

2011 NJCL  
DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION  
Levels ½ and I – Girls

"Noctū et interdiū iānua Orcī aperta est. Multī in rēgnum mortuōrum dēscendērunt, sed patriam iterum nōn vidēbunt. Tē ad Orcum dūcere nōn possum. Nūllī vīvī ad rēgnum mortuōrum īre possunt."

"Dea Venus māter mea est," Aenēās clāmāvit. "Mē iuvābit māter mea."

"In silvā propinquā est sacer rāmus aureus," inquit Sibylla. "Prīmum ad mē fer rānum aureum! Properā! Deinde tibi portam rēgnī mortuōrum mōnstrābō."

Aenēās sine morā in silvam obscūram properāvit. Subitō Aenēās per rāmōs aurum splendidum cōspexit et cēpit.

Sibylla dīxit, "Dī tē amant. Ecce! Iānua cavernae aperta est. Nunc portābimus rānum aureum ad Prōserpinam, rēgīnam mortuōrum."

"The Sibyl and Aeneas," *Using Latin I* (1961), p. 160 (abridged)

"Night and day the door of Hades is open. Many people have gone down into the kingdom of the dead, but they will not see their homeland again. I cannot lead you to Hades. No one alive can go to the kingdom of the dead."

"The goddess Venus is my mother," Aeneas clouted. "My mother will help me."

"In a nearby forest is a sacred golden branch," said the Sibyl. "First bring the golden branch to me! Hurry! Then I will show you the gateway of the kingdom of the dead."

Aeneas without delay hurried into the dark forest. Suddenly Aeneas saw shining gold through the branches and seized it.

The Sibyl said, "The gods love you. Look! The door of the cave is open. Now we will carry the golden bough to Proserpina, the queen of the dead."

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DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION  
Level II – Girls

Nympha Arethūsa ... "Dum sub terrīs Stygiō flūmine fluō, tua Prōserpina oculīs meīs vīsa est. Illa quidem trīstis, neque etiam adhūc interrita, sed tamen est rēgīna maxima rēgnī obscurī, tamen uxor rēgis īfernī."

Māter haec verba audiēns similis saxī fuit, dea pulsa est īrā et dolōre. Ante Iovem capillīs passīs stetit. "Prō meā filiā vēnī supplex tibi, Iuppiter," inquit, "et prō filiā tuā; sī nūlla grātia mātris est tibi, nāta patrem moveat. Ēn filia diū quaesīta tandem inventa est, sī vocās invenīre eam certius āmittere, aut sī eam invenīre vocās, scīre ubi sit. Plūtō eam reddat. Ferēmus quod rapta est, sī modo eam reddet. Neque tua filia est digna praedōne coniuge."

"Ceres Searches for Proserpina," *Latin Via Ovid* (1977), pp. 299-300 (abridged)

The nymph Arethusa said: "While I was flowing in the River Styx under the earth, your Proserpina was seen by my eyes. Indeed she was sad and not even yet free from fear, but nevertheless she is the very great queen of that dark kingdom, nevertheless she is the wife of the king of the Underworld."

The mother, hearing these words, was like a rock. The goddess was driven by anger and grief. She stood before Jupiter with disheveled hair. "For my daughter I have come as a suppliant to you, Jupiter," she said, "and for your daughter; if you have no regard for her mother, let your daughter move her father. Behold, our long-sought daughter has finally been found, if you call finding her more surely to lose her, or if you call finding her to know where she is. Let Pluto give her back. We will endure the fact that she has been stolen, if only he will give her back. Neither is your daughter worth of a thief as her husband."

