

GREEK MYTHS

Imitation in Writing Series
Book 3

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Moscow, Idaho

CONTENTS

Introduction	1
Instructions	3
Student Example	6
The Myths:	
Prometheus	8
Pandora	11
Apollo and Daphne	15
Pyramus and Thisbe	17
Pan	20
Io	22
Callisto	25
Phaeton	27
King Midas - The Golden Touch	31
King Midas - The Music Contest	37
Baucis and Philemon	39
Proserpine	44
Glaucus and Scylla	53
Ceyx and Halcyone	56
Cupid and Psyche	60
Cadmus	65
Echo and Narcissus	68
Minerva and Arachne	71
Oedipus	73
Atalanta	75
Daedalus	77
Orpheus and Eurydice	79
Diana and Orion	81
The Apple of Discord	83
Ulysses and the Cyclops	85
Circe's Palace	88
Ulysses Returns Home	95
Appendixes:	
Suggested Plot Summaries	i
Roman / Greek Name Chart Glossary	vii

Imitation In Writing

Background:

We are commanded in Scripture to imitate the Lord Jesus Christ. We are also commanded to imitate those brothers and sisters who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises. To imitate something or someone means:

- To do or try to do after the manner of; to follow the example of; to copy in action.
- To make or produce a copy or representation of; to copy, reproduce.
- To be, become, or make oneself like; to assume the aspect or semblance of; to simulate.

This God-sanctioned method of learning is an essential tool for educating young people. For example, how is it that we teach a child to perform simple physical skills such as throwing and catching? “Hold your hands like this. Step forward as you throw like this.” Imitation. How is it that we teach a child how to form his letters correctly? “Hold your pencil like this. Look at this ‘a’. Trace this letter. Now, you try to make an ‘a’ like this one.” Imitation. How is it that we teach art? At Logos School students learn how to paint by imitating master painters of the past. “This is a good painting. Let’s see if you can reproduce it.” Imitation. How is it that music is taught, or reading, or math? Very often the best instruction in any of these areas necessarily includes imitation. Why, when it comes to teaching young people writing, do we educators regularly neglect this effective tool?

Educators in seventeenth century England knew the value of imitation as a tool through which they could teach style, particularly in the area of writing. The primary method of imitation in these English grammar schools was called Double Translation. In a double translation the teacher would translate a Latin work into English. The student was to copy this English translation over, paying close attention to every word and its significance. Then the student was to write down the English and Latin together, one above the other, making each language answer to the other. Afterwards the student translated the original Latin to English on his own. This was the first part of the translation. The second part took place ten days afterward when the student was given his final English translation and required to turn it back into good Latin.

Benjamin Franklin wrote of a similar exercise that he employed to educate himself a century later. When he was a young man, he came across a particular piece of writing that he delighted in, *The Spectator*. *The Spectator* is a series of 555 popular essays published in 1711 and 1712. These essays were intended to improve manners and morals, raise the cultural level of the middle-class reader, and popularize serious ideas in science and philosophy. They were written well, the style was excellent, and Franklin wanted to imitate it. Here is Franklin’s method of “double translation” regarding *The Spectator*:

With that view (imitating this great work) I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted

sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them.

But he realized that he needed a greater stock of words in order to add variety and clarity of thought to his writing.

Therefore I took some of the tales in the Spectator, and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults and corrected them; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that, in particulars of small consequence, I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think that I might in time become to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.

Now the question is; "How can we employ a similar methodology?"

Imitation In Writing

GREEK MYTHS

Instructions:

