"You're asleep and have forgotten me, Achilles. You never neglected me when I was alive, but now, when I am dead! Bury me quickly so I may pass through Hades' Gates. The spirits keep me at a distance, the phantoms of men outworn, and will not allow me to join them beyond the river. I wander aimlessly through Hades' wide-doored house. And give me your hand, for never again will I come back from Hades, once you burn me in my share of fire. Never more in life shall we sit apart from our comrades and talk. The fate I was born to has swallowed me, and it is your destiny, though you are like the gods, Achilles, to die beneath the wall of Troy."

... And Achilles answered him, saying: "Why have you come to me here, dear heart, with all these instructions? I promise you I will do everything just as you ask. But come closer. Let us give in to grief, however briefly, in each other's arms."

Saying this, Achilles reached out with his hands but could not touch him. His spirit vanished like smoke, gone under the earth, with a last, shrill cry. Awestruck, Achilles leapt up, clapping his palms together, and said lamenting: "Ah, so there is something in death's house, a phantom spirit, although not in a body. All night long poor Patroclus' spirit stood over me, weeping and wailing, and giving me detailed instructions about everything. He looked so like himself."

"Hear me, Patroclus, even from Hades. All that I promised you I am completing now. Twelve Trojans, sons of good families, the fire consumes with you. Hector, though, I will not give to the fire to eat, but to dogs." Thus went his threat, but no dogs would eat Hector. Aphrodite kept the dogs from his corpse by day and by night, and she anointed him with ambrosial oil of rose, so that when Achilles dragged his body it would not be torn. and Phoebus Apollo drew a dark blue cloud from the sky to the plain, covering the spot where the body lay, so that the sun's heat would not shrivel the flesh on his bones."
Iliad 23.507-13

...Ajax jumped up abruptly in an ugly mood. It would have gone further had not Achilles himself stood up and said: "Let's break it up. If you heard someone else arguing with language like this you would be outraged. Now sit down and watch for the horses."

Iliad 23.550-78

Achilles felt sorry for [Meriones] and he addressed the crowd with winged words: "Look, the best man is coming in last. he should get a prize, the prize for second. But let [Eumelus] take first prize."
...
But Antilochus...registered this complaint: "I will be really angry with you, Achilles, if you do what you say. You're going to rob me of my prize, on the grounds that Eumelus had an accident with his horses and chariot, good as he is. He should have prayed to the immortals and he wouldn't have lost. But if you like him so much and feel so bad for him, you have enough gold and bronze in your huts, and sheep and women and solid-hooved horses, to give him an even better prize later, or do it right now so the Greeks can applaud you. But I'm not giving up the mare. Anybody who wants to is welcome to fight me for her."

[Achilles answers:] "Antilochus, if you want me to give Eumelus something else from my hut, I will do so. I'll give him the corselet I took from Asteropaeus..."

Iliad 23.634-47

And [Menelaus] gave the mare to Noëmon, Antilochus' comrade, and took for himself the shining cauldron. Meriones took the two talents of gold for fourth place, which was where he finished, but the fifth prize, the two-handled bowl, was left unclaimed. This bowl Achilles gave to Nestor, bringing it forward to him through the crowd and saying: "Take this, reverend sir, as your keepsake and memorial of Patroclus' burial, for you will not seem him again among the Greeks. I simply give you this prize, for you will not compete in boxing or wrestling, or enter the javelin throw, or run in the sprints. Old age is heavy upon you."
Ajax spoke and lifted him, but Odysseus
did not forget his tricks, clipping Ajax
in the back of his knee and sending him down
with Odysseus on his chest. The crowd was amazed.
Then Odysseus tried to lift Ajax. He moved him
a little from the ground but couldn't get him up.
But he did hook his knee around Ajax's leg
so that they went down together. Grimy with dust,
they were ready to go at it a third time,
but Achilles himself rose and held them back:
"No need to continue and wear yourselves out.
You're both winners. Take equal prizes
and go your way, so others can compete."

Three times they lunged at each other, and the third time
Ajax hit the disk of his opponent's shield
but did not get through to his corseleted skin.
Diomedes kept trying to get his spear over
Ajax's shield and touch his neck with the point.
The crowd feared for Ajax and wanted them to stop
and take equal prizes, but Achilles gave
the sword to Diomedes with its scabbard and belt.

Then Peleus' son brought out a long-shadowed spear and
an unfired cauldron, worth an ox, embossed
with flowers. The javelin throwers rose,
Atreus' son, the warlord Agamemnon,
and Meriones, Idomeneus' comrade.
But Achilles, swift and godlike, addressed them:
"Son of Atreus, we recognize your power
and know that you are the best at throwing spears. Take
the prize and return to your hollow ships.
But we will give the spear to Meriones,
with your consent. At least that's how I want it."
The warlord did not disagree.