

2001 NJCL Dramatic Interpretation Level 1/2 and I Boys

Apollō filiō suō quadrīgās cum equīs ācribus dedit, et in capite ēius radiōs suōs locāvit. Prīmā lūce Phaethōn alacer in quadrīgīs patris suī superbē stābat. Equīs inquietīs sīgnum dedit, et per portās Aurōrae eōs agitāvit.

Mox puer audāx circum caelum volābat. Equī iam prope terram, iam inter stellās properābant. Omnī hōrā celeritātem augēbant. Phaethōn, puer miser, māgnopere timēbat. Mox omnibus in partibus volābat. Ubīque in terrā erant ignēs, in silvīs, in agrīs, in montibus. Flammae frūmentum dēlēvērunt. In flūminibus et in marī nūlla aqua erat.

Sed pater deōrum perīculum vīderat. Irātus fulmen contrā quadrīgās iēcit. Corpus puerī superbī in flūmen cecidit. Iuppiter filiū Apollōnis propter superbiam ēius necāverat.

“Space Trip Ends in Tragedy,” Our Latin Heritage I, (1981), pg. 169 (adapted)

Translation:

Apollo gave his son the chariot with fierce horses, and on his head he placed his own rays. At dawn, the eager Phaethon was standing proudly in his father’s chariot. He gave a signal to the restless horses, and he drove them through the gates of Dawn.

Soon the bold boy was flying around the sky. The horses hurried now near the land, now among the stars. With every hour, they increased their speed. Phaethon, an unhappy boy, was very afraid. Soon he was flying in all directions. Everywhere on the earth there were fires - in the forests, in the fields, in the mountains. The flames destroyed the grain. There was no water in the rivers and the sea.

But the father of the gods had seen the danger. He angrily hurled his thunderbolt against the chariot. The proud boy’s body fell into a river. Jupiter had killed Apollo’s son because of his pride.

2001 NJCL Dramatic Interpretation Level II Boys

Profecti sumus circa gallicinium. Luna lucebat tamquam meridie. Venimus extra vicum prope monumenta. Miles meus coepit ad monumenta accedere. Sedeo ego et canto. Deinde ut respexi ad comitem, ille omnes vestes in via posuit. Mihi anima in naso est; stibam tamquam mortuus. Ille subito lupus factus est. Nolite me iocari putare. Postquam lupus factus est, ululare coepit et in silvas fugit.

Accessi ut vestes eius tollerem. Illi autem lapidei facti sunt. Gladium strinxit et in tota via umbras cecidi donec ad villam amici mei pervenirem.

Ut intravi, paene animam ebulbivi; sudor mihi per os volabat, oculi mortui, vix umquam refectus sum. Amicus meus, "Si ante," inquit, "venisses profecto nos adiuvisses; lupus enim villam intravit et omnia pecora devoravit. Servus noster lancea collum eius traiecit."

"The Werewolf," Our Latin Heritage II, (1981), pg. 156-57 (adapted)

Translation:

We set out around cock crow. The moon was shining although (it was) midday. We came outside the village near the tombstones. My soldier began to approach the tombstones. I sat down and sang. Then as I look back at my companion, he placed all his clothes in the road. My heart is in my mouth; I was standing like a dead man. He suddenly became a wolf. Don't think I'm joking. After he became a wolf, he began to howl and fled from the forest.

I approached to pick up his clothes; however, they had become stone. I drew my sword and hacked at the shadows all along the road until I reached my friend's villa.

As I entered, I almost breathed out my last breath; perspiration was flowing across my face, my eyes were glazed, and I hardly ever recovered. My friend said, "If you had come earlier, you would surely have helped us, for a wolf entered the villa and ate up all the cattle. Our slave pierced his neck with a lance."

