordfish, blowfish, sea cow, and many others. Once, trying to appease Amphitrite's jealous rage, he thought up the dolphin, and gave it to her as a gift.

He was greedy and aggressive, always frying to add to his kingdom. Once, he claimed Attica as his own, and stabbed his trident into the hillside where the Acropolis still stands, and a spring of salt water spouted. Now, the people of Athens did not want to belong to the kingdom of the sea. They were afraid of Poseidon, who had a habit of seizing all the youth of a town when he was in the mood. So they prayed to be put under the protection of another god. Athene heard their prayers. She came down and planted an olive tree by the side of the spring. Poseidon was enraged. His face darkened and he roared with fury, raising a storm. A fishing fleet was blown off the sea and never came to port. He challenged Athene to single combat, and threatened to stir up a tidal wave to break over the city if she refused. She accepted. Zeus heard the sound of this quarreling. He came down and decreed a truce. Then all the gods sat in council to hear the rival claims. After hearing both Athene and Poseidon, they voted to award the city to Athene because her olive tree was the better gift. After that, Athenians had to be very careful when they went to sea, and were often unfortunate in their naval battles.

Poseidon was very fond of Demeter, and pursued her hotly whenever he thought about it. He cornered her, finally, one hot afternoon in a mountain pass, and demanded that she love him. She didn't know what to do — he was so huge, so implacable, so persistent.

Finally, Demeter said, "Give me a gift. You have made creatures for the sea; now make me a land animal. But a beautiful one, the most beautiful ever seen."

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

She thought she was safe, because she believed he could make only monsters. She was amazed when he made her a horse, and gasped with delight when she saw it. And Poseidon was so struck by his handiwork that he swiftly made a herd of horses- that began to gallop about the meadow, tossing their heads, flirting their tails, kicking up their back legs, and neighing joyously. And he was so fascinated by the horses that he forgot all about Demeter, and leaped on one and rode off. Later, he made another herd of green ones for his undersea stables. But Demeter kept the first herd; from that all the horses in the world have descended.

Another story says it took Poseidon a full week to make the horse. During that time he made and cast aside many other creatures that didn't come out right. But he simply threw them away without killing them, and they made their way into the World. From them have come the camel, the hippopotamus, the giraffe, the donkey, and the zebra.

In another story, Demeter turned herself into a mare to escape Poseidon. But he immediately changed himself into a stallion, galloped after her and caught her. From this courtship came a wild horse, Arion, and the nymph named Despoena.

Demeter was also a moon goddess. And all through mythology there is a connection between horse and moon and sea. The she-horse is given a sea-name, "mare"; the moon swings the tides, the waves have white manes, the dripping horses stamp on the beach, and their hooves leave moon-shaped marks. An old, old thing that has not entirely disappeared.

Hades

When the Greeks buried their dead, they put a coin under the corpse's tongue so his soul could pay the fare on the ferry that crossed the river Styx. It was Charon who rowed the boat; he was a miser. Souls who couldn't pay for the ride had to wait on this side of the river. Sometimes they came back to haunt those who hadn't given them the fare.

On the other side of the river was a great wall. Its gate was guarded by Cerberus, a three-headed dog who had an appetite for live meat and attacked everyone but spirit.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

Beyond the gate, in Tartarus, was a great wide field shaded by black poplars. Here lived the dead — heroes and cowards, soldiers, shepherds, priests, minstrels, slaves. They wandered back and forth aimlessly. When they spoke they twittered like bats. Here they awaited trial by three judges — Minos, Rhadamanthys, and Aeacus.

Those who had particularly displeased the gods were given special punishment. Sisyphus, an avaricious king of Corinth, must always push a huge rock uphill. Each time he gets it halfway up, it breaks loose and rolls down to the bottom, and he must begin again. And this he will do for all time. Tantalus who had committed a sin has been given a burning thirst, and set chin-deep in a cool, clear stream of water. But every time he bends to put his lips to the water, it shrinks away, and he can never drink. Here he will stand as long as Sisyphus rolls his stone.

But these are special cases. Most of the souls were judged to be not too good and not too bad, but simply dead. They went back to the field, which is called the Field of Asphodel, to wait — for nothing.

Those judged to be of unusual virtue went to the Elysian Fields close by. Here it was always holiday. The air was full of music. The shades danced and played all day long — all night long too, for the dead need no sleep. Also, these happy spirits had the option of being reborn on earth. Only the bravest accepted. There was a special part of Elysium called the Isles of the Blest. Here lived those who had been three times born, and three times gained Elysium.

Hades and his queen lived in a great palace made of black rock. He was very jealous of his brothers, and scarcely ever left his domain. He was fiercely possessive, gloated over every new arrival, and demanded a head-
count from Charon at the close of each day. Never did he allow any of his subjects to escape. Nor did he allow a mortal to visit Tartarus, and return. There were only two exceptions to this rule, and those are other stories.

The palace grounds and the surrounding fields were called Erebos; this was the deepest part of the underworld. No birds flew here, but the sound of wings was heard; for here lived the Erinyes, or Furies, who were older than the gods. Their names were Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megaera. They were hags, with snaky hair, red-hot eyes, and yellow teeth. They slashed the air with metal- skidded whips, and when they found a victim, they whipped the flesh from his bones. Their task was to visit earth and punish evil-doers, especially those who had escaped other punishment. They were greatly feared; no one dared say their name. But they were referred to as the “Eumenides” or Kindly Ones. Hades valued them. They enriched his kingdom, for their attentions

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persuaded people to suicide. He enjoyed their conversation. When they returned to Erebus after their work was done, they circled low over the palace grounds, screaming their tale, and the latest gossip.

Hades was well-cast to rule the dead. He was violent, loathed change, and was given to slow black rage. His most dramatic hour was when he kidnapped Persephone and made her his queen. But that belongs to the next story.

Demeter

Demeter means “Barley-mother.” Another name for her is Ceres, from which we get the word “cereal.” She was the goddess of the cornfield, mistress of planting and harvesting, lady of growing things. Zeus was very fond of her. He always obliged her with rain when her fields were thirsty. He gave her two children, a boy and a girl. The girl was named Persephone, and Demeter loved her very much.

Persephone was raised among flowers and looked like a flower herself. Her body was as pliant as a stem, her skin soft as petals, and she had pansy eyes. She took charge of flowers for her mother. She was adept at making up new kinds and naming them.

