INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES
• The questions tell you which source you need to use.
• This document consists of 8 pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

INSTRUCTION TO EXAMS OFFICER/INVIGILATOR
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Sources A, B and C give information about Roman entertainment.

**Source A: An extract from Plautus' play *The Ghost***

A young man has been partying with friends while his father Theopropides is away on business. Unexpectedly, his father has returned. While the young people hide in the house, their slave Tranio pretends that the house is haunted by a ghost.

**Tranio:** That is what the ghost said. As for the ghostly happenings that have been going on here, it would take more than a year to describe them all.

*A noise comes from the house.*

**Theopropides:** Hark, what was that?
**Tranio:** Oh my goodness, what was it?
**Theopropides:** Someone at the door!
**Tranio:** The ghost walks!
**Theopropides:** My blood is frozen! The dead are coming to drag me to Acheron.
**Tranio [aside]:** It'll all be up. Those idiots will blow the whole thing to pieces.
**Tranio:** And what'll happen to me if I'm found out, I shudder to think.
**Theopropides:** What are you muttering about?
**Tranio:** Come away from the door, sir. Fly, sir, fly, I implore you.
**Tranio:** Fly? Where to? Fly yourself.
**Tranio:** I have nothing to fear. I have made my peace with the dead.

*A voice inside the house shouts: Hey, Tranio!*

*Tranio goes to the keyhole.*

**Tranio:** Call not my name, I beseech you. I haven’t done anything.
**Theopropides:** It was not I that knocked at the door.
**Theopropides:** What’s happening, Tranio?

*Tranio hurries him away from the door.*

Plautus, *The Ghost* 511–527
Source B: Wall painting of a charioteer, from Ostia near Rome

Source C: An extract from Petronius' *Satyricon*

He was a soldier as it happened, and as brave as hell. About cock-crow we set off, and the moon was shining like noontime. We get to where the tombs are and my chap starts making for the grave-stones, while I, singing away, keep going and start counting the stars. Then just as I looked back at my mate, he stripped off and laid all his clothes by the side of the road.

My heart was in my mouth, I stood there like a corpse. Anyway, he ... suddenly turned into a wolf. Don’t think I’m joking, I wouldn’t tell a lie about this for a fortune. However, as I began to say, after he turned into a wolf, he started howling and rushed off into the woods. At first I didn’t know where I was, then I went up to collect his clothes – but they’d turned to stone. If ever a man was dead with fright, it was me. But I pulled out my sword, and I fairly slaughtered the early morning shadows till I arrived at my girl’s villa.

I got into the house and I practically gasped my last, the sweat was pouring down my legs, my eyes were blank and staring – I could hardly get over it.

Petronius, *Satyricon* 62
Sources D, E and F give information about Roman myths and beliefs.

**Source D:** A sculpture of the emperor Marcus Aurelius making a sacrifice
Source E: Sculpture commemorating Publius Sextilius Fortunatus, a freedman

Source F: An extract from the Roman writer Ovid, which tells how Jupiter's rule on Olympus is challenged by giants (Titans) who use the mountains Pelion and Ossa

The upper air was not to be left in greater peace than the earth below. The story goes that the giants aspired to the throne of heaven and built a path to the stars on high, by piling mountain on mountain. Then it was that almighty Jupiter launched his lightning bolts to shatter Olympus, and shook Mount Pelion down from its base on the ridges of Ossa. When, crushed by the mass they had raised, those fearsome bodies lay flattened, Mother Earth, as the story continues, now steeped and drenched in the blood of her offspring, gave fresh life to the seething liquid.

Unwilling that her children should be lost and forgotten she turned their blood into human form; but the new race looked on the gods with contempt. Their passionate lust for violence and slaughter prevailed. You'd have known they were born of blood.

Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 1.154–162