

**2009 GJCL**  
**DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION**  
**Level I – Girls**

Fāma Cornēliae, mātrōnae Rōmānae, magna erat. Coniūnx mortuus erat, sed semper in memoriā eum tenēbat, quod bene eum amāverat. Trēs līberōs habēbat -- fīliam duōsque fīliōs. Bene līberōs cūrābat, quod erant eī cārissimī. Māter bona et benigna erat Cornēlia.

Ōlim fēmina superba vēnit ad tēctum Cornēliae. Multa nārrābantur, multa rogābantur. Dēnique fēmina superba Cornēliae multa ōrnāmenta mōnstrāvit quae in parvā arcā portābat.

Tum Cornēliae dīxit, "Nōnne ōrnāmenta pulchra tū quoque habēs? Mōnstrā mihi tua ōrnāmenta."

Tum Cornēlia discessit. Mox revēnit cum suīs fīliīs. "Hī sunt ōrnāmenta mea," dīxit māter.

“Cornelia's Jewels,” *Using Latin II* (1950), pp. 11-12 (abridged)

Translation:

Great was the reputation of the Roman matron Cornelia. Her husband had died, but she always remembered him because she had loved him well. She had three children: a daughter and two sons. She cared for her children well because they were very dear to her. Cornelia was a good and kind mother.

Once a proud woman came to Cornelia's house. Many things were discussed, many questions were asked. Finally the proud woman showed Cornelia a lot of jewels which she carried in a small box. Then she said to Cornelia, "Don't you have beautiful jewels too? Show me your jewels."

Then Cornelia left. She soon returned with her sons. "These are my jewels," the mother said.

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**DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION**  
**Level II – Girls**

Māne Ariadna ē somnō excitāta amīcum in lītore quaesīvit neque eum repperit. Puella misera ab humilī lītore in altum saxum ascendit, unde prōspiciēns nāvem Thēseī procul in marī vīdit. Tum, etsī vōx eius ā nūllō audīrī poterat, Ariadna amīcum suum fugientem vocāvit: "Thēseu! Thēseu! Revertere ad mē!" neque ūllum respōnsum eī redditum est praeter vōcem ipsīus quam dūra saxa reddidērunt.

Brevī nāvis ē cōnspectū eius abiit, neque iam ūllum vēlum in marī cernēbātur. Ariadna igitur in lītus dēscendit atque hūc et illūc currēns multīs cum lacrimīs capillum et vestem scindēbat, ut hominēs quī maerent agere solent -- ita maerēbat virgō miserrima, quae ā virō quem ante omnēs amābat sōla relicta erat.

“Ariadna,” *Lingua Latina Per Se Illustrata, Pars I* (2001), pp. 199-200

Translation:

In the morning Ariadne, awakened from sleep, looked for her boyfriend on the shore and didn't find him. The miserable girl climbed from the low shore onto a high cliff, from where, looking out, she espied Theseus' ship far off on the sea. Then, although her voice could be heard by no one, Ariadne called her fleeing boyfriend, "Theseus! Theseus! Come back to me!" But no response was returned to her except her own voice, which the harsh crags echoed.

Soon the ship left her sight, and now no sail was visible on the sea. So Ariadne climbed down onto the shore, and running this way and that with many tears, she tore her hair and clothing, like people who are in mourning usually do -- thus grieved the very miserable maiden, who had been abandoned by the man whom she loved before all others.

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**DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION**  
**Advanced Poetry – Girls**

Pallas anum simulat: falsōsque in tempora cānōs  
addit et ĩnfirmōs, baculō quōs sustinet, artūs.

Tum sīc orsa loquī, "nōn omnia grandior aetās,  
quae fugiāmus, habet: sērīs venit ūsus ab annīs.

Cōnsilium nē sperne meum: tibi fāma petātur  
inter mortālēs faciendae maxima lānae;  
cēde deae veniamque tuīs, temerāria, dictīs  
supplice vōce rogā: veniam dabit illa rogantī."

Adspicit hanc torvīs inceptaque fīla relinquit  
vixque manum retinēns cōnfessaque vultibus ĩram  
tālibus obscūram resecūta est Pallada dictīs:

"Mentis inops longāque venīs cōnfecta senectā,  
et nimium vīxisse diū nocet. Audiat istās,  
sī qua tibī nurus est, sī qua est tibi fīlia, vōcēs;  
cōnsiliī satis est in mē mihi nēve monendō  
prōfēcisse putēs, eadem est sententia nōbīs.

Cūr nōn ipsa venit? Cūr haec certāmina vītāt?"

Tum dea, "Vēnit!" ait fōrmamque remōvit anīlem

Palladaque exhibuit.

“Minerva Appears to Arachne” Ovid, *Metamorphoses* VI. 26-44

Translation:

Minerva pretends to be an old woman. She assumes fake white hair on her head and weak limbs which she supports with a cane. Then thus she began to speak: "Older age does not have everything that we should avoid: experience comes from later years. Spurn not my advice: seek the greatest fame among mortals in making wool. Yield to the goddess and ask for pardon for your words, rash girl, with the voice of a suppliant. She will grant pardon to one who asks it."

Arachne looked at the goddess with sullen eyes and left the threads she had begun, and scarcely restraining her hand and displaying her anger with her expression, she responded to the disguised Minerva with such words: "You come here, out of your mind and spent with old age; having lived too long is your problem. If you have any daughter-in-law or daughter, let her hear those words of yours; I have counsel enough to advise myself, and lest you think you have accomplished something by your advice, we have the same opinion. Why doesn't the goddess herself show up? Why is she avoiding this competition?" Then the goddess said, "She has come!" and cast off her old hag's shape and revealed Minerva.