And they stood in the flowering meadow there, *countless as leaves, or like flowers in their season.*

(Book 2, p. 34)

The army started to move on the shore.

*Just as long waves form on the Icarian Sea when winds east and south explode from the clouds of father Zeus; or the west wind ravages a field of deep wheat, rippling and tassling the ears as it blows.*

— so too these troop lines.

(Book 2, p. 24)

The cheer that followed this speech came on

*like a wave that pounds a high cliff, a wave swollen by wind against a jutting crag that is constantly worried by wind-driven waves from every direction.*

(Book 2, p. 32)

{...Character / Event}

*Just as ______, when ______,*

{...so too Character/Event}
Just as migratory birds — cranes, geese, or long-necked swans — gathering in a meadow in Asia where the river Caystrius branches out in streams. For a while they fly in random patterns for the pure joy of using their wings, but then with a single cry they start to land, one line of birds settling in front of another until the whole meadow is a carpet of sound.

— so too from the ships and huts, tribe after tribe poured out onto the Scamander's floodplain, and the ground groaned and reverberated under their feet and the hooves of their horses.

Just as innumerable throngs of buzzing flies will swarm all over a herdsman's yard in springtime, when milk wets the pails —

— so too the throngs of long-haired Greeks who stood on the plain facing the Trojans.

(Book 2, p. 34)

Holding his shield and brandishing two swords, Sarpedon advanced.

Just as a mountain lion that has not fed for days and is hungry and brave enough to enter the stone sheep pen and attack the flocks. Even if he finds herdsmen on the spot with dogs and spears to protect the fold, he will not be driven back without a try, and either he leaps in and seizes a sheep or is killed by a spear, as human heroes are.

— so too godlike Sarpedon felt impelled to rush the wall and tear it down.

(Book 12, p. 233)
In the Trojan front lines, the bronze point of Ajax’s spear ripped through his shoulder. He fell down to the ground and lay in the dust.

Just as a poplar that has grown up in rich bottom soil, with a smooth trunk branching out at top, catches the eye of a wainwright, who wants to curve it into a pole for a fine chariot. He cuts it with a few flashing strokes of his axe, and now it lies drying by the river bank.

(Book 4, p. 80)