1. **READ SILENTLY:** Have the students read the myth quietly to themselves, paying close attention to the story line. When they are done, they should underline the vocabulary words and describe the characters. Discuss, by means of questioning, who the characters are in the myth and what took place.
2. **STUDENT READS MYTH:** Choose a student to come to the front of the class and read the entire myth while the class follows along. (Variation: To develop listening and note taking skills try reading the myth to your students without giving them a copy of it.)
3. **ORAL RETELLING:** The teacher calls on individual students to retell the myth in their own words. These oral summaries should be short and to the point.
4. **VOCABULARY:** Call on one student for each of the vocabulary words. That student will read the sentence in which the word is found, providing context, and then define the word for the class. Occasionally the student definition will need to be modified by the teacher so that it is an exact match with the vocabulary word in the myth. One word definitions work well. The idea here is to provide the students with a synonym for each vocabulary word which could be substituted into the sentence without distorting the meaning. Have the students write the definition of each word on the blank provided.
5. **OUTLINE THE PLOT:** Initially this activity should be guided by the teacher and completed as a class. Providing every other simple sentence or phrase for each scene is helpful for younger students. There is some room for variation in the exact wording of the sentence or phrase. The rules are that each sentence or phrase must be three to four words long and represent a significant chronological event in that scene. From time to time the students will come up with a better sentence or phrase than the one provided in the Suggested Plot Summaries at the back of this book. Use it, by all means.
6. **CHARACTERS:** At this point the students will list the main characters in the story and write a few descriptive words about each.
7. **ADDITIONAL REQUIREMENTS:** Discuss any additional requirements and have the students write them on the blanks provided at the bottom of each worksheet. For examples of additional requirements see EXCELLENCE IN WRITING @ 800-856-5815 (stylistic techniques, dress-ups, sentence openers, etc...) or teach your students figures of speech and require that they use them in their own writing (metaphor, simile, synecdoche, hyperbole, onomatopoeia, rhetorical question, personification, pun, oxymoron, alliteration).

8. PASS IN ORIGINAL MYTH: Before the students begin rewriting the myth, they must pass the original one in. Some students will want to read through the myth one more time to better understand what the whole thing is all about.

9. WRITE FIRST DRAFT: The students are now ready to rewrite the myth using their outlines to guide them. I allow my students to change the characters and some of the incidentals of the story in their rewrites as long as the plot is identifiable. The exceptionally good writers in the class will thrive off of this opportunity to be innovative. The students who are less comfortable with writing will tend to stick to the same characters and incidentals, which is fine. All of the vocabulary words must be used correctly and underlined in the rewrite. The students should skip lines on the first draft to allow room for editing.

10. PARENTS EDIT: Students take their rewrites home to complete the first draft and then they have their parents edit it. This is most profitable when the parents sit down with the student and edit the myth together. Guidelines for editing can be sent home at the beginning of the year or communicated at “Back to School Night” so that parents know what is expected.

11. FINAL DRAFT: Time in class can be provided for the students to work on the final draft. The students should not skip lines. I allow the students to draw an illuminated letter at the beginning of their story if they like.

12. GRADING: There is a grading sheet included which can be duplicated, cut out, completed, and stapled to each student’s rewrite. This will help the teacher to focus on the essential aspects of the composition as he is grading it and will provide specific feedback to the student and parents regarding which areas will need more attention in the future. If you have a different policy for grading writing assignments then simply disregard the grading sheet.

GREEK MYTHS

1 st Draft/Worksheet	10	_____
Handwriting	10	_____
Vocab. Usage	20	_____
Content (style, structure...)	30	_____
Mechanics (spell, punct...)	30	_____

Total	100	_____
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1 st Draft/Worksheet	10	_____
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Total	100	_____
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Student Example:

Name: Seth Bloomsburg

Date: January 12, 2000

PANDORA

I. Vocabulary: Underline the following words in the myth and define them below.

- vexation: annoyance
- contrivance: invention
- sage: wise
- lamentable: regrettable or mournful
- personage: notable person

II. Plot: Write a simple sentence or phrase to describe the main actions that take place in each scene.

THAT TEMPTING BOX	PANDORA GIVES IN	TROUBLES ESCAPE
1. Pandora enters cottage. 2. Pandora sees box. 3. Epimetheus warns Pandora.	1. Pandora unties knot. 2. Epimetheus gathers flowers. 3. Epimetheus watches Pandora.	1. Pandora opens box. 2. People are stung. 3. Hopes cures wounds.

III. Characters: List and briefly describe the main characters in this myth.

Pandora: curious, unwise

Epimetheus: guilty, foolish

Hope: nice, diminutive

IV. Rewrite this myth. Be sure to:

- Include and underline all of the vocabulary words in your rewrite.
- Write at least three separate paragraphs, one for each scene.
- Include the following additional requirements:

Student Example:

PANDORA

(Rewritten by Seth Bloomsburg - 6th Grade)

There once lived a boy named Epimetheus, who was parentless. All he had was a box which he was told never to open. The box was beautifully crafted. Its lock was quite a contrivance; it was made of gold cord and the knot apparently had no end nor beginning. Anyway, there was another child named Pandora, who was likewise parentless. Pandora soon came to live in Epimetheus' house. Coming into the house, the box caught her eye. Epimetheus gave sage speeches telling her not to open the box. Living there with the box, though, made her vexations with it grow. She wished to open it more everyday. Angrily, she cursed it and called it ugly more than once.

