Emily Huang
1-30-22
Mr. Flamm The Trojan War - Part 2

Refer to the attached Readings. Answer the following questions using *Complete Sentences*.

1. Page 1 - Explain how King Priam and Queen Hecuba learn the identity of Paris:

2. Page 2 - What causes Helen to fall in love with Paris?

3. Page 3 - Describe Cassandra's prophecy about Helen:

4. Your Opinion: Based on today's reading, what kind of character is Paris?

5. Page 4 - What does Odysseus (Ulysses) mean when he says, “We shall have to *lay siege*”? ***Why*** does he say this?

6. Pages 6-11 - Describe “the Quarrel.” Which two Greeks are quarrelling? What caused them to quarrel?

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Argumentative Essay: The Causes of The Trojan War
Who is Most Responsible?

Our next class is February 8th.

Can you please have *rough copy* of this essay ready?

The following framework will help you compose an organized essay:

Paragraph 1: Introductory sentence explaining what the Trojan War was. In the next sentences, include more information about why the Trojan War was important, when it occurred, who fought whom, and other relevant details. Conclude with a summary statement about the main reason for its occurrence.

Paragraph 2: ***Elaborate*** (develop) on the previous concluding sentence. Describe ***chronologically*** (in order of time), the steps that led up to The Trojan War. Remember to vary your sentence structure and word choice. Also, use parallel structure, and a sense of your own style when re-telling events.

Paragraphs 3-6: If you had to ***ascribe*** (or assign) blame for the beginning of the war on three ***deities*** (gods / goddesses) and/or humans, **who is *most* to blame for the start of this horrific war?**

Write a convincing argument about why the three characters you chose are the three *most* at fault.

Don't forget to discuss the personalities, and motivations of these three characters. What kind of people/gods are they? What are their personal goals and motives? What do they want, and how do they hope to get it?

For Paragraphs 3-6, you can either begin with the *most* at fault character and end with the 3rd-most-at-fault, **OR** reverse the order, and build up to the *most guilty*.

Also include:

a. The actions of these characters before the start of the war.
b. The actions of these characters *during* the war.
c. A description of the character's personality, based on their above actions.

Remember - an **argumentative essay** provides reasons why, and also addresses **counter-arguments*** **(we will discuss this point during class)**.

An example of a counter-argument might be: "While some might argue that Eris is not at fault, because her actions simply caused a disagreement among the goddesses, in reality her actions were motivated by jealousy and strife.

Paragraph 7: Summary and Extension - Summarize the results of the most-at-fault character's actions. **How does the war end? Does anything good result from this war?** How could the war have been avoided based on this character acting differently? What can we learn about our own conduct, based on this character's actions and personality? What can we learn from this character? In what ways do the actions of individuals have tremendous effects on many other people? **How should we conduct ourselves in life** based on the negative example of this character's actions?

The following day, his mind whirling with thoughts of Helen, Paris strode off toward Troy. An athletic competition was to be held there that afternoon. His foster father tried to dissuade him but ended up walking with him to the city. It was the first time Paris had set foot in Troy.

He began the competition by entering the boxing contest, and to the surprise of all, defeated Priam's sons. The proudhearted princes were unaccustomed to losing. Yet Paris flew past them in the footrace as well. At once they demanded a second race to be run. Paris left them behind again. Infuriated, they decided to kill him and drew their swords. Paris dashed for his life. His foster father threw himself before Priam. "Stop them, your Majesty!" he cried. "That youth is your own lost son!"

Priam recognized the old man, halted his sons, and rushed up to Paris. He stared into his face. Hecuba followed. The herdsman produced the silver rattle he'd found in the infant's hand years before. The king and queen knew it at once. Both burst out weeping, clutching Paris.

The old herdsman had feared he'd be punished. But that night, Priam invited him to a magnificent banquet to mark his son's return. When the seer Calchas heard the news, he and Apollo's other priests again warned the king to put Paris to death.

"Never!" replied Priam. "Better that Troy should burn than that my precious son should die!"