2001 Dramatic Interpretation Advanced Poetry Boys

“Ūtere sorte tuā. Miserī tē sī qua parentis
tangere cūra potest, ōrō (fuit et tibi tālis
Anchīsēs genitor), Daunī miserēre senectae
et mē, seu corpus spoliātum lūmine māvis, 935
redde meīs. Vīcistī, et victum tendere palmās
Ausoniī vīdēre; tua est Lāvīnia coniūnx;
ūlterius nē tende odiīs.” Stetit ācer in armīs
Aenēās volvēns oculōs dextramque repressit,
et iam iamque magis cūctantem flectere sermō 940
coeperat, infēlix umerō cum appāruit altō
balteus et nōtīs fulsērunt cingula bullīs
Pallantis puerī, victum quem vulnere Turnus
strāverat atque umerīs inimicum īnsigne gerēbat.
Ille, oculīs postquam saevī monumenta dolōris 945
exuviāsque hausit, furiīs accēnsus et irā
terribilis: “Tūne hinc, spoliīs indūte meōrum,
ēripiāre mihi? Pallās tē hōc vulnere, Pallās
immolat et poenam scelerātō ex sanguine sūmit.”
Hoc dīcēns, ferrum adversō sub pectore condit 950
fervidus; ast illī solvuntur frīgore membra,
vītaque cum gemitū fugit indignāta sub umbrās.

Vergil, Aeneid XII, 932-952

Translation:

“Take what you’ve won. If a poor father’s pain can touch you, hear me: You had a sire, Anchises - as old as mine: have mercy on white-haired Daunus. Return me - or if you will, my lifeless corpse - to my home. You’ve won; all Italy saw me beaten and on my knees; Lavinia is your wife. Press your ill will no further.” Aeneas checked a savage blow; his eye wavered, he halted; his hesitation had grown with every word. Just then at shoulder-peak he saw the baldric, proclaimed by clasp and shining studs the belt of Pallas, the lad whom Turnus fought and killed: he wore it - spoils of the fallen, an ill-starred prize. Aeneas, seeing the trophy, felt fierce pangs revive; a flame of fury and dreadful rage flared up; “Shall you escape, dressed in the spoils of those I loved? No! Pallas wounds you here; he spills your blood as price and expiation!” So saying, with savage thrust he sank the blade in Turnus’ heart: his limbs fell cold in death; and with a moan, his life, resentful, fled to the Shades below.

2001 Dramatic Interpretation Advanced Prose Boys

L. Catilīna, nōbīlī genere nātus, fuit magnā vī et animī et corporis, sed ingeniō malō prāvōque. Huic ab adulēscentiā bella intestīna, caedēs, rapīnae, discordia cīvilis grāta fuēre, ibique iuventūtem suam exercuit.

Corpus patiēns inediae, algōris, vigiliae suprā quam cuiquam crēdibile est. Animus audāx, subdolus, varius; cuius reī libet, simulātor ac dissimulātor; aliēnī appetēns, suī profūsus, ārdēns in cupiditātibus; satis ēloquentiae, sapientiae parum. Vāstus animus immoderāta, incrēdibilia, nimis alta semper cupiēbat.

Hunc post dominātiōnem L. Sullae libidō maxima invāserat reī pūblīcae capiendae, neque, id quibus modīs assequerētur, dum sibi rēgnum parāret, quicquam pēnsī habēbat. Agitābātur magis magisque in diēs animus ferōx inopiā reī familiāris et cōnscentiā scelerum, quae utraque eīs artibus auxerat, quās suprā memorāvī.

Postrēmō captus est amōre Aurēliae Orestillae, cuius praeter fōrmam nihil umquam bonus laudāvit. Quod Orestilla illī nūbere dubitābat, timēns prīvīgnum adultum aetāte, prō certō crēditur Catilīnam, necātō filiō, domum vacuam scelestīs nūptiīs fēcisse.

Sallust, Bellum Catilinae v. 1-14, xv 2-4

Translation:

Lucius Catiline, born of a noble family, was endowed with great vigor or mind and body, but by nature he was evil and depraved. From his early years, civil war, murder, pillage, and political discord were dear to his heart, and in them he trained his youth,

His frame was able to endure hunger, cold, and sleeplessness beyond belief. His spirit was bold, crafty, and treacherous; he was the pretender and concealer of anything he wished; he was covetous of the possession of others and lavish of his own, violent in his passions, and possessed of some eloquence and very little common sense. His insatiable spirit ever sought the extravagant, the incredible, and what was beyond his reach.

After the tyranny of Lucius Sulla, this man had been possessed with the greatest desire of getting control of the government, with little regard for the manner by which he could achieve it, so long as he made himself the supreme authority. Every day his fierce spirit was more and more goaded on by his poverty and his consciousness of his guilt, both of which he had increased by those qualities which I mentioned above.

Finally, he was smitten by love for Aurelia Orestilla, about whom no one decent ever praised anything except her looks. Because Orestilla hesitated to wed him, fearing a fully grown stepson, for certain it is believed that Catiline killed his own son to make his home open for this unspeakable marriage.