

**2010 NJCL**  
**DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION**  
**Levels ½ and I – Girls**

Antīquitus septem sorōrēs erant, quārum pater erat Atlās, māter Plēionē. Pulchrae puellae erant nymphae deae Diānae. Ōlim septem sorōrēs in silvā errābant, ubi vidēbant vēnātōrem, canēs, bēstiās ferās. Ōrīōn vēnātor bēstiās agitābat. Vēnātor sagittās portābat, quod bēstiās ferās necāre amābat. Bēstiae territae fugiēbant.

Territae quoque erant septem puellae; fugere dēsīderābant quod vēnātōrem et canēs timēbant. "Ō Diāna, nōs audī! Servā nōs!" clāmābant puellae. Ē caelō Diāna septem nymphās, canēs, et vēnātōrem spectābat et clāmōrēs audiēbat.

Subitō septem nymphae erant stellae in caelō, quās hodiē appellāmus Plēiades.

“The Pleiades,” *Using Latin I* (1961), pp 127-28 (adapted)

Translation:

In ancient times there were seven sisters, whose father was Atlas and mother was Pleione. The beautiful girls were nymphs of the goddess Diana. Once the seven sisters were wandering in the forest, where they saw a hunter, dogs, and wild beasts. Orion, the hunter, was alarming the beasts. The hunter carried arrows because he loved to kill wild beasts. The scared beasts fled.

The seven girls were also scared; they wanted to flee because they feared the hunter and the dogs. "O Diana, hear us! Save us!" shouted the girls. Out the heaven Diana saw the seven nymphs, the dogs, and the hunter and heard the shouts.

Suddenly the seven nymphs were stars in the sky, which today we call the Pleiades.

**2010 NJCL  
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION  
Level II – Girls**

Mēdēa, rēgnī cupiditāte adducta, mortem rēgī per dolum īferre cōstituit. Hōc cōstitūtō, ad filiās rēgis vēnit atque ita locūta est: "Vidētis patrem vestrum aetāte iam esse cōfectum neque ad labōrem rēgnandī perferendum satis valēre. Vultisne eum rūrsus iuvenem fierī?"

Tum filiāe rēgis ita respondērunt: "Num hoc fierī potest? Quis enim umquam ē sene iuvenis factus est?"

At Mēdēa respondit: "Mē medicīnae summam habēre scientiam scītis. Nunc igitur vōbīs dēmōnstrābō quō modō haec rēs fierī possit."

Arietem aetāte cōfectum interfēcit et membra ēius in vāse aēneō posuit atque, ignī suppositō, in aquam herbās quāsdam īfūdīt. Tum, dum aqua effervēsceret, carmen magicum cantābat. Mox ariēs ē vāse exsiluit et, vīribus reffectīs, per agrōs currēbat.

"Magic Arts," *Fabulae Graecae* (1991) p. 159 (adapted)

Translation:

Medea, influenced by the desire of a kingdom, decided to bring death to the king through treachery. Having decided this, she came to the daughters of the king and spoke thus: "You see that your father is now worn out by old age and isn't well enough to endure the task of ruling. Do you want him to be made young again?"

Then the daughters of the king replied thus: "This can't be done, can it? For whoever has been made a young man from an old man?"

But Medea replied: "You know that I have the highest knowledge of healing. So now I'll show you how this thing can be done."

She killed a ram which was worn out by old age and put its limbs in a bronze pot and, when fire had been put underneath, she poured certain herbs into the water. Then, she sang a magic song until the water boiled. Soon the ram jumped out of the pot and, its strength restored, went running through the fields.

