

2014 NJCL  
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION  
Levels ½ and I – Boys

**Horatius deals with his sister**

Prīnceps it Horātius, trium frātrum spolia ante sē gerēns. Cui obvia est soror, quae spōnsa fuit Cūriātī; sed ubi super umerum frātris vestem spōnsī videt, quam ipsa cōnfēcit, flēre et crīnēs solvere incipit. Movent ferōcis iuvenis animum lacrimae sorōris ubi omnēs exsultant; itaque stringit gladium et puellam occīdit, simul eī obiciēns: “Abī hinc, tū et immātūrus amor ad spōnsum, oblīta frātrum, oblīta patriae. Sīc tū et omnēs Rōmānae quae mortem hostis dolent!”

Chickering, *First Latin Reader* (1917), p. 22 (adapted)

Horatius goes as the leader, carrying in front of him the spoils of the three brothers. In his way is his sister, who was the betrothed of a Curiatian; but when she sees above her brother's shoulder the cloak of her fiancé, which she herself made, she begins to weep and to tear her hair. His sister's tears move the mind of the fierce young man when everyone else is rejoicing; and so he unsheathes his sword and kills the girl, casting at her these words at the same time: “Go away from here, you and your immature love for your betrothed, forgetful of your brothers, forgetful of your country. Thus you and all Roman women who mourn the death of an enemy (shall perish)!”

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Level II – Boys

**Disaster during the First Punic War**

Pūblius Claudius Pulcher, bellō Pūnicō prīmō cōnsul factus, magnā cum classe ab Italiā abiit. Apud Siciliam, quod proelium nāvāle inīre volēbat, auspicia mōre māiōrum petīvit. At malum ōmen nūntiāvit is quī pullōs sacrōs cūrābat: “Pullī,” inquit, “neque exeunt ē caveā neque edunt.”

Claudius tamen iacī eōs in mare iussit. “Fortasse bibent,” ait, “quia ēsse nōlunt.”

Deinde proelium nāvāle iniit. Itaque Claudius, quod contrā auspicia pugnāverat, ā Carthāginiēnsibus victus est. Praetereā, octō mīlia hominum occīsa sunt, vīgintī mīlia capta. Hāc dē rē multī scrīpsērunt; apud ūnum ex hīs Claudius nōn modo classem āmīsīt sed etiam ipse periit.

*Dolphin Latin Reader*, p. 62 (adapted)

Publius Claudius Pulcher, made consul in the 1<sup>st</sup> Punic War, went from Italy with a large fleet. Near Sicily, because he wanted to enter a naval battle, he sought the auspices according the custom of his ancestors. But the man who took care of the sacred chickens announced a bad omen: “The chickens,” he said, “neither leave their cage nor eat.”

Claudius nevertheless ordered them to be thrown into the sea. “Maybe they will drink,” he said, “because they do not wish to eat.”

Then he began the naval battle. And so Claudius, because he had fought contrary to the omens, was defeated by the Carthaginians. Furthermore, 8000 men were killed, 20,000 captured. Many have written about this matter; according to one of these writers Claudius not only lost his fleet but also perished himself.

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Advanced Prose – Boys

**Romulus and Remus Decide on Who Will Rule**

Quoniam geminī essent, nec aetātis verēcundia discrīmen facere posset, ut dī quōrum tūtēlae ea loca essent auguriīs legeret quī nōmen novae urbī daret, quī conditam imperiō regeret. Palātium Rōmulus, Remus Aventīnum ad inaugurandum templa capiunt.

Priōrī Remō augurium vēnisse fertur, sex vulturēs; iamque, nūntiātō auguriō, cum duplex numerus Rōmulō sē ostendisset, utrumque rēgem sua multitudō cōnsalūtāverat: tempore illī praeceptō, at hī numerō avium rēgnum trahēbant. Inde cum altercātiōne congressī, certāmine irārum ad caedem vertuntur; ibi in turbā ictus, Remus cecidit.

Vulgātior fāma est lūdibriō frātris Remum novōs trānsiluisse mūrōs; inde ab irātō Rōmulō, cum verbīs quoque increpitāns adiēcisset, “Sīc deinde quīcumque alius trānsiliet moenia mea,” interfectum.

*Livy, Ab Urbe Conditā I, 6, 20-27*

Since they were twins and all question of seniority was thereby precluded, they determined to ask the tutelary gods of the countryside to declare by augury which of them should govern the new town once it was founded, and give his name to it. For this purpose, Romulus took the Palatine Hill and Remus the Aventine as their respective stations from which to observe the auspices.

