



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Tuesday 21 May 2024 – Afternoon

GCSE (9–1) Classical Civilisation

J199/23 War and warfare

Insert

Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS

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

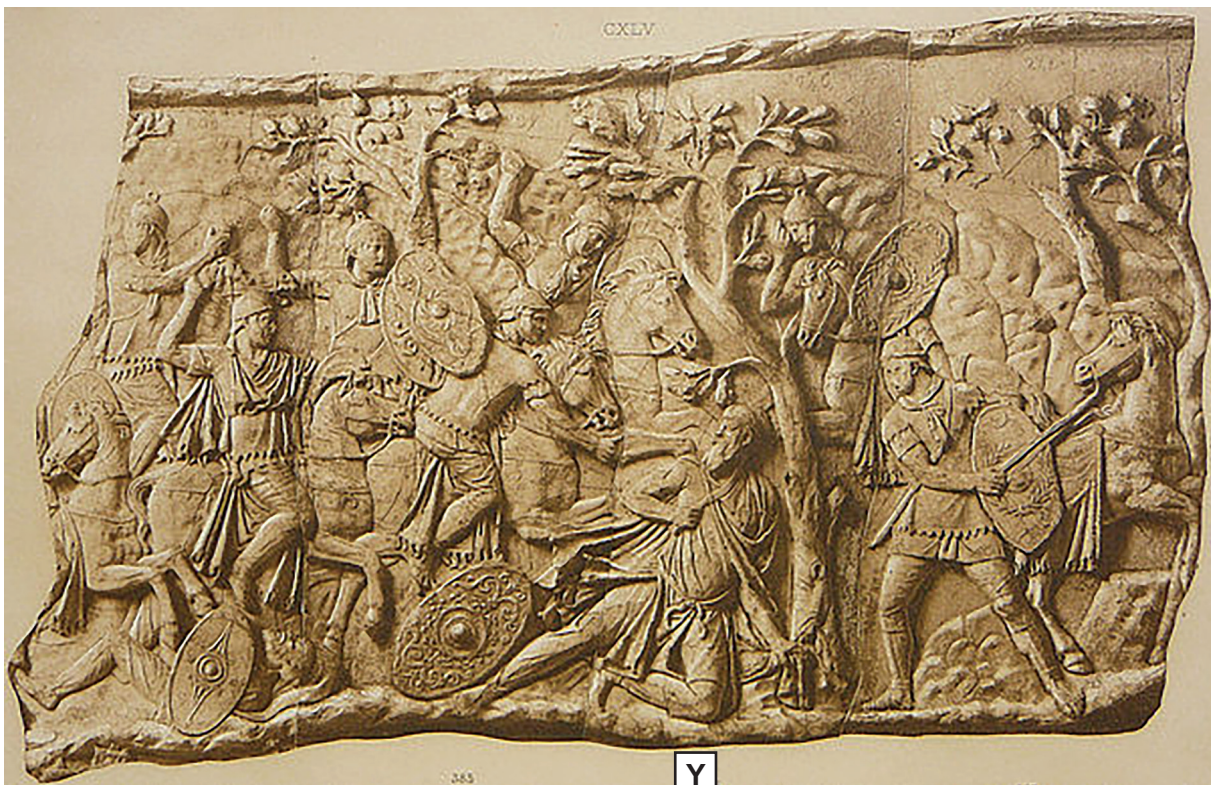
INFORMATION

- This document has **8** pages.

Source A: Trajan's column



Source B: Trajan's column



Source C: Trajan's Arch: Mesopotamia personified kneels between her two personified rivers and begs for mercy from Trajan. Above the River Euphrates is a bridge which the Romans are crossing.



Trajan

Source D: Lenormant Relief



Source E

He gave this man authority to gather the boys together, to take charge of them and to punish them severely in case of bad behaviour. He also gave him a squad of youths with whips to punish them when necessary; the result is that modesty and obedience are inseparable companions at Sparta. Instead of softening the boys' feet with sandals he required them to harden their feet by going without shoes. He believed that if this habit were practiced it would enable them to climb hills more easily and descend steep slopes with less danger, and that a youth who had got used to going barefoot would leap and jump and run more nimbly than a boy in sandals. Instead of letting them be indulged in the matter of clothing, he introduced the custom of wearing one garment throughout the year, believing that they would in this way be better prepared to face changes of heat and cold.