**NJCL 2010**  
**DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION**  
**Advanced Prose – Girls**

Aegrōtābat Caecīna Paetus, marītus Arriae, aegrōtābat et fīlius, uterque mortiferē, ut vidēbātur: fīlius dēcessit eximiā pulchritūdine, parī verēcundiā, et parentibus nōn minus ob alia cārus, quam quod fīlius erat. Huic illa ita fūnus parāvit, ita dūxit exequiās ut ignōrāret marītus: quīn immō, quotiēns cubiculum ēius intrāret, vīvere fīlium atque etiam commodiōrem esse simulābat, ac persaepe interrogantī quid ageret puer repondēbat "Bene quiēvit, libenter cibum sūmpsit." Deinde, cum diū cohibitae lacrimae vincerent prōrumperentque, ēgrediēbātur: tunc sē dolōrī dabat. Satiāta siccīs oculīs compositō vultū redībat, tamquam orbitātem forīs relīquisset.

Praeclārum quidem illud ēiusdem, ferrum stringere, perfodere pectus, extrahere pugiōnem, porrigere marītō, addere vōcem immortalē ac paene dīvinam, "Paete, nōn dolet."

"Arria to Paetus," Pliny, *Epistulae* III.16 (adapted)

Translation:

Arria's husband Caecina Paetus was sick, and so was their son, each mortally, as it seemed. Their son died, a boy of unusual handsomeness, similar modesty, and no less dear to his parents for other reasons than the fact that he was their son. She prepared a funeral for him and conducted the rites in such a way that her husband knew nothing about it. So much so that whenever she entered his bedroom, she pretended that their son was alive and even getting better, and when he often asked how the boy was doing, she replied to him, "He's resting well, he eats food gladly." Then, when her long-suppressed tears were about to overcome her and burst forth, she left the room. Then she gave herself over to grief. When she had cried enough, she returned with dry eyes and a composed expression, as though she had left her loss outdoors.

Another deed of this same woman was certainly outstanding, that she drew her sword, impaled her own chest, extracted the dagger, handed it to her husband, and added these undying and almost divine words, "Paetus, it doesn't hurt."

**NJCL 2010**  
**DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION**  
**Advanced Poetry – Girls**

"Solvite corde metum, Teucrī, sēclūdite cūrās.  
Rēs dūra et rēgnī novitās mē tālia cōgunt  
mōlīrī, et lātē fīnīs custōde tuērī.  
Quis genus Aeneadam, quis Trōiae nesciat urbem,  
virtūtēsque virōsque, aut tantī incendia bellī?  
Nōn obtūnsa adeō gestāmus pectora Poenī,  
nec tam āversus equōs Tyriā Sōl iungit ab urbe.  
Seu vōs Hesperiam magnam Sāturniaque arva  
sīve Erycis fīnīs rēgemque optātis Acestēn,  
auxiliō tūtōs dīmīttam, opibusque iuvābō.  
Vultis et hīs mēcum pariter cōnsīdere rēgnīs?  
Urbem quam statuō, vestra est; subdūcite nāvīs;  
Trōs Tyriusque mihi nūllō discrīmine agētur.  
Atque utinam rēx ipse, Notō compulsus eōdem,  
adforet Aenēās! Equidem per lītora certōs  
dīmīttam, et Libyae lūstrāre extrēma iubēbō,  
sī quibus ēiectus silvīs aut urbibus errat."

"Dido Welcomes the Trojans," Vergil, *Aeneid* I. 562-78

Translation:

"Release the fear from your heart, O Trojans. End your worries. Harsh circumstance and the newness of my kingdom force me to concoct such barriers and to protect my borders far and wide with guards. Who would not know the race of the followers of Aeneas, or the city of Troy, their virtues and heroes, or the devastation of such a great war? We Phoenicians do not bear such insensitive hearts, nor does the Sun god yoke his horses turned so far away from the city of Tyre. Whether you wish to go to great Hesperia and the fields of Saturn or to the borders of Eryx and king Acestes, I will send you away safe with my help and will assist you with my resources. Do you even want to settle side by side with me in these kingdoms? The city which I am establishing is yours; beach your ships. Trojan and Tyrian will be treated with no discrimination by me. And would that your king, Aeneas himself, dashed by the same wind, were here! I will certainly send out chosen men through my shores and will order them to survey the farthest sections of Africa, (to find out) if he is wandering around shipwrecked in some woods or cities."