

2021 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Level ½ and I--Passage 1

A Space Trip Ends in Tragedy

Tamen Phaethōn audāx et superbus iterum quadrīgās postulāvit. Illā ipsā nocte Apollō filiō suō quadrīgās cum equīs ācribus dedit, et in capite ēius radiōs suōs locāvit. Prīmā lūce Phaethōn alacer in quadrīgīs patris suī superbē stābat. Equīs inquietīs sīgnum dedit, et per portās Aurōrae eōs agitāvit.

Mox puer audāx circum caelum volābat. Equī iam prope terram, iam inter stellās properābant. Omnī horā celeritātem augēbant. Phaethōn, puer miser, māgnopere timēbat. Nōmina equōrum memoriā non tenēbat. Mox omnibus in partibus volābat. Prīmum inter spatia, inter lūnam et terram atque inter stellās et planētās homō volābat, sed ubīque in terrā erant ignes, in silvīs, in agrīs, in montibus.

Flammae frūmentum dēlēvērunt. In fluminibus et in marī nūlla aqua erat.

From "A Space Trip Ends in Tragedy," *Our Latin Heritage*, Book I, p.

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Nevertheless Phaethon, bold and arrogant, again demanded the chariot. On that very night Apollo gave his son the chariot with wild horses, and placed his rays on his head. At first light, eager Phaethon was standing proudly on the chariot of his father. He gave a signal to the restless horses, and through the gates of Aurora he drove them. Soon the bold boy was flying around the sky. The horses now were hastening near the land, now among the stars. At every hour they were increasing their speed. Phaethon, a wretched boy, was greatly afraid. He was not remembering the names of the horses. Soon they were flying in all directions. At first among space, between the moon and land and between the stars and planets the man was flying, but everywhere on the land there were fires, in the forests, in the field, on the mountains. Flames destroyed the grain. In the rivers and the sea there was no water.

2021 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Level ½ and I--Passage 2

Cornelia's Jewels

Magnā cum cūrā Cornēlia ipsa duōbus filiīs parvīs dē initiīs Rōmae et dē factīs Rōmānōrum mīlitum nautārumque ēgregiōrum saepe nārrābat. Ita puerōs esse fortēs, vērōs, iūstōs docēre potuit. Eōs humilēs hominēs amāre etiam docuit. Magistrōs bene exercitōs quoque et Graecōs et Rōmānōs habuērunt. Cornēlia ipsa linguam Graecam scīvit.

Olim fēmina quae in oppidō fīnitimō habitābat ad vīllam Cornēliae vēnit. Haec fēmina Cornēliae multa ōrnāmenta quae gerēbat ostendēbat. Haec fēmina Cornēliam ōrnāmenta sua ostendere magnopere cupiēbat.

Cornēlia duōs puerōs suōs quī prope vīllam lūdēbant ad sē vocāvit et fēminae ostendit. “Haec,” inquit, “mea ōrnāmenta sunt.”

From “Gracchī,” *Living with the Romans* (1964), p. 528-9 (adapted)

With great care Cornelia herself was telling her two small sons about the beginnings of Rome and about the deeds of famous Roman soldiers and sailors. Thus she could teach the boys to be brave, true, and just. She taught them also to love humble men. They also had well trained Greek and Roman teachers. Cornelia herself knew the Greek language. One time a woman who was living in a neighboring town came to the house of Cornelia. This woman was showing Cornelia many jewels that she was wearing. This woman was especially wanting Cornelia to show her jewels. Cornelia called the two boys who were playing near the house to her and showed them to the woman. “These,” she said, “are my jewels.”

**2021 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Level II--Passage 1**

A Grateful Ghost

Multā nocte magna vōx nōmen patris ex silvā clāmāvit. Pater, “Absum,” respondit atque ob timorem reliquam noctem sub lectō iacēbat. Secundā nocte in silvam vocāta est mater. Eī vocī ex fenestrā, “Crās veniam,” respondit, et dormīre temptābat. Tertiā nocte appellāta est puella, quae nihil dīxit, sed in silvam contendit.

