



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

**Monday 22 November 2021 – 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.

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## SECTION A

### Culture

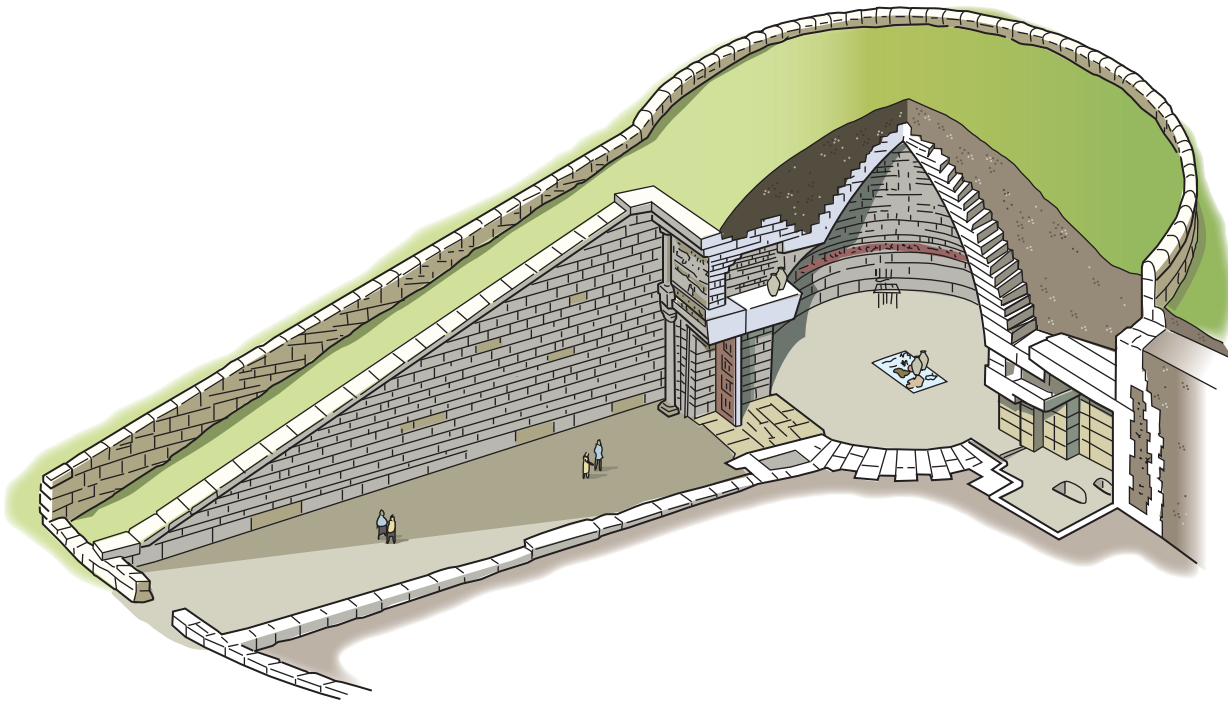
**Source A: An area of the site of Mycenae**



**Source B: A piece of Mycenaean ivory sculpture**



Source C: A drawing of a burial site



Source D:





## SECTION B

## Literature

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

## Source E:

'King Alcinous, most illustrious of all your people, it is indeed a lovely thing to hear a bard such as this, with a voice like the voice of the gods. I myself feel that there is nothing more delightful than when the festive mood reigns in the hearts of all the people and the banqueters listen to a minstrel from their seats in the hall, while the tables before them are laden with bread and meat, and a steward carries round the wine he has drawn from the bowl and fills their cups. This, to my way of thinking, is perfection.

'However, your heart has prompted you to ask me about my troubles, and that has intensified my grief. Well, where shall I begin, where end, my tale? For the list of woes which the gods in heaven have sent me is a long one. I shall start by giving you my name: I wish you all to know it is so that in times to come, if I escape the evil day, I may always be your friend, though my house is far from here.

'I am Odysseus, Laertes' son. The whole world talks of my stratagems, and my fame has reached the heavens. My home is under the clear skies of Ithaca. Our landmark is Mount Neriton, with its quivering leaves. Other islands are clustered around it, Dulichium and Same and wooded Zacynthus.'

*Odyssey* 9: 2–24 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)

'Lord Alcinous, most illustrious of men, it is a fine thing, in truth, to hear a bard such as this, with a godlike voice. I say myself there is nothing more delightful than when all the people feel this joy, and the banqueters sit in their rows, listening to the minstrel in the hall, tables in front of them laden with meat and bread, while the steward pours wine from the bowl, and carries it round and fills the cups. It seems the loveliest thing of all to me.

