**2016 VJCL DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION PASSAGES**

Submitted August 2016

**2016 Girls’ Level One**

Dē Prōserpinā Latin: Our Living Heritage (1962), p. 99-100 abridged and adapted)

Prōserpina longē ā cēterīs puellīs errat. Est sōla. Plūtō puellam videt et amat et rapit. Deus puellam miseram ad Orcum portat. Prōserpina clāmat, “Quis es? Cūr mē terrēs?”

Cerēs, māter Prōserpinae, est misera et īrāta. Per silvās et campōs errat. Semper rogat, “Ubi est fīlia mea?” Tandem zōnam puellae in aquā videt. Dea īrāta incolās īnsulae pūnīre cōnstituit. “In agrīs Siciliae,” inquit, “neque flōrēs neque frūmentī cōpia erit.” (68 words)

Proserpina wanders far from the other girls. She is alone. Pluto sees and loves and grabs the girl. The god carriies the unhappy girl to the underworld. Proserpina shouts “Who are you? Why are you scaring me?”

Ceres, Proserpina’s mother, is sad and angry. Through the woods and plains she wanders; she always asks, “Where is my daughter?” Finally she sees her daughter’s belt in the water. The angry goddess decides to punish the inhabitants of the island. She says, “In the fields of Sicily there will be neither flowers nor an abundance of grain.”

**2016 Girls’ Level Two**

Tanaquil Promotes Servius Tullius Fabulae Romanae (1993), p. 37, 13-23)

Eō ferē tempore in rēgiā prōdigium mīrābile fuit. Caput puerī dormientis, cui Servius Tullius fuit nōmen, multōrum in cōnspectū ārsit. Servī, quī aquam ad restinguendam flammam ferēbant, ab rēgīnā retentī sunt. Mox cum puer ē somnō excitātus esset, flamma abiit. Tum, abductō in sēcrētum virō, Tanaquil, “Vidēsne tū hunc puerum,” inquit, “quem tam humilī cultū ēducāmus? Lūmen profectō portendit eum aliquandō nōbīs praesidiō futūrum esse. Proinde artibus līberālibus ērudiendus est.” Ingenium iuvenis vērē rēgium erat. Tarquinius igitur eī fīliam suam dēspondit.

(81 words)

About that time in the palace there was a remarkable omen. The head of a sleeping boy, whose name was Servius Tullius, caught fire in the sight of many people. The slaves who were bringing water to put out the flame were held back by the queen. Soon when the boy had been aroused from his sleep, the flame went away. Then, having removed her husband into a secret place, Tanaquil said, “Do you see this boy, whom we are bringing up from such a lowly status? Surely this light portends that he will someday be a guardian for us. Therefore he should be educated in the liberal arts.” The natural talent of the youth was truly that of a king. So Tarquin betrothed his daughter to him.

**2016 Girls’ Advanced Prose**

**Lucretia’s Suicide** Livy, Ab Urbe Condita I.58.

Collātīnus cum L. Iūniō Brūtō vēnit …. Adventū suōrum lacrimae obortae, quaerentīque virō "Satīn salvē?" "Minimē" inquit; … “Vestigia virī aliēnī, Collātīne, in lectō sunt tuō; cēterum corpus est tantum violātum, animus īnsōns; mors testis erit. Sed date dexterās fidemque haud impūne adulterō fore. Sex. est Tarquīnius quī hostis prō hospite priōre nocte vī armātus mihi sibique, sī vōs virī estis, pestiferum hinc abstulit gaudium. … Vōs … vīderitis quid illī dēbeātur: ego mē etsi peccātō absolvō, suppliciō nōn līberō; nec ūlla deinde impūdica Lucrētiae exemplō vīvet." Cultrum, quem sub veste abditum habēbat, eum in corde dēfigit, prōlāpsaque in vulnus moribunda cecidit. (102 words, abridged)

Collatinus came with Lucius Junius Brutus …. At their arrival tears arose, and she said to her husband, inquiring “Are you OK?,” “Not at all, the traces of someone else’s husband, Collatinus, are in your bed; only the rest of my body has been violated, but my mind in innocent; death will be my witness. But give me your right hands and your pledge that the adulterer will by no means find impunity. It is Sextus Tarquin who as an enemy in the disguise of a guest last night, armed with force, carried away from here foul joy for me and for himself, IF you be men! You will have seen what is due to him: although I absolve myself from the sin, I do not free myself from the punishment. Nor will any unchaste woman henceforth remain alive by the example of Lucretia.” The knife which she had hidden under her clothing she plunged in her heart, and having slipped forward, fell dying onto the wound.

