

<https://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/Greek/Grouch.php>

(V. 17-34)

And immediately, from that wedding day onwards, our Knemon's mouth opened and like a pent up tempest, began the loud arguments. Day and night, night and day! A daughter was born from that unholy union and from then on things worsened even more.

Their life had sunk into the blackest pits of misery! A misery that the poor woman found utterly unbearable, so much so that, one day she packed up her stuff and went off to live with her son, Gorgias. That's the son she had with her previous husband.

Indicating the house on his left

Gorgias has a small farm, this one here, in fact, and this fine, mature young man now looks after his frail old mother with the help of a slave who his father left him as part of his inheritance. A sensible young man, more sensible than young men of the same age.

Life's troubles bring quick maturity to men.

So, now, old man Knemon lives a lonely life here, Indicating Knemon's house with his daughter, Myrrhini and with an old woman slave, Simike, who does all the household chores. **(30)**

*All day long Knemon toils with tilling the soil and with chopping up the fire wood and all day long he fights with everyone, beginning with his slave and with all his neighbours around here and including everyone else, going all the way down to the village of Cholargos!*