Paris exchanged his dirt-floored hut for a room of polished stone in the palace. Soon afterward, Menelaus, king of Sparta, chanced to visit Troy. Knowing that he was Helen's husband, Paris prodded him, heart pounding, to describe his bewitching wife. He so shrewdly cultivated the king's friendship that Menelaus invited the prince to accompany him home and be his guest in turn. Feverish with joy, Paris accepted.

Aphrodite sent their ship fair winds. They reached Sparta and marched up toward the palace. A woman stood in wait. Paris approached, then halted in awe. Flesh bested fancy. She had the grace of a deer and a dewdrop's radiance. He feared that such an earthly wonder would take no notice of a cowherd-prince. Had Aphrodite cast her promised spell? He watched as the queen embraced her husband. The goddess, however, had been true to her word. Helen set her eyes upon Paris and fell instantly, irresistibly in love.

For nine days Paris feasted with his hosts. He yearned to shout out his love for Helen and wrote her name in wine spilled on the table. Menelaus, cast down by the news that his father had just died in Crete, took no notice. On the tenth morning, he departed for the funeral.

The lovers exulted at their good fortune. Paris had first imagined Helen, then beheld. At last he'd be able to touch her. Love-maddened, the two decided to leave Sparta that night and never return.

In darkness the pair carried the palace treasures aboard their ship and set off. They headed for Troy, but Hera, pouncing on the chance to punish Paris for denying her the golden apple, raised a great storm that blew them far off course. Landing at Cyprus, they stayed several months, fearing Menelaus lay in wait off Troy. They then sailed to the city of Sidon, whose king Paris murdered and whose coffers he emptied, adding vast stores of gold to their hold.

At last they reached Troy, welcomed by cheers and celebrations. The Trojans were dazzled not only by the riches but by Helen, more exquisite than any gem. Entranced, they swore never to see her returned. Hadn't the Greeks refused to send back Priam's own sister, carried away from Troy by a band of Greeks years before? As for the priests who'd joined Calchas in urging that Paris be killed, Paris silenced them with generous gifts of gold to Apollo's temple.

Only one voice was raised against Paris. It came from his own sister, Cassandra, a prophetess who'd been doomed by the god Apollo never to be believed. Over and over she'd warned Priam not to let Paris travel to Sparta. Now she declared that a frightful war would result unless Helen were sent back at once. The king listened patiently to his daughter. Then, as he had many times before, he sent her away, ignoring her words.

THE SIEGE BEGINS

ULYSSES HAD WARNED THAT the war would be a long one, but Agamemnon, who always preferred to believe what was most convenient, was confident of a quick victory. When the Greeks landed on the Trojan beaches they met stiff resistance. A Trojan hero, Cycnus—son of Poseidon—a man who could not be wounded by sword or spear, captained the beach party and fought like a demon, almost driving the Greeks into the sea. Achilles it was who finally killed him without weapon, by twisting Cycnus' helmet so that he was strangled by his own chinstrap.

Then the Greeks rallied and fought their way to the Trojan wall but met so savage a defense that they had to withdraw.

At the War Council, Ulysses said: "I was right, unfortunately. It will be a long war. Their walls are huge, their men brave, and they have at least three magnificent warriors, Prince Hector, his young brother Troilus, and his cousin Aeneas. Sheltered by such walls, led by such heroes, they are too powerful for direct assault. We shall have to lay siege. But in the meantime, by using our sea-power, we can raid the nearby islands one by one. This will strip Troy of her allies, and provide us with food and slaves."

It was agreed, and Achilles was named commander of the raiding parties. During the next eight years he attacked the home islands of Troy's allies one by one, sacked their cities and took much loot and many slaves. All this time the main body of the Greeks encamped on the beach behind a stockade of pointed stakes and laid siege to the mighty city.

But a siege is a tedious business, and quarrels flared among the men who had grown tired of the war and longed for home. The bitterest

squabbles were provoked by the division of slaves. One of these almost sent the Greeks home in defeat.

