

**Wednesday 7 June 2017 – Morning**

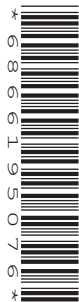
**GCSE LATIN**

**A405/01(i)** Sources for Latin (Foundation Tier)

**A405/02(i)** Sources for Latin (Higher Tier)

**INSERT**

**Duration:** 1 hour



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Sources A, B and C give information about Roman religion.

### Source A

**Image 1:** Tombs along the side of a street at Pompeii.



**Image 2:** Tomb of Naevoleia Tyche, Pompeii.



**Source B**

An extract from the poet Ovid, who is at a chariot race.

But now the procession comes. Silence! Pay attention! It is the time to clap: the golden procession comes. First comes Victory, with wings spread wide: come to me, goddess, and bring victory to my love. Now clap Neptune, you who put your trust, too much, in the waves. I have nothing to do with the sea, I'm happy with land. Soldiers, clap Mars: I hate fighting. What I like is peace and the love that is found in the midst of peace. Let Phoebus come to augurs, let Phoebe come to hunters. Minerva, welcome the applause of craftsmen. Country-dwellers, rise up to honour Ceres and young Bacchus. Let boxers appease Pollux, and horsemen appease Castor. As for me, I clap you, beguiling Venus, and your Cupids, powerful with their bows.

Ovid *Amores* 3

**Source C**

An extract from the poet Ovid about Terminus, god of boundaries.

When night has passed, may the customary honour be paid to the god who divides fields with his mark. Terminus, whether you are a stone or a stump buried in a field, from ancient times you too have divine power. You are crowned by two landowners on opposite sides, and they bring you two garlands and two cakes. Let an altar be built. Here the rustic farmer's wife in a broken pot brings fire which she has taken from the warm hearth. The old man chops up some wood and skilfully builds up what he has chopped and struggles to fix the branches in the hard earth. Then he coaxes the first flames with some dry bark, while the boy stands by holding the broad basket in his hands. Then, when three times he has thrown grain into the middle of the fire, his small daughter holds out the cut honeycombs. Others are holding jars of wine. One by one they are offered to the flames. The onlookers, dressed in white, watch the spectacle and keep silence. The Terminus they share is sprinkled with the blood of a slaughtered lamb, and does not complain when a suckling pig is given to him. The simple neighbours congregate and celebrate the feast, and sing your praises, holy Terminus: 'You set bounds to peoples and cities and huge kingdoms: without you every field will be disputed. You seek no votes, you are not bribed by gold, in good faith you guard the countryside entrusted to you.'

Ovid *Fasti* 2.639–662



Sources D, E and F give information about Roman houses.

### Source D

**Image 1:** A block of flats in Ostia, near Rome.



**Image 2:** The House in Opus Craticium, Herculaneum, Italy.

Opus Craticium is a method of building, using wooden frames filled with broken bricks and stones.



## Source E

An extract from the poet Horace.

And now night was keeping the middle space of the sky, when each of them set foot in a wealthy house, where coverlets, dyed with bright scarlet, gleamed above ivory couches, and many of yesterday's dishes, in heaped baskets nearby, were left over from a great dinner. Therefore, when the town mouse has put the country mouse, stretched out, on a purple coverlet, he takes the role of host like a waiter with tucked-up clothes. He runs about and keeps supplying food, and indeed, he performs every single duty of the home-bred slave, tasting everything he brings in advance. His friend from the country, reclining, enjoys his changed luck. In his good fortune he is playing the part of a happy guest, when suddenly a loud creaking of doors shook both of them off the couch. In terror they ran through the whole room, and they were more petrified and alarmed as the high house resounded with the barking of Molossian dogs. Then the country mouse said, 'I don't need this type of life. Farewell: the wood and my mouse-hole, safe from traps, will console me as I eat my bit of vetch.'

Horace *Satires* 2.6.79–117

## Source F

An extract from the Roman writer Pliny the Younger.

The house is large enough for all my needs but not expensive to keep up. It opens into a hall, unpretentious but not without dignity, and then there are two colonnades rounded like the letter D, which enclose a small but pleasant courtyard. This makes a splendid retreat in bad weather, being protected by windows and still more by the overhanging roof. Opposite the middle of it is a cheerful inner hall, and then a dining-room which is really rather fine: it runs out towards the shore, and whenever the sea is driven inland by the south-west wind it is lightly washed by the spray of the spent breakers [...]

To the left of this and little farther back from the sea is a large bedroom and then another smaller one which lets in the morning sunshine with one window and holds the last rays of the evening sun with the other; from this window too is a view of the sea beneath, this time at a safe distance. In the angle of this room and the dining-room, is a corner which retains and intensifies the concentrated warmth of the sun and this is the winter-quarters and gymnasium of my household [...]

Round the corner is a room [...] with one wall fitted with shelves like a library to hold the books which I read and read again. Next comes a bedroom, on the other side of a passage which has a floor raised and fitted with pipes to receive hot steam and circulate it at a regulated temperature. The remaining rooms on this side of the house are kept for the use of my slaves and freedmen, but most of them are quite presentable enough to receive guests.

Pliny *Letters* 2.17 (with omissions)

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