

The Wooden Horse, by Various Authors

A collection of classical and post-classical references to the Wooden Horse of Troy from Homer (750-700BC) to John Tzetzes (1110-1180 AD).

Contents:

Cast of Characters

Greek	3
Trojan	4
Homer (750-700 BC?) <i>The Odyssey</i> , Translation by A.T. Murray.....	6
Lesches of Mytilene (660 BC), <i>The little Iliad</i> (Proclus' Summary of the <i>Little Iliad</i> , attributed to Lesches of Mytilene or Diodorus of Erythrae).....	7
Arctinus of Miletus <i>Ilioupersis</i> (7 th century BC) (Proclus' Summary of the <i>Ilioupersis</i>).....	8
Stesichorus, (640-555 BC) fragments from <i>The Wooden Horse</i>	9
Euripedes, (415 BC) <i>The Trojan Women</i> translated by G. Theodoris.....	10
Aristophanes <i>The Birds</i> (414 BC).....	11
Plato <i>Theaetetus</i> (369 BC) Translation by Benjamin Jowett	11
Simias of Rhodes <i>The Axe</i> (325 BC) Translation by J. M. Edmonds.....	11
Palaephatus <i>Peri Apiston (On Unbelievable Tales)</i> (Late 4 th Century BC?) Translation by Jacob Stern.....	12
Timaeus of Tauromenium (c. 300 BC) From Polybius, commenting on Tomaeus' work on Pyrrhus.....	13
Apollodorus. (died 276 BC), <i>The Library</i> Translation by Sir James George Frazer.....	14
T. Maccius Plautus <i>Bacchides</i> (c 200 BC).....	15
Hyginus (64BC-17AD) <i>Fabulae</i>	16
Konon (1 st Century BC) <i>The Narratives</i> summarized by Photias Translation by Malcom Kenneth Brown.....	17
Virgil (1 st Century BC), <i>The Aenead</i> Translation by H. R. Fairclough.....	18

Pliny the Elder (23AD) Natural History Book VII.....	23
Pausanias (2 nd Century AD) Translation by Jones, W. H. S. and Omerod, H. A.....	23
Tryphiodorus (3rd or 4th Cent AD) The Taking of Ilios Translation by A. W. Mair.....	23
Dictys Cretensis (Q. Septimus 4 th century AD) Journal of the Trojan War Translation by R.M. Frazer.....	25
Quintus Smyrnaeus (late 4 th Century AD), The Fall of Troy Translation by A. S. Way.....	27
John Tzetzes (1110-1180 AD) Posthomerica	35

Cast Of Characters

Greeks (Achaians):

Atreus-Father of Agamemnon and Menelaus and son of Pelops, who was the accursed son of the accursed Tantalus. Family was doomed to misery from the start

Agamemnon-King of Sparta, brother of Menelaus, military leader of the Greeks.

Clytemnestra- Sister of Helen and wife of Agamemnon. Not known for fidelity.

Menelaus- King of Myceneae and husband of Helen.

Helen- Daughter of Leda (and Zeus), wife of Menelaus and the woman who runs off to Ilios (Troy) with Paris

Achilleus- Son of Peleus and Thetis and the greatest warrior in the Greek army.

Patrokles-Good friend of Achilleus, good fighter

Ajax-Good friend of Achilleus, also a good fighter. Went mad after the death of his friend.

Diomedes- good fighter, fierce, usually a little over the top

Odysseus-clever fellow, fast talker, good fighter, master of disguise and star of the Odyssey, possibly (inspired by Athena) came up with the idea of the wooden horse.

Penelope- wife of Odysseus, famous for fidelity

Epeus- Architect, soldier, carpenter and a damn good boxer (had a reputation for cowardice on the battlefield). Designed and built the horse. Later may have founded Pisa.

Calchas-a soothsayer, one half of the soothsaying duo who gave the Greeks the information they needed to defeat Troy. Sometimes gets credit for the idea of the wooden horse.

Echion- the first to exit the horse

Neoptolemus-Son of Achilleus. Also known as Pyrrhos. Hard to say anything nice about him so maybe best not to say anything at all.

Philoctetes- Owner of the weapons of Heracles—needed for the destruction of Troy

Heracles (Hercules) the first person (actually a demi-god) to sack Troy, possibly single-handedly, during Laomedon's reign, in a dispute over horses.

Sinon Soldier left behind by the Greeks to convince the Trojans that it was a good idea to bring the horse inside. Very persuasive, so much so that later traditions claimed it may have been Odysseus in disguise. Not likely, as Homer puts him inside the Horse.

Trojans

Tros-Founder and namesake of Troy. Father of Ilus, who was the father of Laomedon.

Laomedon- a King of Troy and father of Priam. It was during Laomedon's reign that the impregnable walls of Troy were built, by the God Poseidon.

Ganymede-Most beautiful of mortals, son of Tros or Laomedon. Kidnapped by Zeus, from whom eventual restitution came in the form of magnificent horses, such as the Gods ride.

Priam-King of Ilios (Troy) during the war. Apparently had 68 sons and 18 daughters.

Hecuba-Wife of Priam (fortunately for her not the only one) and Queen of Ilios during the war.

Paris, also known as Alexander-Son of Priam, raised as a shepherd, ran off with Helen and started the war

Hector- Son of Priam and the greatest fighter in the Trojan Army.

Andromeche- Wife of Hector. After the war became the property of Neoptolemus.

Astanyax –Son of Hector and Andromeche.

Troilus-Son of Priam (or possibly Apollo—Priam doesn't know). Good looking kid, loved and killed by Achilleus

Deiphobos-Son of Priam. Married Helen after Paris was killed, only to be killed and mutilated by Menelaus during the fall of Troy.

Cassandra- Daughter of Priam. Had the gift of prophecy coupled with the curse of never being believed by anyone. All because Apollo loved her but she wouldn't sleep with him.

Helenus-son of Priam, twin brother of Cassandra, also a seer and, when captured by the Greeks, gave them the rest of the information they needed to defeat Troy.

Aeneas- Son of the love Goddess Aphrodite. It was foretold that his descendants would found a city that would one day conquer the Greeks.

Anchises- The father of Aeneas, carried from the burning city on his son's back.

Ascanius-Son of Aeneas, later called Iulus

Laocoön- Trojan priest of the Apollo. Some say he was the brother of Anchises (father of Aeneas). Tried in vain to prevent the Trojans from bringing the Horse inside the walls. For his trouble he and his sons were killed by serpents.

The Fall of Troy (1184 BC?)

Homer (750 BC?). The Odyssey, English Translation by A.T. Murray

4.271-289

Ere now have I come to know the counsel and the mind of many warriors, and have travelled over the wide earth, but never yet have mine eyes beheld such an one as was Odysseus of the steadfast heart. What a thing was this, too, which that mighty man wrought and endured in the carven horse, wherein all we chiefs of the Argives were sitting, bearing to the Trojans death and fate! Then thou camest thither, and it must be that thou wast bidden by some god, who wished to grant glory to the Trojans, and godlike Deiphobus followed thee on thy way. Thrice didst thou go about the hollow ambush, trying it with thy touch, and thou didst name aloud the chieftains of the Danaans by their names, likening thy voice to the voices of the wives of all the Argives. Now I and the son of Tydeus and goodly Odysseus sat there in the midst and heard how thou didst call, and we two were eager to rise up and come forth, or else to answer straightway from within, but Odysseus held us back and stayed us, despite our eagerness. Then all the other sons of the Achaeans held their peace, but Anticlus alone was fain to speak and answer thee; but Odysseus firmly closed his mouth with strong hands, and saved all the Achaeans, and held him thus until Pallas Athena led thee away.”

8.485-515

But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, then to Demodocus said Odysseus of many wiles: “Demodocus, verily above all mortal men do I praise thee, whether it was the Muse, the daughter of Zeus, that taught thee, or Apollo; for well and truly dost thou sing of the fate of the Achaeans, all that they wrought and suffered, and all the toils they endured, as though haply thou hadst thyself been present, or hadst heard the tale from another. But come now, change thy theme, and sing of the building of the horse of wood, which Epeius made with Athena’s help, the horse which once Odysseus led up into the citadel as a thing of guile, when he had filled it with the men who sacked Ilios. If thou dost indeed tell me this tale aright, I will declare to all mankind that the god has of a ready heart granted thee the gift of divine song.” So he spoke, and the minstrel, moved by the god, began, and let his song be heard, taking up the tale where the Argives had embarked on their benched ships and were sailing away, after casting fire on their huts, while those others led by glorious Odysseus were now sitting in the place of assembly of the Trojans, hidden in the horse; for the Trojans had themselves dragged it to the citadel. So there it stood, while the people talked long as they sat about it, and could form no resolve. Nay, in three ways did counsel find favour in their minds: either to cleave the hollow timber with the pitiless bronze, or to drag it to the height and cast it down the rocks, or to let it stand as a great offering to propitiate the gods, even as in the end it was to be brought to pass;

for it was their fate to perish when their city should enclose the great horse of wood, wherein were sitting all the best of the Argives, bearing to the Trojans death and fate. And he sang how the sons of the Achaeans poured forth from the horse and, leaving their hollow ambush, sacked the city.

11.523-532

He verily was the comeliest man I saw, next to goodly Memnon. And again, when we, the best of the Argives, were about to go down into the horse which Epeus made, and the command of all was laid upon me, both to open and to close the door of our stout-built ambush, then the other leaders and counsellors of the Danaans would wipe away tears from their eyes, and each man's limbs shook beneath him, but never did my eyes see his fair face grow pale at all, nor see him wiping tears from his cheeks; but he earnestly besought me to let him go forth from the horse, and kept handling his sword-hilt and his spear heavy with bronze, and was eager to work harm to the Trojans.

Lesches of Mytilene (660 BC), *The little Iliad* Proclus' Summary of the *Little Iliad*, attributed to Lesches of Mytilene or Diodorus of Erythrae

- 1 There is the judgment for the armor, and Odysseus wins by the machinations of
 Athena,
 but Aias goes mad and defiles the herds of the Achaeans
 and kills himself.
 After this Odysseus goes on an ambush and captures Helenos,
5 and as a result of Helenos' prophecy about the city's conquest
 Diomedes fetches Philoktetes from Lemnos.
 Philoktetes is healed by Makhaon;
 he fights in single combat with Alexandros and kills him.
 The corpse is mutilated by Menelaos,
10 but the Trojans carry it off and hold funeral rites.
 After this Deiphobos marries Helen.
 Odysseus fetches Neoptolemos from Skyros;
 he gives him his father's armor,
 and the ghost of Achilles appears to Neoptolemos.

