A mist of black grief enveloped Achilles. He scooped up fistfuls of sunburnt dust and poured it on his head, fouling his beautiful face. Black ash grimed his fine-spun cloak as he stretched his huge body out in the dust and lay there, tearing out his hair with his hands. The women, whom Achilles and Patroclus had taken in raids, ran shrieking out of the tent to be with Achilles, and they beat their breasts until their knees gave out beneath them. Antilochus, sobbing himself, stayed with Achilles and held his hands—he was groaning from the depths of his soul—for fear he would lay open his own throat with steel.

"Then let me die now. I was no help to him when he was killed out there. He died far from home, and he needed me to protect him. ...
... I wish all strife could stop, among gods and among men, and anger too—it sends sensible men into fits of temper, it drips down our throats sweeter than honey and mushrooms up in our bellies like smoke. ...
... As for my own fate, I'll accept it whenever it pleases Zeus and the other immortal gods to send it. Not even Heracles could escape his doom. He was dearest of all to Lord Zeus, but fate and Hera's hard anger destroyed him. If it is true that I have a fate like his, then I too will lie down in death.
"We two are fated to redden the selfsame earth with our blood, right here in Troy. I will never return home to be welcomed by my old father, Peleus, or Thetis, my mother. The earth here will hold me. And since I will pass under the earth after you, Patroclus, I will not bury you until I have brought here the armor and head of Hector, who killed you, great soul. And I will cut the throats of twelve Trojan princes before your pyre in my wrath. Until then, you will lie here beside our upswept hulls just as you are..."
Iliad 8.515-34
[Hector speaks:] Unyoke your horses
and feed them. Bring cattle and sheep from the city,
and get bread and mellow wine from your houses.
And gather tons of firewood, so all night long
until early dawn we can burn fires enough
to light up the sky, in case the long-haired Greeks
have any idea of sailing off by night.
...
Heralds should proclaim throughout the city
that boys and greybeards bivouac tonight
all around the city on our god-built walls.
As for the women, each of them should light
a fire in her house. The city needs to guard
against a sneak attack while the army is away.
Enough for now. This is sound strategy.

Iliad 18.294-333
[Polydamas speaks:] "We will camp tonight in the marketplace, where
the city is protected by its towers, walls,
and high gates closed with bolted, polished doors.
At dawn we take our positions on the wall
in full armor..."

And Hector, glaring at him under his helmet:
"Polydamas, I don't like this talk
about retreat and holing up in the city.
Aren't you sick of being penned inside our walls?
...But now—when the great god,
son of Cronus, has given me the glory
of hemming the Greeks in beside the sea—
now is no time for you to talk like a fool.
Not a Trojan here will listen. I won't let them."
...
Thus Hector, and the Trojans cheered,
the fools, their wits dulled by Pallas Athena.
Hector's poor counsel won all the applause,
and not a man praised Polydamas' good sense.
Iliad 19.99-105; 150-54
[Agamemnon speaks:]

"But I am not to blame. Zeus is, and Fate, and the Dark Avenger, who put a fit of madness on me, in public, that day I robed Achilles of his prize. But what could I do. Gods decide everything, Zeus' eldest daughter is the goddess Atê, who blinds everyone, a deadly power. ... I could not forget Atê, who has made me blind. Yes, I was blind. Zeus robbed me of my wits. But I want to make reparation, generously."

Iliad 19.217-22
[Achilles speaks:]

"And you two want us to eat? If it were up to me I'd have the troops out there fighting unfed, no food all day. When the sun goes down we can have a big meal, our shame avenged. Until then no food or drink will pass my lips at least."

Iliad 19.374-76

Athena distilled nectar and ambrosia into Achilles' chest so that grim hunger would not weaken his knees...
Briseis speaks:

"My poor Patroclus. You were so dear to me. When I left this hut you were alive, and now I find you, the army's leader, dead when I come back. So it is for me always, evil upon evil. I have seen my husband, the man my father and mother gave me to, mangled with sharp bronze before my city, and my three brothers, all from the same mother, 'brothers I loved—they all died that day. But you wouldn't let me cry when Achilles killed my husband and destroyed Mynes' city, wouldn't let me cry. You told me you'd make me Achilles' bride, told me you'd take me on a ship to Phthia, for a wedding among the Myrmidons. I will never stop grieving for you, forever sweet."
First he put on his legs the shinguards—beautiful, and linked with silver clasps to hold them on. Next in turn he fastened around his chest the corselet. Across his shoulders he slung a sword with silver nails, a bronze one, then took up a huge and heavy shield, and from it the light gleamed far, as from the moon. As when a light gleams for sailors out at sea from a blazing fire that burns high in the mountains in a desolate pen, and stormwinds carry them unwilling across the fish-teeming sea, far from loved ones—so the gleam shot high in the air from Akhilleus' shield, beautiful and elaborate. And lifting the helmet he set it, massive, on his head. And like a star shone the helmet with its horsehair crest, and around it shook the fringes of gold that Hephaistos had driven thick around its crest. And brilliant Akhilleus tried himself in his armor, to see if it fit tight, and how his glorious limbs ran within it; it became like wings for him, uplifting the shepherd of the people. Next he drew from its case the spear of his father, heavy, huge and thick. No one else of the Akhaians could handle it, but Akhilleus alone knew how to wield it: made of Pelian ash, which Kheiron had given his dear father from the crest of Pelion, to be death to heroes.

And from beneath the yoke Xanthus spoke back:

"This time we will save you, mighty Achilles, this time—but your hour is near. We are not to blame, but a great god and strong Fate. Nor was it slowness or slackness on our part that allowed the Trojans to despoil Patroclus. No, the best of gods, fair-haired Leto's son, killed him in the front lines and gave Hector the glory. As for us, we could outrun the West Wind, which men say is the swiftest, but it is your destiny to be overpowered by a mortal and a god."