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## Hector vs achilles fight scene

الفازمة الففحة الرئيسية جديدة انقال youtube.com/watch?...Page 2youtube.com/watch?... Page 2youtube.com/watch?... Page 2youtube.com/watch?... Page 2youtube.com/watch?... Page 2youtu.be/NQ62fr... Page 2youtu.be/NQ62fr... Translated by A. S. Kline © Copyright 2009 All Rights Reserved This work may be freely reproduced, stored and transmitted, electronically or otherwise, for any non-commercial purpose. Content BkXXII:1-89 Priam and Hecabe fail to deter Hector the Trojans, having escaped like a crowd of frightened deer, now leaning against battlements around the city, drying the sweat from their bodies, and quenching their thirst, as the Greeks approached the wall, their shields at the hillside. But the deadly fate enticed Hector to stop at Scaean Gate, in front of the city. Meanwhile, Phoebus Apollo appeared to Achilles: 'Why, son of Peleus, who is only mortal, are you running after me, a deathless god? Only now it seems that you know me, so great your fury! Have you forgotten the Trojans you directed? They have found refuge in the city while you linger here and try to kill one who cannot die.' Then swift-footed Achilles replied, in dismay: Far-Striker, you are the cruellest of gods. You've lured me here, far from the wall, while many who should have bitten the dust reach Ilium. You rob me of my honor, to save them, an easy task for a sure self from vengeance, for I would really avenge myself on you if I were in power.' So says, Achilles eagerly ran towards the city, his legs pounding away like a winning thoroughbred coursing across the plain of the cart track. Old Priam was the first to see him, racing across the plain, his bronze breastplate glimmering like Sirius, the star of the harvest, brightest of stars in the dark of the night. Orion's Dog, men call it, glittering bright yet boding sick, bringing fever to miserable mortals. The old man moaned loudly, raising his arms, beating his head with his hands, shouting oneof his dear son, who was standing before the gate, ready to turn his anger on Achilles. Stretching out his arms, he called to him pitifully: Hector, dear children, I beg you, do not meet that man alone. Seek help, so you don't face your downfall in the hands of Achilles, a stronger and tougher warrior than you. If the gods loved him as little as I do, the dogs and vultures would soon feed on his corpses, and my heart would be relieved by a burden of sorrow, for he has deprived me of many fine sons, kill them or sell them in someone far off the isle. On this particular day, I miss my two sons, Lycaon and Polydorus, whom Laothoe, princess among women, bores me. I failed to see them among the troops who took refuge in the city. If they live, and are held captive, we will ransom them with gold and bronze, from my big shop. Altes, of glorious name, gave his daughter many But if they are dead, in hades halls, it is yet another sorrow for their mother and I, who gave them. But the grief of the people will be brief if Achilles fails to kill you too. So take refuge behind the walls, my child, and be the saviour of the Trojans: stay alive, deny this son of the glory of Peleus. Have compassion for me too while I live, I, poor wretch, for whom it seems Father Zeus reserves a terrible fate, here after much sad experience, on the eve of old age, to see my sons slaughtered, my daughters dishonor, their children cast aside in anger, my son's wives dragged away, my treasures fallen into wild Achaean hands. In the end, I'll be killed by a jolt from some sharp spears, and carnivorous dogs before my door will tear my corpse apart, the very dogs I fed from my table, bred to guard the same doors, dogs that will lie there in the gate when in their barbarity they have patched my blood. It is good for a young man, killed in battle, to lie there with his wounds on display: dead even if he is, it is an honorable sight. But the naked corpse of an old man, his gray hair soiled by the dogs, is a pitiful thing for us wretched mortals.. With this, the old man tore and plucked the gray hairs from his head, but failed to move Hector's heart. Although his mother in turn began to cry and wall, pushing aside the folds of her robe and baring her breasts, imploring him as she cried: Hector, my baby, this is the breast that fed you: respect and pity for me. Think of us, and oppose the enemy from within the wall, do not stand and face the fierce warrior, for if he kills you I do not have your corpse to lay on a bee and mourn over, dear children of my body, nor the wife you richly dowered; but far from us, at the Argive ships, the running dogs will devour you.'