- 15 Eurypylos the son of Telephos comes to the aid of the Trojans as an ally,
and while he is having his *aristeia* Neoptolemos kills him.
Troy is under siege.
Epeios constructs the wooden horse, under direction of Athena.
Odysseus, disfiguring himself, goes into Ilion as a spy.
- 20 He is recognized by Helen;
jointly, they plan the capture of the city.
Odysseus kills several Trojans and returns to the ships.
After this Odysseus and Diomedes carry the Palladion out of Ilion.
The *aristoi* of the Achaeans climb into the wooden horse;
- 25 the rest burn their tents and sail away to Tenedos.
The Trojans conclude that they have been released from the siege.
Pulling down part of the wall,
they accept the wooden horse into the city,
and they feast as if they had conquered the Achaeans.

Arctinus of Miletus Ilioupersis (7th century BC)

Proclus' Summary of the Ilioupersis

[The *Ilioupersis* (Destruction of Ilion), in two books, follows the *Little Iliad*.]

- 1 The Trojans, suspicious about the horse, stand about wondering what they
should do.
Some want to push it off a cliff,
some want to burn it,
and some say that it is *hieros* and want to dedicate it to Athena.
- 5 In the end, the opinion of the third group wins.
They give over to merriment, feasting as if they had been released from the
war.
At this point two serpents appear and destroy Laokoon and one of his sons.
Aineias and his followers grow uneasy at this marvel, and withdraw to Mount
Ida.
Sinon, who previously joined the Trojans as a pretense, lights signal fires for
the Achaeans,
- 10 who sail back from Tenedos,
and those in the wooden horse fall upon their enemies.

They kill many and take the city by force.
Neoptolemos kills Priam, who has taken refuge at the altar of Zeus Herkeios.
Menelaos murders Deiphobos,
15 he finds Helen and leads her down to the ships.
Aias son of Oileus takes Cassandra by force, dragging her away from the
wooden statue [*xoanon*] of Athena.
The Achaeans, angry at this, want to stone Aias to death,
but he takes refuge at the altar of Athena,
and so is preserved from the immediate danger.
20 The Achaeans put the city to the torch.
They slaughter Polyxena on the tomb of Achilles.
Odysseus kills Astyanax,
and Neoptolemos takes Andromache as his prize.
The rest of the spoils are distributed.
25 Demophon and Akamas find their mother Aithra and take her with them.
Then the Achaeans sail off,
while Athena plots destruction for them on the seas

Stesichorus, (640-555 BC) fragments from *The Wooden Horse*

1
. on thee I call
who shakest the gates of the embattled wall

2
Jove's Daughter pities, as he ever brings
The servile weight of waters for the kings
Epeius he, condemn'd to swell the state
Of Atreus' sons, by too severe a fate.

3
The heroes names it boots not to relate

4
A hundred to the Horse confide their fate

Euripedes, (415 BC) The Trojan Women translated by G. THEODORIDIS
10

And all this destruction happened because Pallas Athena had advised Epeius, a builder from Phockis, -that's a place in the Parnassus- to build a wooden horse, to stuff it full of armed men and then to secretly slide it through the city's lofty towers.

A wooden idol of ruin it was, an idol, which the later generations will call, "The Wooden Horse."

511

Chorus:

Come Muse! Come help me sing this dirge!

Chorus:

Help me tell this new story of ill-fated Troy! This story that is full of tears!

Chorus:

The Greeks rolled a huge structure, built on four wheels into the city and it was that structure which brought about my destruction and my miserable enslavement.

Chorus:

An enormous horse, made out of mountain pine, chiselled by the sharp adze...

520

Chorus:

A construction whose noise reached the heavens...

Chorus:

Whose cheeks were plated with gold...

Chorus:

Whose belly was clogged with spears.

Chorus:

They left that horse by the gates of our city and the folk saw it from above the walls and shouted with glee:

Chorus:

"Come, people! Come and see! Our troubles are no longer!

Come, roll this holy statue to the temple of Athena, the child of Zeus!"

Chorus:

So all the folk came out of their homes. Young girls and old men alike!

529

Chorus:

And with joy and song they pulled the devious destroyer of Dardanus' land inside the walls. All of them! All the Trojans rushed out to the gates to make this evil offering to the virgin goddess who rides the immortal horse.

Chorus:

They ran out to the ambushing statue, spun plaited ropes around it, as if it were the black hull of a ship and brought it to rest at the stony temple on the holy ground of the goddess.

Aristophanes The Birds (414 BC)

Messenger

[1125] It's a most beautiful, a most magnificent work of art. The wall is so broad that Proxenides, the Braggartian, and Theogenes could pass each other in their chariots, even if they were drawn by steeds as big as the Trojan horse.

Plato THEAETETUS Translated by Benjamin Jowett (369 BC)

Socrates

Yes, for it would be strange indeed, my boy, if there are many senses ensconced within us, as if we were so many wooden horses of Troy, and they do not all unite in one power, whether we should call it soul or something else, by which we perceive through these as instruments the objects of perception.

Simias of Rhodes (325 BC) The Axe Translated by J. M. Edmonds

SIMIAs I. THE AXE

This poem was probably written to be inscribed upon a votive copy of the ancient axe with which tradition said Epeius made the Wooden Horse and which was preserved in the temple of Athena. The lines are to be read according to the numbering. The metre is choriambic, and each pair of equal lines contains one foot less than the preceding. The unusual arrangement of lines is probably mystic. Simias of Rhodes flourished about 300 B.C. (Anthology, XV, 22.)

Epeius of Phocis has given unto the man-goddess Athena, in requital of her doughty counsel, the axe with which he once overthrew the upstanding height of god-built walls, in the day when with a fire-breath'd Doom he made ashes of the holy city of the Dardanids and thrust gold-broidered lords from their high seats, for all hew was not numbered of the vanguard of the Achaeans, but drew off an obscure runnel from a clear shining fount. Aye, for all that, he is gone up now upon the road Homer made, thanks be unto thee, Pallas the pure, Pallas the wise. Thrice fortunate he on whom thou hast looked with very favour. This way happiness doth ever blow.

Timaeus of Tauromenium (c. 300 BC) From Polybius, commenting on Tomaeus' work on Pyrrhus,

And in his work on Pyrrhus again he [Timaeus] says that the Romans even now preserve the memory of the destruction of Ilium, on a certain day shooting down a war horse before the city in an area called the campus, because the capture of Troy was effected by means of the so-called Wooden Horse.

Apollodorus. (died 276 BC), **The Library, English Translation by Sir James George Frazer**

Epitome, Chapter 5

When the war had already lasted ten years, and the Greeks were despondent, Calchas prophesied to them that Troy could not be taken unless they had the bow and arrows of Hercules fighting on their side. On hearing that, Ulysses went with Diomedes to Philoctetes in Lemnos, and having by craft got possession of the bow and arrows he persuaded him to sail to Troy. So he went, and after being cured by Podalirius, he shot Alexander. [9] After the death of Alexander, Helenus and Deiphobus quarrelled as to which of them should marry Helen; and as Deiphobus was preferred, Helenus left Troy and abode in Ida. But as Chalcas said that Helenus knew the oracles that protected the city, Ulysses waylaid and captured him and brought him to the camp; [10] and Helenus was forced to tell how Ilium could be taken, to wit, first, if the bones of Pelops were brought to them; next, if Neoptolemus fought for them; and third, if the Palladium, which had fallen from heaven, were stolen from Troy, for while it was within the walls the city could not be taken. [11]

On hearing these things the Greeks caused the bones of Pelops to be fetched, and they sent Ulysses and Phoenix to Lycomedes at Scyros, and these two persuaded him to let Neoptolemus go. On coming to the camp and receiving his father's arms from Ulysses, who willingly resigned them, Neoptolemus slew many of the Trojans. [12] Afterwards, Eurypylos, son of Telephus, arrived to fight for the Trojans, bringing a great force of Mysians. He performed doughty deeds, but was slain by Neoptolemus. [13] And Ulysses went with Diomedes by night to the city, and there he let Diomedes wait, and after disfiguring himself and putting on mean attire he entered unknown into the city as a beggar. And being recognized by Helen, he with her help stole away the Palladium, and after killing many of the guards, brought it to the ships with the aid of Diomedes. [14]

But afterwards he invented the construction of the Wooden Horse and suggested it to Epeus, who was an architect. Epeus felled timber on Ida, and constructed the horse with a hollow interior and an opening in the sides. Into this horse Ulysses persuaded fifty (or, according to the author of the Little Iliad, three thousand) of the doughtiest to enter, while the rest, when night had fallen, were to burn their tents, and, putting to sea, to lie to off Tenedos, but to sail back to land after the ensuing night. [15] They followed the advice of Ulysses and introduced the doughtiest into the horse, after appointing Ulysses their leader and engraving on the horse an inscription which signified, " For their return home, the Greeks dedicate this thank—offering to Athena." But they themselves burned their tents, and leaving Sinon, who was to light a beacon as a signal to them, they put to sea by night, and lay to off Tenedos. [16]

And at break of day, when the Trojans beheld the camp of the Greeks deserted and believed that they had fled, they with great joy dragged the horse, and stationing it beside the palace of Priam deliberated what they should do. [17] As Cassandra said that there was an armed force in it, and she was further confirmed by Laocoon, the seer, some were for burning it, and others for throwing it down a precipice; but as most were in favour of sparing it as a votive offering sacred to a divinity, they betook them to sacrifice and feasting. [18] However, Apollo sent them a sign; for two serpents swam through the sea from the neighboring islands and devoured the sons of Laocoon. [19] And when night fell, and all were plunged in sleep, the Greeks drew near by sea from Tenedos, and Sinon kindled the beacon on the grave of Achilles to guide them. And Helen, going round the horse, called the chiefs, imitating the voices of each of their wives. But when Anticlus would have answered, Ulysses held fast his mouth. [20] and when they thought that their foes were asleep, they opened the horse and came forth with their arms. The first, Echion, son of Portheus, was killed by leaping from it; but the rest let themselves down by a rope, and lighted on the walls, and having opened the gates they admitted their comrades who had landed from Tenedos. [21] And marching, arms in hand, into the city, they entered the houses and slew the sleepers. Neoptolemus slew Priam, who had taken refuge at the altar of Zeus of the Courtyard. But when Glaucus, son of Antenor, fled to his house, Ulysses and Menelaus recognized and rescued him by their armed intervention. Aeneas took up his father Anchises and fled, and the Greeks let him alone on account of his piety. [22] But Menelaus slew Deiphobus and led away Helen to the ships and Aethra, mother of Theseus, was also led away by Demophon and Acamas, the sons of Theseus; for they say that they afterwards went to Troy. And the Locrian Ajax, seeing Cassandra clinging to the wooden image of Athena, violated her; therefore they say that the image looks to heaven. [23]

And having slain the Trojans, they set fire to the city and divided the spoil among them. And having sacrificed to all the gods, they threw Astyanax from the battlements and slaughtered Polyxena on the grave of Achilles. And as special awards Agamemnon got Cassandra, Neoptolemus got Andromache, and Ulysses got Hecuba. But some say that Helenus got her, and crossed over with her to the Chersonese and that there she turned into a bitch, and he buried her at the place now called the Bitch's Tomb. As for Laodice, the fairest of the daughters of Priam, she was swallowed up by a chasm in

the earth in the sight of all. When they had laid Troy waste and were about to sail away, they were detained by Calchas, who said that Athena was angry with them on account of the impiety of Ajax.

