



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

Monday 2 June 2025 – Morning

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.

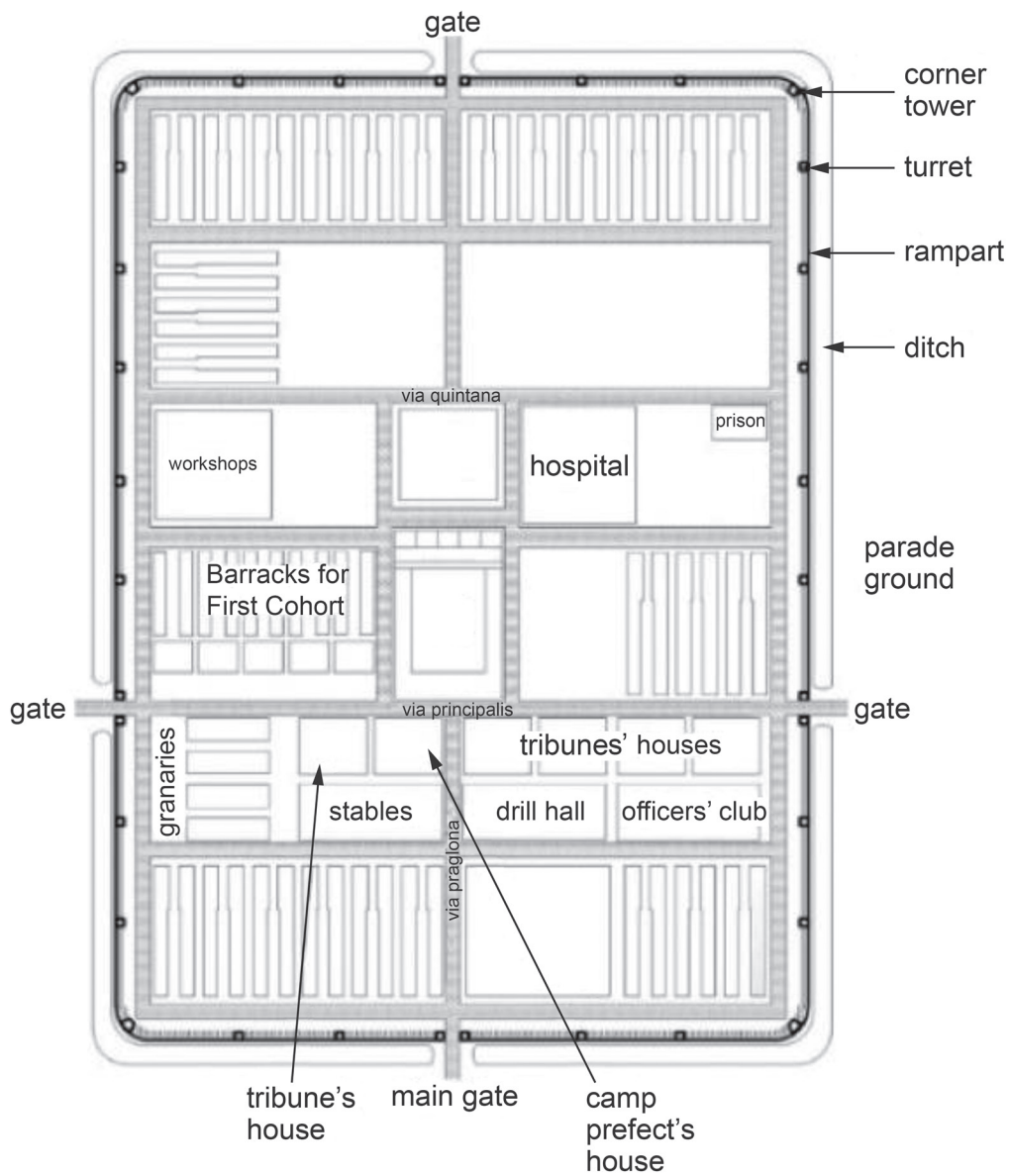
INFORMATION

- This document has **8** pages.

Section A

Culture

Source A: Plan of a Roman structure



Source B: Bronze statuette of an Athenian warrior on horseback



Source C: Bronze statuette of a warrior



Source D: Trajan's column – Romans fighting Dacians



Source E: The Cleopatra Ode

Now it is time to drink; now it is time to dance
 on the earth with liberated feet;
 now, comrades, it is time to decorate
 the gods' sacred couches for feasts for the priests of Mars.
 Previously it would have been wrong to get out
 the best wine from the old stores, while the queen
 was still plotting mad ruin for the Capitoline hill
 and planning the destruction of the state
 with a horrible group of men sick with shame,
 and she was wild with all sorts of hopes,
 and drunk with the favour of fortune.