BkXXII:90-130 Hector considers his situation So they entreated their dear son with tears. But all their sincere pleas couldn't change Hector's mind, and he waited for the great Achilles rampage. Like a snake in the mountains, full of poison because of the poisonous herbs it eats, which gleams balefully and twists inside its hole, waiting as any man approaches, so Hector held his land, filled with latent power, his bright shield resting on a shooting outwork. But his proud thoughts were troubled: If I retreat through the gate, to the safety of the wall, Polydamas will not be slow to reproach me, because he advised me to withdraw our forces to the city, that fateful night when Achilles reappeared. I refused, though it might have been better! Now, in my folly, having brought us to the brink of ruin, I would be ashamed to hear some insignificant Trojan, or his long-loathing wife, say: Hector has brought ruin to the army, trusting too much in his own right arm. If that's what they're going to say, then it'll be better by far to meet Achilles face to face and and him before he returns to the city, or dies gloriously under its walls. Of course, I could ditch bossed shield and heavy helmet, tilt my spear on the wall, and go and promise the peerless Achilles to return Helen and her treasure to Atreidae, all as Paris brought in the hollow ships to Troy, to begin this battle. I could also say that we then divide up all the remaining treasures in the city, and then induce the Elders to state under oath that they will not hide any part of that treasure, but grant half of all the beautiful city holds. But what is the point of such thoughts? I'm not going to approach him like a suppliant just to get him to show neither grace nor respect, but kill me out of my hand, stripped of my armor and defenseless as a woman. This is no lover tryst of boy and lass, of oak or stone! Lad and lass, really! Better to meet in bloody battles, now, and look to whom Zeus grants the honor! BkXXII:131-187 Achilles chases Hector around the walls While he stood there thinking, Achilles, peer of Ares, approached, plumes of his helmet nodded, swinging the mighty spear of Pelian ash in his right hand, high above his shoulder, his bronze armor blazing like fire or the rising sun. Now Hector was gripped by fear and, trembling at the sight of him, afraid to stand his ground at the gate, set off running. Achilles, sure of his own speed, stalked him. Like a hawk, fastest birds, swooping on a timorous pigeon in the mountains, rushing towards her with fierce cries as she flees, eager to arrest her, so Achilles ran and Hector fled as fast as he could in terror, under the Trojan wall. Passing the lookout point, and the windswept wild fig trees, along the wagon-tracks they ran leaving the wall behind, and came to two beautiful springs where the water rises to feed eddying Scamander. One flows hot, and steam rises over it like smoke from a fire, while even in summer the other is ice water, cold as freezing snow or hail. Nearby are the fine wide troughs of stone where wives and daughters of the Trojans once washed their shiny clothes in peacetime, before the advent of the Greeks. At the trough they ran, a fleeing, a pursuit, a fine runner in front but a better chasing him down behind, and this was no race for the price of a bull skin or a sacrifice kicke, a price they give for running, they ran instead of the life of horse-tame Hector. As thoroughbreds wrap around the turn-post, and compete for the prize of a fine tripod or a woman, in honor of some dead warriors, so these two warriors quickly ran three times around the city of Troy, while the gods watched on. And the Father of the gods and men took it upon himself to speak: Yes, now, here is a sight! A man who is my love, chased around the walls, Hector for whom my heart sorrows, who has burned the thighs of countless oxen at many ribbed Ida heights for me, or on summit of the citadel. Now noble Achilles, the great runner, is chasing him around Priam city. Take advice, immortal, decide! Shall we save him from death, or the good man, if he is, shall he die at the hands of Achilles the son of Peleus? It was the clear-eyed Athene who replied, 'Father, Lord of lightning, and the Storm, what is this? Would you save a mortal from sad death, to which he was condemned a long time ago? Do it, but don't expect the rest of us to agree to it. The cloud collector Zeus replied: Easy, Tritogeneia, my dear child, I was not serious, and I'll spoil you. Do what you want, and don't delay anymore. With this encouragement, the eager Athene rushed down from the top of Olympus. BkXXII:188-246 Athene excites Hector to fight While Achilles chased Hector relentlessly, and he could no more escape than a fawn, that a dog starts from a mountain disguised. Chased through the clearing and valley it can crouch for a while in some thickets, but the dog tracks down, running strong until he gets his quarry. So Achilles chased Hector. Every time Hector paused for Dardanian Gate in the hope of