T. Maccius Plautus Bacchides (c 200 BC)

925 *Enter Chrysalus from the house of Bacchis.*

Chrysalus The two brothers, the sons of Atreus, are said to have done a most famous deed, when, with arms, and horses, and an army, and with chosen warriors, and with ships a thousand in number, after the tenth year, they subdued Pergamus, the native land of Priam, founded by hands divine. Not more decidedly did it fall by the engine of war, than I shall storm my master here, without a fleet, and without an army and so great array of soldiers. I have won, I have taken by storm this gold from his father for my master's son, in his amour. Now, before the old man comes here, I wish to lament until he does come out. O Troy! O my country! O Pergamus! O Priam! old man, you are undone, you, who'll be wretchedly and shockingly choused out of four hundred golden Philippeans. For those tablets, sealed on the one side and on the other, they are not tablets, but the horse which the Greeks sent, of wood. Pistoclus is the Epeus 937; from him were these received. Mnesilochus is the Simon left behind. Behold him! not in Achilles' tomb, but on a couch he reclines: he has Bacchis with him; just as the other formerly had the fire with which to give the signal; so now does she inflame himself. I am Ulysses, by whose advice they do these things. Then, the characters which there are written, are the soldiers in this horse, armed and of high courage. So even thus far has the matter prospered with me. This horse, too, will be making his attack, not on a citadel, but on a coffer 943A ruin, a destruction, a cleaner-out of the old man's gold, will this horse prove this day. To this silly old man of ours, in fact, I give the name of Ilium; the Captain is Menelaüs; I, Agamemnon; I, too, am Ulysses, the son of Laërtes; Mnesilochus is Alexander 947, who will be the destruction of his father's fortunes; he has borne off the Helen, on whose account I am now carrying on the siege of Ilium. For there I have heard say that Ulysses was both bold and full of mischief, just as I am. I have been detected in my tricks--he, discovered in a beggar's guise, had almost perished, while he was spying out there the doings of the Trojans. Similarly has it happened to myself to-day. I have been bound, but by my devices I have redeemed myself; he, too, preserved himself by artifice. I have heard that there were three destinies 953^f attending Troy, which were fatal to it; if the statue should be lost from the citadel; whereas the second was the death of Troilus; the third was when the upper lintel of the Phrygian gate 955 should be demolished. Just so are there three fatalities for this Troy of ours, corresponding with those three; for, first of all, when, a short time since, as I told our old gentleman the lying story about his host, and the gold, and the bark, then, that instant, did I steal the statue 958 from the citadel.

And even then two fatalities were remaining, and no further had I taken this city. Afterwards, when I carried the letter to the old man, then I killed my Troilus. When he supposed, just now, that Mnesilochus was with the Captain's wife, from that, with difficulty, did I disengage myself. And that danger do I compare to what they say, how that Ulysses, recognized by Helen 963, was betrayed to Hecuba. But as, in olden time, by his coaxing arts, he liberated himself from her, and persuaded her to let him go, so I, by my devices, have rescued myself from the danger, and have deceived the old man. Afterwards, I engaged with the blustering Captain, who, unarmed, takes cities with his words, and there I repulsed my man. Then I engaged in fight with the old gentleman; straightway by one lying device did I vanquish him; by one blow, in a moment, did I take the spoils away from him. He now will give the two hundred Philippean pieces to the Captain, which he has promised that he will give. Now, I have occasion for another two hundred, to be distributed when Ilium is taken, that there may be the usual draught of honeyed wine 972 with which the soldiers may celebrate their triumph. But this Priam is far superior to him of old. Not fifty sons only has he, but four hundred, and all choice ones, without a blemish; all these this day will I cut off at two single blows. Now, if there were any purchaser for this Priam of ours, I would sell the old fellow in the lump

Hyginus Fabulae (64BC-17AD)

[\[108\] CVIII. TROJAN HORSE](#)

Since the Achaeans during ten years were not able to take Troy, Epeus at Minerva's suggestion made a wooden horse of remarkable size, and in it were gathered Menelaus, Ulysses, Diomedes, Thessander, Sthenelus, Acamas, Thoas, Machaon, Neoptolemus. On the horse they wrote: "The Danaans give it as a gift to Minerva", and moved camp to Tenedos. When the Trojans saw this, they thought the enemy had gone away; Priam ordered he horse to be brought to the citadel of Minerva, and gave a proclamation that they celebrate magnificently. When the prophetess Cassandra kept insisting that there were enemies within, they did not believe her. They put it in the citadel, and at night when they slept, overcome by sport and wine, the Achaeans came out of the horse which had been opened by Sinon, killed the guards at the gates, and at a given signal admitted their friends. Thus they gained possession of Troy.

[135] CXXXV. LAOCOON

Laocoon, son of Acoetes, brother of Anchises, and priest of Apollo, against the will of Apollo had married and had children. By lot he was appointed to sacrifice to Neptune on the shore. Opportunity thus presenting itself, Apollo sent two snakes from Tenedos over the waves of the sea to kill his sons Antiphantes and Thymbraeus. When Laocoon tried to bring aid to them, the snakes killed him, too, in their folds. The Phrygians thought this happened because Laocoon had thrown his spear against the Trojan Horse.

Konon (1st Century BC) The Narratives summarized by Photias Translation by Malcom Kenneth Brown

34. Diomedean Compulsion

The thirty-fourth, how after the death of Alexandros Paris, Helenos and Deiphobos, the sons of Priam, wrangled over who would marry Helen; and Deiphobos, who was younger than Helenos, prevailed by force and by paying court to the powerful. Unable to bear the affront, Helenos went away and retired to Mount Ida. And following the counsels of Kalchas the Greeks besieging Troy captured Helenos in an ambush. And partly by threats, partly by presents, but more because of his anger towards the Trojans, Helenos revealed to them that Ilion was fated to be captured by means of a wooden horse, and finally as soon as the Achaeans should capture the Palladion of Athena that fell from the sky, the smallest of many in existence. Diomedes and Odysseus were then dispatched to steal the Palladion, and Diomedes climbed the wall by standing on Odysseus' shoulders. He did not pull up Odysseus even though he stretched up his hands; he went to search for the Palladion and taking it he returned with it to Odysseus. And to each of Odysseus' questions as they went back through the plain Diomedes, knowing the trickery of the man, answered that he did not have the Palladion mentioned by Hellenos but another one in its place. When the Palladion moved by some divine agency, Odysseus knew it was the proper one, and having got behind [Diomedes] he drew his sword, intending to kill him and bring the Palladion to the Achaeans himself. And when he was about to strike the blow, Diomedes saw the glint of the sword (for the moon was out). When he drew his sword as well, Odysseus refrained from killing him, but [Diomedes] reproached him with cowardice and drove him forward against his will, striking his back with the flat of his sword. Hence the proverb 'Diomedean Compulsion', spoken about everything done unwillingly.

Virgil (1st Century BC), *The Aeneid*, Translated by H.R.Fairclough

Book 2

[13] “Broken in war and thwarted by the fates, the Danaan chiefs, now that so many years were gliding by, build by Pallas’ divine art a horse of mountainous bulk, and interweave its ribs with planks of fir. They pretend it is an offering for their safe return; this is the rumour that goes abroad. Here, within its dark sides, they stealthily enclose the choicest of their stalwart men and deep within they fill the huge cavern of the belly with armed soldiery.

[21] “There lies in sight an island well known to fame, Tenedos, rich in wealth while Priam’s kingdom stood, now but a bay and an unsafe anchorage for ships. Hither they sail and hide themselves on the barren shore. We thought they had gone and before the wind were bound for Mycenae. So all the Teucrian land frees itself from its long sorrow. The gates are opened; it is a joy to go and see the Doric camp, the deserted stations and forsaken shore. Here the Dolopian bands encamped, here cruel Achilles; here lay the fleet; here they used to meet us in battle. Some are amazed at maiden Minerva’s gift of death, and marvel at the massive horse: and first Thymoetes urges that it be drawn within our walls and lodged in the citadel; either it was treachery or the doom of Troy was already tending that way. But Capys, and they whose minds were wiser in counsel, bid us either hurl headlong into the sea this guile of the Greeks, this distrusted gift, or fire it with flames heaped beneath; or else pierce and probe the hollow hiding place of the belly. The wavering crowd is torn into opposing factions.

[40] “Then, foremost of all and with a great throng following, Laocoön in hot haste runs down from the citadel’s height, and cries from afar: ‘My poor countrymen, what monstrous madness is this? Do you believe the foe has sailed away? Do you think that any gifts of the Greeks are free from treachery? Is Ulysses known to be this sort of man? Either enclosed in this frame there lurk Achaeans, or this has been built as an engine of war against our walls, to spy into our homes and come down upon the city from above; or some trickery lurks inside. Men of Troy, trust not the horse. Whatever it be, I fear the Greeks, even when bringing gifts.’ So saying, with mighty force he hurled his great spear at the beast’s side an the arched frame of the belly. The spear stood quivering and with the cavity’s reverberation the vaults rang hollow, sending forth a moan. And had the gods’ decrees, had our mind not been perverse, he would have driven us to violate with steel the Argive den, and Troy would now be standing, and you, lofty citadel of Priam, would still abide!