Xenophon, Constitution of the Spartans 2, 2–4

Source F

You, young men, stand beside one another when you fight and do not start a shameful flight or panic, but make the spirit in your hearts mighty and steadfast, and do not cling to life when you fight with men. Do not run away abandoning your elders, aged men, whose limbs are no longer nimble.

Tyrtaeus' 'fallen warrior' poem (CURFRAG.tlg-0266.6)

Source G

Virtue, unaware of demeaning political defeat,
 shines with honours unstained, and never
 takes up the axes or puts them down
 at the whims and breezes of popular opinion.

...neglected Jupiter often
 includes the innocent with the guilty,
 but slow-footed Punishment rarely gives up on
 the wicked man, despite his head start.

Ode 3.2 lines 17–20 and 29–32

Source H

Now she ran to her bronze-clad husband, and the nurse was with her, holding a little boy in her arms, a baby son, Hector's bright star. Hector called him Scamandrius, but the rest Astyanax, since, to them, Hector alone protected Ilium. Hector smiled, and gazed at his son in silence, but Andromache crept weeping to his side, and clasped his hand, saying: 'Husband, this courage of yours dooms you. You show no pity for your little son or your wretched wife, whom you'll soon make a widow. The Achaeans must soon join arms against you, and destroy you. If I lose you I were better dead, for should you meet your fate, there will be no more joy for me only sorrow. I have no royal father or mother. Achilles killed my noble father when he sacked Cicilian Thebe, that many-peopled city with its high gates. But he shrank from despoiling Eëtion though he slew him, sending him to the pyre in his ornate armour, and heaping a mound above him, round which the mountain-nymphs, daughters of aegis-bearing Zeus, planted elm trees. And seven brothers of mine, swift-footed mighty Achilles sent to Hades, all on a day, killing them there among their shambling-gaited cattle and white fleecy sheep. My mother, queen below wooded Placus, he dragged here with the rest of his spoils, but freed her for a princely ransom, only for Artemis of the bow to slay her in her father's house. Hector you are parent, brother, husband to me. Take pity on me now, and stay here on the battlements, don't make your son an orphan your wife a widow. Station your men above the fig-tree there, where the wall's most easily scaled, and the city lies then wide open. Thrice their best men led by the two Aiantes, great Idomeneus, the Atreidae, and brave Diomedes, have tested the wall there. Someone skilled in divining has told them, or maybe their own experience urges them to try.'

Homer, *Iliad* Book 6, lines 398–439

Source I

“Ah, put no faith in anything the will of the gods opposes!
 See, Priam’s virgin daughter dragged, with streaming hair,
 from the sanctuary and temple of Minerva,
 lifting her burning eyes to heaven in vain:
 her eyes, since cords restrained her gentle hands.
 Coroebus could not stand the sight, maddened in mind,
 and hurled himself among the ranks, seeking death.
 We follow him, and, weapons locked, charge together.
 Here, at first, we were overwhelmed by Trojan spears,
 hurled from the high summit of the temple,
 and wretched slaughter was caused by the look of our armour,
 and the confusion arising from our Greek crests.
 Then the Danaans, gathering from all sides, groaning with anger
 at the girl being pulled away from them, rush us,
 Ajax the fiercest, the two Atrides, all the Greek host:
 just as, at the onset of a tempest, conflicting winds clash, the west,
 the south, and the east that joys in the horses of dawn:
 the forest roars, brine-wet Nereus rages with his trident,
 and stirs the waters from their lowest depths.
 Even those we have scattered by a ruse, in the dark of night,
 and driven right through the city, re-appear: for the first time
 they recognise our shields and deceitful weapons,
 and realise our speech differs in sound to theirs.
 In a moment we’re overwhelmed by weight of numbers:
 first Coroebus falls, by the armed goddess’s altar, at the hands
 of Peneleus: and Ripheus, who was the most just of all the Trojans,
 and keenest for what was right (the gods’ vision was otherwise):
 Hypanis and Dymas die at the hands of allies:
 and your great piety, Panthus, and Apollo’s sacred headband
 can not defend you in your downfall.
 Ashes of Ilium, death flames of my people, be witness
 that, at your ruin, I did not evade the Danaan weapons,
 nor the risks, and, if it had been my fate to die,
 I earned it with my sword. Then we are separated,
 Iphitus and Pelias with me, Iphitus weighed down by the years,
 and Pelias, slow-footed, wounded by Ulysses:
 immediately we’re summoned to Priam’s palace by the clamour.

Virgil, Aeneid 2, lines 402–437

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