

Source A: Extracts from the Battle of Mantinea

Now at last, the Spartans quickly gathered all their forces, both of themselves and their **Helots**, in such number as they had never done before.

The Spartans came with their whole army to Oresteium; from there they sent back a sixth of the army, in which they put both **the youngest and the oldest soldiers**, and sent them to protect Sparta; the rest marched on to Tegea for the battle.

The time they had to prepare themselves was very short; and such was their **diligence** that every man fell immediately into his own rank; the king was commanding them all according to the law, since while the king has the army in the field, all things are commanded by him.

Aristocles and Hipponoidas refused to go to where they were ordered and for this they were afterwards banished from Sparta, as they were thought to have disobeyed out of cowardice.

Thucydides, The Peloponnesian War 5.64, 66, 72

Source B: Bronze statuette of a legionary



Source C: Plan of a typical Roman Legionary Fortress



Source D: Helmet



Source E: South frieze (the Greeks fighting the Persians), Temple of Athena Nike



Source F

As they spoke, Diomedes of the loud war-cry flung himself at Aeneas once more, whom he well knew **Apollo** protected, caring nothing for that great god, and **eager to kill Aeneas and strip him of his shining armour**. Three times he leapt at him threateningly three times Apollo beat away his gleaming shield. But when like a demon he rushed at him a fourth time, **far-striking** Apollo gave a terrible cry: 'Take thought, son of Tydeus, and give way! Don't think yourself equal to the gods: the immortals are of a different race than those who walk the earth.'

Diomedes, at this, gave ground a little, before far-striking Apollo's anger, while the god bore Aeneas far from the field to his temple on sacred Pergamus. There in the great sanctuary **Leto, and Artemis the Huntress**, healed him and made him more glorious still, while Apollo, Lord of the Silver Bow, formed a phantom in Aeneas' likeness, armed like him, round which the Trojans and noble Greeks hacked at the bull's hide shields protecting each other's breasts, the great round shields and lighter bucklers. Then Phoebus Apollo called to Ares: 'You, destroyer of men and bloody sacker of cities, Ares, enter the fray and drive this son of Tydeus off, who would fight Father Zeus himself. **He wounded Aphrodite's wrist**, then lunged at me like a demon!'

Homer, Iliad Book 5.431–459

Source G

I reached the topmost heights of the pediment from which the wretched Trojans were hurling their missiles **in vain**. A turret standing on the sloping edge, and rising from the roof to the sky, was one from which all Troy could be seen, the Danaan ships, and the Greek camp: and attacking its edges with our swords, where the upper levels offered weaker mortar, we wrenched it from its high place, and sent it flying: falling suddenly it dragged all to ruin with a roar, and shattered far and wide over the Greek ranks. But more arrived, and meanwhile neither the stones nor any of the various missiles ceased to fly. In front of the courtyard itself, in the very doorway of the palace, **Pyrrhus** exults, glittering with the sheen of bronze: like a snake, fed on poisonous herbs, in the light, that cold winter has held, swollen, under the ground, and now, gleaming with youth, its skin sloughed, ripples its slimy back, lifts its front high towards the sun, and darts its triple-forked tongue from its jaws.

Virgil, Aeneid Book 2.460–475

Source H

So saying, he found a way to defile the fallen prince. He pierced the tendons of both feet behind from heel to ankle, and through them threaded ox-hide thongs, tying them to his chariot, leaving the corpse's head to trail along the ground. Then lifting the glorious armour aboard, he mounted and touched the horses with his whip, and they eagerly leapt forward. Dragged behind, Hector's corpse raised a cloud of dust, while his outspread hair flowed, black, on either side. That head, once so fine, trailed in the dirt, now Zeus allowed his enemies to mutilate his corpse on his own native soil.

Homer, Iliad Book 22.395–405

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