[57] “But meanwhile some Dardan shepherds with loud shouts were haling to the king a youth whose hands were bound behind his back. To compass this very end and open Troy to the Achaeans, deliberately, stranger though he was, he had placed himself in their path, confident in spirit and ready for either event, either to ply his crafty wiles or to meet certain death. From all sides, in eagerness to see, the Trojan youth run streaming in and vie in mocking the captive. Hear now the treachery of the Greeks and

from a single crime learn the wickedness of all . . . For as he stood amid the gazing crowd, dismayed, unarmed, and cast his eyes about the Phrygian bands, 'Alas!' he cried, 'what land now, what seas can receive me? Or what fate at the last yet awaits my misery? No place at all have I among the Greeks, and the Trojans themselves, too, wildly clamour for vengeance and my life.' At that wail our mood was changed and all violence checked. We urge him to say from what blood he is sprung and what tidings he brings. 'Tell us, 'we cry, 'on what you rely, now that you are our prisoner.' At last he lays aside his fear and speaks these words:

[77] "Surely, king,' he says, 'whatever befalls, I will tell all to you, nor will I deny that I am of Argive birth. This first I own; nor, if Fortune has moulded Sinon for misery, will she also in her spite mould him as false and lying. If it chance that speech to your ears has brought some rumour of Palamedes, son of Belus, and the glory of his fame – whom under false evidence, by wicked witnessing, because he forbade the war, the Pelasgians sent down innocent to death, and mourn him, now that he is bereft of light – in his company, being of kindred blood, my father, poor as he was, sent me hither to arms in my earliest years. While he stood secure in princely power and strong in the councils of the kings, we, too, bore some name and renown. But when through the malice of subtle Ulysses – not unknown is the tale – he passed from this world above, I dragged on my ruined life in darkness and grief, wrathful in my heart over the fate of my innocent friend. Nor in my madness was I silent, but, if any chance should offer, if I ever returned in triumph to my native Argos, I vowed myself his avenger and with my words awoke fierce hate. Hence for me the first taint of ill; hence would Ulysses ever terrify me with new charges; hence would he sow dark rumours in the crowd and with guilty fear seek weapons. Nor indeed did he rest until with Calchas as his tool – but why do I vainly unroll this unwelcome tale? Or why delay you? If you hold the Achaeans in one rank, and if it is enough to hear that, take your vengeance at once; this the Ithacan would wish and the son of Atreus buy at a great price!'

[105] "Then indeed we burn to inquire and ask the causes, strangers as we were to wickedness so great and to Pelasgian guile. Trembling he takes up the tale and speaks with feigned emotion:

[108] "Often the Greeks longed to quit Troy, compass a retreat, and depart, weary with the long war; and how I wish that they had done so! Often a fierce tempest on the deep cut them off and the gale scared them from going. Above all, when this horse was ready, a structure compacted of maple beams, storm clouds thundered throughout the sky. Perplexed, we send Eurypylus to ask the oracle of Phoebus, and he brings back from the shrine the gloomy words: "With blood of a slain virgin you appeased the winds, when first, Greeks, you came to the Ilian coasts; with blood must you win your return and gain favour by an Argive life." When this utterance came to the ears of the crowd, they in their hearts were dazed, and a cold shudder ran through their inmost marrow. For whom is fate preparing this doom? Whom does Apollo claim? On this the Ithacan with loud clamour drags the seer Calchas into their midst and demands what this is that the gods will. And now many predicated that I was the target of the schemer's cruel crime and silently saw what was to come. Twice five days is the seer

silent in his tent, refusing to denounce any by his lips or to consign to death. Reluctantly, at last, forced by the Ithacan's loud cries, even as agreed he breaks into utterance and dooms me to the altar. All approved; and what each feared for himself they bore with patience, when turned to one man's ruin.

[132] "And now the day of horror was at hand; for me the rites were preparing, the salted meat, and the fillets for my temples. I snatched myself, I confess, from death; I burst my bonds, and lurked all night in muddy mere, hidden in the sedge, until they should set sail, in case they would. And now no hope have I of seeing my ancient homeland, or my sweet children and the father I long for. Of them perchance they will demand due punishment for my flight, and by their death, unhappy ones, expiate this crime of mine. But I beseech you, by the gods above, by the powers that know the truth, by whatever faith may still be found unstained anywhere among mortals, pity such distress; pity a soul that bears sorrow undeserved!"

[145] "To these tears we grant life and pity him besides. Priam himself first bids his fetters and tight bonds be removed, and thus speaks with words of kindness: 'Whoever you are, from now on forget the Greeks you have lost; you will be one of us. And explain to me truly this that I ask. To what end have they set up this huge mass of horse? Who is the contriver? What is their aim? What religious offering is it? What engine of war?' He ceased; the other, schooled in Pelasgian guile and craft, lifted to the stars his unfettered hands: 'You, everlasting fires,' he cries, 'and your inviolable majesty, be my witness; you, altars, and accursed swords which I escaped, and chaplets of the gods, which I wore as victim, grant that I may rightly break my solemn obligations to the Greeks, rightly hate them and bring all things to light if they hide aught; nor am I bound by any laws of country. But Troy, stand by your promises and, yourself, preserve your faith, if my tidings prove true and pay you a large return!"

[162] "All the hope of the Danaans and their confidence in beginning the war always rested on the help of Pallas. But from the time that the ungodly son of Tydeus and Ulysses, the author of crime, dared to tear the fateful Palladium from its hallowed shrine, slew the guards of the citadel-height, and, snatching up the sacred image, ventured with bloody hands to touch the fillets of the maiden goddess – from that time the hopes of the Danaans ebbed and, stealing backward, receded; their strength was broken and the heart of the goddess estranged. And with no doubtful portents did Tritonia give signs thereof. Scarcely was the image placed within the camp, when from the upraised eyes there blazed forth flickering flames, salt sweat coursed over the limbs, and thrice, wonderful to relate, the goddess herself flashed forth from the ground with shield and quivering spear. Straightway Calchas prophesies that the seas must be essayed in flight, and that Pergamus cannot be uptorn by Argive weapons, unless they seek new omens at Argos, and escort back the deity, whom they have taken away overseas in their curved ships. And now that before the wind they are bound for their native Mycenae, it is but to get them forces and attendant gods; then, recrossing the sea, they will be here unlooked for. So Calchas interprets the omens. This image, at his warning, they have set up in atonement for the Palladium, for the insult to deity, and to expiate the woeful sacrilege. Yet Calchas bade them raise this mass of interlaced

timbers so huge, and to built it up to heaven, so that it might find no entrance at the gates, be drawn within the walls, or guard the people under shelter of their ancient faith. For if hand of yours should wrong Minerva's offering, then utter destruction – may the gods turn rather on himself that augury! – would fall on Priam's empire and the Phrygians; but if by your hands it climbed into your city, Asia would even advance in mighty war to the walls of Pelops, and such would be the doom awaiting our offspring!

[195] “Through such snares and craft of forsworn Sinon the story won belief, and we were ensnared by wiles and forced tears – we whom neither the son of Tydeus nor Achilles of Larissa laid low, not ten years, not a thousand ships!

[199] “Hereupon another portent, more fell and more frightful by far, is thrust upon us, unhappy ones, and confounds our unforeseeing souls. Laocoön, priest of Neptue, as drawn by lot, was slaying a great bull at the wonted altars; and lo! from Tenedos, over the peaceful depths – I shudder as I speak – a pair of serpents with endless coils are breasting the sea and side by side making for the shore. Their bosoms rise amid the surge, and their crests, blood-red, overtop the waves; the rest of them skims the main behind and their huge backs curve in many a fold; we hear the noise as the water foams. And now they were gaining the fields and, with blazing eyes suffused with blood and fire, were licking with quivering tongues their hissing mouths. Pale at the sight, we scatter. They in unswerving course make for Laocoön; and first each serpent enfolds in its embrace the small bodies of his two sons and with its fangs feeds upon the hapless limbs. Then himself too, as he comes to their aid, weapons in hand, they seize and bind in mighty folds; and now, twice encircling his waist, twice winding their scaly backs around his throat, they tower above with head and lofty necks. He the while strains his hands to burst the knots, his fillets steeped in gore and black venom; the while he lifts to heaven hideous cries, like the bellowings of a wounded bull that has bled from the altar and shaken from its neck the ill-aimed axe. But, gliding away, the dragon pair escape to the lofty shrines, and seek fierce Tritonia's citadel, there to nestle under the goddess's feet and the circle of her shield. Then indeed a strange terror steals through the shuddering hearts of all, and they say that Laocoön has rightly paid the penalty of crime, who with his lance profaned the sacred oak and hurled into its body the accursed spear. ‘Draw the image to her house,’ all cry, ‘and supplicate her godhead.’ . . . We part the walls and lay bare the city's battlements. All gird themselves for the work; under the feet they place gliding wheels, and about the neck stretch hemp bands. The fateful engine climbs our walls, big with arms. Around it boys and unwedded girls chant holy songs and delight to touch the cable with their hands. Up it moves, and glides threatening into the city's midst. O my country! O Ilium, home of gods, and you Dardan battlements, famed in war! Four times at the gates' very threshold it halted, and four times from its belly the armour clashed; yet we press on, heedless and blind with rage, and set the ill-omened monster on our hallowed citadel. Even then Cassandra opened her lips for the coming doom – lips at a god's command never believed by the Trojans. We, hapless ones, for whom that day was our last, wreath the shrines of the gods with festal boughs throughout the city.

[250] “Meanwhile the sky revolves and night rushes from the ocean, wrapping in its mighty shade earth and heaven and the wiles of the Myrmidons. Through the town the Teucrians lay stretched in silence; sleep clasps their weary limbs. And now the Argive host, with marshaled ships, was moving from Tenedos, amid the friendly silence of the mute moon, seeking the well-known shores, when the royal galley had raised the beacon light – and Sinon, shielded by the gods’ malign doom, stealthily sets free from the barriers of pine the Danaans shut within the womb. The opened horse restores them to the air, and joyfully from the hollow wood come forth Thessandrus and Sthenelus the captains, and dread Ulysses, sliding down the lowered rope; Acamas and Thoas and Neoptolemus of Peleus’ line, prince Machaon, Menelaus, and Epeus himself, who devised the fraud. They storm the city, buried in sleep and wine; they slay the watch, and at the open gates welcome all their comrades and unite confederate bands.