An omen is said to have come to Remus first: 6 vultures; and no sooner had this been made known, when double the number had revealed itself to Romulus. Each brother’s crowd had greeted each brother as King, the former claimed the kingdom based on the time the omen had been perceived, but the latter from the number of birds. From there, having clashed in disagreement, they are turned from a contest of anger(s) to slaughter; there Remus fell struck down in the crowd. The more common story is that Remus, in sport of his brother, jumped over the new walls, then was killed by an angry Romulus, when he (Romulus) had also added shouting with these words, “Thus then (shall perish) whoever else will cross over my walls.”

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Advanced Poetry – Boys

**Anchises Tribute to Marcellus**

“Ō nāte, ingentem luctum nē quaere tuōrum;  
ostendent terrīs hunc tantum fāta nec ultrā  
esse sinent. Nimum vōbīs Rōmāna propāgō                    870  
vīsa potēns, superī, propria haec sī dōna fuissent.  
Quantōs ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem  
campus aget gemitūs! Vel quae, Tiberīne, vidēbis  
fūnera, cum tumulum praeterlābēre recentem!  
Nec puer Īliacā quisquam dē gente Latīnōs                    875  
in tantum spē tollet avōs, nec Rōmula quondam  
ūllō sē tantum tellūs iactābit alumnō.  
Heu pietās, heu prīsca fidēs invictaque bellō  
dextera! Nōn illī sē quisquam impūne tulisset  
obvius armātō, seu cum pedes īret in hostem                    880  
seu spūmantis equī foderet calcārībus armōs.  
Heu, miserande puer, sī quā fāta aspera rumpās,  
tū Marcellus eris. Manibus date līlia plēnīs  
purpureōs spargam flōrēs animamque nepōtis  
hīs saltem accumulē dōnīs, et fungar inānī                    885  
mūnere.”

Vergil, *Aeneid* VI.868-886

“O, son, do not seek the great grief of your people. The fates will only reveal this soul to the lands and will not allow him to be further. Ye gods above, Roman offspring would have seemed too powerful to you if these gifts had been Rome’s own. What great groans that field of Mars will drive to our great city! Or what funerals, O Tiber, will you see, when you will glide by his fresh tomb! And not any boy from the Latin race will raise his sires so much in hope, nor will the land of Romulus vaunt itself so much over any child. Woe our sense of duty! Woe our age-old sense of righteousness and any right hand unconquered in war! Nobody would have brought himself against (this young man) fully-armed, whether when he went as a foot soldier against the enemy or pierced the flanks of a foaming horse with his spurs. Alas, boy to be pitied, if in any way you may break your rough fates, you will be Marcellus. Allow me to sprinkle lilies and purple flowers with full hands and at least to heap up the soul of my descendant with these gifts and to perform this offering which may be meaningless to him.”

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Levels ½ and I – Girls

**The Pleiades**

Ōlim septem nymphae in silvā errābant. Subitō erant clāmōrēs. Nymphae vidēbant vēnātōrem, canēs, bēstiās ferās. Ōrīōn vēnātor sagittās portābat. Bēstiae territae fugiēbant. Territae quoque erant septem puellae; fugere dēsīderābant, neque poterant quod vēnātōrem et canēs timēbant.

“Ō Diāna, nōs audī! Servā nōs!” clāmābant puellae.

Clāmōrēs puellārum audiēbat Diāna. Subitō puellae pulchrae et timidae nōn iam in terrā erant. Septem nymphae erant stellae in caelō. Stellās appellāmus Plēiades.

*Using Latin I (1961), pp 127-8 (adapted)*

Once upon a time seven nymphs were wandering in the forest. Suddenly there were shouts. The nymphs saw a hunter, dogs, wild beasts. The hunter Orion was carrying arrows. The frightened beasts were fleeing. The seven girls were also frightened; they wanted to flee, but could not because they were afraid of the hunter and his dogs.

“O Diana, hear us! Save us!” shouted the girls.

Diana heard the shouts of the girls. Suddenly the beautiful and scared girls were no longer on the earth. The seven nymphs were stars in the sky. We call the stars the “Pleiades.”

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Level II – Girls

**Arria's Unusual Bravery**

Aegrōtābat Caecīna Paetus marītus Arriae, aegrōtābat et fīlius. Fīlius dēcessit.

Huic illa ita fūnus parāvit ut ignōrāret marītus; quīn immō quotiēns cubiculum eius intrāret, vīvere fīlium atque etiam commodiōrem esse simulābat, ac persaepe interrogantī, quid ageret puer, respondēbat; “Bene quiēvit, libenter cibum sūmpsit.” Deinde, cum diū cohibitae lacrimae vincerent prōrumperentque, ēgrediēbātur; tunc sē dolōrī dabat.

Compositō vultū redībat, tamquam orbitātem forīs relīquisset.