One day she went farther than usual — across a stream, through a grove of trees, to a little glade. She carried her paintpot, for she had seen a stand of tall waxy lilies she had decided to stripe. As she was painting their faces, she saw a bush she hadn’t noticed before. She went to look at it. It was a very strange bush, with thick, green, glossy leaves, and hung with large red berries that trembled on their stems like drops of blood. She stared at the bush. She didn’t know whether she liked it or not. She decided she did not, and seized it by its branches, and pulled. But it was toughly rooted and hard to pull. She was used to getting her own way. She set herself and gave a mighty tug. Up came the bush; its long roots dragged out of the ground, leaving a big hole. She tossed the bush aside, and turned to go back to her lilies, but she heard a rumbling sound and turned back. The noise that grew louder and louder was coming from the hole. To her horror, the hole seemed to be spreading, opening like a mouth, and the rumbling grew to a jangling, crashing din.

Out of the hole leaped six black horses, dragging behind them a golden chariot. In the chariot stood a tall figure in a flowing black cape. On his head was a black crown.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

She had no time to scream. He reached out his long arm, snatched her into the chariot, and lashed his horses. They curvetted in the air, and plunged into the hole again. When they had gone, the hole closed.

Demeter was frantic when the girl didn't come home, and rushed out to search for her. The tall green-clad goddess rode in a light wicker chariot behind a swift white horse, a gift from Poseidon. She sped here and there, calling, "Persephone ... Persephone…". But no one answered. All night long she searched, and, as dawn broke, she came to the glade. There she saw the uprooted bush and the trampled grass. She leaped from her chariot. Then she saw something that stabbed her through — Persephone's little paintpot, overturned. She lifted her head to the sky and howled like a she-wolf. Then she fell still, and listened. The sun was rising; the birds had begun to gossip. They told each other of the heedless girl, and the strange bush, and the hole, and the chariot, and the black rider, and how surprised the girl was when he caught her.

Then Demeter spoke softly, questioning the birds. They told her enough for her to know who had taken her daughter. She put her face in her hands and wept. Just then a little boy came running into the meadow to pick some flowers. When he saw Demeter, he laughed. He had never seen a grownup crying before. But when she looked up, he stopped laughing. She pointed at him, whispering, and he was immediately changed into a lizard. But he hadn't learned to scuttle yet, and just sat there looking at Demeter a moment too long, for a hawk swooped and caught him. We was a lizard for only a short while.

Demeter climbed back into her chariot and sped to Olympus. She charged into the throne room where Zeus sat.

"Justice!" she cried. "Justice… Your brother Hades has stolen my daughter — *our* daughter"

"Peace, good sister," said Zeus. "Compose yourself. Hades' courtship has been a trifle abrupt, perhaps, but after all he is my brother — *our* brother — and is accounted a good match. Think, sweet Demeter. It is difficult for our daughter to look beyond the family without marrying far beneath her."

"Never!" cried Demeter. "It must not be! Anyone but Hades! Don't you realize this is a spring child, a flower child, a delicate unopened bud. No ray of sunlight ever pierces that dank hole he calls his kingdom. She'll wither and die."

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"She is our daughter," said Zeus. "I fancy she has a talent for survival. Pray, think it over."

Then Demeter noticed that Zeus was holding a new thunderbolt, a marvelously wrought zigzag lance of lightning, volt-blue, radiant with energy. And she realized that Hades, who in his deep realms held all stores of silver and gold, had sent Zeus a special gift. It would be difficult to obtain justice.

"Once again," she said, "will you restore my daughter to me?"

"My dear," said Zeus, "when your rage cools, you will realize that this is a fine match, the very best thing for the child. Please, go back to earth and give yourself a chance to be intelligent about this."

"I will go back to Earth," said Demeter, "and I will not return until you send for me."

Weeks passed. Then Zeus found his sleep being disturbed by sounds of lamentation. He looked down upon the earth, and saw a grievous sight. Nothing grew. The fields were blasted and parched. Trees were stripped of leaves, standing blighted, with the blazing sun beating down. The soil was hard and cracked, covered with the shriveled brown husks of wheat and corn and barley killed in the bud. And there was no green place anywhere. The people were starving. The cattle had nothing to eat; the game could find nothing and had fled. And a great wailing and lamentation arose as the people lifted their faces to Olympus and prayed for Zeus to help them.

"Well," he thought to himself, fingering his new thunderbolt, "I suppose we shall have to compromise."

He sent for Demeter. When she came, he said, "I have been thinking. Perhaps I have not been quite fair to you."

"No," said Demeter.

"Do you still wish your daughter's return?"

"Yes," said Demeter. "While she is gone, no crops will grow. No tree will bear, no grass will spring. While she is gone and while I mourn, the earth will grow as dry and shriveled as my heart, and will put forth no green thing."

"Very well," said Zeus. "In light of all the facts, this is my judgment. Your daughter shall be restored to you, and shall remain with you. However, if any food has passed

her lips during her sojourn in Tartarus, then she *must* remain there. This is the law of abode, older than our decrees, and even I am powerless to revoke it."

"She will have been too sad to eat," cried Demeter. "No food will have passed her lips. She shall return to me and remain with me. You have spoken, and I hold you to your word."

Zeus whistled, and Hermes, the messenger god, appeared. Zeus sent him with a message to Hades demanding Persephone's release.

"Will you ride with me to the gates of Tartarus?" cried Demeter. "I have the swiftest horse in the world, given me by Poseidon."

"Thank you, good aunt," said Hermes. "But I believe my winged shoes are even faster."

And he flew out of the window

In the meantime, Persephone was in Erebos with the dark king. After the first few days of haste and brutality and strangeness, he began to treat her very gently, and with great kindness. He gave her rubies and diamonds to play jacks with, had dresses spun for her of gold and silver thread, ordered her a throne of the finest ebony, and gave her a crown of black pearls. But she made herself very difficult to please. She tossed her head, stamped her foot, and turned from him. She would not speak to him, and said she would never forgive him. She said she wanted to go home to her mother, and that she had to attend to her flowers, and that *she* hated him and always would. As she launched these tirades at him, he would stand and listen and frown, and keep listening until she flounced away. Then he would go and get her another gift.

