

XVII

FĀBULAM dē Horātiō, poētā praeclārō, nunc vōbis narrābo. Apūlia regio est Ītaliae. Multās silvās, multōs et amoenōs campōs habet. In prātīs herbōsīs multī gregēs, multa equōrum boumque armenta errant. Hīc ōlim Horātius habitābat, parvulus adhūc et mātrī patrique cārus. Forte servōs, forte patrem mātremque fefellit, et sōlus per prāta amoena errābat. Grātī puerō erant flōrēs et herba et rūra dīvīna. Mox autem puer, lūdō et errōribus fessus, in valle herbōsā iacuit et animum somnō profundō laxāvit. Intereā parentēs sollicitī puerum dīligerter quaerēbant. Et parentēs et servī vehementer timēbant. “Lupī saevī,” inquiunt, “et ursī silvās incolunt. Lupus fortasse puerum etiam nunc crūdēliter necat.” Itaque diū et dīligerter puerum quaerēbant.

amoenus, -a, -um—pleasant, lovely.

Apūlia, -ae, f.—Apulia, a district of Italy.

armentum, -i, n.—herd.

bōs, bovis, c.—ox.

crūdēliter—cruelly.

error, -ōris, m.—wandering.

fallo, 3, **fefelli**, **falsum**—I deceive, escape the notice of.

flōs, flōris, m.—flower.

fortasse—perhaps.

grex, gregis, m.—flock.
Horātius, -i, m.—Horatius, a
brave Roman.
incolo, 3, -ui—I inhabit, dwell
in.
lupus, -i, m.—wolf.
parens, -entis, c.—parent.
poëta, -ae, m.—poet.
praeclārus, -a, -um—splendid,
famous.
quaero, 3, -sivi, -situm—I seek,
look for.
regio, -ōnis, f.—region, district.
rūs, rūris, n.—country.
saevus, -a, -um—savage, cruel.
servus, -i, m.—slave.
sollicitus, -a, -um—anxious.
sōlus, -a, -um—alone, only.
ursus, -i, m.—bear.
vallis, -is, f.—valley.
vōs—you (*plural*).

The story continues in the next lesson.

Make your best attempt at translation and then compare with mine on the next page.

Remember to note any new words that are in the IGCSE syllabus word list in your notebook.

I will now tell you a story about the famous poet Horace. Apulia is a region of Italy. It has many woods and many charming fields. Many flocks and many herds of horses and cattle wander in the grassy meadows. Here Horace once lived, still young and dear to his mother and father. By chance he escaped the notice of the slaves, he escaped the notice of his mother and father and was wandering alone in the charming meadows. The flowers and grass and country gods were pleasing to the boy. Soon, however, tired by play and wandering, the boy lay down in a grassy valley and relaxed his spirit with deep sleep. Meanwhile, his anxious parents were searching diligently for the boy. "Wild wolves and bears inhabit the woods," they said, "Perhaps even now a wolf is cruelly killing him." And so they sought the boy diligently for a long time.