securing the solid walls, where defenders can protect him with their missiles, Achilles would head him against the plain, himself holding the inner groove at the walls. But as in a dream where our stalker can't catch us or we escaped, Achilles couldn't overtake Hector, nor could Hector shake him off. Yet Hector could have escaped fate for so long, had Apollo not, for the last and last time, come to strengthen him and hasten him, and had Not Achilles signaled to his men not to lose his deadly missiles on the man, so that he himself might be deceived by glory? But when they reached The Springs for the fourth time, the Father raised his golden scales, and put the death of Achilles and horse-tame Hector in balance, and lifted it on high. Down sank Hector's lot against Hades, and Phoebus Apollo left his side, while the clear-eyed Athene came to Achilles and stood near, spoke winged words: 'Glorious Achilles, beloved Zeus, now you and I will kill Hector, and give the Greeks great glory. Warlike he may be, but he will not escape us, even if Apollo, Far-Striker, grovels before aegis-wearing Father Zeus. Now stop and catch your breath. I'm going to go get him excited to fight you face to face. He, cheerfully, at once obeyed her words, stopped and stood there leaning on his bronze-tipped box spear, while she seemed noble Hector in the form of Deiphobus, that tireless speaker: Dear brother, quick Achilles pushed you hard there, chasing you around the city at a pace, but let's take a stand together, and defend ourselves. Great Hector of the shining rudder, replied: Deiphobus, of all my brothers born to Hecabe and Priam, you are by far the dearest, and now I will honor you in my mind even more, because while the others stay within and look, have come to find me outside the wall.' Dear brother, said the clear-eyed Athene, in disguise, our parents and friends in turn asked me not to come here, so terrified they are of Achilles, but I was plagued by anxiety. Let's attack him head on, not spare our spears, and find out if he will kill us and carry our blood-stained armor to hollow ships, or be conquered by our leaves. BkXXII:247-366 The death of Hector Athene fooled Hector with her words and her disguise, and led him on until he and Achilles met. Hector of the gleaming rudder spoke first: I will not run from you, as before, the son of Peleus. My heart failed me as I waited for your attack, and three times around Priam's town we ran, but now my heart tells me to stand and meet you, to kill or be killed. Come let us swear an oath before the gods, for they are the best witnesses to such things. If Zeus lets me kill you and survive, when I have deprived you of your glorious armor I will not abuse your corpse, I will return your body to your people, if you will do the same for me. Swift-footed Achilles stared at him in response: Curse you, Hector, and don't talk about you to me. Lions and men do not make compresses, nor wolves and lambs in sympathy: they are opposed, to the end. You and I are beyond friendship: nor will there be peace between us until one or the other dies and sates Ares, lord of the ox-hide shield, with his blood. Call up your reserves of courage, be a spearman now and a

warrior brave. There is no escape from me, and soon Athene will bring you down with my spear. Now pay the price for all my grief, for all my friends you have slaughtered with your blade. So says he raised his long shaded spear and threw it. But lovely Hector kept an eye on it and, crouching, dodged so his shoulder flew over him, and the point buried itself in the ground behind. But Pallas Athene snatched it up and returned it to The Achilles, too quickly for Prince Hector to see. And Hector spoke to Peleus' incomparable son: It seems that you missed, godlike Achilles, despite your certainty that Zeus has judged me. It was just the glibness of speech, just verbal cunning, trying to unnerve me with horror, to make me lose strength and courage. You won't get a chance to pierce my back when I run, so, if the gods allow you, run it through my chest when I attack, dodge my bronze spear if you can. I pray that it lodges deep in your flesh! If you were dead, our biggest bane, war would be easy for us Trojans. So says, he raised and threw his long shaded spear, striking the Achilles shield square on, even though the spear simply bounced. Hector was angered by his vain attempt with the fast shoulder, and stood there in dismay, missing a second missile. He called loudly to Deiphobus of White requires his long spear, but he was nowhere to be and Hector realized the betrayal: 'Ah, so the gods have enticed me to my death. I thought Deiphobus was by my side, but he's still in the city, Athene fooled me. An evil fate is upon me, Death is no longer far away, and there is no escape to him. Zeus, and his son, Far-Striker, decided all this a long time ago, those who were once eager to defend me, and fate now overgoes me. But let me not die without battle, without true glory, without any deed that men unborn may hear."