Secretly, though, so secretly that she didn't even tell it to herself, she was rather enjoying the change. She did miss the sunshine and the flowers, but there was much to amuse her. Secretly she gloated upon her power over this most fearsome monarch. Secretly, she enjoyed his gifts and his efforts to please her and marveled at the way he was obeyed. Although she never forgot how he had frightened her when he came charging out of that hole in his chariot, she admired the lofty set of his black-robed figure, the majestic shoulders, the great impatient hands, and his gloomy black eyes. But she knew that part of her power over him was disdain, and so kept flouting and abusing him. And, which made him gloomier than ever, refused to let a crumb of food pass her lips.

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He tried every way he knew to tempt her into eating. His cook prepared the most delicious meals and his servants bore them to her chamber. But she would pretend not to notice a thing, and sit there holding her head high, not even allowing her nostrils to twitch, although the rich smells were making her wild with hunger. She swore she would not eat a mouthful until he had returned her to her mother.

He was desperate to please her. He set aside a corner of the palace grounds for a dark garden, and gave her rare seeds to plant — magical blooms that did not need the sunlight. She grew a species of black orchid, and mushrooms, and nightshade, henbane, and hellebore. He gave her a little boy to help her garden, a very clever little gardener, a new spirit. He was very deft and good company too, although she noticed that his eyes were a bit lidless. She had no way of knowing that he was the same little boy her mother had turned into a lizard and fed to a hawk. But he knew who she was.

She had other amusements too. She liked to wander in the Elysian Fields and dance with the happy shades. She was fascinated by the torments, particularly the funny man trying to roll the stone uphill, and always having to start over again. She pitied Tantalus, and when no one was looking, cupped some water in her hands and gave it to him to drink. And he thanked her in a deep sad voice. But after she left, it was worse than ever; he knew she would not remember him again, and this one flash of hope made the ordeal worse.

Still, she liked her garden best, and that was where she spent most of her time — more time than ever, because she was so hungry she didn't know what to do, and she didn't want Hades to see how she felt. She knew he would think up more delicious things to tempt her if he thought she was weakening.

Standing in the garden one afternoon, half-hidden in a clump of nightshade, she saw the little boy eating something. It was a red fruit, and he was eating it juicily. He saw her watching and came toward her smiling, his mouth stained with red juice. He held out his hand. It was a pomegranate, her favorite fruit.

"We're alone," he whispered. "No one will see you. No one will know. Quickly now — eat!"

She looked about. It was true. No one could see them. She felt her hands acting by themselves, as though she had nothing to do with them. She watched as the fingers curled savagely and ripped the fruit across. They dug in, plucked out seeds, and offered them to her lips. One, two, three… she thought she had never tasted anything so delicious as these tiny tart juicy seeds. Just as she swallowed her sixth seed, a high

glad yelling cry split the air, and the pomegranate dropped to the ground. It was a cry that any god recognized — Hermes' keen herald shout, meaning that he was coming with news, good or bad, but worthy of high attention.

She raced to the palace. The little gardener scooped up the pomegranate and raced after her. Sure enough, it was Cousin Hermes; his hair tumbled from the wind, the wings on his feet still fluttering from the speed of his going.

"Good day, cousin," he said.

Hades loomed next to him, scowling blackly.

"I bring you a message from your mother. She wants you home. And your host has kindly agreed to an early departure. How are you? Haven't eaten anything here, I hope. No? Good! Let's be on our way."

He put his arm around her waist, and they rose in the air. And Persephone, looking back, saw the little gardener rush to Hades with the pomegranate in his hand.

By the time Persephone had come home to her mother, Hades had already been to Olympus, and had presented his case to Zeus. Zeus pronounced his judgment. Because the girl had eaten six seeds of the pomegranate she would have to spend six months with Hades each year.

Never mind, Mother," said Persephone. "Don't cry. We must be happy for the time that I am here."

"I suffer!" cried Demeter, "I suffer! Here…" She struck herself on the chest. "Here — in my mother's heart." And if I suffer, then everyone else shall suffer too, For the months that you spend with that scoundrel, no grass will grow, no flowers blow, no trees will bear. So long as you are below, there will be desolation everywhere."

That is why summer and winter are the way they are. That is why there is a time for planting, and a time when the Earth must sleep under frost.

Birth of the Twins

Zeus pursued a nymph named Leto. But Hera was watching, so he changed Leto into a quail, and then himself into a quail, and they met in a glade. Here the sun sifted through the trees and striped the grass with

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

shadows, and it was difficult to see two quail whose feathers were brown and lighter brown. But the eyes of jealousy are very sharp, and Hera saw them. She flung a curse, saying, "Leto, you will grow heavy with child, but you shall not bear anywhere the sun shines."

She sent the great serpent, Python, to enforce her curse, to hunt Leto out of any sunny place she might try to rest. Zeus sent the south wind to help the girl, and she was carried on the wings of the warm strong wind to an island called Detos. Python swam after. Before he could reach the island, however, Zeus unmoored it and sent it floating swiftly away, pushed by the south wind, more swiftly than Python could swim. Here, on this lovely island, Leto gave birth to twins — Artemis 'and Apollo.

Artemis

Father Zeus was by no means an attentive parent. He had so many children in so many different circumstances he could scarcely keep them all in mind. However, he was not permitted to forget Leto's children. They were too beautiful. And beauty was the quality he found most attractive. As he looked down from Olympus, their faces seemed to blaze from among all the children on Earth. It seemed to him that they cast theft own light, these twins, each one different — Apollo a ruddy light, Artemis a silver light. And he knew that they were true godlings and must be brought to Olympus.

He sent for them on their third birthday. He had Hephaestus make Apollo a golden bow and a quiver of golden arrows that could never be emptied, and a golden chariot drawn by golden ponies. But he withheld Artemis' gifts; he preferred her, and he wanted her to ask him for things. He took her on his lap, and said, "And what gifts would you fancy, little maid?"

She said, "I wish to be your maiden always, never a woman. And I want many names in case I get bored with one. I want a bow and arrow too — but silver, not gold. I want an embroidered deerskin tunic short enough to run in. I need fifty ocean nymphs to sing for me, and twenty wood nymphs to hunt with me. And I want a pack of hounds, please — fierce, swift ones. I want the mountains for my special places, and one city.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

One will be enough; I don't like cities." She reached up and played with his beard, and smiled at him. "Yes? May I have all these things? May I?"

Zeus answered, "For a child like you it is worthwhile braving Hera's wrath once in awhile. You shall have more than you ask for. You shall have the gift of eternal chastity, and also the gift of changing your mind about it at any time, which will help you not to want to. And, finally, the greatest gift of all: You shall go out and choose your own gifts so that they will have a special value."