Ibi brevī tempore alba ossa hūmāna vīdit. Mox ossa surrēxērunt atque ad eam ambulāre incipiēbant. “Quis es?” inquit puella territa.

“Ōlim huius vīllae dominus eram,” respondit. “Hōc in locō ab animalī interfectus sum, nec postea corpus meum invenīrī potuit. Itaque centum annōs nocte per hanc silvam ambulō. Sī ossa mea sub terrā posueris, discēdam.”

“Miser homo,” inquit puella, “id quod petis faciam.” Adventū diēī patrem vocāvit et eius auxiliō ossa sub terrā posuit. Postea vōx in silvā nōn iam audīta est.

Jenney, Scudder, and Baade, *First Year Latin*, p. 177

Late at night a loud voice shouted the name of her father from the forest. Her father responded, “I am not here,” and on account of fear was laying the rest of the night under his bed. On the second night her mother was called into the forest. To this voice from the window she responded, “I will come tomorrow,” and tried to sleep. On the third night the girl was called, who said nothing, but hurried into the forest. There in a short time she saw white human bones. Soon the bones got up and began to walk to her. “Who are you?” the girl said, terrified. “Once I was the master of this house,” he responded. “In this place I was killed by an animal, but afterwards my body could not be found. And so for a hundred years I walk at night through this forest. If you place my bones under the ground, I will depart.” “Poor man,” said the girl, “I will do what you ask.” At the arrival of day, she called her father and with his help placed the bones under the ground. Afterwards the voice was no longer heard in the forest.

**2021 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Level II--Passage 2**

A Strange Crop

Nōndum tamen Iāsōn hunc labōrem cōnfēcerat; imperāverat enim eī Aeētēs ut armātōs virōs quī ex dentibus gignerentur sōlus interficeret. Postquam omnēs dentēs in agrum sparsit, Iāsōn lassitūdine exanimātus quiētī sē trādīdit, dum virī istī gignerentur. Paucās horās dormiēbat, sub vesperum tamen ē somnō subitō excitātus rem ita ēvēnisse ut praedictum esset cognōvit; nam in omnibus agrī partibus virī ingentī magnitūdine corporum gladiīs galeīsque armātī mīrum in modum ē terrā oriēbantur. Hāc rē cognitā Iāsōn cōnsilium quod dedisset Mēdēa nōn omittendum esse putābat. Saxum igitur ingēns, ut Mēdēa praeceperat, in mediōs virōs coniēcit. Illī undique ad locum concurrērunt, et cum sibi quisque id saxum habēre vellet, magna contrōversia orta est. Brevī tempore gladiīs dēstrictīs inter sē pugnāre coepērunt, et cum hōc modō plūrimī occīsī essent, reliquī vulneribus cōfectī ā Iāsone nūllō negōtiō interfectī sunt.

Ritchie, *Fabulae Faciles*

Not yet however had Jason finished this task; for Aeetes had ordered him alone to kill the armed men who were sprung from the teeth. After he scattered all the teeth in the field, Jason, worn out with tiredness, handed himself over to rest, while those men were being born. For a few hours he was sleeping, at the foot of evening nevertheless, woken up from sleep suddenly, he understood the thing had turned out thus as he had predicted; for in all parts of the field men of huge size of body, armed with swords and helmets, were rising from the ground in an amazing way. Having understood this, Jason thought the plan which Medea had given should not be omitted. Therefore he threw a huge rock, as Medea had instructed, into the middle of the men. Those guys ran from all directions to the place, and when each wanted to have the rock for himself, a great controversy arose. In a short time, with swords drawn, they began to fight among themselves, and when most had been killed in this way, the rest, worn out from their wounds, were killed by Jason with no effort.

