

2008 NJCL

DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

Levels ½ and I – Boys

Daphne erat primus amor Phoebi. Ira Cupidinis Phoebus amorem dedit. Phoebus superbus viderat Cupidinem cum sagittis et dixerat: "Quid sunt tibi, puer, arma et sagittae? Sagittae sunt mihi. Ego possum dare vulnera hostibus. Tu debes contentus esse cum amoribus."

Filius Veneris respondit: "Tuus arcus omnia, Phoebus, figit, sed meus arcus te figit." Et in arcu Cupido duo tela tenuit: hoc telum amorem fugat; illud telum amorem facit. Unum quod facit est acutum, alterum quod fugat est obtusum. Deus Cupido hoc telum in Daphnem figit, illud in Phoebum. Phoebus amat; Daphne nomen amoris fugitat.

"Apollo and Cupid," Latin Via Ovid (1977), p. 115

Translation:

Daphne was Apollo's first love. Cupid's anger gave Apollo this love. The proud Apollo had seen Cupid with arrows and had said: "Yo, little kid, what good are weapons and arrows for you? Arrows are for me. I can wound enemies. YOU ought to be content with love affairs."

Venus' son replied: "Your bow shoots everything, Apollo, but my bow shoots you." And on his bow Cupid held two weapons: this weapon puts love to flight; that weapon causes love. The one which causes love is sharp, the other with puts to flight is dull. The god Cupid shoots this arrow into Daphne, that one into Apollo. Apollo loves; Daphne flees the name of love.

2008 NJCL
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
Level II – Boys

Vidit Sol iuvenem oculis illis quibus omnia spectavit et dixit: "Quae causa itineris est tibi, fili Phaëthon?" Hic respondit, "O Lux totius caeli, Phoebus pater, si das mihi usum nominis huius, da mihi quoque dona quibus me filium tibi esse monstrabo." Pater Sol coronam deposuit et iussit puerum appropinquare. "Es dignus me non negare te esse filium meum. Noli dubitare. Roga donum. Quicquid rogas, illud dabo." Phaëthon, verbis patris auditis, rogavit currus patris et ius agendi equos solis in diem unum. Pater erat infelix quod puer tale donum rogaverat. "Temeraria," dixit, "est vox mea quae tibi donum infelix dedit. Promisi, sed non est gratum mihi dare quid quaeris. Magna petis, Phaëthon."

“Phaëthon and Phoebus,” Latin Via Ovid (1977), p. 204

Translation:

The sun-god saw the young man with those eyes with which he viewed everything and said, "What reason do you have for this journey, Phaëthon, my son?" He replied, "O light of the whole sky, father Phoebus, if you grant me the use of this name, give me also gifts by which I will show that I am your son." His father the Sun removed his crown and ordered the boy to approach. "You are worthy and I cannot deny that you are my son. Don't doubt. Ask for a gift. Whatever you ask, I will give you that."

Phaëthon, having heard his father's words, asked for the right to drive his father's chariot and the horses of the Sun for one day. His father was unhappy because the boy had asked for such a gift. "Reckless," said he, "is my voice which has given you this ill-fated gift. I promised, but it is not pleasing to me to grant you what you seek. You seek overwhelming things, Phaëthon."

NJCL 2008

DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION

Advanced Prose – Boys

Fuisse credo tum quoque aliquos qui discerptum regem patrum manibus taciti
arguerent; manavit enim haec quoque sed perobscura fama; ... Proculus Iulius sollicita
civitate desiderio regis et infensa patribus, gravis, ut traditur, quamvis magnae rei
auctor in contionem prodit, "Romulus," inquit, "Quirites, parens urbis huius, prima
hodierna luce caelo repente delapsus se mihi obvium dedit. Cum perfusus horrore
venerabundusque adstitissem, petens precibus ut contra intueri fas esset, 'Abi,
nuntia,' inquit, 'Romanis caelestes ita velle ut mea Roma caput orbis terrarum sit; proinde
rem militarem colant sciantque et ita posteris tradant nullas opes humanas armis
Romanis resistere posse.' Haec," inquit, "locutus sublimis abiit."

“What Happened to Romulus?” Livy, *Ab Urbe Condita*, I.16 (abridged)

Translation:

There were a few dissidents who quietly argued that the king had been torn to pieces at the hands of the senators, for this story also leaked out, but in veiled terms. Because the state was upset by its longing for its king and hostile to the senators, Proculus Julius, a serious man, as it is said, although the author of a shrewd idea, went forth into the public assembly. He said, "Fellow Citizens, Romulus, the father of this city, suddenly appearing from the heavens today at dawn, came to meet me. When I had stood there, filled with dread and awe and beseeching him with my prayers that it might be right to look upon him, he said, 'Go forth, announce to the Romans that the gods so will it that my Rome should be the capital of the whole world; therefore let them cultivate the arts of warfare. Let them know and let them so teach their descendants that no forces on earth can resist Roman weapons.' Having spoken these words, he vanished back into heaven."