She kissed him, and whispered her thanks into his ear, and then went running off to choose her gifts. She went to the woods and to the river and to the ocean stream and selected the most beautiful nymphs for her court. She visited Hephaestus in his smoking smithy inside the mountain, and said, "I've come for my bow. A silver one, please."

He said, "Silver is more difficult to work than gold. It needs cool light; it should be made underwater. You must go deep beneath the sea, off the island of Lipara, where my Cyclopes are making a horse trough for Poseidon, who thinks of nothing but horses these days."

So Artemis and her nymphs swam underwater to where the Cyclopes were hammering at a great trough. The nymphs were frightened at the sight of the huge one-eyed scowling brutes, and they hated the noise of the hammering. But Artemis jumped up on the forge and said, "I come with a message from Hephaestus. He bids you put aside this horse trough and make me a silver bow and a quiver of silver arrows which will fill again as soon as it is empty. If you do this I shall give you the first game I shoot." The Cyclopes, who were very greedy and tired of working on the horse trough, agreed.

When they had finished her bow, she thanked them very prettily. But when their leader, Brontes, tried to take her on his knee, she tore a great handful of hair from his chest. He put her down quickly and went away cursing.

Holding her silver bow high, screaming with joy, she raced across field and valley and hill, followed by her nymphs who streamed after her with flashing knees and floating hair laughing and singing. She came to Arcadia where Pan was feeding his hounds.

"Oh, Pan," she cried. "Oh, little king of the wood, my favorite cousin, please give me some of your dogs — the best ones, please."

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"And what will you give me in return?" he said, looking at the nymphs. "Choose," she said. "But I should warn you, cousin, that like me they have taken an unbreakable vow of chastity."

"Never mind," said Pan. "Keep them. What dogs do you fancy?"

"That one and that one and that one," she cried. "And this one. And I must have him . . . and him."

He gave her his ten best dogs. Three of them were huge black and white hounds able to catch a live lion and drag it back to the hunter. The others were lean, white deerhounds; any one of them could outrun a stag.

Artemis was wild to try out her new gifts. She sent her white hounds racing after two deer, bidding them bring back the animals unharmed. She harnessed the deer to her silver chariot and drove away. She saw a tree which had been struck by lightning; it was still smoldering. She had her nymphs break pine branches and thrust them into the cinders, for night was coming and she wanted light to shoot by. She was too impatient to wait for dawn.

Four times she shot her silver bow. First she split a pine tree, then an olive tree. Then she shot a wild boar. Lastly, she shot an arrow into a city of unjust men, and the arrow pierced all of them, never ceasing its flight till they were all dead.

And the people, seeing her ride over the mountains, wielding her silver bow, followed by the maidens and their torches, called her the Goddess of the Moon. Some called her the Maiden of the Silver Bow. Others called her Lady of the Wild Things. Some called her the Huntress. Others, simply, the Maiden. And so she had her last gift — many names.

She let no man approach her. Once a young man named Actaeon glimpsed her bathing in a stream. She was so beautiful he could not bear to go away, but hid there, watching. She saw him, and immediately changed him into a stag. Then she whistled up her hounds, who tore him to pieces.

She tried to impose the same rule upon her nymphs, which was difficult. Zeus himself seduced one of the most beautiful, named Callisto. When Artemis learned of this, she changed Callisto into a she-bear and whistled to her dogs. They came leaping and howling and would have torn the bear to pieces too, but Zeus happened to notice

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what was going on. He caught Caflisto up and set her among the stars, still in her bear shape so that Hera would not be suspicious.

Once Artemis found her vow difficult to keep. But that is another story, the story of Oranos, which comes later.

Apollo

Apollo was the most beautiful of the gods. His hair was dark gold, his eyes stormy blue. He wore a tunic of golden panther skin, carried his golden bow, and wore a quiver of golden arrows. His chariot was beaten gold; its horses were white with golden manes and flame-colored eyes. He was god of the sun always. Later he became patron of music, poetry, mathematics, and medicine. And, later, when he was a mature god, he preached moderation. He bade his worshippers to look first into their own hearts and find there the beginnings of wisdom, and to conduct themselves prudently in all things. But in his youth he did many cruel and wanton deeds. Several times he was almost expelled from the company of the gods by Zeus whom he had angered with his wild folly.

As soon as he was given his bow and arrows he raced down from Olympus to hunt the Python who had hunted his mother. Dryads, who are tattletales, told him he could find his enemy at Mount Parnassus. There he sped. As he stood on a hill, he saw the great serpent weaving its dusty coils far below. He notched an arrow, drew his bow, and let fly. It darted like light; he saw it strike, saw the huge coils flail in agony. Shouting with savage glee he raced down the slope, but when he got there he found the serpent gone. It had left a trail of blood which he followed to the oracle of Mother Earth at Delphi. Python was hiding in a cave, where he could not be followed. Apollo breathed on his arrow heads and shot them into the cave as fast as he could. They broke into flames when they hit. Smoke filled the cave, and the serpent had to crawl out. Apollo, standing on a rock, shot him so full of arrows he looked like a porcupine. He skinned the great snake and saved the hide for a gift.

Now it was a sacred place where he had done his killing; here lived the oracles of Mother Earth, whom the gods themselves consulted. They were priestesses, trained from infancy. They chewed laurel, built fires of magic herbs, and sat in the smoke, which threw them into a trance wherein they saw — and told in riddles — what was to come. Knowing that he had already violated a shrine, Apollo thought he might as well make his

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deed as large as possible, and claimed the oracles for his own — bidding them prophesy in his name.

When Mother Earth complained to Zeus about the killing of her Python, Apollo smoothly promised to make amends. He instituted annual games at Delphi in celebration of his victory, and these he graciously named after his enemy, calling them the Pythian games. And he named the oracles Pythonesses.