But your heart prompts you to ask of my sad troubles, and make me weep and groan the more. How shall I start and end my tale? First let me give you my name, so you all know, and if I escape from pitiless fate later, I will play host to you, though I live far off. I am Odysseus, Laertes' son, known to all for my stratagems, and my fame has reached the heavens. My home is under Ithaca's clear skies: our Mount Neriton, clothed with whispering forest is visible from afar: and clustered round it are many isles, Dulichium and Same and wooded Zacynthus.'

*Odyssey* 9: 2–24 (Trans: A.S. Kline)

**Source F:**

Throwing off his rags, the resourceful Odysseus leaped on to the great threshold with his bow and his full quiver, and poured out the swift arrows at his feet.

‘The match that was to seal your fate is over,’ he called out to the Suitors. ‘Now for another target which no man has yet hit – if I can hit it and Apollo grants my prayer.’ And with that he levelled a deadly shaft straight at Antinous.

Antinous had just reached for his fine cup to take a draught of wine, and the golden, two-handled beaker was balanced in his hands. No thought of bloodshed entered his head. For who could guess, there in that festive company, that one man, however powerful he might be, would bring evil death and black doom on him against such odds? Odysseus took aim and shot him in the neck. The point passed clean through his tender throat. The cup dropped from his hand as he was hit and he lurched over to one side. His life-blood gushed from his nostrils in a turbid jet. His foot lashed out and kicked the table from him; his food was scattered on the ground, and bread and meat lay there in the dirt.

*Odyssey 22: 1–21 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)*

Throwing off his rags, resourceful Odysseus sprang to the wide threshold with the bow and the full quiver, poured the arrows out at his feet, and addressed the Suitors: ‘Here is a clear end to the contest. Now I’ll see if I can hit another target no man has as yet, and may Apollo grant my prayer!’

So saying, he aimed a deadly shaft at Antinous, who was handling a fine golden two-handled cup, about to raise it to his lips and sip the wine, his thoughts far from death. How should he guess among the feasting crowd, that one man however powerful he might be could dare to bring a vile death and a dark doom on him? But Odysseus took aim and shot him through the neck. The point passed clean through the tender throat, and Antinous sank to one side, the cup falling at that moment from his hand, while a thick jet of blood gushed from his nostrils. His foot kicked the table away, dashing the food to the floor, and the bread and meat were fouled.

*Odyssey 22: 1–21 (Trans: A.S. Kline)*

**Source G:**

As he spoke, he drew his rags aside and exposed the long scar. The two men looked, and examined it carefully. Then, weeping, they flung their arms round wise Odysseus' neck, and showered kisses on his head and shoulders. Odysseus in turn kissed their heads and hands: and the sun would have gone down on their weeping had not Odysseus himself checked them: 'Stop crying,' he said, 'or someone coming from the hall may see us and tell the people indoors. Go in now, one after the other, not together. I shall go first; and you must follow. And here's your cue. The others, those fine Suitors, will refuse to let me have the bow and quiver. When that happens, good Eumaeus, bring the bow down the hall and put it in my hands. Also tell the women to lock that tight-fitting door which leads to their rooms, and say that if they hear groans or any other noise from the men's part of the palace, they are not to stir from their quarters but to stay quietly where they are and get on with their work. The job of bolting and barring the courtyard gate I give to you, good Philoetius. Fasten it tight!' When he had given them these instructions Odysseus went back into the stately palace and sat down on the stool he had recently left. The two servants of the godlike Odysseus followed him in.

*Odyssey 21: 221–242 (Trans: E.V. Rieu)*

So saying, he drew his rags apart to show the long scar. When the two had examined it carefully, they clasped their arms about wise Odysseus' neck, and weeping kissed his head and shoulders in loving recognition. Odysseus likewise kissed their heads and hands. And the twilight would have seen them still weeping if Odysseus had not restrained them: 'Stop wailing now, in case someone comes from the house and sees us, and tells those inside. Let's go back in, now, one after the other, not together. Follow me, and here's the signal we will act on. The others, the noble Suitors, will refuse to allow me to handle the bow and quiver, but as you carry the bow round the hall, Eumaeus, set it in my hands, and tell the women to shut their hall doors tight. Say that if any of them hear men shouting or groaning in here, they are not to rush out, but to stay there and silently carry out their tasks. And good Philoetius, I charge you with barring the gate of the courtyard, and lashing it tight.'

With this, he entered the royal palace, and resumed his seat. And the two servants followed.

*Odyssey 21: 221–242 (Trans: A.S. Kline)*

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