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| **Honor** |  |
| Zeus, who thunders on high, ought to have put honor  in my hands. But he has given me no honor at all, For the  son of Atreus, whose rule is wide, has dishonored me.  He has come and taken my girl. | Slowly but surely the words take effect. He’s begun hesitating  But when a harness catches his gaze, high on Turnus’ shoulder,  Gleaming amulet studs, those pleas have no chance of fulfillment:  Pallas’ oh so familiar belt, which Turnus has shouldered  After defeating and killing the boy. It’s a mark of a hated  Personal foe. |
| Vilest of traitors—yes, I can at least call you that, the most cutting insult against a man who is no man—so you have come to us have you, the bitterest of enemies to us, to the gods, to me and the whole human race? It is not boldness or courage when one hurts one’s friends, then looks them in the face. | So he spoke. I weighed in my mind  whether I should draw my sword from my strong thigh  and cut off his head, rolling it on the ground, though he was  a close relation, my brother-in-law. But my companions  held me back with sweet words. |
| **Might** |  |
| We who met, and scaled the mountain,  Seized the Bull of Heaven and slew it,  Demolished Humbaba the mighty on of the Pine Forest. | Achilles, famed for his spear, sprang  from the bank and leaped into the middle of the river.  But Scamandros rushed upon him with a swelling flood,  and he roused up all his streams, stirring them up, and he swept along  the many bodies of the dead that lay thick within his bed,  whom Achilles had killed |
| Saying no more, he surveys his surroundings and sees a huge bolder  Lying, by chance, on the plain: a huge bolder positioned in old times  Marking the property line—to prevent a dispute over borders!  Even a dozen hand-picked men of the build that earth produces  Now would have trouble just hoisting its great mass up on their shoulders  *This* hero picks up the rock in his trembling hand and races top speed. | They took the stake of olive-wood, sharp at the point, and thrust it into his eye, while I, throwing my weight upon it from above, whirled it round, as when a man bores a ship's timber with a drill, while those below keep it spinning with the thong, which they lay hold of by either end, and the drill runs around unceasingly. Even so we took the fiery-pointed stake and whirled it around in his eye, and the blood flowed around the heated thing. And his eyelids wholly and his brows round about did the flame singe as the eyeball burned, and its roots crackled in the fire. |
| **Reknown** |  |
| “Cyclops, if any one of mortal men shall ask thee about the shameful blinding of thine eye, say that Odysseus, the sacker of cities, blinded it, even the son of Laertes, whose home is in Ithaca.” So I spoke, and he groaned and said in answer: “Lo now, verily a prophecy uttered long ago is come upon me.” | Three square miles and open ground comprise Uruk.  Look for the copper tablet box,  Undo its bronze lock,  Open the door to its secret,  Lift out the lapis lazuli tablet and read it,  The story of that man, who went through all kinds of suffering. |
| Let no one think of me as weak and submissive, a cipher—but as a woman of a very different kind, dangerous to my enemies and good to my friends. Such people’s lives win the greatest reknown. | Your highness, this science will increase the intelligence of the people of Egypt and improve their memories. For this invention is a potion for memory and intelligence. |
| **Wily** |  |
| So I thought I would go to see Utnapishtim the far-distant, of whom people speak.  I searched, went through all countries,  Passed through and through difficult lands,  And crossed to and fro all seas. | I can’t believe that you drank my potion and yet  were not entranced. No other has withstood this drug.,  once he has drunk it and it has passed the barrier of his teeth.  The mind in your breast cannot be enchanted! Surely  You are the trickster. |
| To her in answer Hermes spoke these cunning words:  “Mother, why aim this abuse at me, as if I were  an infant child who knows but a few naughty tricks in his mind,  a timid baby, whose mother’s rebukes make him cower in fright.” | No, my purpose is to kill the kings daughter with trickery. For I shall send them holding gifts in their hands, and bringing them to the brid to wien repeal from exile from this land—a delicate robe an a golden garland. And if she if she takes these adormnments and puts them on he flesh, surely she will die horribly—as will anyone who touches the girl, with such drugs as I shall annoint the gifts. |