Less excusable was Apollo's treatment of a satyr named Marsyas. This happy fellow had the misfortune to be an excellent musician — a realm Apollo considered his own — and where he -would brook no rivalry. Hearing the satyr praised too often, Apollo invited him to a contest. The winner was to choose a penalty to which the loser would have to submit, and the Muses were to judge. So Marsyas played his flute and Apollo played his lyre. They played exquisitely; the Muses could not choose between them. Then Apollo shouted, "Now you must turn your instrument upside down, and play and sing at the same time. That is the rule. I go first." Thereupon the god turned his lyre upside down, and played and sang a hymn praising the gods, and especially their beautiful daughters, the - Muses. But you cannot play a flute upside down, and certainly cannot sing while playing it, so Marsyas was declared the loser. Apollo collected his prize. He flayed Marsyas alive, and nailed his skin to a tree. A stream gushed from the tree's roots and became a river. On the banks of that river grew reeds which sang softly when the wind blew. People called the river - Marsyas, and that is still its name,

Sons of Apollo

During the contest with the satyr Marsyas, Apollo won the favor of the most playful Muse, Thalia, queen of festivities. With her he fathered the Corybantes, or crested dancers, lithe young men who shaved their hair to a forelock and danced at the great rituals.

Then, roaming the hillsides, he came across a young girl who reminded him of his sister. She was a huntress. She chased deer on foot, hunted bears and wolves. When he saw her wrestling a full-grown lion, and throwing it to Earth, he decided he must have her. Her name was Cyrene. The son he gave her was named Aristeus, who taught man beekeeping, olive culture, cheese-making, and many other useful arts.

His next adventure was with the nymph Dryope. He found her tending sheep on a mountainside. He hid behind a free and watched her. To his dismay, she was joined

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by a gaggle of hamadryads, mischievous girls who love to tell tales. So he had to stay hidden. He waited for the hamadryads to leave, but they lingered. Gods are impatient; they hate to be kept waiting. He changed himself into a tortoise and crawled out. The nymphs were delighted to see him, and turned him this way and that, and tickled him with, a straw. He was a splendid glossy tortoise with a beautiful black and green shell. Dryope wanted him for her own, and put him in her tunic. When her friends protested, he turned himself into a snake, poked his head out of the tunic, and hissed at them. The hamadryads fled, screaming. Dryope fainted. When she came to, she was in the arms of a god. The son he gave her was Amphissus, founder of cities, and builder of temples.

But his most famous son was Asclepius. This was the manner of his birth.

Apollo fell in love with Coronis, a princess of Thessaly, and insisted on having his way, which was unwise of him because she loved an Arcadian prince named Ischys. When she was with child, Apollo went on a journey, but set a white crow to spy on her. All crows were white then, and were excellent chaperons; they had sharp eyes and jeering voices.
It was to Delphi that Apollo had gone. An oracle there told him that at that very moment Coronis was entertaining young Ischys. Just then the crow flew in, wildly excited, full of scandal, telling the same tale. “Your fault! You did not watch her closely enough!” cried Apollo. And he cursed the crow with a curse so furious that her feathers were scorched — and all crows have been black ever since.

Apollo could not bring himself to kill Coronis. So he asked his sister Artemis to oblige him. She was happy to; she was never fond of his amours. She sped to Thessaly, and finished Coronis with one arrow.

Apollo, very dejected, put the corpse on the funeral pyre and lighted the fire. Then he remembered that she was with child by him. Hermes, who was standing by waiting to conduct her soul to Tartarus (that was one of his duties), understood the situation in a flash. He delivered the dead girl of a living child, a boy. Apollo wished to have nothing to do with the child, and asked Hermes to take care of him. Hermes had been struck by the way the baby had observed the details of his own birth — watching everything with a wide stare, so interested he forgot to cry — and recognized that this was an unusual child. So he gave him into the care of Chiron, the centaur, the fabulous tutor. Chiron taught him diagnostics, surgery, herbology, and hunting.

The boy could not wait to grow up. He doctored everyone he could get his hands on, and was soon known throughout the land for his skill at curing the sick. His fame reached Apollo, who decided to test him. He appeared at Asclepius’s door in the guise

of a feeble old man afflicted with every loathsome disease known to medicine — and a pauper besides. Asclepius tended him with his own hands, and was so gentle and skillful that Apollo was amazed. The god resumed his own form and embraced the lad and told him he was pleased with his progress. He sent him to see his aunt Athene, who, he said, knew certain secrets of mortality. She too approved of the young man, and gave him two vials of Gorgon blood. One vial could raise the dead, the other was the deadliest poison ever known. “No, Aunt,” he said. “I need only the first vial. You keep the other.”

Some say that it was by his own skill that he restored life to the dead, and that Athene was simply trying to take some of the credit for herself. Be that as it may, he did snatch several patients from the very gates of Tartarus, and Hades was enraged. He complained to his brother Zeus that Asclepius was robbing him. Zeus stood on Olympus, hurled a thunderbolt, and killed the young physician together with the patient he was tending.
When Apollo heard about this, he went into one of his wild heedless rages, stormed to Olympus, battered in the doors of Hephaestus’ smithy, and there slew all the Cyclopes, who had forged the thunderbolt which had killed his son. When Zeus heard this, he banished Apollo to Tartarus forever. But Mother Leto came and pleaded with him, reminding him of their old love. She spoke so beautifully that Zeus relented, withdrew the edict of Apollo’s banishment, and even agreed to bring Asclepius back to life. But he suggested that Asclepius be more tactful about his cures, and avoid offending the gods.

When Aphrodite heard this story, she was bitten by envy. She considered herself a favorite of Zeus, but he had never done so much for her. Her heart was bitter against Apollo, and she wanted to do him a mischief. She called her son Eros, the infant archer, whose sweetly poisoned arrows infect man and woman with a most dangerous fever. She told him what she wanted.

Eros had two kinds of arrows — one tipped with gold and tailed with white dove feathers; these were for love. The others, made of lead, with brown owl feathers, were the arrows of indifference. He took up his bow and stalked his game.

Apollo, he knew, was hunting, so he made his path cross that of Daphne, a mountain nymph, daughter of the river god Penaeus. Then, fluttering above them, invisible, he shot Apollo with the dart of love and Daphne with the arrow of indifference. When the golden god came running down the slope toward the nymph, he saw her start up and run away. He could not understand it. She fled; the god pursued. She was a very swift runner, but great footsteps pounded behind her, and she felt the heat of his breath on her shoulders.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

She ran toward the river, and cried, “Oh, Father, save me! Save me!” And her father heard. Apollo, reaching for her, found himself hugging a tree; the rough bark scratched his face. He said, “But why? . . . Why do you hate me so?”

The wind blew through the leaves, and they whispered, “I don’t know I don’t know…”

But then the tree took pity on the grieving god and gave him a gift — a wreath of her leaves, laurel leaves, that would, never wither — to crown heroes, and poets, and young men who win games.