**2016 Girls’ Advanced Poetry**

**Juno Submits to Jupiter’s Will Aeneid XII. 807, 818-828, 842**

Sīc dea summissō contrā Saturnia vultū: 807

“Et nunc cēdō equidem pugnāsque exōsa relinquō. 818

Illud tē, nūllā fātī quod lēge tenētur,

prō Latiō obtestor, prō māiestāte tuōrum:                820

cum iam cōnubiīs pācem fēlīcibus (estō)

compōnent, cum iam lēgēs et foedera iungent,

nē vetus indigenās nōmen mūtāre Latīnōs

neu Trōās fierī iubeās Teucrōsque vocārī

aut vōcem mūtāre virōs aut vertere vestem.                825

Sit Latium, sint Albānī per saecula rēgēs,

sit Rōmāna potēns Italā virtūte propāgō:

Occidit, occideritque sinās cum nōmine Trōia.” 828

Intereā excēdit caelō nūbemque relinquit. 842

Thus the goddess, the daughter of Saturn, spoke with downcast countenance:

“And now I certainly yield and and abandon my battles, hating to do so. I beg of you that one thing which is held by no law of Fate, for Latium, for the greatness of your peoples: soon when they will arrange peace with happy weddings (so be it!), soon when they will unite their laws and pacts, may you not order the native Latin men to change their old name or to become Trojans, or to be called Trojans, or to change their language or to wear different clothing. Let this be Latium, let Alban kings rule through the generations, let Roman offspring be powerful because of Italian courage: Troy has fallen, may you allow it to have fallen together with its name.” Meanwhile she departed from the sky and left her cloud.

**2016 Boys’ Level One**

Appius Claudius, Using Latin I, (1954), P. 158, adapted

Appius Claudius, vir clārus, in urbe Rōmā antiquā habitat. Auxiliō servōrum in senātum properat, ubi nūntius Pyrrhī stat.

Ibi dīcit, “Amīcī meī dolent quod sum caecus. Sed hodiē sum laetus quod illum nūntium in hōc locō nōn videō. Quam caecī estis, Rōmānī! Rōma est tūta; illa oppida sunt tūta! Nēmō Rōmānōs superābit! … Posteā cōpiae Rōmānae ācriter pugnābunt et Pyrrhum superābunt.” (60 words)

Appius Claudius, a famous man, lives in the ancient city of Rome. With the help of slaves he hurries into the senate, where Pyrrhus’ messenger stands.

There he says, “My friends grieve because I am blind. But today I am happy because I do not see that messenger in this place. How blind are you, Romans!! Rome is safe; those towns are safe! No one will conquer the Romans! Afterward, Roman troops will fight bravely and will conquer Pyrrhus.”

**2016 Boys’ Level Two**

The Death of Verginia Latin: Our Living Heritage, Bk I, (1962), p. 318

Rōmae prīmā lūce cīvēs in forum convēnērunt. Tum eō Verginius maestissimus fīliam ipsam cum multitūdine amīcōrum dēdūcit. Frūstrā lībertātem Verginiae petēbant. Appius, vir magnae crūdēlitātis, audīre nōluit.