Praeclārum quidem illud eiusdem, ferrum stringere, perfodere pectus, extrahere pugiōnem, porrigere marītō, addere vōcem immortalē ac paene dīvīnam: “Paete, nōn dolet.”

Pliny the Younger, *Epistulae* III.16 (adapted)

Arria's husband Caecina Paetus was sick. Her son was also sick. Her son died. She prepared a funeral for him in such a way that her husband knew nothing about it. But truly, as often as she entered his bedroom, she pretended that their son was alive and even getting better, and frequently answered her husband, when he asked how the boy was doing, “He has rested quietly and freely took some food.” Then, when her long restrained tears overwhelmed her and burst forth, she left. Then she succumbed to her grief. She returned with her expression composed, as though she had left her loss outside.

Indeed the outstanding thing about the same woman was (her strength) to draw a sword, to pierce her chest, to withdraw the blade, to hand it to her husband, and to add these immortal and nearly divine words: “Paetus, it doesn't hurt.”

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Advanced Prose – Girls

**Coriolanus' Mother Addresses Her Son Before He Attacks Rome**

“Sine, priusquam complexum accipiō, sciam,” inquit, “ad hostem an ad fīlium vēnerim, captīva māterne in castrīs tuīs sim. In hoc mē longa vīta et īnfēlīx senecta traxit, ut exulem tē, deinde hostem vidērem? Potuistī populārī hanc terram, quae tē genuit atque aluit? Nōn, cum in cōnspectū Rōma fuit, succurrit “Intrā illa moenia domus ac Penātēs meī sunt, māter coniunx līberīque?” Ergō ego nisi peperissem, Rōma nōn oppugnārētur; nisi fīlium habērem, lībera in līberā patriā mortua essem. Sed ego nihil iam patī nec tibi turpius nec mihi miserius possum nec, ut sum miserrima, diū futūra sum: dē hīs vīderīs, quōs, sī pergis, aut immātūra mors aut longa servitiīs manet.”

Livy, *Ab Urbe Condita* II.40 (adapted)

Please let me know before I accept your embrace whether I have come to an enemy or to my son, whether I am a captive or a mother in your camp. Has my long life and unhappy old age brought me to this point that I see you as an exile, then as an enemy? Could you devastate this land which gave you birth and nourished you? Did it not occur to you when Rome was in your view “Within those walls are my home and household gods, my mother, wife, and children?” So had I not given birth to you, Rome would not now be attacked. Had I not had a son, I would have died free in a free homeland. But I can no longer endure anything so disgraceful to you or so wretched for me. As miserable as I am, I shall not be very long. If you continue (your attack), you will see what happens to these people whom either an early death or long slavery awaits.”

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Advanced Poetry – Girls

**Anna's Reaction to Dido's Suicide**

Audiit exanimis trepidōque exterrita cursū  
unguibus ōra soror foedāns et pectora pugnīs  
per mediōs ruit, ac morientem nōmine clāmat:  
“Hoc illud, germāna, fuit? Mē fraude petēbās?                   675  
Hoc rogos iste mihi, hoc ignēs āraeque parābant?  
Quid prīmum dēserta querar? Comitemne sorōrem  
sprēvistī moriēns? Eadem mē ad fāta vocāssēs,  
īdem ambās ferrō dolor atque eadem hōra tulisset.  
Hīs etiam strūxī manibus patriōsque vocāvī                   680  
vōce deōs, sīc tē ut positā, crūdēlis, abessem?  
Exstīnxtī tē mēque, soror, populumque patrēsque  
Sīdoniōs urbemque tuam. Date, vulnera lymphīs  
abluam et, extrēmum sī quis super halitus errat,  
ōre legam.” Sīc fāta gradūs ēvāserat altos,                   685  
sēmianimemque sinū germānam amplexa fovēbat  
cum gemitū atque ātrōs siccābat veste cruōrēs.

Vergil, *Aeneid* IV.672-687

Her sister heard her. Breathless and terrified on her trembling course and defiling her face with her nails and her chest with her fists, she rushes through the crowd and calls her dying sister by name: “Is this what that was all about, sister? Were you seeking me with guile? Is this what that pyre was preparing for me, is this what those fires and altars were preparing? What should I lament first, now that I have been deserted? Did you spurn your sister as your companion as you were dying? You should have called me to the same fates; the same pain and the same hour should have taken us both. Did I even build (this pyre) with my own hands and call our country’s gods with my voice just so I would be absent when you were positioned thus, cruel one? You have destroyed yourself and me, sister, and our people and our Sidonian ancestors and your city. Give me the chance to wash your wounds with water and, if any last breath is wandering above (you), to gather it with my mouth.” Having spoken thus, she had passed over the high steps, and cherished her half-dead sister, embracing her with a groan, and dried the dark blood with her clothing.