

2013 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Levels ½ and I – Boys

Dominus asinī habēbat etiam catulum, quī ā dominō saepe laudābātur. Hunc cum invidiā vidēbat asīnus. Cōgitābat sēcum: “Cūr canis ita amātur ā dominō? Cūr ego male tractor? Ille inūtilis est; ego maxima semper commoda dominō comparāvī. At canis callidus est adūlātor. ... Etiam ego amābor sī idem faciam, quod ille facere solet.” Forte tum dominus intrat in stabulum. Statim asinus accurrit, pedēs pōnit in dominī umerīs et faciem lātā suā linguā lambere incipit. Exterritus dominus et irātus vocat famulōs, quī fustibus asinum stultum mulcant.

“A Jealous Donkey,” Gildersleeve, *Latin Reader* (1882)

The master of a donkey also had a puppy, which was often praised by the master. The donkey saw this puppy with jealousy. He thought with himself: “Why is the dog so loved by our master? Why am I treated so badly? The dog is useless; I have always provided the greatest conveniences for my master. But the dog is a clever flatterer. I’ll be loved too if I do the same thing that the pooch usually does.” By chance then the master enters the stable. Immediately the donkey runs up, puts its hooves on its master’s shoulders and starts to lick his face with its wide tongue. Terrified and angry, the master calls his slaves, who beat the stupid donkey with clubs.

**2013 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Level II – Boys**

Post breve tempus ad flūmen Tiberim vēnit. Herculēs, itinere fessus, cōstituit ibi paucōs diēs morārī, ut sē ex labōribus recreāret. Haud procul ex valle, ubi bovēs pāscēbantur, antrum erat, in quō gigās quīdam, nōmine Cācus, tum habitābat. Hic speciem terribilem praebēbat, nōn modo quod ingentī magnitūdine corporis erat, sed quod ignem ex ōre expīrābat. Cācus autem de adventū Herculis fāmam accēperat: noctū igitur vēnit, et dum Herculēs dormit, quattuor pulcherrimōrum boum abripit. Hōs caudīs in antrum traxit, nē Herculēs vestīgiīs animadvertere posset, ubi cēlātī essent. Posterō diē, ūnus ē bōbus mūgīre coepit. Hōc modō Herculēs cognōvit ubi essent bovēs.

“Caecus Steals Hercules’ Oxen,” Ritchie, *Fabulae Faciles* # 62

After a short time (Hercules) came to the Tiber River. Hercules, tired from his journey, decided to tarry there for a few days to refresh himself from his labors. Not at all far from the valley where the oxen were being grazed, was a cave, in which a certain giant named Cacus then lived. He presented a terrible appearance, not just because he was of huge size of body, but because he breathed fire out of his mouth. Cacus, however, had received the news about Hercules’ arrival: so he came at night and, while Hercules was sleeping, stole four of the most beautiful oxen. These he dragged into his cave by their tails so Hercules would not be able to determine by their hoof-prints in what place they had been hidden. The next day, one of the oxen began to bellow. In this way Hercules recognized where the oxen were.

2013 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Advanced Prose – Boys

Nec deus amātor humī iacentem dēserēns involāvit ... sīc eam graviter commōtus adfātur: "Ego quidem, simplicissima Psychē, parentis meae Veneris praeceptōrum immemor, quae tē miserī extrēmīque hominis dēvinctam cupīdine īnfimō mātrimōniō addicī iusserat, ipse potius amātor advolāvī tibi. Sed hoc fēcī leviter, sciō, et praeclārus ille sagittārius ipse mē tēlō meō percussī tēque coniugem meam fēcī ut bēstia scīlicet tibi vidērer et ferrō caput excīderēs meum quod istōs amātōrēs tuōs oculōs gerit. Haec tibi identidem semper cavenda cēnsēbam, haec benevole remonēbam. Sed illae quidem cōnsiliāricēs ēgregiae tuae tam perniciōsī magisteriī dabunt actūtum mihi poenās, tē vērō tantum fugā meā pūnīverō." Et cum terminō sermōnis pinnīs in altum sē prōripuit.

“Cupid’s Farewell to Psyche,” Apuleius, *Metamorphoses* V. 24

As her divine lover Cupid was leaving her, he did not pounce upon her as she was lying on the floor, but gravely disturbed addressed her thus: “Most guileless Psyche, indeed I forgot the instructions of my parent Venus, who had commanded you to be doomed to a base marriage, subjugated by the desire of a worthless and far-distant man, when I myself flew to you as your lover. But I did this lightly, I know, and I, that famous archer myself, have struck myself with my own weapon and made you my wife in such a way that I would seem to be some sort of beast to you, and you would wield a blade to cut off my head, which cherishes those loving eyes of yours. I reminded you kindly to beware these things again and again. But your evidently superior advisors of destructive guidance will pay the penalty to me immediately. You, however, I will punish only by my departure.” And with the end of these words he dashed off on his wings into the air.

2013 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Advanced Poetry – Boys

Nympha, precor, Pēnēi, manē! nōn īnsequor hostis;
nympha, manē! Sīc agna lupum, sīc cerva leōnem, 505
sīc aquilam pennā fugiunt trepidante columbae,
hostēs quaeque suōs: amor est mihi causa sequendī!
mē miserum! nē prōna cadās indignave laedī
crūra notent sentēs et sim tibi causa dolōris!
aspera, quā properās, loca sunt: moderātius, ōrō, 510
curre fugamque inhibē, moderātius īnsequar ipse.
Cui placeās, inquīre tamen: nōn incola montis,
nōn ego sum pāstor, nōn hīc armenta gregēsque
horridus observō. Nescīs, temerāria, nescīs,
quem fugiās, ideōque fugis: mihi Delphica tellūs 515
et Claros et Tenedos Patarēaque rēgia servit;
Iuppiter est genitor; per mē, quod eritque fuitque
estque, patet; per mē concordant carmina nervīs.
Certa quidem nostra est, nostrā tamen ūna sagitta
certior, in vacuō quae vulnera pectore fēcit! 520

“Apollo’s Plea to Daphne,” Ovid, *Metamorphoses* I.504-518/20

“Nymph, daughter of Peneus, I pray thee, stay! I do not chase you as an enemy; Nymph, hold up! Thus a lamb flees a wolf, thus a deer flees a lion, thus on trembling wings doves flee an eagle. Each victim flees its own enemies. Love is my reason for chasing you! Poor me! Don’t fall forward or let the briars scratch your legs, which are unworthy to be harmed, nor let me be the cause of your pain! The places where you are rushing are rough. I beg you, run more slowly and check your flight, and I myself will chase you more slowly. At least ask to whom you are so appealing! I am not a mountaineer, I am not a shepherd, I am not some hairy dude watching over herds and flocks here. You don’t know, rash girl, you don’t know whom you are fleeing, and so you flee. The land of Delphi and Claros and Tenedos and royal Patara serve me; Jupiter is my father; through me lie open that which will be and has been and is. Through me songs resonate to strings. My arrow is indeed accurate, but one arrow is more accurate than mine, an arrow which has made wounds in my empty chest.”