



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Wednesday 5 June 2019 – Morning

GCSE (9–1) Classical Civilisation

J199/23 War and warfare

Insert

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes



INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The questions tell you which source you need to use.
- This document consists of **8** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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SECTION A – Culture

Source A:

After spending some time in Rome Trajan made a campaign against the Dacians.

Cassius, *Dio* Book 68, Section 6

Source B: Reliefs from Trajan's Column

(i)



(ii)



(iii)



Source C: Red figure amphora of a Persian and a Greek fighting



Source D: Relief from the Arch of Constantine showing legionary soldiers



SECTION B – Literature**Source E:**

I saw Hecuba, her hundred women, and Priam at the altars, polluting with blood the flames that he himself had sanctified. Those fifty chambers, the promise of so many offspring, the doorposts, rich with spoils of barbarian gold, crash down: the Greeks possess what the fire spares. And maybe you ask, what was Priam's fate. When he saw the end of the captive city, the palace doors wrenched away, and the enemy among the inner rooms, the aged man clasped his long-neglected armour on his old, trembling shoulders, and fastened on his useless sword, and hurried into the thick of the enemy seeking death.

Virgil, *Aeneid* Book 2.501–511

Source F:

But see, my wife clings to the threshold, clasps my foot, and holds little lulus up towards his father: "If you go to die, take us with you too, at all costs: but if as you've proved you trust in the weapons you wear, defend this house first. To whom do you abandon little lulus, and your father, and me, I who was once spoken of as your wife?"

Virgil, *Aeneid* Book 2.673–678

Source G:

To leave behind his city and its fertile fields and go begging is the most wretched thing of all, wandering with his dear mother, his elderly father, his tiny children and wedded wife; for he will be hated by the people around him wherever he goes, overcome by need and grim poverty. He brings shame on his lineage and disgraces his splendid looks, he is dogged by every kind of dishonour and misery. If this is how a wandering man gets no consideration or respect, nor his descendants after him, let us fight for this land with spirit and die for our children, no longer being sparing with our lives.

from Tyrtaeus, *The Fallen Warrior*

Source H:

'Lady,' said Hector of the gleaming helm, 'I too am concerned, but if I hid from the fighting like a coward, I would be shamed before all the Trojans and their wives in their trailing robes. Nor is it my instinct, since I have striven ever to excel always in the vanguard of the battle, seeking to win great glory for my father and myself. And deep in my heart I know the day is coming when sacred Ilium will fall, Priam, and his people of the ashen spear. But the thought of the sad fate to come, not even Hecabe's or Priam's, nor my many noble brothers' who will bite the dust at the hands of their foes, not even that sorrow moves me as does the thought of your grief when some bronze-clad Greek drags you away weeping, robbing you of your freedom. Perhaps in Argos you'll toil at the loom at some other woman's whim, or bear water all unwillingly from some spring, Messeis or Hypereia, bowed down by the yoke of necessity. Seeing your tears, they will say: "There goes the wife of Hector, foremost of all the horse-taming Trojans, when the battle raged at Troy." And you will sorrow afresh at those words, lacking a man like me to save you from bondage. May I be dead, and the earth piled above me, before I hear your cries as they drag you away.'

With this, glorious Hector held out his arms to take his son, but the child, alarmed at the sight of his father, shrank back with a cry on his fair nurse's breast, fearing the helmet's bronze and the horsehair crest nodding darkly at him. His father and mother smiled, and glorious Hector doffed the shining helmet at once and laid it on the ground.

Homer, *Iliad* Book 6.440–474

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