



SECTION A

Culture

Source A: A Mycenaean painting of a chariot and two men



Source B: A piece of Mycenaean metalwork





Source C: The city of Tiryns



## SECTION B

## Literature

Choose one of the following translations from the *Odyssey* and answer the questions in the question paper.

**Source D:**

'For nine days I was chased by those accursed winds across the teeming seas. But on the tenth we reached the country of the Lotus-eaters, a race that eat the flowery lotus fruit. We disembarked to draw water, and my crews quickly had a meal by the ships. When we had eaten and drunk, I sent some of my followers inland to find out what sort of human beings might be there, detailing two men for the duty with a third as herald. Off they went, and it was not long before they came upon the Lotus-eaters. Now these natives had no intention of killing my comrades; what they did was to give them some lotus to taste.'

*Odyssey* 9: 82–93 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)

'For nine days I was driven by fierce winds over the teeming sea: but on the tenth we set foot on the shores of the Lotus-eaters, who eat its flowery food. On land we drew water, and my friends ate by the ships. Once we had tasted food and drink, I sent some of the men inland to discover what kind of human beings lived there: selecting two and sending a third as herald. They left at once and came upon the Lotus-eaters, who had no thought of killing my comrades, but gave them lotus to eat.'

*Odyssey* 9: 82–93 (Trans: A.S. Kline)

**Source E:**

'At this my proud heart was convinced. I went to the ship and the sea-shore. I found my good companions by the ship, lamenting pitifully, with the tears streaming down their cheeks. But as soon as they caught sight of me they were all round me in a weeping throng. It was like the scene at a farm when cows in a drove come home full-fed from the pastures to the yard and are welcomed by all their frisking calves, who burst out from the pens to gambol round their mothers, lowing excitedly. My men were as deeply moved as if they had reached their homeland and were standing in their own town in rugged Ithaca, where they were born and bred.'

*Odyssey* 10: 407–417 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)

'To this my proud heart consented, and I went down to the swift ship and the shore, and there by the speedy vessel I found my faithful comrades, lamenting and shedding tears. Like calves in a farmyard that frisk around the herd of cows that return from grazing, free from their pens and gambolling together, lowing constantly round their mothers, so those men, at the sight of me, crowded round weeping, and in their hearts they felt as though they were home again in rugged Ithaca, in the town where they were born and bred.'

*Odyssey* 10: 407–417 (Trans: A.S. Kline)

**Source F:**

'Perhaps the women in a foreign land have mocked my master when he called at some great house, just as you, sir, have been mocked by all these bitches here. It was to avoid their insults and sneers that you refused to let them wash your feet. Well, my wise Penelope, daughter of Icarius, has given me the task, and I am most willing. I will bathe your feet, both for Penelope's sake and for your own, since your unhappiness has touched my heart. But hear me out: there's something else I want to say. We have had plenty of travel-weary strangers here before, but not one that I have seen has reminded me so strongly of Odysseus – your looks and your voice and your very feet – as you.'

'Old woman,' said the quick-witted Odysseus, 'that is what everyone says who has set eyes on us both, that we are remarkably alike, as you yourself so shrewdly observe.'

The old woman fetched the gleaming basin which she always used for washing the feet of guests, poured in plenty of cold water and added warm. Odysseus was sitting by the fire, but now he swung abruptly round to face the dark, for it had struck him suddenly that in touching him she might notice a certain scar he had, and his secret would be out.

*Odyssey 19: 370–391 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)*

'Perhaps the women of some great house mocked at him in a far-off foreign land, just as these shameless hussies here mock you, sir. You will not let them wash your feet, for fear of their insults, but wise Penelope, Icarius' daughter, knowing my willingness, has asked me to wash them. So I shall wash your feet for Penelope's sake and yours, while my heart is stirred with sadness. But listen to one thing I must say. Many a long-suffering traveller have we welcomed here, but never a man resembling another as you resemble Odysseus in looks and voice – even your feet.'

Then resourceful Odysseus answered her, saying: 'That is what everyone says who has met us both, old woman, that we are very alike, as you remark.'

With this, the old woman, preparing to wash his feet, poured cold water into the shining basin then added hot. Odysseus swiftly sat down by the hearth, and turned towards the shadows, though he had a sudden premonition that as she handled him she would notice his scar and the truth would be out.

*Odyssey 19: 370–391 (Trans: A.S. Kline)*



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