Which poet gives a better interpretation of an epic leader, Virgil or Homer?

Read the extracts below from the Aeneid and the Odyssey

Write 5 paragraphs to answer the question above

Each paragraph should include at least 1 quotation

You may compare:

How inspiring the speeches are

How many stags they shoot

Which leader seems more realistic

Which leader seems more stoical

# Virgil: Aeneas is washed up in Libya after a storm

# Aeneas climbs a crag meanwhile, and searches the whole prospectfar and wide over the sea, looking if he can see anythingof Antheus and his storm-tossed Phrygian galleys,or Capys, or Caicus’s arms blazoned on a high stern.There’s no ship in sight: he sees three stags wanderingon the shore: whole herds of deer follow at their back,and graze in long lines along the valley.He halts at this, and grasps in his hand his bowand swift arrows, shafts that loyal Achates carries,and first he shoots the leaders themselves, their heads,with branching antlers, held high, then the mass, with his shafts,and drives the whole crowd in confusion among the leaves:The conqueror does not stop until he’s scattered seven hugecarcasses on the ground, equal in number to his ships.Then he seeks the harbour, and divides them among all his friends.Next he shares out the wine that the good Acestes had stowedin jars, on the Trinacrian coast, and that hero had given themon leaving: and speaking to them, calmed their sad hearts:‘O friends (well, we were not unknown to trouble before)O you who’ve endured worse, the god will grant an end to this too.You’ve faced rabid Scylla, and her deep-sounding cliffs:and you’ve experienced the Cyclopes’s rocks:remember your courage and chase away gloomy fears:perhaps one day you’ll even delight in remembering this.Through all these misfortunes, these dangerous times,we head for Latium, where the fates hold peaceful livesfor us: there Troy’s kingdom can rise again. Endure,and preserve yourselves for happier days.’So his voice utters, and sick with the weight of care, he pretendshope, in his look, and stifles the pain deep in his heart.

# Homer: Odysseus is washed up on Circe’s island

I reached a rocky height with a wide view, and standing there I saw smoke rising through thick scrub and woodland, from the wide clearing where Circe’s halls lay. Seeing that smoke from a fire, I pondered whether to go and explore, but it seemed better to return to the ship and the shore, and allow my men a meal, then send them to investigate.

Then as I neared the swift ship some god took pity on me in that solitude, and sent a huge stag with great antlers right across my trail. The power of the sun had troubled him and sent him down from his woodland pasture to drink at the river’s edge. As he came from the water I struck him on the spine with my bronze-spear, in the centre of his back, and it pierced right through, so he fell in the dust with a groan, and his spirit passed. Then I planted my foot on his carcass, drew the bronze spear from the wound, and laid it on the ground while I gathered willow shoots then wove a rope, six foot long, by splicing them together end to end. Next I tied the great creature’s feet together, and carried him down to the black ship on my back, using my spear to lean on, since he was too large to sling over my shoulder and steady with my hand. I threw him down in front of the ship and cheered my crew with comforting words, tackling each man in turn:

“We’re not bound for the Halls of Hades ahead of time, my Friends, despite our troubles. Come, while there’s still food and drink in our swift ship, let’s think about eating, not waste away with hunger.”