



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

**Friday 10 June 2022 – Afternoon**

**GCSE (9–1) Classical Civilisation**

**J199/21 The Homeric World**

Insert

**Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes**



**INSTRUCTIONS**

- Do **not** send this Insert for marking. Keep it in the centre or recycle it.

**INFORMATION**

- The questions tell you which source you need to use.
- This document has **8** pages.

**ADVICE**

- Read this Insert carefully before you start your answers.

SECTION A

Culture

Source A: An area of the site of Mycenae



Source B: The Lion Hunt Dagger



**Source C: A Linear B tablet**

In the month of Plowistos. The city of Pylos sacrifices ... and brings gifts and leads victims:

For the Mistress:	one gold cup, one woman
For Mnasa:	one gold bowl, one woman
For Posidaeia:	one gold bowl, one woman
For the Thrice-Hero:	one gold cup
For the Lord of the House:	one gold cup

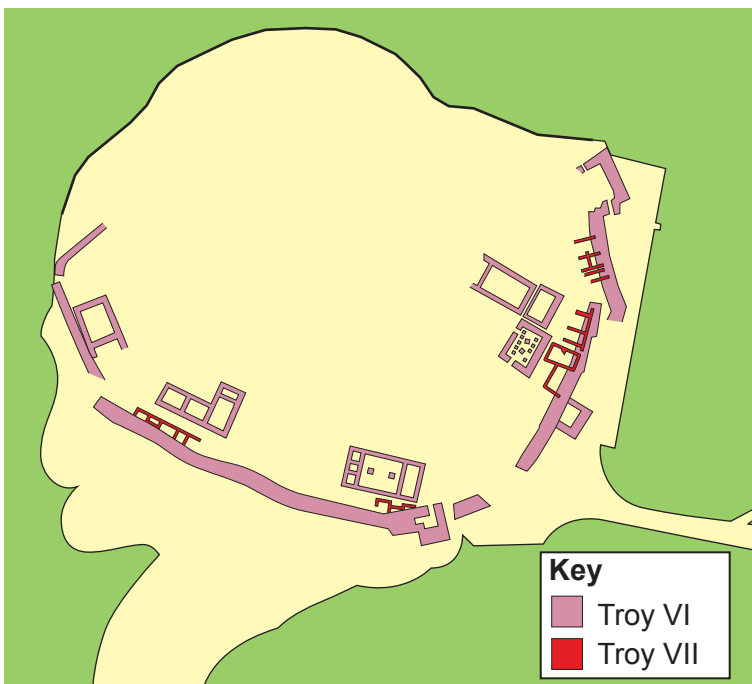
Pylos sacrifices at the shrines of Perse and Iphimedeia and Diwia and brings gifts and leads victims:

For Perse:	one gold bowl, one woman
For Iphimedeia:	one gold bowl
For Diwia:	one gold bowl, one woman
For Hermes Areia:	one gold cup, one man

Pylos sacrifices at the Shrine of Zeus and brings gifts and leads victims:

For Zeus:	one gold bowl, one man
For Hera:	one gold bowl, one woman
For Drimios, son of Zeus:	one gold bowl

Michael Ventris & John Chadwick, Documents in Mycenaean Greek second ed. (Cambridge 1973),  
Document #172 (from Pylos)

**Source D: A plan showing some of the buildings and defences at the city traditionally called Troy**

## SECTION B

## Literature

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

## Source E:

‘The same wind that wafted me from **Ilium** brought me to Ismarus, the city of the Cicones. I sacked this place and destroyed its menfolk. The women and the vast plunder that we took from the town we divided so that no one, as far as I could help it, should go short of his proper share. And then I said we must escape with all possible speed. But my fools of men refused. There was plenty of wine, plenty of livestock; and they kept on drinking and butchering sheep and shambling crooked-horned cattle by the shore. Meanwhile the Cicones went and raised a cry for help among other Cicones, their inland neighbours, who are both more numerous and better men, trained in fighting from the chariot and on foot as well, when the occasion requires.

‘At dawn they were on us, thick as the leaves and flowers in spring, and disaster, sent by Zeus to make us suffer, overtook my doomed companions and me. They fought a pitched battle by the swift ships and exchanged volleys of bronze spears. Right through the early morning and while the blessed light of day grew stronger we held our ground and kept their greater force at bay; but when the sun began to drop, towards the time when the ploughman unyokes his ox, the Cicones gained the upper hand and broke the Achaean ranks. Six of my strong-greaved comrades from each ship were killed. The rest of us eluded our fate and got away alive.’