Unfortunately, one day it got to be too much. She had to open it. Quietly she crept into Epimetheus' room and walked towards the box. She had barely touched the knot when, like magic, the cord untied itself. She tried to retie it, but to no avail. During this time Epimetheus was gathering flowers to make a wreath for Pandora's head. He was thinking of creeping in very quietly to surprise her, but he may as well have stomped through like a raging storm for it would not have made a difference. She was so enraptured by the box that she didn't notice her surroundings. When he opened the door, he saw a very different sight than he anticipated. He saw that Pandora had untied the cord. Since he didn't even try to stop her from opening the box, he was probably just as guilty. She opened it.

The next moment something very lamentable happened. Swarms of vile, winged creatures spilled forth. Pandora instantly shut the box. Pandora and Epimetheus were both stung. One time Epimetheus saved Pandora by brushing a creature away. They were finally able to open some windows, hoping to get rid of the creatures, yet this only spread them throughout the world. These Troubles and Angers and Passions would wreak havoc on the world. Neither of the two smiled for days, but one day Pandora heard a knock on the lid of the box, with a voice saying, "Let me out!" "Should I open it?" Pandora asked. "You've already done so much damage. What difference could another evil make?" Epimetheus stated. So, Pandora opened the box and out came a small personage that looked like a fairy. "Who are you?" inquired Pandora. "I am Hope," the fairy said. Then it kissed Pandora on the head and touched Epimetheus' wounds and they were healed. "I was put in that box because it was destined to be opened someday and when it was I would heal the wounds of those afflicted by the evils. Sometimes it will seem that I have utterly vanished, but I'm always here."

PROMETHEUS

I

Prometheus was one of the Titans, a gigantic race who had fought with the gods of Olympus and were conquered. To him and his brother Epimetheus was committed the office of providing man and all the animals with the faculties necessary for their preservation. Jupiter, king of the gods, put a great store of gifts at their disposal, and Epimetheus at once set to work to allot these to the different animals while Prometheus overlooked and directed his work. Epimetheus accordingly proceeded to bestow upon the various animals the gifts of courage, strength, swiftness, sagacity, and patience. He gave wings to one, claws to another, a shell covering to a third. To some he gave teeth, to some beaks, and to some tusks. Each animal was endowed with characteristics as Epimetheus saw fit. Soon it became apparent that he had been too generous with the store entrusted to him by Jupiter. Great as the store had been, it was now exhausted; and man had not yet received his gift.

Prometheus regretted this error deeply. He longed to give man a gift worthy of his upright stature. He thought long of what he could bestow upon man, and at last a great and terrible idea came into his mind. "In the dwelling of the gods," he thought, "is the divine fire which helps to make them all-powerful. On the earth no fire exists; if only I could obtain some and bestow it upon men, all that I desire might be accomplished." Then he reminded himself, "Jupiter would never consent to give to man a portion of fire. I must not dream of such a thing."

Yet Prometheus could not drive the idea from his mind. By day and by night he brooded over it, debating how the fire could be obtained. Could he steal it from the abode of the gods? The very thought brought terror. Swift and merciless would be the vengeance of Jupiter on such a thief. Yet, once the fire was given to man, even Jupiter could not take it back. Man would be raised forever above the beasts. If this could be done it would not matter what tortures Jupiter would inflict. Would not the thought of his deed comfort him in his pain so that he would triumph still?

II

For many days Prometheus brooded over his great plan, until he quite lost sight of his own certain punishment in the splendid vision that rose before him of man inspired and ennobled by fire. At last he determined to undertake the great adventure. He chose a night when heavy clouds hung across the sky. In the thick darkness he set out, going softly and stealthily across the plains lest anyone should meet and question him. At the foot of Olympus he paused and looked upward to where he knew the shining city of the gods stood. Then with dogged courage he went up and up, climbing steadily until he passed through the dark enfolding clouds and stood in the clear and lovely light that shone upon the dwelling-place of the gods. Prometheus remembered the peril and greatness of his errand and wasted not another instant in gazing on the glories of that heavenly realm. Everything was quiet, and he could see no watchmen on the shining walls. Treading quickly and lightly for all his great stature, he passed into the city which none except the gods might enter, on pain of death.