[268] “It was the hour when the first rest of weary mortals begins, and by grace of the gods steals over them most sweet. In slumbers, I dreamed that Hector, most sorrowful and shedding floods of tears, stood before my eyes, torn by the car, as once of old, and black with gory dust, his swollen feet pierced with thongs. Ah me, what aspect was his! How changed he was from that Hector who returns after donning the spoils of Achilles or hurling on Danaan ships the Phrygian fires – with ragged beard, with hair matted with blood, and bearing those many wounds he received around his native walls. I dreamed I wept myself, hailing him first, and uttering words of grief: ‘O light of the Dardan land, surest hope of the Trojans, what long delay has held you? From what shores, Hector, the long looked for, do you come? Oh, how gladly after the many deaths of your kin, after woes untold of citizens and city, our weary eyes behold you! What shameful cause has marred that unclouded face? Why do I see these wounds?’ He answers not, nor heeds my idle questioning, but drawing heavy sighs from his bosom’s depths, ‘Ah, flee, goddess-born,’ he cries, ‘and escape from these flames. The foe holds our walls; Troy falls from her lofty height. All claims are paid to king and country; if Troy’s towers could be saved by strength of hand, by mine, too, had they been saved. Troy entrusts to you her holy things and household gods; take them to share your fortunes: seek for them the mighty city, which, when you have wandered over the deep, you shall at last establish!’ So he speaks and in his hands brings forth from the inner shrine the fillets, great Vesta, and the undying fire.

*(Scholiast on Virgil, “A horse like a mountain”
Arctinus says that it was 100 feet long and 50 feet wide,
and that its tail and knees could move.)*

*(Servius on Virgil, “the huge horse”
Some record that this horse was 120 feet long and 30 feet wide, and that its tail, knees
and eyes could move.)*

Pliny the Elder (23AD) Natural History Book VII

The battering-horse, for the destruction of walls, which is at the present day styled “the ram” was invented by Epeus, at Troy.

Pausanias (2nd Century AD) **Translated by Jones, W. H. S. and Omerod, H. A.**
Loeb Classical Library Volumes

[1.23.8] There is the horse called Wooden set up in bronze. That the work of Epeius was a contrivance to make a breach in the Trojan wall is known to everybody who does not attribute utter silliness to the Phrygians. But legend says of that horse that it contained the most valiant of the Greeks, and the design of the bronze figure fits in well with this story. Menestheus and Teucer are peeping out of it, and so are the sons of Theseus.

[10.9.12] So much for this belief. The struggle for the district called Thyrea between the Lacedaemonians and the Argives was also foretold by the Sibyl, who said that the battle would be drawn. But the Argives claimed that they had the better of the engagement, and sent to Delphi a bronze horse, supposed to be the wooden horse of Troy. It is the work of Antiphanes of Argos.

Tryphiodorus (3rd or 4th Cent AD) THE TAKING OF ILIOS, TRANSLATED BY A. W. MAIR

[57] Now, too, by the counsel of the goddess her servant Epeius¹¹ wrought the image that was the foe of Troy, even the giant horse. And wood was cut and came down to the plain from Ida, even Ida whence formerly Phereclus built the ships for Alexander that were the beginning of woe. Fitted to broadest sides he made its hollow belly, in size as a curved ship which the carpenter turns true to the line. And the neck he fixed to carven breast and bespangled the purple-fringed mane with yellow gold; and the mane, waving aloft on the arched neck, was sealed on the head with crested band. In two circles he set the gem-like eyes of sea-green beryl and blood-red amethyst: and in the mingling of them a double colour flashed; the eyes were red and ringed with the green gems. In the jaws he set white rows of jagged teeth, eager to champ the ends of the well-twisted bit. And he opened secret paths in the mighty mouth to preserve the tide of breath for the men in hiding, and through the nostrils

flowed the life-giving air. Ears were fixed on the top of its temples, pricked up, ever ready to await the sound of the trumpet. And back and flanks he fitted together and supple backbone, and joined hip-joint to smooth hip. Unto the heels of the feet trailed the flowing tail, even as vine weighed down with twisted tassels. And the feet that moved with the dappled knees -- even as if they were about to set them to the winged race, so were they eager, yet constraint bade them bide. Not without bronze were the hooves that stood below the legs, but they were bound with spirals of shining tortoise and hardly touched the ground with the strong-hoofed bronze. Also he set therein a barred door and a fashioned ladder: the one that unseen, fitted to the sides, it might carry the Achaean company of the famous horse this way and that; the other that, unfolded and firmly put together, it might be for them a path whereby to speed upward or downward. And he girt the horse about on white neck and cheeks with purple-flowered straps and coiling spirals of compelling bridle inlaid with ivory and silver-flashing bronze. And when he had wrought all the warlike horse, he set a well-spoked wheel under each of its feet that when dragged over the plain it might be obedient to the rein, and not travel a difficult path under stress of hands.

[103] So the horse flashed with terror and great beauty, wide and high; not even Ares, lord of horses, would have refused to drive it, had he found it alive. And a great wall was driven about it, lest any of the Achaeans should behold it beforehand and fire the snare revealed.

[152] So he spake, leading them in counsel. And first godlike Neoptolemus followed his advising, even as a colt hastening over the dewy plain, which glories in his trappings of new harness and outruns both the lash and the threat of his driver. And after Neoptolemus rose up Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, marvelling for that even such aforetime was Achilles. Followed also Cyanippus, whom Comaetho, daughter of a goodly sire, even Tydeus, in brief wedlock bare to shield-bearing Aegialeus whose doom was swift. Rose, too, Menelaus; he was driven by a fierce impulse to strife with Deiphobus, and his stern heart boiled with eagerness to find him who a second time stole away his bride. After him rose Locrian Aias, the swift son of Oileus, still prudent of mind and not filled with lawless passion for women. And he roused up another, even Idomeneus, the grizzled king of the Cretans. And with these went the son of Nestor, strong Thrasymedes, and Teucer went, the archer son of Telamon. After them rose up the son of Admetus, even Eumelus of many horses. And after him hastened the seer Calchas, well knowing that accomplishing their difficult labour the Achaeans should now at last ride down the city of Troy. Nor remained behind, turning from the fray, Eurypylus, son of Euaemon, and goodly Leonteus, and Demophoon and Acamas, the two sons of Theseus, and Anticlus, son of Ortyx -- who died there and the Achaeans wept for him and buried him in the horse; and Peneleus and Meges and valiant Antiphates, and Iphidamas and Eurydamas, offspring of Pelias, and Amphidamas, armed with a bow. Last Epeius of glorious craft set foot in the thing he had himself contrived.

Dictys Cretensis (Q.Septimus 4th century AD) **Book 5 translated by R.M. Frazer**

[9] In view of these developments we decided unanimously to show our gratitude to Minerva by making a splendid offering to her. Helenus was summoned to tell us how to proceed. Using his prophetic powers (he had not been informed), he was able to give a detailed account of everything that had happened so far. And he also said that Troy was doomed now that the Palladium, the safeguard of Troy, had been carried away. We must, he said, offer a wooden horse to Minerva; this gift would prove fatal to Troy. The horse must be so large that the Trojans would have to breach their walls; Antenor would urge and advise them to do this. As Helenus was speaking, the thought of his father, Priam, and of his brothers who were still living caused him to burst into tears; his grief was so strong that he lost all control of himself and collapsed.

When he had come to his senses and was able to rise, Neoptolemus took him in charge. He had him guarded for fear he might somehow inform the enemy about what had happened. But Helenus, seeing himself under guard, told Neoptolemus there was nothing to worry about, for he would prove faithful and, after Troy's fall, would live with Neoptolemus in Greece many years.

And so, following Helenus' advice, we brought in a great deal of wood for building the horse. Epeus and Ajax the son of Oileus were in charge of this work.

[10] Meanwhile ten leaders were chosen to go to Troy and ratify the terms of the peace: Diomedes, Ulysses, Idomeneus, Ajax the son of Telamon, Nestor, Meriones, Thoas, Philoctetes, Neoptolemus, and Eumelus.

The Trojans, seeing our men in their public square, rejoiced, believing that now their afflictions would end. Individually and in groups, whenever they met them, they greeted them warmly and embraced them like loved ones.

Priam implored our leaders on behalf of Helenus and commended him to them with many prayers. Helenus, he said, was his dearest son, dearer because of his wisdom than all of the others.

When dinnertime came, the Trojans held a public banquet in honor of the Greeks and in celebration of the peace they were making. Antenor was host and graciously served every need of our men.

At daybreak all the elders convened in the temple of Minerva, and Antenor officially announced that ten envoys had been sent by the Greeks to ratify the terms of the peace. Thereupon the envoys were escorted into the council, and they and the elders shook hands. It was decided to ratify the peace on the following day. Sacred oaths

must be sworn, for the purpose of which altars must be raised in the center of the plain where all could see.

When preparations had been made, Diomedes and Ulysses were first to swear. Calling on Highest Jupiter, Mother Earth, Sun, Moon, and Ocean to be their witnesses, they promised to abide by the agreements which they had made with Antenor. Then they walked through the center of the portions of the sacrificial victims. (Two victims had been brought, the portions of which had been laid out, half in an easterly direction and half in the direction of our ships.) Diomedes and Ulysses were followed by Antenor, who took the same oath. After ratifying the terms of the peace in this way, both sides returned to their people.

The barbarians heaped highest praises upon Antenor, reverencing him like a god whenever he approached. They believed that he alone was responsible for the treaty and peace with the Greeks.

Now everywhere, as both sides wished, war had ceased. Greeks felt free to go to Troy. Trojans came among the ships. And the Trojan allies – who were still alive – went home, taking advantage of the treaty and feeling thankful for peace, not even waiting to be paid for their hardships and troubles, fearing, no doubt, that the barbarians would somehow break the agreements.

[11] During this time, at the ships, Epeus, following Helenus' advice, was directing the building of the wooden horse. It towered to an immense height. Wheels were put beneath its feet to make it easier to draw along. It was the greatest offering ever to be given to Minerva. Everyone said so.

At Troy, Antenor and Aeneas were making sure that the exact amount of gold and silver, in accordance with the terms of the peace, was carried to the temple of Minerva.

