



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

**Monday 09 November 2020 – 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.

SECTION A – Culture

Source A: Parthenon west frieze



Source B





Source C



Source D



Source E



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## SECTION B – Literature

## Source F

**Mighty Diomedes** with an angry glance replied: 'Don't talk to me of flight, that won't deter me. It is not in my blood to cower away and shirk the fight: my strength's as great as ever. I'll not mount the chariot, but face **them** on foot, as I am. Pallas Athene allows no fear. As for those two the swiftest horses will not let **them** escape. Now, another thing, take careful note, if Athene in her wisdom grants me the power to kill both, leave our own fine horses here, tie the reins to the chariot rail, run to Aeneas' team and drive them from the Trojan lines to ours. They are of that breed, the best of all horses under the risen sun, from which Zeus chose a gift for Tros, for taking Ganymedes his son. Lord Anchises later stole the breed, putting his mares to them, unknown to Laomedon. Six mares foaled in the stables, four he kept for himself rearing them in his stalls, giving the other two to Aeneas, for warhorses. If we could capture those, we would win great glory.'

Homer *Iliad* Book 5. 251–273

## Source G

While they spoke the two arrived at the gallop, and Pandarus called out: 'Diomedes, the brave and bloody, though my swift bitter shaft failed to fell you, let me try once more with the spear.' With that he took his stance and hurled the long-shadowed javelin, and the bronze tip struck Diomedes on the shield, piercing it through and reaching his corselet. Pandarus shouted in triumph: 'A hit, right in the belly. That should finish you, but add to my glory.'

Mighty Diomedes, without a tremor, replied: 'You've failed, not succeeded, but before you two are done one of you must die, and sate with his blood Ares, god of the shield's tough hide.' With that, **Diomedes hurled his spear whose bronze blade Athene guided** to the face beside the eye, shattering Pandarus' white teeth, shearing his tongue at the root, and exiting through the chin. He tumbled from the chariot with a clang of bright burnished armour, the swift horses swerved, and there his strength failed, his spirit was loosed.

Homer *Iliad* Book 5. 274–296

### Source H

Bright-eyed Athene departed with those words, and Diomedes once more took his place at the front. Eager though he had been to fight before, his courage now was tripled, like a lion wounded but not killed, as it leaps the fence, by a shepherd as he guards his sheep. He angers it, but now cannot aid them, and has to hide behind walls, while the helpless flock is scattered, downed in heaps together, till the furious creature leaps from the fold. In such a fury great Diomedes attacked the Trojans. Astynous and General Hypeiron he killed, striking one above the nipple with a throw of his bronze-tipped spear, the other with his long sword on the collarbone, shearing the shoulder from the neck and spine. Leaving them lying there, he chased down Abas and Polyidus, sons of old Eurydamas, interpreter of dreams. They came not back again, whom great Diomedes slew, for their father to tell their dreams. Then he pursued Xanthus and Thoön, Phaenops' dear sons: an old man too weighed down with age to get himself fresh heirs. Diomedes killed both, leaving their sorrowing father to weep when they failed to return, and his surviving kin to inherit.

Homer *Iliad* Book 5.133–158

### Source I

Let the boy toughened by military service  
learn how to make **bitter hardship** his friend,  
and, as a horseman, **fearsome with his lance**,  
let him harry the **fierce Parthians**,

**spending his life in the open**, in the heart  
of dangerous action. And seeing him, from  
the enemy's walls, let the warring  
tyrant's wife, and her grown-up daughter, sigh:

'Alas don't let my royal bridegroom unskilled in war  
provoke the lion that's dangerous to touch,  
whom blood-stained anger sends raging  
swiftly through the midst of slaughter.'

Horace *Odes* 3.2 *Dulce Et Decorum Est* 1–12

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