With this he drew the sharp blade by his side, a powerful long sword, and gather his limbs together swept like a high-floating eagle falling to earth from the dark clouds to grasp a sick lamb or a crouching hare. So Hector swooped, swung his eager blades. Achilles ran to meet him heart filled with wild power, covering his chest with his large, skillfully worked shield, while above his gleaming rudder with his four ridges waving the golden plumes of Hephaestus placed thickly on its crest. Candles like the Evening Star floating among midnight constellations, like where the most beautiful jewel in the sky, gleamed the tip of Achilles' sharp spear brandished in his right hand, as he tried to work evil on noble Hector, searching for the most beautiful place to land a blow on his just flesh. Now, the fine bronze armor he stripped off from mighty Patroclus when he killed him covered all of Hector's flesh except for an opening in his neck, where the clavicles knit neck and shoulders, and violent death can come most quickly. There, as Hector laid out at him, noble Achilles directed his ash of spears, and drove his heavy bronze leaves clean through his tender throat, but without cutting the trachea or robbing Hector of the power of speech. Hector fell into the dust and Achilles cried out in triumph: While you were despoiling Patroclus, no doubt, in your folly, you believed yourself pretty sure, Hector, and forgot all about me in my absence. Far from him, by the hollow ships, was a more powerful man, who should have been his helper but stayed, and it was I who has now brought you low. The dogs and carcass birds will tear your flesh apart, but the Achaeans will bury.' Achilles kills Hector - Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613 When Hector of the gleaming rudder answered, in a faint voice: At your feet I pray, of your parents, of your own life, do not let the dogs devour my flesh of hollow ships. Receive the ransom that my royal father and mother will offer, stores of gold and bronze and let them carry home my body, so the Trojans and their wives can give me in death my share of fire. But fleet-footed Achilles stared at him in response: Don't talk about my parents, dog. I wish the rage and pain in me could drive me to cut and eat you raw for what you did, as surely as this is true: no living man will keep the dogs from gnawing at skull, not if men weighed out thirty times your value in ransom, and promised even more, not if Dardanian Priam bids them give you your weight in gold, even then your royal mother will put you on a bee to mourn for you, the son she wore, rather shall dogs, and cadaver birds, devour you completely.' Then Hector spoke from the gleaming rudder at the point of death: I really know you now, and see your destiny, nor was it mine to sway you. The heart of your chest is iron really. But imagine that the gods, who remember me, do not turn their wrath upon you, that day at the Scaean Gate when Paris, braveas you are, does not kill you, with Apollo's help. Death surrounded him, when he uttered these words, and moaned its lot, his spirit fled from his body down to Hades, leaving youth and masculinity behind. A corpse it was to noble Achilles up: Lie there then in death, and I will meet my own, when Zeus and the other deathless gods decide. BkXXII:367-404 Achilles pulls Hector's corpse into the dust

With this, Achilles pulled his bronze-pointed spear from the corpse and laid it down, and when he began to take off the bloodstained armor from Hector's shoulders, he was joined by others by the Greeks, who ran to look at Hector's size and wonderful form. But all those who approached struck the body a blow, and turned to a companion, one said: Look, Hector is easier to handle now than when he set the ships on fire. With that, he wounded the body. When the great aguy, the great runner, had stripped away the armor, he stood up and gave a speech to the Achaeans: 'Friends, leaders, argives, now the gods have allowed us to kill this man, who injured us more than everyone else put together, let's do an armed reconnaissance of the city, while we see what the Trojans have in mind, if they will abandon the city now their master has fallen , or if they will fight on, but Hector is no more. But why think about it? There is another corpse, faint, unburied lying by the ships, that which Patroclus, my dear friend, which I will not forget as long as I walk the earth among the living. And though in hadeshuset men can forget their dead, even there I will remember him. So, you sons of Achaea, raise the song of triumph, and drag this corpse back to the ships. We have won great honor and killed the noble Hector, whom the Trojans prayed to as a god, in Troy.' So he said he found a way to defile the fallen prince. He pierced the tendons on both feet behind from heel to ankle, and through them threaded ox-hide thongs, tying them to his cart, leaving the corpse's head to lug along the ground. Then lifting the glorious armor on board, he mounted and touched the horses with his whip, and they eagerly jumped forward. Dragged behind, Hector's corpse raised a cloud of dust, while his spout of hair flowed, black, on both sides. That head, once so good, dragged in the dirt, now Zeus his enemies to mutilate his corpse on his own native earth. Achilles pulls Hector behind his cart - Workshop by Bernard Picart, 1710 BkXXII:405-515 The sorrow of Troy To see