And we, having learned that the allies of the Trojans had left, were careful to keep the terms of the peace. There was no more killing and no more wounding, lest the barbarians suspect that we were breaking agreements.

When the wooden horse had been built, complete in all points, we drew it out to the walls. The Trojans were told to receive it religiously as a sacred offering to Minerva. They poured from their gates and joyously welcomed the horse. A sacrifice was made, and they drew it nearer the city. When, however, they saw that the horse was too large to pass through their gates, they decided, their enthusiasm blinding them to any objections, to tear down their walls. Thus they all joined in, and tore down their walls, those walls which had stood for centuries unharmed, and which, as tradition told, were the masterwork of Neptune and Apollo.⁴

When the work of demolition was almost complete, the Greeks purposely caused a delay. We said that the Trojans must pay the gold and silver they had promised before they could draw the horse into Troy. Thus there was an interval of time during which,

the walls being half demolished, Ulysses hired all of the Trojan carpenters to help repair the ships.

When our fleet had thus been put in order, along with all of our sailing gear, and when the gold and silver had been paid, we ordered the Trojans to continue their work of destruction. As soon as a part of the walls was down, a crowd of joking men and women merrily hastened to draw the horse within their city.

Quintus Smyrnaeus (late 4th Century AD), **Fall of Troy**, translated by **A. S. Way** **Book 12**

[21] He spake; but no man's wit might find a way to escape their grievous travail, as they sought to find a remedy, till Laertes' son discerned it of his wisdom, and he spake: "Friend, in high honour held of the Heavenly Ones, if doomed it be indeed that Priam's burg by guile must fall before the war-worn Greeks, a great Horse let us fashion, in the which our mightiest shall take ambush. Let the host burn all their tents, and sail from hence away to Tenedos; so the Trojans, from their towers gazing, shall stream forth fearless to the plain. Let some brave man, unknown of any in Troy, with a stout heart abide without the Horse, crouching beneath its shadow, who shall say: "'Achaea's lords of might, exceeding fain safe to win home, made this their offering for safe return, an image to appease the wrath of Pallas for her image stolen from Troy.' And to this story shall he stand, how long soe'er they question him, until, though never so relentless, they believe, and drag it, their own doom, within the town. Then shall war's signal unto us be given -- to them at sea, by sudden flash of torch, to the ambush, by the cry, 'Come forth the Horse!' when unsuspecting sleep the sons of Troy."

[48] He spake, and all men praised him: most of all extolled him Calchas, that such marvellous guile he put into the Achaeans' hearts, to be for them assurance of triumph, but for Troy ruin; and to those battle-lords he cried: "Let your hearts seek none other stratagem, friends; to war-strong Odysseus' rede give ear. His wise thought shall not miss accomplishment. Yea, our desire even now the Gods fulfill. Hark! for new tokens come from the Unseen! Lo, there on high crash through the firmament Zeus' thunder and lightning! See, where birds to right dart past, and scream with long-resounding cry! Go to, no more in endless leaguer of Troy linger we. Hard necessity fills the foe with desperate courage that makes cowards brave; for then are men most dangerous, when they stake their lives in utter recklessness of death, as battle now the aweless sons of Troy all round their burg, mad with the lust of fight."

[68] But cried Achilles' battle-eager son: "Calchas, brave men meet face to face their foes! Who skulk behind their walls, and fight from towers, are niddings, hearts palsied with base fear. Hence with all thought of wile and stratagem! The great war-travail of the spear beseems true heroes. Best in battle are the brave."

[75] But answer made to him Laertes' seed: "Bold-hearted child of aweless Aeacus' son, this as beseems a hero princely and brave, dauntlessly trusting in thy strength, thou say'st. Yet thine invincible sire's unquailing might availed not to smite Priam's wealthy burg, nor we, for all our travail. Nay, with speed, as counselleth Calchas, go we to the ships, and fashion we the Horse by Epeius' hands, who in the woodwright's craft is chiefest far of Argives, for Athena taught his lore."

[86] Then all their mightiest men gave ear to him save twain, fierce-hearted Neoptolemus and Philoctetes mighty-souled; for these still were insatiate for the bitter fray, still longed for turmoil of the fight. They bade their own folk bear against that giant wall what things soe'er for war's assaults avail, in hope to lay that stately fortress low, seeing Heaven's decrees had brought them both to war. Yea, they had haply accomplished all their will, but from the sky Zeus showed his wrath; he shook the earth beneath their feet, and all the air shuddered, as down before those heroes twain he hurled his thunderbolt: wide echoes crashed through all Dardania. Unto fear straightway turned were their bold hearts: they forgot their might, and Calchas' counsels grudgingly obeyed. So with the Argives came they to the ships in reverence for the seer who spake from Zeus or Phoebus, and they obeyed him utterly.

[106] What time round splendour-kindled heavens the stars from east to west far-flashing wheel, and when man doth forget his toil, in that still hour Athena left the high mansions of the Blest, clothed her in shape of a maiden tender-fleshed, and came to ships and host. Over the head of brave Epeius stood she in his dream, and bade him build a Horse of tree: herself would labour in his labour, and herself stand by his side, to the work enkindling him. Hearing the Goddess' word, with a glad laugh leapt he from careless sleep: right well he knew the Immortal One celestial. Now his heart could hold no thought beside; his mind was fixed upon the wondrous work, and through his soul marched marshalled each device of craftsmanship.

[122] When rose the dawn, and thrust back kindly night to Erebus, and through the firmament streamed glad glory, then Epeius told his dream to eager Argives -- all he saw and heard; and hearkening joyed they with exceeding joy. Straightway to tall-tressed Ida's leafy glades the sons of Atreus sent swift messengers. These laid the axe unto the forest-pines, and hewed the great trees: to their smiting rang the echoing glens. On those far-stretching hills all bare of undergrowth the high peaks rose: open their glades were, not, as in time past, haunted of beasts: there dry the tree-trunks rose wooing the winds. Even these the Achaeans hewed with axes, and in haste they bare them down from those shagged mountain heights to Hellespont's shores. Strained with a strenuous spirit at the work young men and mules; and all the people toiled each at his task obeying Epeius's hest. For with the keen steel some were hewing beams, some measuring planks, and some with axes lopped branches away from trunks as yet

unsawn: each wrought his several work. Epeius first fashioned the feet of that great Horse of Wood: the belly next he shaped, and over this moulded the back and the great loins behind, the throat in front, and ridged the towering neck with waving mane: the crested head he wrought, the streaming tail, the ears, the lucent eyes -- all that of lifelike horses have. So grew like a live thing that more than human work, for a God gave to a man that wondrous craft. And in three days, by Pallas's decree, finished was all. Rejoiced thereat the host of Argos, marvelling how the wood expressed mettle, and speed of foot -- yea, seemed to neigh. Godlike Epeius then uplifted hands to Pallas, and for that huge Horse he prayed: "Hear, great-souled Goddess: bless thine Horse and me!" He spake: Athena rich in counsel heard, and made his work a marvel to all men which saw, or heard its fame in days to be.

[164] But while the Danaans o'er Epeius' work joyed, and their routed foes within the walls tarried, and shrank from death and pitiless doom, then, when imperious Zeus far from the Gods had gone to Ocean's streams and Tethys' caves, strife rose between the Immortals: heart with heart was set at variance. Riding on the blasts of winds, from heaven to earth they swooped: the air crashed round them. Lighting down by Xanthus' stream arrayed they stood against each other, these for the Achaeans, for the Trojans those; and all their souls were thrilled with lust of war: there gathered too the Lords of the wide Sea. These in their wrath were eager to destroy the Horse of Guile and all the ships, and those fair Ilium. But all-contriving Fate held them therefrom, and turned their hearts to strife against each other. Ares to the fray rose first, and on Athena rushed. Thereat fell each on other: clashed around their limbs the golden arms celestial as they charged. Round them the wide sea thundered, the dark earth quaked 'neath immortal feet. Rang from them all far-pealing battle-shouts; that awful cry rolled up to the broad-arching heaven, and down even to Hades' fathomless abyss: trembled the Titans there in depths of gloom. Ida's long ridges sighed, sobbed clamorous streams of ever-flowing rivers, groaned ravines far-furrowed, Argive ships, and Priam's towers. Yet men feared not, for naught they knew of all that strife, by Heaven's decree. Then her high peaks the Gods' hands wrenched from Ida's crest, and hurled against each other: but like crumbling sands shivered they fell round those invincible limbs, shattered to small dust. But the mind of Zeus, at the utmost verge of earth, was ware of all: straight left he Ocean's stream, and to wide heaven ascended, charioted upon the winds, the East, the North, the West-wind, and the South: for Iris rainbow-plumed led 'neath the yoke of his eternal ear that stormy team, the ear which Time the immortal framed for him of adamant with never-wearying hands. So came he to Olympus' giant ridge. His wrath shook all the firmament, as crashed from east to west his thunders; lightnings gleamed, as thick and fast his thunderbolts poured to earth, and flamed the limitless welkin. Terror fell upon the hearts of those Immortals: quaked the limbs of all -- ay, deathless though they were! Then Themis, trembling for them, swift as thought leapt down through clouds, and came with speed to them -- for in the strife she only had no part and stood between the fighters, and she cried: "Forbear the conflict! O, when Zeus is wroth, it ill beseems that everlasting Gods should fight for men's sake, creatures of a day: Else shall ye be all suddenly destroyed; for Zeus will tear up all the hills, and hurl upon you: sons nor daughters will he spare, but bury 'neath one ruin of shattered earth all. No escape shall ye find thence to light, in horror of darkness prisoned evermore."

[228] Dreading Zeus' menace gave they heed to her, from strife refrained, and cast away their wrath, and were made one in peace and amity. Some heavenward soared, some plunged into the sea, on earth stayed some. Amid the Achaean host spake in his subtlety Laertes' son: "O valorous-hearted lords of the Argive host, now prove in time of need what men ye be, how passing-strong, how flawless-brave! The hour is this for desperate emprise: now, with hearts heroic, enter ye yon carven horse, so to attain the goal of this stern war. For better it is by stratagem and craft now to destroy this city, for whose sake hither we came, and still are suffering many afflictions far from our own land. Come then, and let your hearts be stout and strong for he who in stress of fight hath turned to bay and snatched a desperate courage from despair, oft, though the weaker, slays a mightier foe. For courage, which is all men's glory, makes the heart great. Come then, set the ambush, ye which be our mightiest, and the rest shall go to Tenedos' hallowed burg, and there abide until our foes have haled within their walls us with the Horse, as deeming that they bring a gift unto Tritonis. Some brave man, one whom the Trojans know not, yet we lack, to harden his heart as steel, and to abide near by the Horse. Let that man bear in mind heedfully whatsoe'er I said erewhile. And let none other thought be in his heart, lest to the foe our counsel be revealed."