2021 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Advanced Prose--Passage 1

Pliny and his Mother Escape the Eruption

Tum māter ōrāre hortārī iubēre, quōquō modō fugerem; posse enim iuvenem, sē et annīs et corpore gravem bene moritūram, sī mihi causa mortis nōn fuisset. Ego contrā salvum mē nisi ūnā nōn futūrum; dein manum eius amplexus addere gradum cōgō. Pāret aegrē incūsatque sē, quod mē morētur. Iam cinis, adhūc tamen rārus. Respiciō: dēnsa cālīgō tergīs imminēbat, quae nōs torrentis modō īnfūsa terrae sequēbātur. “Dēflectāmus” inquam “dum vidēmus, nē in viā strātī comitantium turbā in tenebrīs obterāmur.” Vix cōnsīderāmus, et nox — nōn quālis illūnis aut nūbila, sed quālis in locīs clausīs lūmine exstīnctō. Audīrēs ululātūs fēminārum, infantum quirītātūs, clāmōrēs virōrum; aliī parentēs aliī līberōs aliī coniugēs vōcibus requīrēbant, vōcibus nōscitābant; hī suum cāsum, illī suōrum miserābantur; erant quī metū mortis mortem precārentur; multī ad deōs manūs tollere, plūrēs nusquam iam deōs ūllōs aeternamque illam et novissimam noctem mundō interpretābantur.

Pliny, *Epistulae*, VI. 20, 12-15

Then my mother begged, encouraged, ordered, that I flee in any way; indeed as a young person I could, that she, heavy due to her years and body would die well, if for me she would not have been the cause of death. I on the other hand (said) that I would not be safe unless we were together; then having taken her hand I compelled her to add a step. She gave in reluctantly and reproached herself, that she would delay me. Now the ash, up to this point however scant. I look back: a thick darkness was hanging at our backs, which was following us like a torrent, now having been poured on the land. “Let’s turn away,” I said, “while we are seeing, lest laid low in the street we are trampled on by a crowd of companions in the dark.” We scarcely are considering, and night--not like one moonless or cloudy, but like in places closed off by light having been destroyed. You would hear the wailings of women, the plaintive cries of children, the shouts of men; some were looking for their parents, some their children, some their spouses with their voices, they were recognizing with their voices; these were pitying their house, those their families; there were those who out of fear of death were praying for death; many lifted their hands to the gods; more decided that nowhere now were there any gods and for the world that was an everlasting and final night.

**2021 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Advanced Prose--Passage 2**

Coriolanus's Mother Addresses Her Son Before He Attacks Rome

Coriolānus prope ut āmēns cōnsternātus ab sēde suā cum ferret mātrī obviae complexum, mulier in
īram ex precibus versa “sine, priusquam complexum accipiō, sciam” inquit, “ad hostem an ad fīlium
vēnerim, captīvā maternē in castrīs tuīs sim. In hōc mē longa vīta et īnfēlīx senecta trāxit ut exsulem tē
deinde hostem vidērem? Potuistī populārī hanc terram quae tē genuit atque aluit? Nōn tibi, quamvīs
īnfēstō animō et minācī pervēnerās, ingredientī fīnēs īra cecidit? Nōn, cum in cōspectū Rōma fuit,
succurrit: intrā illa moenia domūs ac penātēs meī sunt, māter coniūnx līberīque? Ergō ego nisi
peperissem, Rōma nōn oppugnārētur; nisi fīlium habērem, lībera in līberā patriā mortua essem. Sed ego
mihi miserius nihil iam patī nec tibi turpius usquam possum, nec ut sum miserrima, diū futūra sum: dē
hīs vīderis, quōs, sī pergis, aut immātūra mors aut longa servitūs manet.” Uxor deinde ac līberī
amplexī, flētusque ab omnī turbā mulierum ortus et complōrātiō suī patriaeque frēgēre tandem virum.

