My name is Athene. I am a goddess!
I am the best weaver in the land.
I can take a heap of bright wool and some glass beads,
and turn them into the most beautiful tapestry
you could ever dream of.

But today I have had a real shock.
I have found out that a girl – a mere mortal! –
called Arachne is saying that she can weave better than I can!

She’s a cheat, an imposter!
I am in such a bad temper,
I want to spit in her face!
I’m going to pay little Arachne a visit,
and I will teach her not to steal the thunder of Athene!

This must be the girl.
She’s seated at her loom, weaving!
Arachne!
I will challenge you to a weaving contest!
Let me tell you, I mean to win!
You will not beat me, the goddess Athene!

Two looms, two seats, two heaps of wool.
Two weavers.
Please sit here, little Arachne.
Let the contest begin.

Our arms move back and forth across the bright cloth.
The looms are creaking.
As we weave, no one speaks.

Ha! I know my tapestry will be the best.
Look at the light on my stream.
Look at my ducks, each with its golden beak and its bright wings.

Have you finished yet, Arachne?
Please let me see!

But what’s this?
You have shown not just a stream, but the mighty sea!
I see waves, leaping fish, plump seals and a ship at anchor!