In a moment he was out again, carrying a reed which he had lighted at the fire of the immortals. The great deed was done.

Back by the way he had come went Prometheus, guarding with fearful care that wavering flame. If anyone had seen that small point of light traveling through the night's blackness there would have been great marvel and questioning, for no light save that of the sun and moon and stars had ever shone on the earth. But none saw him, and he returned safely with the flame.

Yet Prometheus knew that he had not escaped and that his punishment was certain. It could not be long before Jupiter would discover that there was fire upon the earth and to find the thief would be an easy task. Then his swift and terrible bolt would fall. The assurance of this did not frighten Prometheus or lead him to extinguish the fire. He had counted the cost beforehand and was prepared to pay to the

uttermost. Now he only felt a great desire to spread the fire through all the world.

So he began and labored without ceasing. He revealed to man the divine fire and showed him how it would help him in his work, how it would burn wood and melt metals and fashion tools, how it would cook food and make life bearable in the frozen days of winter, and how it would give light in darkness so that men might labor and travel in the night-time as well as by day.

And fire did also a greater work than all these. It gave inspiration and enthusiasm and urged men on to gain higher and greater things. The whole earth thrilled with man's activities, and in the midst moved Prometheus, teaching, guiding, opening out before men's delighted eyes fresh fields for effort and attainment.

Jupiter, being occupied with other things, looked but little upon the earth at that time, but there came a day when the points of light scattered over its surface caught his attention, and with a shock of terrible anger he realized that daring hands had stolen heaven's fire. In a voice that sent echoing thunders throughout the earth Jupiter made his accusation and heaven and earth trembled. Jupiter was certain that no mortal could have put his foot over the shining threshold of the gods, and very soon his suspicions rested on the mighty Titan Prometheus. Prometheus was summoned and appeared before him. "Who is it that has stolen fire from heaven?" thundered Jupiter; and the Titan calmly answered, "It is I."

III

Then the anger of Jupiter turned to fury, and he seized a thunderbolt to destroy the daring thief; but Prometheus stood so calmly, holding his head high and looking at death with such fearless eyes, that Jupiter dropped his bolt and asked in wonder, "Why did you do this thing?"

"Because," answered Prometheus, "I loved man; I longed to give him some gift that would raise him high above the brute creation. I knew of nought else that could do this save fire from heaven, and to ask the boon from you, O Jupiter, would have been to ask in vain. So I scaled the walls of your city and lit my reed at the flame, and now all over the earth fires are kindled. Not all your power can put out those fires or bring men back to the easy content which marks the beasts of the field."

As Jupiter listened to these proud words his fury died, and there came in its place a cold and bitter hatred of the being who had thus defied his power; so that he no longer thought of hurling a thunderbolt, deeming that it would bring a death too easy for the deserving of such a rebel. He wished to see Prometheus suffer slow and awful and unending tortures, that would not only wring his body but would seize on his proud spirit and lay it low in agony. So he called to his son, Vulcan, the god of the forge who had marvelous skill in the working of metals.

"Take this Titan, this Prometheus, and stretch him upon a rock and fasten him to it with chains that cannot be broken. There shall he lie through endless ages, and none shall succor him. Also I will send an eagle who each day shall devour his liver, causing him fearful torments; and each night the liver shall grow again, so that in the morning his sufferings may be renewed."

The gods of Olympus were used to Jupiter's fits of passion and to the terrible punishments that he ordered for those who resisted his will; but at this sentence, which condemned Prometheus to unending agony, even they were aghast. But the Titan himself stood calm and proud, never flinching as he heard the dreadful words.

"Let it be so, O tyrant," he said; "because you are strong you are merciless. My theft has done you no harm; there is still fire to spare on Olympus. Chain me to the rock and leave me to my cruel fate."

By this time Vulcan had come with his dusky servants, the Cyclopes, to carry out his father's will. Prometheus did not resist but allowed the god to bear him to his place of punishment. There they fastened him to the rock with chains that could not be broken, and left him to lie without shelter from the sun or the rain and with none to succor him through countless ages.