Odyssey 9: 39–61 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)

‘The wind carried me from **Ilium** to Ismarus, city of the Cicones. I sacked the city and slew the men, and the women and riches we split between us, so that as far as I could determine no man lacked an equal share. Then as you might imagine I ordered us to slip away quickly, but my foolish followers wouldn’t listen. They drank the wine, and slaughtered many sheep and shambling cattle with twisted horns. Meanwhile the Cicones rounded up others, their neighbours further inland, more numerous and braver, men skilled at fighting their enemies from chariots and on foot, as needed. At dawn they came, as many as the leaves and flowers of the spring: and disaster sent by Zeus overtook us, doomed, as we were, to endless trouble. Drawing up their ranks by the swift ships, they fought us, each side hurling bronze-tipped spears at the other. Through that morning, while the sacred light grew stronger, we held our ground and kept their greater force at bay. But as the sun fell, at the time when oxen are unyoked, the Cicones succeeded in routing the Achaeans, and six of my well-armoured comrades died from each ship, but the rest of us cheated death and evil fate.’

Odyssey 9: 39–61 (Trans: A.S. Kline)

**Source F:**

This was very much to their liking. Accordingly their squires came and sprinkled their hands with water and the pages filled the mixing bowls to the brim with drink, and then, after first pouring a little into each man's cup, served them all with wine. When they had made their libations and satisfied their thirst, the crafty Odysseus came out with a wily suggestion.

'Listen to me, Suitors of our famous Queen, and let me tell you what I feel I must. And my plea is particularly directed to Eurymachus, and godlike Antinous, who spoke so sensibly. Lay aside the bow for the moment and leave the issue to the gods. Tomorrow the Archer god will grant his favourite the strength to win. Meanwhile just pass me the polished bow, so that while you watch I can test the strength of my hands and find out whether there's any power left in these limbs that were once so supple, or whether the privations of a roving life have robbed me of it all by now.'

His request enraged them beyond measure, for they really feared he might string the bow, and Antinous turned on him in a fury: 'Miserable intruder, you're quite out of your mind. Can't you be content to dine in peace with your betters, to get your share of every dish and to listen to our talk, which no other visitor or tramp is privileged to hear? This mellow wine has got to you. It's the downfall of any man who gulps it down instead of drinking in moderation. Remember Eurytion the famous Centaur!'

Odyssey 21.269–295 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)

They all agreed with Antinous. So, while the squires sprinkled water over their hands, pages filled the mixing bowls and served them all, first pouring a few drops of wine for libation into each man's cup. When they had made their libations and quenched their thirst, resourceful Odysseus spoke with subtle intent: 'Suitors of the glorious Queen, hear me, so I might express what is in my mind. I aim my plea primarily at Eurymachus, and godlike Antinous, who made such a good suggestion, to forget the bow for today, and leave the issue to the gods. Come morning the god will grant victory to whoever he wishes. So, lend me the polished bow, and I can see what strength is in my hands, and if I still possess the power I used to have in limbs once supple, or whether poor nourishment and endless wandering has reduced it.'

The Suitors were greatly angered by his words: all afraid he might string the gleaming bow. Antinous addressed him with scorn: 'Wretched beggar, you're out of your mind. Isn't it enough for you we allow you to dine in peace in our noble company, letting you share in what's on the table, privileged to listen to our talk, unlike other beggars and strangers? The wine, the honeyed wine, has addled your brain as it does others who gulp it down without restraint. It was wine that maddened Eurytion, the famous Centaur.'

Odyssey 21.269–295 (Trans: A.S. Kline)

**Source G:**

Then the thoughtful Telemachus spoke.

‘I swear I will not give a decent death to women who have heaped insults on my head and on my mother’s, and slept with the Suitors.’

With that he took a cable which had seen service on a blue-bowed ship, made one end fast to a high column in the portico, and threw the other over the round-house, high up, so that their feet would not touch the ground. As when long-winged thrushes or doves get entangled in a snare, which has been set in a thicket – they are on their way to roost, but find a grim reception – so the women’s heads were held fast in a row, with nooses round their necks, to bring them to the most pitiable end. For a little while their feet twitched but not for very long.

Odyssey 22.461–473 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)

Then wise Telemachus spoke: ‘These women who poured scorn on my mother’s head and mine, while they slept with the Suitors, shall not die cleanly.’

So saying, he took a cable from a dark-prowed ship, tied it to a tall pillar, high-up, and noosed it over the round house, so that their feet would not reach the ground. The row of women held up their heads, and the rope was looped round their necks so they might die pitifully, like long-winged thrushes or doves, that are caught in a snare as they try to roost in their thicket, and are welcomed to a grimmer nest. For a little while their feet twitched: but not for long.

Odyssey 22.461–473 (Trans: A.S. Kline)



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