THE QUARREL

ON ONE RAID ACHILLES captured Cressida, one of the loveliest young maidens of Troy. She was a smoky-eyed, honey-skinned girl with a low hoarse voice. When Agamemnon heard her speak at the Dividing of the Spoils he felt her voice running over the nerve-ends of his face, like a cat's tongue licking him. He immediately claimed her as his share of the booty. Ordinarily, Achilles would have disputed this claim, and an ugly squabble would have flared, but upon this raid Achilles had captured a girl he fancied even more, a tall green-eyed maiden named Briseis. So Agamemnon's claim was allowed and he took Cressida for his slave. She was hard to handle at first, but Agamemnon had a way with girls and soon she was content.

But her father was not happy. His name was Chryse; he was a priest of Apollo, and a soothsayer. He came under a truce to Agamemnon's tent and begged the release of his daughter, offering a generous ransom. But Agamemnon would have none of it. He drove her father away with harsh words. The old man, furious and humiliated, prayed to Apollo as he hobbled back toward Troy.

"Oh, Phoebus, I implore you, curb that haughty spirit. Punish Agamemnon, who keeps my daughter in vile servitude. Today he insults your servant, Apollo, tomorrow he will insult your holy self. For he is a most arrogant Greek, overbearing and imperious, ready to affront a god should his will be questioned."

It suited Apollo to hear this prayer. He favored the Trojans in the war, and felt it was time to do the Greeks a mischief. So he descended that night and stood between the great wall and the Greek encampment on the beach.

He shot arrows of pestilence among the tents. They were tipped with fever; they ignited the camp refuse; foul vapors caught fire. Again and again Apollo shot his arrows. Where they struck, plague burned. Man and beast sickened. In the morning they awoke to die. Horses died, and cattle. In three days the Greeks had lost half as many troops as they had in nine years of fighting.

Ulysses urged Agamemnon to call a council. The oracle, Calchas, was consulted—because it was known that plague is sent by the gods in punishment for some affront, real or fancied, and it is always necessary to find out which god, so that the insult might be undone. But Calchas balked when he was called upon for interpretation.

"Pardon, great king," he said to Agamemnon. "But I would far rather you called upon another oracle."

"Why should we?" said Ulysses. "You're the best we have, and the best is what we need."

Agamemnon said: "Read the signs, O Calchas, and tell us true."

"I have read the signs. And the truth will anger you. And who will protect me from your sudden wrath?"

"I will," said Achilles, looking at Agamemnon. "I guarantee your safety."

"Hear then the reason for this pestilence. Our high king and war-leader, Agamemnon, has angered Apollo by insulting his priest, Chryse, who seeks the return of his daughter, Cressida. Agamemnon's angry refusal has kindled the radiant wrath of Phoebus who descended with a quiverful of plague darts which he flung into our tents so that we sicken and die."

"I don't believe it," roared Agamemnon.

"It makes sense," Achilles said. "Speak on, Calchas. Tell us how we can placate Apollo and avert this plague."

"The remedy is obvious," said Calchas. "Cressida must be returned to her father, without ransom. Then a clean wind will spring from the sea blowing away the pestilence."

Agamemnon turned savagely upon Calchas.

"You miserable, spiteful, croaking old raven. You have never yet in all the years I have known you spoke me a favorable auspice. Whether studying the flight of birds, examining their entrails, or casting bones, by whatever secret contrivance you read the riddle of the future, it is always to my disadvantage. In your eyes I am always angering the gods, as if they had nothing to do but perch on Olympus watching me night and day and seeking cause for anger in the actions of this one poor mortal, while they ignore everyone else on earth.

"At Aulis you said I had angered Artemis by not invoking her aid in some hunt or other, and that it was she who had sent the northeast gale to keep us penned in the harbor and prevent our fleet from sailing for Troy. And it was not until you prevailed upon me to sacrifice my own eldest, dearest daughter, Iphigenia, that you were satisfied. And now … now … you wish to rob me of even a greater prize, the smoky-eyed Cressida, so much more beautiful and skillful than my own wife, Clytemnestra. Now you seek to rob me of the one prize I value after nine years of bloody toil on these beaches, bidding me tear my very heart from my body to appease Apollo. And the Royal Council agrees with you. The Chiefs agree with you. Very well, so be it. But, by the easily angered Gods, know this: I will not be left without a prize. If you take Cressida from me, I will take someone else's beautiful and clever slave girl."