Name: _____

Date: _____

PROMETHEUS

I. Vocabulary: Underline the following words in the myth and define them below.

sagacity: _____

ennobled: _____

realm: _____

succor: _____

aghast: _____

II. Plot: Write a simple sentence or phrase to describe the main actions that take place in each scene.

GIFT FOR MAN?
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

THE CRIME COMMITTED
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

THE PUNISHMENT
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

III. Characters: List and briefly describe the main characters in this myth.

IV. Rewrite this myth. Be sure to:

Include and underline all of the vocabulary words in your rewrite.

Write at least three separate paragraphs, one for each scene.

Include the following additional requirements:

PANDORA

I

Long, long ago, there was a child, named Epimetheus, who didn't have a father or mother; and, that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country to live with him and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box. And the first question which she put to him was this, "Epimetheus, what have you in that box?"

"My dear little Pandora," answered Epimetheus, "that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not myself know what it contains."

"But who gave it to you?" asked Pandora. "And where did it come from?"

"That is a secret, too," replied Epimetheus.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Pandora. "I wish the great ugly box were out of the way!"

"Oh come, don't think of it any more," cried Epimetheus. "Let us run out of doors and play with the other children."

Pandora played for a while but when she came in there was the box. Every day Pandora's vexation with the box increased until the cottage of Epimetheus and Pandora was less sunshiny than those of other children.

"Whence can the box have come?" Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. "And what in the world can be inside of it?"

One day, after Epimetheus had gone out to play, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly, above a hundred times; but, in spite of all that she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture and would have been quite an ornament to any room in which it should be placed. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it.

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened, not by a lock nor by any other such contrivance, but by a very intricate knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot, and no beginning. By the very difficulty that there was in it, Pandora was the more tempted to examine the knot and just see how it was made.

"I really believe," said she to herself, "that I begin to see how it was done. Nay, perhaps I could tie it up again, after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, surely. I need not open the box and should not, of course, without the consent of Epimetheus, even if the knot were untied."

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do so as not to be so constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life then that they had really a great deal too much leisure. When life is all sport, toil is the real play.

II

On this particular day, however, her curiosity grew so great that, at last, she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could. Ah, naughty Pandora!

She took the golden knot in her fingers and pried into its intricacies as sharply as she could. Almost without intending it, or quite knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Then, by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of a twist, which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untwined itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot but soon found it quite beyond her skill.

Nothing was to be done, therefore, but to let the box remain until Epimetheus should come in.

"But," said Pandora, "when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?"

And then the thought came into her naughty little heart, that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do so at once. Oh, foolish Pandora!

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing.

Epimetheus had been playing with other children and at length judged it time to return home to Pandora. With a hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers and made them into a wreath which he meant to put upon Pandora's head.

Epimetheus entered the cottage softly; for he meant to steal behind Pandora and fling the wreath of flowers over her head before she should be aware of his approach. As it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased, as heavily as an elephant, without much probability of Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose. At the moment of his entering the cottage, the naughty child had put her hand to the lid and was on the point of opening the mysterious box. Epimetheus beheld her. If he had cried out, Pandora would probably have withdrawn her hand, and the mystery of the box might never have been known.

But Epimetheus himself had his own share of curiosity to know what was inside. Perceiving that Pandora was resolved to find out the secret, he determined that his playfellow should not be the only wise person in the cottage. Thus, after all his sage speeches to Pandora about restraining her curiosity, Epimetheus turned out to be quite as foolish, and nearly as much in fault, as she.

III

Epimetheus watched as Pandora lifted the lid nearly upright and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus, with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried he. "Naughty Pandora! why have you opened this wicked box?"

Pandora let fall the lid and, starting up, looked about her to see what had befallen Epimetheus. She heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies or gigantic mosquitoes were darting about. Then she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes, with bats' wings, looking abominably spiteful and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no less pain than her playfellow. An odious little monster had settled on her forehead and would have stung her if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be, which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you that they were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; a great many species of Cares; more than a hundred and fifty Sorrows; Diseases; and more kinds of Naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about. In short, everything that has since afflicted the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in the mysterious box and given to Epimetheus and Pandora to be kept safely, in order that the world might never be molested by them. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well.