Horace, Odes 1.37 1–12

Section B

Literature

Source F: Priam begs his son Hector not to face Achilles in battle

Old Priam was first to see him, racing over the plain, his bronze breastplate gleaming like Sirius, the star of harvest, brightest of stars in the dark of night. Orion's Dog, men call it, glittering brightly yet boding ill, bringing fever to wretched mortals. The old man groaned aloud, and raising his arms, **beat his head with his hands**, shouting entreaties to his dear son, who stood before the Gate, ready to turn his fury on Achilles. 3 4

Stretching out his arms, he called to him piteously: 'Hector, dear child, I beg you, don't face that man alone. Seek help, lest you meet your doom at the hands of Achilles, a stronger and tougher warrior than you. If the gods loved him as little as I do, the dogs and vultures would soon feed on his corpse, and my heart would be eased of a burden of sorrow, for he has robbed me of many fine sons, killing them or selling them in some far off isle. This very day I miss my two sons, Lycaon and Polydorus, whom Laothoe, princess among women, bore me. ... Yet the people's mourning will be briefer, if Achilles fails to kill you too. So take refuge behind the walls, my child, and be the saviour of the Trojans: stay alive, deny this son of Peleus glory. Have pity on me too while I live, I, poor wretch, for whom it seems Father Zeus reserves a dreadful fate, here after much sorrowful experience, on the threshold of old age, to see my sons slaughtered, my daughters dishonoured, their children hurled aside in anger, my son's wives dragged away, my treasures fallen into savage Achaean hands. In the end, I shall be slain by a thrust from some sharp spear, and the flesh-eating dogs before my door will tear my corpse apart, the very dogs I fed from my table, reared to guard these same doors, dogs that will lie there in the gateway when in their savagery they've lapped my blood.'

Homer, Iliad 22 25–70 (with omissions)

Source G: Tyrtaeus' 'fallen warrior' poem

But for the young, it is all **befitting**, so long as one has the glorious bloom of lovely youth, impressive for men to see and desirable to women while he is alive, and beautiful when he falls among fighters at the front. But let each man make a stand, legs well apart, both feet firmly planted on the ground, **biting his lip with his teeth**. 1 4

Tyrtaeus (CURFRAG.tlg-0266.6)

Source H: Dulce Et Decorum Est

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. Virtue, which opens the heavens for those undeserving of death, takes a road denied to others, and scorns the vulgar crowd and the damp earth, on ascending wings.

Horace, Odes 3.2, 17–24

Source I: The battle for the palace

Here's a great battle indeed, as if the rest of the war were nothing,
as if others were not dying throughout the whole city,
so we see wild War and the Greeks rushing to the palace,
and the entrance filled with a press of shields.
Ladders cling to the walls: men climb the stairs under the very
doorposts, with their left hands holding defensive shields
against the spears, grasping the sloping stone with their right.
In turn, the Trojans pull down the turrets and roof-tiles
of the halls, prepared to defend themselves even in death,
seeing the end near them, with these as weapons:
and send the gilded roof-beams down, the glory
of their ancient fathers. Others with naked swords block
the inner doors: these they defend in massed ranks.
Our spirits were reinspired, to bring help to the king's palace,
to relieve our warriors with our aid, and add power to the beaten.

Virgil, Aeneid 2.438–452

Source J: Diomedes wounds Aphrodite

Now Aeneas would have died, had not Aphrodite, Zeus' daughter, been quick to notice, the mother who bore him to Anchises while he tended the herd. She flung her white arms about her beloved son, and spread a fold of her shining robe to shelter him from weapons, lest a bronze spear hurled from a swift Danaan chariot might pierce his breast and end his life.

While she was bearing her son from the field, Sthenelus obeyed the command of Diomedes of the loud war-cry, and kept his team from the fight, tying their reins to the chariot rim, and running towards Aeneas' long-maned pair. He drove them out of the Trojan ranks towards the Greeks, and entrusted them to Deipylus, his close comrade, whom he honoured most among all the friends of his youth, because they were kindred spirits. He told him to lead them down to the hollow ships. Then he mounted his chariot, seized the gleaming reins, and urged his powerful horses in ready pursuit of Diomedes.

That son of Tydeus meanwhile, with pitiless spear, was chasing after Cyprian Aphrodite, knowing she was a gentle goddess, not one of those who control the flow of battle, no Athene, or Enyo, sacker of cities. So, when he reached her after his chase through the ranks, fierce Diomedes lunged at her with his sharp spear, piercing the divine robe the Graces had laboured to make for her, and wounding the flesh of her wrist near the palm. Out streamed the deathless goddess' blood, the ichor that flows in ambrosial veins, for the gods do not eat mortal bread or drink mortal wine, but lacking our blood are called immortals.

Homer, Iliad 5.311–342

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