[261] Then, when all others feared, a man far-famed made answer, Sinon, marked of destiny to bring the great work to accomplishment. Therefore with worship all men looked on him, the loyal of heart, as in the midst he spake: "Odysseus, and all ye Achaean chiefs, this work for which ye crave will I perform -- yea, though they torture me, though into fire living they thrust me; for mine heart is fixed not to escape, but die by hands of foes, except I crown with glory your desire."

[272] Stoutly he spake: right glad the Argives were; and one said: "How the Gods have given to-day high courage to this man! He hath not been heretofore valiant. Heaven is kindling him to be the Trojans' ruin, but to us salvation. Now full soon, I trow, we reach the goal of grievous war, so long unseen."

[279] So a voice murmured mid the Achaean host. Then, to stir up the heroes, Nestor cried: "Now is the time, dear sons, for courage and strength: now do the Gods bring nigh the end of toil: now give they victory to our longing hands. Come, bravely enter ye this cavernous Horse. For high renown attendeth courage high. Oh that my limbs were mighty as of old, when Aeson's son for heroes called, to man swift Argo, when of the heroes foremost I would gladly have entered her, but Pelias the king withheld me in my own despite. Ah me, but now the burden of years -- O nay, as I were young, into the Horse will I fearlessly! Glory and strength shall courage give."

[294] Answered him golden-haired Achilles' son: "Nestor, in wisdom art thou chief of men; but cruel age hath caught thee in his grip: no more thy strength may match thy gallant will; therefore thou needs must unto Tenedos' strand. We will take ambush, we the youths, of strife insatiate still, as thou, old sire, dost bid."

[301] Then strode the son of Neleus to his side, and kissed his hands, and kissed the head of him who offered thus himself the first of all to enter that huge horse, being

peril-fain, and bade the elder of days abide without. Then to the battle-eager spake the old: "Thy father's son art thou! Achilles' might and chivalrous speech be here! O, sure am I that by thine hands the Argives shall destroy the stately city of Priam. At the last, after long travail, glory shall be ours, ours, after toil and tribulation of war; the Gods have laid tribulation at men's feet but happiness far off, and toil between: therefore for men full easy is the path to ruin, and the path to fame is hard, where feet must press right on through painful toil."

[318] He spake: replied Achilles' glorious son: "Old sire, as thine heart trusteth, be it vouchsafed in answer to our prayers; for best were this: but if the Gods will otherwise, be it so. Ay, gladlier would I fall with glory in fight than flee from Troy, bowed 'neath a load of shame."

[324] Then in his sire's celestial arms he arrayed his shoulders; and with speed in harness sheathed stood the most mighty heroes, in whose healers was dauntless spirit. Tell, ye Queens of Song, now man by man the names of all that passed into the cavernous Horse; for ye inspired my soul with all my song, long ere my cheek grew dark with manhood's beard, what time I fed my goodly sheep on Smyrna's pasture-lea, from Hermus thrice so far as one may hear a man's shout, by the fane of Artemis, in the Deliverer's Grove, upon a hill neither exceeding low nor passing high.

[337] Into that cavernous Horse Achilles' son first entered, strong Menelaus followed then, Odysseus, Sthenelus, godlike Diomede, Philoctetes and Menestheus, Anticlus, Thoas and Polypoetes golden-haired, Aias, Eurypylus, godlike Thrasymede, Idomeneus, Meriones, far-famous twain, Podaleirius of spears, Eurymachus, Teucer the godlike, fierce Ialmenus, Thalpius, Antimachus, Leonteus staunch, Eumelus, and Euryalus fair as a God, Amphimachus, Demophoon, Agapenor, Akamas, Meges stalwart Phyleus' son -- yea, more, even all their chiefest, entered in, so many as that carven Horse could hold. Godlike Epeius last of all passed in, the fashioner of the Horse; in his breast lay the secret of the opening of its doors and of their closing: therefore last of all he entered, and he drew the ladders up whereby they clomb: then made he all secure, and set himself beside the bolt. So all in silence sat 'twixt victory and death.

[360] But the rest fired the tents, wherein erewhile they slept, and sailed the wide sea in their ships. Two mighty-hearted captains ordered these, Nestor and Agamemnon lord of spears. Fain had they also entered that great Horse, but all the host withheld them, bidding stay with them a-shipboard, ordering their array: for men far better work the works of war when their kings oversee them; therefore these abode without, albeit mighty men. So came they swiftly unto Tenedos' shore, and dropped the anchor-stones, then leapt in haste forth of the ships, and silent waited there keen-watching till the signal-torch should flash.

[375] But nigh the foe were they in the Horse, and now looked they for death, and now to smite the town; and on their hopes and fears uprose the dawn.

[378] Then marked the Trojans upon Hellespont's strand the smoke upheaving yet through air: no more saw they the ships which brought to them from Greece destruction dire. With joy to the shore they ran, but armed them first, for fear still haunted them then marked they that fair-carven Horse, and stood marvelling round, for a mighty work was there. A hapless-seeming man thereby they spied, Sinon; and this one, that one questioned him touching the Danaans, as in a great ring they compassed him, and with unangry words first questioned, then with terrible threatenings. Then tortured they that man of guileful soul long time unceasing. Firm as a rock abode the unquivering limbs, the unconquerable will. His ears, his nose, at last they shore away in every wise tormenting him, until he should declare the truth, whither were gone the Danaans in their ships, what thing the Horse concealed within it. He had armed his mind with resolution, and of outrage foul reeked not; his soul endured their cruel stripes, yea, and the bitter torment of the fire; for strong endurance into him Hera breathed; and still he told them the same guileful tale: "The Argives in their ships flee oversea weary of tribulation of endless war. This horse by Calchas' counsel fashioned they for wise Athena, to propitiate her stern wrath for that guardian image stol'n from Troy. And by Odysseus' prompting I was marked for slaughter, to be sacrificed to the sea-powers, beside the moaning waves, to win them safe return. But their intent I marked; and ere they spilt the drops of wine, and sprinkled hallowed meal upon mine head, swiftly I fled, and, by the help of Heaven, I flung me down, clasping the Horse's feet; and they, sore loth, perforce must leave me there dreading great Zeus's daughter mighty-souled."

[418] In subtlety so he spake, his soul untamed by pain; for a brave man's part is to endure to the uttermost. And of the Trojans some believed him, others for a wily knave held him, of whose mind was Laocoon. wisely he spake: "A deadly fraud is this," He said, "devised by the Achaean chiefs!" And cried to all straightway to burn the Horse, and know if aught within its timbers lurked.

[427] Yea, and they had obeyed him, and had 'scaped destruction; but Athena, fiercely wroth with him, the Trojans, and their city, shook earth's deep foundations 'neath Laocoon's feet. Straight terror fell on him, and trembling bowed the knees of the presumptuous: round his head horror of darkness poured; a sharp pang thrilled his eyelids; swam his eyes beneath his brows; his eyeballs, stabbed with bitter anguish, throbbed even from the roots, and rolled in frenzy of pain. Clear through his brain the bitter torment pierced even to the filmy inner veil thereof; now bloodshot were his eyes, now ghastly green; anon with rheum they ran, as pours a stream down from a rugged crag, with thawing snow made turbid. As a man distraught he seemed: all things he saw showed double, and he groaned fearfully; yet he ceased not to exhort the men of Troy, and reeked not of his pain. Then did the Goddess strike him utterly blind. Stared his fixed eyeballs white from pits of blood; and all folk groaned for pity of their friend, and dread of the Prey-giver, lest he had sinned in folly against her, and his mind was thus warped to destruction yea, lest on themselves like judgment should be visited, to avenge the outrage done to hapless Sinon's flesh, whereby they hoped to wring the truth from him. So led they him in friendly wise to Troy, pitying him at the last. Then gathered all, and o'er that huge Horse hastily cast a rope, and made it fast above; for

under its feet smooth wooden rollers had Epeius laid, that, dragged by Trojan hands, it might glide on into their fortress. One and all they haled with multitudinous tug and strain, as when down to the sea young men sore-labouring drag a ship; hard-crushed the stubborn rollers groan, as, sliding with weird shrieks, the keel descends into the sea-surge; so that host with toil dragged up unto their city their own doom, Epeius' work. With great festoons of flowers they hung it, and their own heads did they wreath, while answering each other pealed the flutes. Grimly Enyo laughed, seeing the end of that dire war; Hera rejoiced on high; glad was Athena. When the Trojans came unto their city, brake they down the walls, their city's coronal, that the Horse of Death might be led in. Troy's daughters greeted it with shouts of salutation; marvelling all gazed at the mighty work where lurked their doom.

[479] But still Laocoon ceased not to exhort his countrymen to burn the Horse with fire: they would not hear, for dread of the Gods' wrath. But then a yet more hideous punishment Athena visited on his hapless sons. A cave there was, beneath a rugged cliff exceeding high, unscalable, wherein dwelt fearful monsters of the deadly brood of Typhon, in the rock-clefts of the isle Calydna that looks Troyward from the sea. Thence stirred she up the strength of serpents twain, and summoned them to Troy. By her uproused they shook the island as with earthquake: roared the sea; the waves disparted as they came. Onward they swept with fearful-flickering tongues: shuddered the very monsters of the deep: Xanthus' and Simois' daughters moaned aloud, the River-nymphs: the Cyprian Queen looked down in anguish from Olympus. Swiftly they came whither the Goddess sped them: with grim jaws whetting their deadly fangs, on his hapless sons sprang they. All Trojans panic-stricken fled, seeing those fearsome dragons in their town. No man, though ne'er so dauntless theretofore, dared tarry; ghastly dread laid hold on all shrinking in horror from the monsters. Screamed the women; yea, the mother forgot her child, fear-frenzied as she fled: all Troy became one shriek of fleers, one huddle of jostling limbs: the streets were choked with cowering fugitives. Alone was left Laocoon with his sons, for death's doom and the Goddess chained their feet. Then, even as from destruction shrank the lads, those deadly fangs had seized and ravined up the twain, outstretching to their sightless sire agonized hands: no power to help had he. Trojans far off looked on from every side weeping, all dazed. And, having now fulfilled upon the Trojans Pallas' awful hest, those monsters vanished 'neath the earth; and still stands their memorial, where into the fane they entered of Apollo in Pergamus the hallowed. Therebefore the sons of Troy gathered, and reared a cenotaph for those who miserably had perished. Over it their father from his blind eyes rained the tears: over the empty tomb their mother shrieked, boding the while yet worse things, wailing o'er the ruin wrought by folly of her lord, dreading the anger of the Blessed Ones. As when around her void nest in a brake in sorest anguish moans the nightingale whose fledglings, ere they learned her plaintive song, a hideous serpent's fangs have done to death, and left the mother anguish, endless woe, and bootless crying round her desolate home; so groaned she for her children's wretched death, so moaned she o'er the void tomb; and her pangs were sharpened by her lord's plight stricken blind.