But these Troubles have obtained a foothold among us and do not seem very likely to be driven away in a hurry. For it was impossible, as you will easily guess, that the two children should keep the ugly swarm in their own little cottage. On the contrary, the first thing that they did was to fling open the doors and windows in hopes of getting rid of them; and, sure enough, away flew the winged Troubles all abroad and so pestered and tormented people everywhere, that none of them so much as smiled for many days afterwards.

Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora, and hardly less naughty Epimetheus, remained in their cottage. Both of them had been grievously stung and were in a good deal of pain.

Suddenly there was a gentle little tap on the inside of the lid.

"What can that be?" cried Pandora, lifting her head.

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy's hand knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora with a little of her former curiosity. "Who are you inside of this naughty box?"

A sweet little voice spoke from within, "Only lift the lid, and you shall see."

And, indeed, there was a kind of cheerful witchery in the tone that made it almost impossible to refuse anything which this little voice asked.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, to be sure I have," answered he, but in no very good-humor as yet. "And what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you please," said Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already, that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world can make no very great difference."

So Pandora again lifted the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage. She flew to Epimetheus and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

After performing these good offices, the bright stranger fluttered sportively over the children's heads and looked so sweetly at them that they both began to think it not so very much amiss to have opened the box, since, otherwise, their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure. "And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into the box to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles which was destined to be let loose among them.

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "forever and ever?"

"As long as you need me," said Hope with her pleasant smile. "There may come times and seasons when you will think that I have utterly vanished. But again and again, when you least dream of it, you shall see the glimmer of my wings on the ceiling of your cottage."

And so it is that, whatever evils are abroad, hope never entirely leaves us; and while we have that, no amount of other ills can make us completely wretched.

Name: _____

Date: _____

PANDORA

I. Vocabulary: Underline the following words in the myth and define them below.

vexation: _____

contrivance: _____

sage: _____

lamentable: _____

personage: _____

II. Plot: Write a simple sentence or phrase to describe the main actions that take place in each scene.

THAT TEMPTING BOX
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

PANDORA GIVES IN
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

TROUBLES ESCAPE
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

III. Characters: List and briefly describe the main characters in this myth.

IV. Rewrite this myth. Be sure to:

Include and underline all of the vocabulary words in your rewrite.

Write at least three separate paragraphs, one for each scene.

Include the following additional requirements:

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

I

One day after Apollo had killed the enormous serpent Python with his arrows, he was strolling through the woods and spied Cupid. Apollo noticed that the boy was playing with his bow and arrows; and, being himself elated with his recent victory over Python, he taunted him, "What have you to do with warlike weapons you young boy? Leave them for hands worthy of them. Be content with your torch, child, and kindle up your flames, as you call them, where you will, but presume not to meddle with my weapons with which I slew the great serpent."

Venus's boy heard these words and rejoined, "Your arrows may strike all things else, Apollo, but mine shall strike you."

II

So saying, he took his stand on a high rock and drew from his quiver two arrows of different workmanship, one to excite love, the other to repel it. The former was of gold and sharp pointed. Anyone struck with this arrow would fall in love with the first person he saw instantly. The second arrow was blunt and tipped with lead. A person struck with this arrow would run from love. With the leaden shaft he struck the nymph Daphne and with the golden one Apollo, through the heart. Forthwith the god was seized with love for the maiden, and she abhorred the thought of loving.

Her delight was in woodland sports and in the spoils of the chase. Lovers sought her, but she spurned them all. Her father, who was the river god Peneus, often said to her, "Daughter, you owe me a son-in-law; you owe me grandchildren." She would throw her arms around her father's neck and say, "Dearest father, grant me this favor, that I may always remain unmarried, like Diana." At last Peneus consented to help her avoid potential suitors and to never make her marry.

Now Apollo loved her and longed to obtain her for his wife. He followed her, but she fled, swifter than the wind, and delayed not a moment at his entreaties. "Stay," said he, "I am not a foe. Do not fly me as a lamb flies the wolf or a dove the hawk. It is for love I pursue you. You make me miserable, for fear you should fall and hurt yourself on these stones, and I should be the cause. Remember, I am no clown and no rude peasant. Jupiter is my father and I am the god of song and the lyre. My arrows fly true to the mark; but, alas! an arrow more fatal than mine has pierced my heart! I suffer a malady that no balm can cure!"

