"It must be the pleasure of Zeus Almighty for us to die here, nameless and far from Argos. I knew it when he was favoring the Greeks, and I know it now that he is giving the Trojans glory from above and has tied our hands. So this is what I say we should all do now: Let's haul the first line of ships to the water, get them afloat and moor them with anchors until darkness comes. If and when the Trojans stop for the night, we can drag down the rest. It is no shame to flee ruin, even by night. Better to give evil the slip than be caught by it."
"Let's get in bed now and make love. 
No goddess or woman has ever 
made me feel so overwhelmed with lust, 
not even when I fell for Ixion's wife, 
who bore Perithous, wise as a god; 
or Danae, with lovely slim ankles, 
who bore Perseus, a paragon of men; 
or the daughter of far-famed Phoenix, 
who bore Minos and godlike Rhadamanthus; 
or Semele; or Alcmene in Thebes, 
who bore Heracles, a stouthearted son; 
and Semele bore Dionysus, a joy to humans; 
or Demeter, the fair-haired queen; 
or glorious Leto; or even you—
I've never loved anyone as I love you now, 
ever been in the grip of desire so sweet."
"So shall [the Greeks] flee in panic and fall dead among the hollow ships of Peleus' son Achilles, who will send forth his comrade Patroclus, whom illustrious Hector will kill with his spear before Ilium, after Patroclus himself has killed many a youth, among them Sarpedon, my son. In wrath for Patroclus Achilles will kill Hector. From that time on I shall cause the Trojans to be driven back from the ships, until the Greeks capture steep Ilion through Athena's counsel."
And [Apollo] breathed strength [menos] into [Hector], who tended Troy's army as a shepherd his flock.

*Picture a horse that has eaten barley in its stall breaking his halter and galloping across the plain, making for his accustomed swim in the river, a glorious animal, head held high, mane streaming like wind on his shoulders. Sure of his splendor he prances by the horse-runs and the mares in pasture. That was Hector, his knees and feet like wind, as he rallied the chariots. He had heard the god's voice.*

... When [the Greeks] saw Hector patrolling the ranks, they tensed up with fear and stopped in their tracks. Thoas assessed the situation for them...

"Is this a miracle my eyes are seeing? Hector has risen from the dead...
One of the gods has delivered Hector again...

Teucer drew out another arrow, this one for Hector, and it would have stopped that hero from fighting by the ships if it had only hit him and taken his life. But Zeus, who protected Hector, was watching closely and robbed Teucer of his glory, breaking his twisted bowstring just as he was drawing it against Hector. The bronze-armored arrow was shunted aside, and the bow dropped from his hand. Teucer shuddered, and he said to his brother: "Damn! So much for out battle plans. Some god is cutting them pretty short, knocking the bow from my hands and snapping the new string I tied on this morning..."
"So close your ranks and fight along the ships, and if any of you is hit and dies, then so be it. Death in defense of your homeland is no dishonor. Your wife is safe and your children's future, your house and estate are inviolate—if the Greeks sail off to their own native land."

"Fire! Bring fire! And raise the war cry all together! Zeus has given us this day as payment for everything—to seize the ships that came here against the gods' will and have brought us endless trouble because of the cowardice of our elders, who, when I wanted to bring the fight here, kept me back and withheld the army. But if Zeus clouded our minds then, there is no doubt he is urging us on now."

And Patroclus, all during the fight for the wall, which took place some distance from the beached ships, sat in the hut of Eurypylus, his wounded host, cheering him up with small talk and rubbing ointments onto his ugly wound to ease his dark pangs. But when he saw the Trojans rushing onto the wall and the Greeks beating a noisy retreat, he groaned and slapped his thighs with his hands, saying: "Eurypylus, I know you're hurting, but I can't stay with you here any longer. A big fight is brewing. Have your man take care of you. I'm off to see Achilles, to try to talk him into fighting. God willing, I may be able to persuade him Persuasion works when it comes from a friend."