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DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION  
Advanced Prose – Girls

Erat autem Creontī filia ūna, nōmine Glaucē. Quam cum vīdisset, Iāsōn cōstituit Mēdēae uxōrī suae nūntium mittere eō cōsiliō ut Glaucēn in mātrimōnium dūceret. At Mēdēa ubi intellēxit quae ille in animō habēret, irā graviter commōta iūre iūrandō cōfirmāvit sē tantam iniūriam ultūram. Hoc igitur cōsiliū cēpit. Vestem parāvit summā arte textam et variīs colōribus īfectam; hanc mortiferō quōdam venēnō tinxit, cuius vīs tālis erat ut sī quis eam vestem induisset, corpus eius quasi ignī ūrerētur. Hōc factō, vestem ad Glaucēn mīsit. Illa autem nihil malī suspicāns dōnum libenter accēpit et vestem novam mōre fēminārum statim induit. Vix vestem induerat Glaucē cum dolōrem gravem per omnia membra sēnsit, et paulō post crūdēlī cruciātū affecta ē vītā excessit.

"A Fatal Gift," *Fābulae Facilēs* (1906), pp. 45-46 (abridged)

However, Creon had one daughter, named Glauce. When Jason had seen her, he decided to send a message to his wife Medea with this plan: to marry Glauce. But when Medea understood what he had in mind, gravely moved by anger she swore a vow that she would avenge such an insult. Therefore she adopted this plan. She prepared a garment, woven with the utmost skill and dyed with assorted colors; she tainted this garment with a certain deathly poison, whose effect was such that if anyone had put on that garment, her body would be burned as if by fire. When this was done, she sent the garment to Glauce. That woman, however, suspecting no evil, gladly received the gift and (just like a woman!) immediately put on the new garment. Scarcely had Glauce put on the garment when she felt a severe pain through all her limbs, and a little later, afflicted by cruel torture, she died.

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DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION  
Advanced Poetry – Girls

Nec fōrmā tangor, (poteram tamen hāc quoque tangī)  
sed quod adhūc puer est; nōn mē movet ipse, sed aetās. 615  
Quid, quod inest virtūs et mēns interrita lētī?  
Quid, quod ab aequoreā numerātur orīgine quārtus?  
Quid, quod amat tantīque putat cōnūbia nostra,  
ut pereat, sī mē fors illī dūra negārit?  
Dum licet, hospes, abī thalamōsque relinque cruentōs. 620  
Coniugium crūdēle meum est. Tibi nūbere nūlla  
nōlet, et optārī potes ā sapiente puellā.  
Cūr tamen est mihi cūra tuī, tot iam ante perēptīs?  
Vīderit! Intereat, quoniam tot caede procōrum  
admonitus nōn est agiturque in taedia vītae. 625  
Occidet hic igitur, voluit quia vīvere mēcum,  
indignamque necem pretium patiētur amōris?  
Nōn erit invidiae victōria nostra ferendae.  
Sed nōn culpa mea est! Utinam dēsistere vellēs,  
aut, quoniam es dēmēns, utinam vėlōcior essēs! 630  
At quam virgineus puerīlī vultus in ōre est!  
Ā! miser Hippomenē, nollem tibi vīsa fuissem!

“Atalanta Considers Hippomenes,” Ovid, *Metamorphoses* X.614-632

Nor am a moved by his figure (but I could be moved by this too), but because he is still a boy; he himself doesn't move me, but his age does. What of the fact that in him is courage and a mind unterrified of death? What of the fact that he is considered fourth in line of descent from the god of the sea? What of the fact that he loves me and thinks marriage to me to be worth his perishing if harsh fate denies me to him? Guest, while you can, go away and give up bloody bedchambers. Marriage to me is cruel. No girl will be unwilling to marry you, and you can be chosen by a wise girl. Yet why do I care about you after so many have already been put to death previously? Let him see for himself! Let him perish, since he has not been warned by the death of so many suitors and is driven into a boredom with life. So will he die because he wanted to live with me? Will he suffer an unworthy death as the price of love? My victory will not be one of bearable resentment. But it's NOT my fault! How I wish that you wanted to cease, or, since you are out of your mind, how I wish that you were faster! But what a youthful expression is on his boyish face! Ah! poor Hippomenes, I wish I had never been seen by you!