And still, today, when questioned by losers, laurel trees whisper, “I don’t know… I don’t know…”

Hermes

Young gods were often precocious, but no one so much as Hermes who, five minutes after his birth, sneaked out of his crib and went searching for adventure. He toddled swiftly down the slope of Mount Cyllene until he came to a meadow where he saw a herd of beautiful white cows grazing. He saw no cowherd, and decided to steal them. A treeful of crows began to seethe and whistle, “They belong to Apollo . . . to Apollo . . . ‘pollo ...,” but he paid them no heed. He plaited grass into shoes for the cows, and fitted them over their hooves, and drove them away.

When Apollo returned, he was furious to see his cows gone and even more furious when he searched for tracks and found none — only odd sweeping marks on the ground. The crows chattered, “A baby stole them… your brother, your brother ...“ But this made no sense to Apollo; besides he did not trust crows. He did not know where to begin looking; he searched far and wide, but could find no clue.

Then one morning he passed a cave he had passed a hundred times before. But this time he heard strange, beautiful sounds coming out of it — sounds unlike anything he had ever heard before — and he looked inside. There, drowsing by the fire, was a tall lovely Titaness named Maia, whom he had seen before in the garden on Olympus. Sitting in her lap was a little baby boy, doing something to a large tortoise shell from which the strange sounds seemed to be coming.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

"Good clay, cousin," said Apollo. "Are you to be congratulated on a new son?"

"Hail, bright Phoebus," said Maia. "May I have the honor of presenting your half-brother, young Hermes?"

"Half-brother, eh? Well, that's an honor without being a distinction. What's that he's playing with?"

"He makes his own toys," said Maia proudly. "He's so clever, you can't imagine. He made this out of an old shell that he strung with cow gut, and from it he draws the most ravishing sounds. Listen…"

"Cowgut? May I ask what cow he persuaded to contribute her vital cords for his pastime?"

"I do not understand your question, cousin."

"Understand this, cousin. I have had a herd of cows stolen recently. The crows told me they had been taken by some baby, my brother, but I didn't believe them. I seem to owe them an apology."

"What?" cried Maia. "Are you accusing this innocent babe of being a cattle thief? For shame!"

"Mother, if you don't mind," said a clear little voice, "perhaps you'd better let me handle this." The baby stood on his mother's knee, and bowed to Apollo. "I did take your cows, brother. But I didn't know they were yours. How could I have? And they are quite safe, except for one. Wishing to begin my life with an act of piety, I sacrificed her to the twelve gods."

"Twelve, gods?" said Apollo haughtily. "I am acquainted with but eleven."

"Yes, sir," said Hermes. "But I have the honor to be the twelfth. Above all things, I wish your good will, fair brother. So, in return for this cow, allow me to make you a present — this instrument. I call it a lyre. I'll be glad to teach you to play."

Apollo was enchanted with the trade. He stayed in the cave all that afternoon practicing his scales. As he was strumming his new toy, he noticed Hermes cutting reeds, which the child swiftly tied together, notched in a certain way, then put to his lips, and began to make other sounds, even more beautiful than the lyre could produce.

"What's that?" cried Apollo. "What do you call that? I want that too."

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

"I don't need any more cows," said Hermes.

"I must have it. What else of mine do you wish?"

"Your golden staff."

"But this is my herdsman's staff. Do you not know that I am the god of herdsmen, and that this is the rod of authority?"

"A minor office," said Hermes. "Unworthy of the lord of the sun. Perhaps you would allow me to take over the chore. Give me your golden staff, and I will give you these pipes."

"Agreed! Agreed!"

"But since pipes and lyre together will make you god of music, I must have something to boot. Teach me augury."

"You drive a hard bargain for a nursling," said Apollo. "I think you belong on Olympus, brother. This cave will not long offer scope for your talents."

"Oh, yes, take, me there!" cried Hermes. "I am eager to meet Father Zeus."

So Apollo took Hermes to Olympus, and introduced him to his father. Zeus was intrigued by the wit and impudence of the child. He hid him away from Hera, and spent hours conversing with him.

"You say you wish to enter the Pantheon," said Zeus. "But really — all the realms and powers seem to have been parceled out."

"Father, I am of modest nature," said Hermes. "I require no vast dignities. Only a. chance to be useful, to serve you, and to dwell in your benign and potent presence. Let me be your herald. Let me carry your tidings. You will find me quick and resourceful, and what I can't remember I will make up. And, I guarantee, your subjects will get the message."

"Very well," said Zeus. "I will give you a trial."

So Hermes became the messenger god, and accomplished his duties with such swiftness, ingenuity, and cheerfulness that he became a favorite of his father, who soon rewarded him with other posts. Hermes became patron of liars and thieves and gamblers, god of commerce, framer of treaties, and guardian of travelers. Hades

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

became his client too, and called upon him to usher the newly dead from Earth to Tartarus.

He kept a workshop on Olympus, and there invented the alphabet, astronomy, and the scales; also playing cards and card games, He carried Apollo's golden staff decorated with white ribbons, wore a pot-shaped hat, and winged sandals which carried him through the air more swiftly than any bird could fly.

It was he who gave Zeus' the idea of disguising himself and mingling with mortals when bored with Olympus. He joined his father in this, and they had many adventures together… which will be told in their place.

Hephaestus

No one celebrated the birth of Hephaestus. His mother, Hera, had awaited him with great eagerness, hoping for a child so beautiful, so gifted, that it would make Zeus forget his heroic swarm of children from lesser consorts. But when the baby was born she was appalled to see that he was shriveled and ugly, with an irritating bleating wail. She did not wait for Zeus to see him, but snatched the infant up and hurled him off Olympus.

For a night and a day he fell, and hit the ground at the edge of the sea with such force that both of his legs were broken. He lay there on the beach mewing piteously, unable to crawl, wracked with pain, but unable to die because he was immortal. Finally, the tide came up. A huge wave curled him under its arm and carried him off to sea. And there he sank like a stone, and was caught by the playful Thetis, a naiad, who thought he was a tadpole.

When Thetis understood it was a baby she had caught, she made a pet of him, and kept him in her grotto. She was amazed at the way the crippled child worked shells and bright pebbles into jewelry. One day she appeared at a great festival of the gods wearing a necklace he had made. Hera noticed the ornament, and praised it, and asked her how she had come by it. Thetis told her of the strange twisted child whom someone had dropped into the ocean, and who lived now in her cave making wonderful jewels. Hera divined that it was her own son, and demanded him back.