Achilles sprang to his feet. "And from what common pen of slaves do you expect to draw your compensation?" he cried. "In your blind and matchless greed you have forgotten that each man takes his own prize as

divided according to your own unjust decrees—whereby you always get the lion's share … or should I say the swine's share? No, you must give up Cressida without immediate compensation. For no man here, I believe, will give up what is his own. But when we raid another rich colony, or when Troy itself finally falls, if ever it does, then you will be able to take booty that will glut even your greed."

"You are a mighty warrior, Achilles," said Agamemnon. "But your spear speaks more surely than your tongue. I am High King, chosen by all of you in a choice certified by the gods. To deprive me of any jot or iota of my rights is sacrilege. Not only foolish, but impious. It is my duty to take someone else's slave to repay me for the loss of the lovely Cressida. For a king deprived is half a king, and half a king means defeat in warfare. If I want your slave, Achilles, or Ulysses', or one of Diomedes', or any creature I choose, all I have to do is reach my hand and take. But that will all be decided later. For the moment I consent. Cressida shall be returned so that the plague may end."

"Why you great snorting hog!" cried Achilles. "You are more fit to king it over a pigpen somewhere than to try to lead a band of free men. So this is how you would arrange things—that the burden should fall always on me, while you grab the spoils for yourself. Well, I've had enough. I'm tired of fighting your battles, and those of your brother who wasn't man enough to keep his wife at home. I'm taking my Myrmidons and sailing away. And we will see how you make out against Hector and his brothers."

"Go where you will, you bragging brawler," said Agamemnon. "You're better at fighting friends than enemies anyway. Board your beaked ship and sail where you will—to Hades I hope. But I swear by my crown that when you go you shall leave Briseis behind. And I shall take her to replace Cressida."

Now the lion wrath of Achilles rose in his breast and choked him with its sulphurous bile. He could think of nothing but to kill Agamemnon where he stood. He drew his sword, but a strong hand caught his arm. It was Athena, heaven-descended, invisible to everyone but Achilles. She fixed him with eyes so brilliant that they seemed to scorch his face. An unearthly musk came off her white arms. But Achilles was too angry to be intimidated.

"Great goddess," he said. "I love and venerate you. But if you have come to stop me from killing Agamemnon you are wasting your time. He has insulted me and must pay with his life."

"Where life and death are concerned," said Athena, "only the gods say 'must.' You are the greatest of mortals, Achilles, but I have come to tell you this! You are not to kill Agamemnon. Hera, Queen of the Gods, and I myself, are mightily interested in the victory of Greek arms. We can allow no squabbling among your leaders, no division among your troops. As for your wrath, it is justified, and I promise you this: Within a space of days, great Agamemnon will humble himself to you and offer the return of your slave girl and gifts more valuable than you can reckon. I promise you this. Hera promises it. But you must obey us."

"I listen and obey," said Achilles. "I will hold my hand from him, and he shall live—at least until the next time. But I shall never fight under his leadership again."

"Yes … tell him so," said Athena. "Attack him in words as fiercely as you will. For the man has been blinded by greed to the detriment of his leadership, and he must be shaken up, or victory will elude you Greeks whom the best gods love. Tell him what you will, say what you will, but do not kill him."

Athena disappeared. Achilles sheathed his sword again, saying: "You are a putrid cur, Agamemnon, unfit to lead men in battle. Only by the grace of heaven am I sparing your life now. But I shall not follow your example and squabble over a slave girl. Take her if you must, you besotted swine. But I tell you this. I will not fight against Troy. I will not contend against Hector and his brothers. Priam's brave sons and the Trojan troops shall go unchecked for all of me. From now on I pay no heed to battle, but fit out my ships for the voyage home. And when Hector is winnowing your ranks like the man with the scythe among the September wheat—yes, when you see your troops falling by the dozens before that terrible sword—then, then will you eat out your heart in remorse for having treated Achilles so."

Achilles stalked off, leaving the Council aghast.