Livy, Ab Urbe Condita, II.40 5-9

Coriolanus, nearly like he was terrified out of his mind, when from his seat he brings an embrace to meet his mother, the woman, having turned into anger from prayers said, “Permit me to know, before I accept your embrace, whether I come to an enemy or to my son, I would be a motherly captive in your camp. Into this did a long life and unlucky old age drag me so that I might see you, an exile, then an enemy? Could you have devastated this land which gave birth to you and nourished you? Did anger fall for you having entered the borders, in however hostile and menacing a mind you had arrived? When Rome was in sight, did it not help: within those walls are my house and household gods, a mother, a wife, and children? Therefore unless I had given birth, Rome would not have been attacked; unless I had a son, I would have died free in a free country. But I could endure nothing more miserable for me and not ever more shameful for you, and it would not be for a long time, that I am very miserable: you will have seen from these things, which, if you keep on, either an untimely death or long servitude will remain.” Then his wife and children embraced him, and weeping arose from all the crowd of women, and a lamentation for their country finally broke the man.

**2021 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Advanced Poetry--Passage 1**

Baucis and Philemon Meet Gods

Intereā totiēns haustum crātēra replērī
sponte suā per sēque vident succrēscere vīna: 680
attonitī novitāte pavent manibusque supīnīs
concipiunt Baucisque precēs timidusque Philēmōn
et veniam dapibus nūllīsq̄ parātibus ōrant.
ūnicus ānser erat, minimae cūstōdia vīllae:
quem dīs hospitibus dominī mactāre parābant; 685
ille celer pennā tardōs aetāte fatīgat
ēlūditque diū tandemque est vīsus ad ipsōs
cōnfūgisse deōs: superī vetuēre necārī
"dī" que "sumus, meritāsque luet vīcīnia poenās
inpia" dīxērunt; "vōbīs inmūnibus huius 690
esse malī dabitur; modo vestra relinquitē tēcta
ac nostrōs comitāte gradūs et in ardua montis
īte simul!" pārent ambō baculīsq̄ levātī
nītuntur longō vestīgia pōnere clīvō.

Ovid, *Metamorphoses* VIII. 679-94

Meanwhile they see as many times as it is drained the mixing bowl is refilled by its own accord and through itself the wine grows: surprised by the newness they shake with fear and with outstretched hands both Baucis and fearful Philemon begin prayers and beg for mercy for the feast and for nothing being prepared. There was a single goose, guardian of the very small house: whom for the gods as guests the masters prepare to sacrifice; that one, swift with its feather tires out them, slow with age and escapes them for a long time and finally seemed to have fled to the gods themselves: the gods forbid it to be killed and said, "We are gods, and the impious neighborhood will suffer deserved punishment; to you all it will be given to be free from this evil; now leave behind your house and accompany our steps and go onto the steep places of the mountain together!" They both comply and having been lifted by their canes they strive to place their footsteps on the long slope.

2021 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Advanced Poetry--Passage 2

Catullus Can't Sleep

Hesternō, Licinī, diē ōtiōsī
multum lūsimus in meīs tabellīs,
ut convēnerat esse dēlicātōs:
scrībēns versiculōs uterque nostrum
lūdēbat numerō modo hoc modo illōc,
reddēns mūtua per iocum atque vīnum.
atque illinc abiī tuō lepōre
incēnsus, Licinī, facētīīsq̄e,
ut nec mē miserum cibus iuvāret
nec somnus tegetet quiētē ocellōs,
sed tōtō indomitus furōre lectō
versārer, cupiēns vidēre lūcem,
ut tēcum loquerer, simulque ut essem.
at dēfessa labōre membra postquam
sēmimortua lectulō iacēbant,
hoc, iūcunde, tibī poēma fēcī,
ex quō perspicerēs meum dolōrem.

Catullus, *Carmina* 50

Yesterday, Licinius, at leisure we played much on my tablets, as it had been fitting to be charming: each of us, writing little verses, was playing now in this meter, now in that, returning mutual things through joke and wine. And then I left inflamed by your charm, Licinius, and your wit, so that neither food might help miserable me nor sleep cover my little eyes with rest, but wild with madness I was turned on the whole bed, wanting to see the daylight, so that I might speak with you, and at the same time be with you. But worn out with work my limbs were lying half-dead after on my little bed, I made this poem for you, sweet one, from which you might see my grief.