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| **Barbarity** |  |
| His whole body was shaggy with hair, he was furnished with tresses like a woman, .  His locks of hair grew luxuriant like grain.  Ile knew neither people nor country; he was dressed as cattle are. With gazelles he eats vegetation,  With cattle he quenches his thirst at the watering place. With wild beasts he presses forward for water. | Cyclopes, an overweening and lawless folk, who, trusting in the immortal gods, plant nothing with their hands nor plough; but all these things spring up for them without sowing or ploughing, wheat, and barley, and vines, which bear the rich clusters of wine, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase. Neither assemblies for council have they, nor appointed laws, but they dwell on the peaks of lofty mountains in hollow caves. |
| You helped me and I am pleased with the result. However, by saving me you took more than you gave, as I shall tell you. First of all, you live in the land of Greece instead of a barbarian country, you understand the workings of justice and you understand what it is to live by the rule of law and not at the whim of the might. | Two young men have rowed safely through the dark-blue Clashing Rocks and come to our land—a welcome sacrifice to slaughter to the goddess Artemis. Lose no time in preparing the holy water and the first offerings. |
| **Mortality** |  |
| Marshal your eyes’ twin gaze this way now! Look at this people!  Look at your Romans! For Caesar is here, all Iulus’ descendants,  marching toward their places beneath sky’s arching expanses.  Here’s the man you’ve heard promised to you so often, he’s here now:  Caesar Augustus, born of a god, who will one day establish  all through the farmlands of Latium…a Golden Age. | So I spoke and he answered me at once: “Don’t sing praise to me about death!  If I could live on the earth, I would be happy to serve as a hired  hand to some other, even to some man without a plot of land,  one who has little to live on, than to be king among the dead  who have perished.” |
| Why do you prolong grief, Gilgamesh?  Since the gods made you from the flesh of gods and mankind,  Since the gods made you like your father and mother,  Death is inevitable at some time, both for Gilgamesh and for a fool. | After hav ving thus testified, she went to Seleucia and enlightened may by the Word of God; then she rested in a glorious sleep. |
| **Self-Sacrifice** |  |
| The unhappy daughter of Leda  gave birth to me, the first-born child of the marriage,  and brought me up, but I was promised by a vow,  destined to be slaughtered in a grim sacrifice,  the outrage committed on me by my father. | And the governor summoned her out of the midst of the beasts and said to her, “Who are you? And what is ther about you that not one of the wild beasts touched you?” She answered, “I am a servant of the living God…and that is why not one of the beasts touched me.” |
| I at once leaped up in delight, but Hades secretly put  A food as sweet as honey, a pomegranate’s seed, in my hand,  and using violence forced me to taste it against my will. | Where can I turn now? To my father’s house? But I betrayed it and my fatherland too, when I followed you here. Or to the wretched daughters of Pelias? How warmly they would welcome me in their house—I killed their father! |
| **Creation/Parthenogenesis** |  |
| The so-called mother of the child  Isn’t the child’s begetter, but only a sort  Of nursing soil for the new-sown seed.  The man, the one on top, is the true parent. | But you women have sunk so low that, when your sex life is going well, you think that you have everything, but then, if something goes wrong with regard to your bed, you consider the best and hapiest circumstance utterly repugnant. The human race should produce children from some other source and the female sex should not exist. Then mankind would be free from every evil. |
| Why, remember the time  that I was eager to save you and he grabbed me by the foot and threw me from the divine threshold. I fell all day. | She created thirty gods by pronouncing their names, one by one, and she became happy when she saw them. They said: “Hail to you, Mistress of divinities, our mother, who has brought us into being. You have made our names before we knew them. |