Tum Verginius, “Pauca,” inquit, “cum fīliā sēcrētō dīcere volō.” Facultāte datā, fīliam dūcit ad tabernās atque ibi, ab laniō cultrō arreptō, “Hōc ūnō,” inquit, “quō possum modō, fīlia, tibi lībertātem dō.” Eō tempore pectus puellae trānsfīgit, respectānsque ad tribūnal, “Tē ipsum,” inquit, “Appī, tuumque caput hōc sanguine cōnsecrō.” (86 words)

In Rome at daybreak the citizens came together into the forum. Then a very sad Verginius leads his daughter herself there with a multitude of friends. In vain he sought freedom for Verginia. Appius, a man of great cruelty, refused to listen.

Then Verginius says, “I want to say a few words with my daughter privately.” The opportunity having been given, he leads his daughter to the shops and there, having grabbed a knife from a butcher, says, “This is the only way, my daughter, that I can give you freedom.” At that time he pierces the girl’s chest, and looking back toward the judge’s stand, says, “Appius, I sacrifice you yourself and your head with this blood.”

**2016 Boys’ Advanced Prose**

The Honesty of Fabricius Aulus Gellius, Noctēs Atticae I.14 (abridged)

Iūlius Hygīnus … lēgātōs dīcit ā Samnitibus ad C. Fābricium, imperātōrem populī Rōmānī, vēnisse, et memorātīs multīs magnīsque rēbus quae bene ac benevole post redditam pācem Samnitibus fēcisset, obtulisse dōnō grandem pecūniam ōrāsseque, uti acciperet ūterēturque. … Tum Fābricium plānās manūs ab auribus ad oculōs et īnfrā deinceps ad nārēs et ad ōs et ad gulam atque inde porro ad ventrem īmum dēdūxisse et lēgātīs ita respondisse: dum illīs omnibus membrīs, quae attigisset, obsistere atque imperāre posset, numquam quicquam dēfutūrum; proptereā sē pecūniam, quā nihil sibi esset ūsus, ab hīs, quibus eam scīret ūsuī esse, nōn accipere. (97 words)

Julius Hyginus says that envoys came from the Samnites to Gaius Fabricius, the commander of the Roman people, and, having recalled the many great things which he had done well and with good will for the Samnites after peace was restored, offered as a gift a good deal of money and begged him to accept it and use it. Then Fabricius led his open hands from his ears to his eyes, and in succession to his nostrils and to his mouth and to his throat, then onward to the bottom of his stomach, and replied thus to the envoys: As long as he was able to restrain and control all those bodily parts which he had touched, he would never lack anything; moreover, he did not accept money, which was of no use to him, from these who knew what use it was.

**2016 Boys’ Advanced Poetry**

Priam’s last words Aeneid II, 533-546 (14 lines)

Hīc Priamus, quamquam in mediā iam morte tenētur,

nōn tamen abstinuit nec vōcī īraeque pepercit:

'At tibi prō scelere,' exclāmat, 'prō tālibus ausīs               535

dī, sī qua est caelō pietās quae tālia cūret,

persolvant grātēs dignās et praemia reddant

dēbita, quī nātī cōram mē cernere lētum

fēcistī et patriōs foedāstī fūnere vultūs.

At nōn ille, satum quō tē mentīris, Achillēs               540

tālis in hoste fuit Priamō; sed iūra fidemque

supplicis ērubuit corpusque exsangue sepulcrō

reddidit Hectoreum mēque in mea rēgna remīsit.'

Sīc fātus senior tēlumque imbelle sine ictū

coniēcit, raucō quod prōtinus aere repulsum,               545

et summō clipeī nequīquam umbōne pependit.

Here Priam, although he is now held in the midst of death, nevertheless did not hold back nor spare the anger of his voice: “But for your crime,” he exclaims, “for such daring deeds, if there is any sense of duty in heaven which cares for such things, may the gods pay you worthy thanks and return due rewards to you who have made me see the death of my son before my eyes and have defiled the face of a father with death. But not even that Achilles, from whom you falsely claim that you are born, was like this in the case of his enemy Priam; but he respected the rights and faith of a suppliant and returned the lifeless body of Hector for burial and sent me back into my kingdom.” Having spoken thus, the old man hurled his useless weapon without any force, which was immediately stopped by the noisy bronze and hung uselessly from the top of the boss of the shield.