Hephaestus returned to Olympus. There Hera presented him with a broken mountain nearby, where he could set up forges and bellows. She gave him the brawny

Cyclopes to be his helpers, and promised him Aphrodite as a bride, if he would labor in the mountain and make her fine things. Hephaestus agreed because he loved her, and excused her cruelty to him.

"I know that I am ugly, Mother," he said, "but the fates would have it so. And I will make you gems so beautiful for your tapering arms and white throat and black hair that you will forget my ugliness sometimes, and rejoice that you have taken me back from the sea,"

He became the smith-god, the great artificer, lord of mechanics. And the mountain always smoked and rumbled with his toil.

Aphrodite

Aphrodite was the goddess of love and beauty; so there are more stories told about her than anyone else, god or mortal. Being what she is, she enters other stories; and such is the power of her magic girdle that he who even speaks her name falls under her spell, and seems to glimpse her white shoulders and catch the perfume of her golden hair. And he loses his wits and begins to babble, and tells the same story in many ways.

But all the tales agree that she is the goddess of desire, and, unlike other Olympians, is never distracted from her duties. Her work is her pleasure, her profession, her hobby. She thinks of nothing but love, and nobody expects more of her.

She was born out of the primal murder. When Cronos butchered his father, Oranos, with the scythe his mother had given him, he flung the dismembered body off Olympus into the sea, where it floated, spouting blood and foam which drifted, whitening in the sun. From the foam rose a tall beautiful maiden, naked and dripping. Waves attended her. Poseidon's white horses brought her to the island of Cythera. Wherever she stepped, the sand turned to grass and flowers bloomed. Then she went to Cyprus. Hillsides burst into flowers, and the air was full of birds.

Zeus brought her, to Olympus. She was still dripping from the sea. She wore nothing but the bright tunic of her hair which fell below her knees and was yellow as daffodils. She looked about the great throne room where the gods were assembled to meet her, arched her throat and laughed with joy.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

Hera was watching Zeus narrowly. “You must marry her off,” she whispered. “At once — without delay!”

“Yes,” said Zeus. “Some sort of marriage would seem to be indicated.”
And he said, “Brothers, sons, cousins, Aphrodite is to be married. She will choose her own husband. So make your suit.”

The gods closed around her, shouting promises, pressing their claims. Earth-shaking Poseidon swung his mighty trident to clear a space about himself. “I claim you for the sea,” he said. “You are sea-born, foam-born, and belong to me. I offer you grottos, riddles, gems, fair surfaces, dark surroundings. I offer you variety. Drowned sailors, typhoons, sunsets. I offer you secrets. I offer you riches that the earth does not know — power more subtle, more fluid than the dull fixed land. Come with me — be queen of the sea.”

He slammed his trident on the floor, and a huge green tidal wave swelled out of the sea — high, high as Olympus, curling its mighty green tongue as if to lick up the mountain — and poised there, quivering, not breaking, as the gods gaped. Then Poseidon raised his trident, and the mighty wave subsided like a ripple. He bowed to Aphrodite. She smiled at him, but said nothing.

Then the gods spoke in turn, offering her great gifts. Apollo offered her a throne and a crown made of hottest sun-gold, a golden chariot drawn by white swans, and the Muses for her handmaids. Hermes offered to make her queen of the crossways where all must come — where she would hear every story, see every traveler, know each deed — a rich pageant of adventure and gossip so that she would never grow bored. She smiled at Apollo and Hermes and made no answer.

Then Hera, scowling, reached her long white arm and dragged Hephaestus, the lame smith-god, from where he had been hiding behind the others, ashamed to be seen. And she hissed into his ear, “Speak, fool. Say exactly what I told you to say.”

He limped forward with great embarrassment, and stood before the radiant goddess, eyes cast down, not daring to look at her. He said: “I would make a good husband for a girl like you. I work late.”

Aphrodite smiled. She said nothing, but put her finger under the chin of the grimy little smith, raised his face, leaned down, and kissed him on the lips.

That night they were married. And at the wedding party she finally spoke — whispering to each of her suitors — telling each one when he might come with his gift.

Zeus, Hera, Athene, Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Birth of the Twins, Artemis, Apollo, The Sons of Apollo, Hermes, Hephaestus, Aphrodite

The Pantheon

Greek god/goddess	Symbol	Characteristics/ Facts	Family
Zeus			
Hera			
Athene			

Greek god/goddess	Symbol	Characteristics/ Facts	Family
Poseidon			
Hades			
Demeter			

Greek god/goddess	Symbol	Characteristics/ Facts	Family
Artemis			
Apollo			
Asclepius (p. 41-44)			

Greek god/goddess	Symbol	Characteristics/ Facts	Family
Hermes			
Hephaestus			
Aphrodite			

Name: _____

Entering 6th Grade Summer Math Work

Find each product.

1) 49×8

2) 26×31

3) 25×28

4) 19×470

Find each quotient.

5) $54 \div 3$

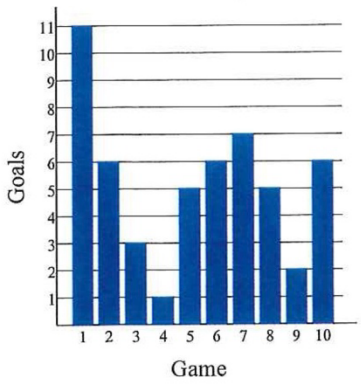
6) $270 \div 18$

7) $104 \div 13$

8) $154 \div 11$

Find the mode, median, mean, and range for each data set.

9) Goals in a Hockey Game



Find the LCM of each.

10) 60, 25

11) 20, 48

Find the GCF of each.

12) 36, 72

13) 39, 52

Evaluate each expression.

14) $\frac{5}{7} + \frac{11}{8}$

15) $\frac{13}{7} - \frac{1}{2}$

16) $3\frac{3}{4} - 1\frac{2}{7}$

17) $4 + \frac{1}{2}$

Find each product.

18) $1\frac{4}{5} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$

19) $1\frac{5}{6} \times \frac{3}{5}$

20) $2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$

21) $1\frac{2}{3} \times 4$

Find each quotient.