his son's hair fouled with dust, Hecabe, his mother gave a big cry, plucked the shiny veil from her head, and tore her hair. His father Priam groaned in agony, and a wave of grief spread around them through the city, no less than if all the high Ilium burned. The old man could hardly be held back in his frenzy, as he did for Dardanian Gate. He crawled in the dust and begged them around and called every man by his name: Friends, let me be, in spite of your care. Let me go out of town alone, to the Achaean ships. I'll see if that man of violence, lacks shame, respects old age and my weight years. He has a father, Peleus, so old, I think, as I am, who took him and raised him to be a bane to Troy, but for me above all else he brings grief, killing so many of my sons in their prime. But despite my grief for the others, I mourn this one above all, with a bitter sadness that will send me to Hades halls, this Hector. If he could but have died in my arms! Then me and his mother, who bore him to his grief, could have wed and wailed our fill over his corpse.' So he cried, and the people added their tears. Now, among the women, hecabe up loud wailing: My child, how miserable I am! Why should I live on in suffering now you're dead? You were my pride of Troy, night and day, a savior, greeted as a god, by every man and woman in this city, surely their great glory while you were alive. But now death and fate are going to be over. Hecabe cried, but Andromache, Hector's wife, still knew nothing, no one had even told her that her husband had stayed outside the walls. She was at work in an inner room of the high palace, weaving a double-width purple tapestry, with a multicolored pattern of flowers. In all ignorance she had asked her ladies-in-waiting to put a large cauldron on the fire so that Hector would have hot water for a bath, when he returned, never dreaming so far from everyone thinking about bathing, he had been brought low by Achilles and clear-eyed Athene. But now the screams and moans from the wall reached her, she trembled and the shuttle fell from her hand. She called her ladies-in-waiting: Two of you are coming with me. I need to know what's going on. It was my husband's noble mother I heard, my heart is in my mouth and my legs are numb. Something bad is affecting the House of Priam. May such news stay far from me, but I fear to my sorrow that not great Achilles has cut off brave Hector away from the city, and extinguished the deadly courage that possessed him, for he would never stay safely in the ranks, but must always charge forward, giving to no one in dare. So says, she ran through the halls, her heart pounding, next to herself, and her ladies When they got to the wall, where the men jostled, she rushed to blows and looked out, seeing Hector's corpse pulled from the city, the mighty horses pulling it brutally towards the hollow ships. The darkness shrouded her eyes, enveloping her, and she fell backwards, pointlessly. From her head fell the bright headdress, frontlet and netted the cap, the braided strings and veil that the golden Aphrodite had given her when Hector of the shiny rudder had led her from Eëtion's house, after paying a princely dowry for his bride. Her husband's sisters and his brother's wives crowded around her, and supported her in her dead faints. When she revived and her minds returned, she lifted her voice in lamentation, to the women of Troy, crying: Oh, Hector, unfortunately for me! It seems that we were born for this, you in priam's palace, here in Troy, I in Thebes below wooded Placus, in the house of Eëtion. He was what raised me from a bride, unhappy father of an unhappy child. How I wish he'd never developed me! Now you are gone to Hades' house underground, but I remain cold with sorrow, a widow in your halls. And your son, the children of doomed parents, our child, a pure babe, can no longer bring you joy, the death of Hector: nor can you bring joy to him. Even if he survives this terrible war against the Greeks, toil and suffering will be his destiny, deprived of all his lands. An orphan is cut off from his playmates; He walks around with splendid looks and tear-stained cheeks, picking his father's friends off his coat or tunic, until one, from pity, holds the wine-cup to his lips, but only for a moment, enough to wet his lips but not his taste. And some boy with both parents alive beats him with his fist and drives him from the feast, mocking him in reproach: Get out of here! You don't have a father here. So my child will run into tears to his widowed mother, my son Astyanax, who sat on his father's lap eating rich fat and sheep's marrow, and when he was sleepy and tired of play, slept in his nurse's arms in a soft bed, his dreams sweet. Now, with his dear father gone, ills will crowd him. Astyanax, it's City's Lord, the Trojans call him, because you Hector were the great defender of the gates and the high walls. Now at beakships, far from your family, the wrench worms will devour your corpse, once the dogs have got their stuffing, your naked corpse, though in your house are all fine, finely woven clothes that women's hands can fashion. All those I will burn in a great fire, because you shall bear or profit from them, as a badge of honor which you show you of the men and women of troy.' So Andromache spoke, in tears, while the women joined her lament. Complaint.

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