

Carter Hull

Short Story

Freshman Year

Mrs. Mazur

Communicate Ideas : • Selects and applies appropriate resources, such as technology and media, to communicate and collaborate with a range of diverse individuals. • Makes accurate, specific observation

For our freshman year, one of the more creative projects we were able to do was write our own short story version of Polyphemus' story of the Cyclops. I decided to take it on a tangent and make Cyclops a chef, who was angered by Odessyus, and actually ends up killing him, and then eating him. The Cyclops cites this event as the beginning of his restaurant chain, according to my rendition of the story.

Utilizing google docs, I was able to communicate my story and ideas about the Cyclops and Odessyus to a larger audience, and allow it to reach a diverse group of individuals. Overall this project allowed me to be more creative, and share my more creative ideas online, which was especially helpful during COVID times. The project was very fun and enjoyable to write, and even more so to have people read.

Here's the intro of the story:

Cyclops Turned Chef

By Polyphemus, Translated by Carter Hull

Hello. My name is Polyphemus, and I'm here to tell you how I created my massive restaurant chain. It all started one day years ago, when I had gotten back to my cave after a long day of tending to my cattle. I found a filthy looking mortal sitting in my cave, eating my pried ram raw. I asked this dude, "What are you doing in my house", and he calmly turns to me, his face covered in lamb guts, and he says, "The hell you think I'm doing". I wanted to smack that stranger so hard up against the head, but then I remembered my anger management classes, and I started to calm myself down with the techniques I learned. I turned and faced the stranger and asked, "What is your name?", he looked back up from eating my lambs, and said, "Im Odysseus you bucket of lard, now shut your mouth and let me eat ". Once again, I felt that anger build up again, and once again, I had to calm myself down. I offered him something to drink, because at anger management, they also taught me how to treat people. He told me that he would like a glass of water, and as I gave it to him , he grabbed the cup and threw it back at me, [REDACTED]renching my clothes. This triggered a flashback from when my