[538] While she for children and for husband moaned -- these slain, he of the sun's light portionless -- the Trojans to the Immortals sacrificed, pouring the wine. Their hearts beat high with hope to escape the weary stress of woeful war. Howbeit the victims burned not, and the flames died out, as though 'neath heavy-hissing rain; and writhed the smoke-wreaths blood-red, and the thighs quivering from crumbling altars fell to earth. Drink-offerings turned to blood, Gods' statues wept, and temple-walls dripped gore: along them rolled echoes of groaning out of depths unseen; and all the long walls shuddered: from the towers came quick sharp sounds like cries of men in pain; and, weirdly shrieking, of themselves slid back the gate-bolts. Screaming "Desolation!" wailed the birds of night. Above that God-built burg a mist palled every star; and yet no cloud was in the flashing heavens. By Phoebus' fane withered the bays that erst were lush and green. Wolves and foul-feeding jackals came and howled within the gates. Ay, other signs untold appeared, portending woe to Dardanus' sons and Troy: yet no fear touched the Trojans' hearts who saw all through the town those portents dire: Fate crazed them all, that midst their revelling slain by their foes they might fill up their doom.

[565] One heart was steadfast, and one soul clear-eyed, Cassandra. Never her words were unfulfilled; yet was their utter truth, by Fate's decree, ever as idle wind in the hearers' ears, that no bar to Troy's ruin might be set. She saw those evil portents all through Troy conspiring to one end; loud rang her cry, as roars a lioness that mid the brakes a hunter has stabbed or shot, whereat her heart maddens, and down the long hills rolls her roar, and her might waxes tenfold; so with heart aflame with prophecy came she forth her bower. Over her snowy shoulders tossed her hair streaming far down, and wildly blazed her eyes. Her neck writhed, like a sapling in the wind shaken, as moaned and shrieked that noble maid: "O wretches! into the Land of Darkness now we are passing; for all round us full of fire and blood and dismal moan the city is. Everywhere portents of calamity Gods show: destruction yawns before your feet. Fools! ye know not your doom: still ye rejoice with one consent in madness, who to Troy have brought the Argive Horse where ruin lurks! Oh, ye believe not me, though ne'er so loud I cry! The Erinyes and the ruthless Fates, for Helen's spousals madly wroth, through Troy dart on wild wings. And ye, ye are banqueting there in your last feast, on meats befouled with gore, when now your feet are on the Path of Ghosts!"

[595] Then cried a scoffing voice an ominous word: "Why doth a raving tongue of evil speech, daughter of Priam, make thy lips to cry words empty as wind? No maiden modesty with purity veils thee: thou art compassed round with ruinous madness; therefore all men scorn thee, babbler! Hence, thine evil bodings speak to the Argives and thyself! For thee doth wait anguish and shame yet bitterer than befell presumptuous Laocoon. Shame it were in folly to destroy the Immortals' gift."

[606] So scoffed a Trojan: others in like sort cried shame on her, and said she spake but lies, saying that ruin and Fate's heavy stroke were hard at hand. They knew not their own doom, and mocked, and thrust her back from that huge Horse for fain she was to smite its beams apart, or burn with ravening fire. She snatched a brand of blazing pine-wood from the hearth and ran in fury: in the other hand she bare a two-

edged halberd: on that Horse of Doom she rushed, to cause the Trojans to behold with their own eyes the ambush hidden there. But straightway from her hands they plucked and flung afar the fire and steel, and careless turned to the feast; for darkened o'er them their last night. Within the horse the Argives joyed to hear the uproar of Troy's feasters setting at naught Cassandra, but they marvelled that she knew so well the Achaeans' purpose and device.

[625] As mid the hills a furious pantheress, which from the steading hounds and shepherd-folk drive with fierce rush, with savage heart turns back even in departing, galled albeit by darts: so from the great Horse fled she, anguish-racked for Troy, for all the ruin she foreknew.

John Tzetzes (1110-1180 AD), *Posthomerica*

633 Then, the crooked-minded Odysseus thought to enter Troy secretly. So he commanded the preparation of a big wooden horse. Then Epeius, Aecus' descendant, the expert said: This is a task of mine; you should just bring me the wood. The man said that; the others fulfilled the task. When they had brought all the necessary wood, 635 he made a huge horse with his miraculous hands. They covered it with gold and silver, beautifully in order. They also decorated it with sparkling stones. It had the belly wide; many could fit in there. The belly had a secret door; inside the feet would bend. 640 He finally accomplished this huge destructive task. In there twenty-three brave war-loving men could fit. Firstly, Neoptolemus, Diomedes and Cyanippus, Idomeneus, Menelaus and the strong son of Oeleus, Calchas, Teucer and Thrasymedes, the son of Nestor, 645 Eumelus, Leonteus and the killer of Eurypylus, Demophon, Acamas and Anticlus who died inside the horse, Peneleos, Meges and Antiphates was with them, Iphidamas, Euridamas and someone called Amphidamas, with them Epeius and exceedingly wise Odysseus.

650 Shall I tell what the other Atreides looked like? Then I should retell everything, in order this time. There was mighty Agamemnon, the king of the men. He was white, big, of a wide chin and dark hair. He was well-bearded, well-educated, resembling the blessed ones. 655 His brother had the bodily frame smaller; he had a breadth, though. He had red skin, a dense beard and blond hair. Nestor was big, had a nose looking downwards and a fiercely glaring. He had a long face, flame-colored skin, blond hair and he was wise. Idomeneus was quick, had a dark skin, of middle age. 660 He had short curly hair, wide chin and beautiful nose. Meriones was short; he had wide shoulders and beautiful curly hair. He was white; he had crooked nose, nice chin, wide face. Locrus was tall and had bright eyes. He was nice, had long face and dark curly hair. 665 Calchas was small, white, thin and shaggy-haired. He had his hair grey in the front and white the rest of it. Tydeus' son had a body that was worthy of four young men. He was in good shape with a flat nose, narrow neck and blond hair. There was Epeius, too, who crafted the wooden horse. 670 He was white, at a good age, tall, charming with a beautiful face. Also, Odysseus, middle-aged, pot-bellied, white, with

plain hair, nose looking down and fiercely glaring. He got upon the wooden horse lastly, after the others and closed the door behind him; horrible things had followed. 675 When those stout hearted were ambushed, the mighty sons of other heroes set burning fire to destroy the huts completely. Supposedly returning home, they drove with roars to the seashore of Tenedos; they left Sinon in Troy, 680 all naked and with wounds on his body made by himself. That helped the plan of the Achaeans to be accomplished. The treacherous plan of the Achaeans occurred by dawn. When beautiful Eos showed up and brought light to the mortals, Trojans woke up and saw the baneful facts. 685 When they went where formerly Achaeans were, they saw what had happened and couldn't believe it. Sinon, the crafty counsel, ran towards them full of wounds. The mild old man then asked him who and whence he was. And he mischievously reversed the whole truth. I am one of the Danaans and the Danaans made me like this; they thought I was helper of yours Just like Palamedes. They made this wooden horse dedicated in honor of Athena. They said she'd send destructive day to Trojans unless you take this and build a temple for Athena. He said this; the old man offered him garments that glittered. The Trojans dragged the huge horse into the city. The silly ones; they didn't realize they were urging their destruction. Flutes and lyres were roaring boundlessly. Tryphiodorus didn't know when Troy was sacked, and I, like others, would have cheated if I said; because Isaac had deprived me of honor. That he had put flowers around the horse in the river during the winter, I doubt. As Orpheus had taught me, what I have heard from another man and is false, I never should tell such a story to men. But about this I will tell and won't leave unfinished. When Cassandra heard they were bringing the horse, she cried with thrilling voice to break it into pieces and set it on fire, not to bring into the city this born plague, monstrous and wrong. As she was shouting, her father tied her in the towers; she was like a mad woman; while she was lamenting, she fell. Laocoon was the only one to attack the wooden horse. He had lost his brave son from serpent's teeth. They brought the horse in to the temple of Athena in the evening. But when they rowed the sacrifice into the altar, everywhere in the city there were messengers of death. Dionysus, who was weighing down the limbs, roared; Enyo rejoiced. But when eternal sleep fell upon everybody and it was middle of the night and moon was shining in the sky, then Sinon showed the fire to his Danaan companions. They put it into motion and pulled close, silently using their oars. After arriving quickly, they stepped outside the horse. Then wailing and lamentation spread among the men, the men and women and new-born babies who were killed during the night around their bowls and beds. The entire sea had big waves full of blood. The wind was strong. Ares was swimming upon blood and dust. Then Menelaus along with other noble men approached the house of Deiphobus and killed him. He took away the crying daughter of Tyndareus. Aecus' descendant Neoptolemus killed Priam upon the fence of Zeus' big beautiful altar. Terrible Odysseus pushed Hector's son from the towers. Ajax took Cassandra away from Locrus' temple. Earth received Laodice into her gulf. Aeneas and Anchises and Ausonian escaped, from whom the strong nation of Latin came into existence. Few others escaped from the sons of Achaeans, too. The others encountered common death, according to their destiny. Only Antenor's family was rescued by the Argives; they remembered his friendship and put on his door recognizable sign of a leopard-skin. When Ares finished his long-standing work, all Trojan wealth, gold and silver as well as Trojan

women were shared among Achaeans. They offered sacrifices for their dead by the seashore and went upon the sea-swift, in their dark prowed ships. They were heading home through swollen waves and currents.