22) $4\frac{1}{2} \div 1\frac{1}{3}$

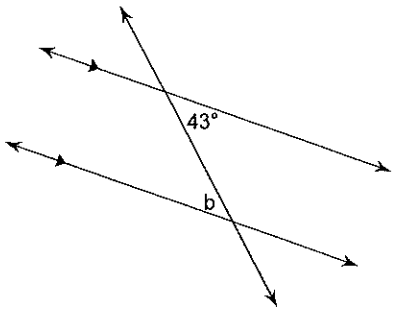
23) $\frac{3}{4} \div 3\frac{1}{4}$

24) $\frac{1}{2} \div 4\frac{1}{7}$

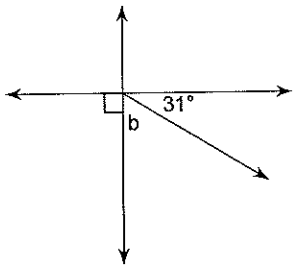
25) $2\frac{1}{2} \div 5\frac{3}{7}$

Find the measure of angle b.

26)

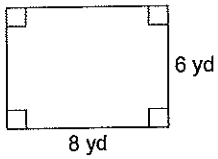


27)

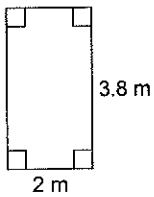


Find the area of each.

28)



29)



Write each as a percent.

30) 0.40

31) 0.3

32) 5.64

33) 10.77

Write each as a percent.

34) $\frac{4}{25}$

35) $\frac{2}{5}$

36) $1\frac{1}{2}$

37) $\frac{1}{2}$

Evaluate each expression.

38) $0.51 + 2.2$

39) $5.3 - 0.8$

Find each product.

40) 1.5×0.8

41) 7.2×8.5

Find each quotient.

42) $12 \div 1.6$

43) $0.3 \div 3$

1) Juan lives 2 miles from his friend, Angelo. Juan can walk a mile in 18 minutes. If Jaun leaves his house at 10:45 a.m., he will arrive at Angelo's house at ___a.m.

1)_____

2) Raffle tickets to support the school's marching band sell for $3 each or 4 tickets for $10. What is the least amount of money Mr. Harvey has to pay in order to purchase 25 raffle tickets?

2)_____

3) A group of young boys were playing musical instruments by the wharf in San Francisco. From 11 a.m. until 4 p.m. a total of 1,300 people stopped to listen to them. The average number of people that stopped to listen each hour was_____.

3) _____

4) Fill in the one-digit numbers in the answer column so that the sum of each row, column and diagonal is 15. (This is called a magic square).

		6
3		
		2

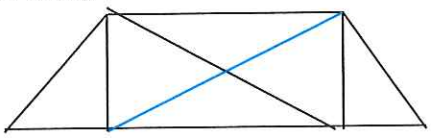
5) When you multiply 6 and 10 the answer is ____ more than when you add 6 and 10. 5)_____

6) Domingo does push-ups every 4 days. He lifts weights every 5 days. Last Monday he did both. On what day of the week will he next be doing both push-ups and lifting weights? 6)_____

7) If $9 \, x \, 5 = 51 - [\quad]$. Find the number that belongs in the [ ]. 7)_____

8) Mr. Ziegler has 6 planks of wood 7 feet long and 5 planks of wood 8 feet long. If he places all 6 of the 7-foot planks in a line, they will be ____ feet longer than all 5 of the 8-foot planks in a line. 8)_____

9) How many triangles are there in the figure below? 9)_____



10) If 18 oranges cost $3.20, how much would 27 of these oranges cost? 10)_____

11) In the two problems below, the greater answer is _____ more than the lesser answer. 11)_____

75 x 4 = _____ 115 + 73= _____

12) A lake is 18.47 meters deep at the beginning of the year. The annual rainfall is 0.67 meters and the annual evaporation is 0.24 meters. The lake at the end of that year is _____ meters deep. 12)_____

13) Karen, Laura, Mike and Nick are each holding a card with a number on it. Each of the 2 girls is holding a card with a number which is twice her age. Each of the 2 boys is holding a card with a number which is one more than his age. Karen is 14 years old, Laura is 16 years old and Mike is 14 years old. If the numbers on the 4 cards total 95, how old is Nick? 13)_____

14) In the two problems at the below, how much must be added to the lesser answer to arrive at a number 25 more than the greater answer? 14) _____

95 + 72 = _____ 239 – 127= _____

15) Use the facts to find the number.

Facts:

1) The number has 3 digits.

2) All the digits are even.

3) All the digits are different. 15)_____

4) The sum of the digits is 16.

5) The smallest digit is in the ones place and the largest is in the hundreds place.

16) Ray tossed 3 pennies at the number board lying on the floor. Each penny landed on a different number. Ray's score was 85. On what 3 numbers did the pennies land? 16)_____

25	36	14
18	31	

17) A salmon has to swim 25 miles upstream. It swims 7 miles each day and drifts back 5 miles each night. How many days does it take for the salmon to first reach the 25 mile mark? 17)_____

18) Lou has 10 dimes and 5 nickels. Maria has half as many dimes and twice as many nickels. Lou has _____cents more than Maria 18)_____

19) Lee has 6 plums. Five of the 6 weigh the same and one is lighter. Lee has a balance scale. What is the least number of times he could weigh plums to be sure he could determine which plum was lighter? 19)_____

20) The 3 different letters represent 3 different digits. Each time the same letter appears it represents the same digit. Find the sum A + B + C . 20)_____

$$\begin{array}{r} A\ B \\ A\ B \\ A\ B \\ +\ A\ B \\ \hline C\ A \end{array}$$

21) Find the one number that belongs in both boxes in order to make a true sentence. $50 - [\quad] = [\quad] + 12$ 21)_____

22) Mr. Seales is 32 years old and is 4 times as old as his son. Four years ago he was ___ times as old as his son was then. 22)_____

23) A construction manager determines that 40 men can build 20 sheds in 2 hours. If he used only 5 men, how many hours will it take to build 10 sheds? 23)_____

24) If the ones digit and the hundreds digit of the number 513 were revered, find the sum of the original number and the new number. 24)_____

25) The Suez Canal is 160.8km long. The Panama Canal is 1.2km longer than one-half the length of the Suez Canal. The Panama Canal is ___ km long. 25)_____

26) A piece of rope is in the shape of a rectangle 10ft by 14 ft. The rope is then shaped into a square. The area of the square is ___ sq. ft. 26)_____

27) Abigail had 22 nickels, 10 dimes, and 3 quarters. She put the money into 3 stacks so that all the stacks had an equal amount of money. What is the least number of coins Abigail could have in any one stack? 27)_____