III

The nymph continued her flight and left his plea half uttered. And even as she fled she charmed him. The god grew impatient to find his wooings thrown away and gained upon her in the race. Her strength began to fail, and, ready to sink, she called upon her father the river god, "Help me, Father! open the earth to enclose me or change my form which has brought me into this danger!" Scarcely had she spoken when a stiffness seized all her limbs; her body began to be enclosed in a tender bark; her hair became leaves; her arms became branches; her foot stuck fast in the ground as a root; her face became a tree-top, retaining nothing of its former self but its beauty; Apollo stood amazed. He touched the stem and felt the flesh tremble under the new bark. He embraced the branches and kissed the wood. The branches shrank from his lips. "Since you cannot be my wife," said he, "you shall assuredly be my tree. I will wear you for my crown; I will use your wood for my harp and my quiver; and when the great Roman conquerors lead up the triumphal pomp to the Capitol, you shall be woven into wreaths for their brows. As eternal youth is mine, you also shall be always green, and your leaf know no decay." The nymph, now changed into a Laurel tree, bowed its head in grateful acknowledgment.

Name: _____

Date: _____

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

I. Vocabulary: Underline the following words in the myth and define them below.

spied: _____

forthwith: _____

potential: _____

entreaties: _____

malady: _____

II. Plot: Write a simple sentence or phrase to describe the main actions that take place in each scene.

THE TAUNT
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

CUPID STRIKES
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

THE TRANSFORMATION
1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

III. Characters: List and briefly describe the main characters in this myth.

IV. Rewrite this myth. Be sure to:

Include and underline all of the vocabulary words in your rewrite.

Write at least three separate paragraphs, one for each scene.

Include the following additional requirements:

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

I

Pyramus was the handsomest youth and Thisbe the fairest maiden in all Babylonia. Their parents occupied adjoining houses. The neighborhood brought the young people together, and the acquaintance ripened into love. They would gladly have married, but their parents forbade it. One thing, however, they could not forbid - that love should glow with equal ardor in the bosoms of both. They conversed by signs and glances, and the fire burned more intensely for being covered up. In the wall that parted the two houses there was a crack, caused by some fault in the structure. No one had remarked it before, but the lovers discovered it. What will not love discover! It afforded a passage to the voice; and tender messages used to pass backward and forward through the gap. As they stood, Pyramus on this side, Thisbe on that, their breaths would mingle. "Cruel wall," they said, "why do you keep two lovers apart? But we will not be ungrateful. We owe you, we confess, the privilege of transmitting loving words to willing ears." Such words they uttered on different sides of the wall; and when night came and they had to say farewell, they pressed their lips upon the wall, she on her side, he on his, as they could come no nearer.

II

One morning, when Aurora had put out the stars and the sun had melted the frost from the grass, they met at their accustomed spot. Then, after lamenting their hard fate, they agreed that the next night, when all was still, they would slip away from watchful eyes, leave their dwellings, and walk out into the fields. To insure a meeting, they would meet at a well-known edifice standing without the city's bounds, called the Tomb of Ninus, and the one who came first would await the other at the foot of a certain tree. It was a white mulberry tree and stood near a cool spring. All was agreed on, and they waited impatiently for the sun to go down beneath the waters and night to rise up from them. Then cautiously Thisbe stole forth, unobserved by the family, her head covered with a veil, made her way to the monument, and sat down under the tree. As she sat alone in the dim light of the evening she descried a lioness, her jaws reeking with recent slaughter, approaching the fountain to slake her thirst. Thisbe fled at the sight and sought refuge in the hollow of a rock. As she fled she dropped her veil. The lioness, after drinking at the spring, turned to retreat to the woods and, seeing the veil on the ground, tossed and rent it with her bloody mouth.

III

Pyramus, having been delayed, now approached the place of meeting. He saw in the sand the footsteps of the lion and the color fled from his cheeks at the sight. Presently he found the veil all rent and bloody. "O hapless girl," said he, "I have been the cause of thy death! Thou, more worthy of life than I, hast fallen the first victim. I will follow. I am the guilty cause, in tempting thee forth to a place of such peril and not being myself on the spot to guard thee. Come forth, ye lions, from the rocks and tear this guilty body with your teeth." He took up the veil, carried it with him to the appointed tree, and covered it with kisses and with tears. "My blood also shall stain your texture," said he and, drawing his sword, plunged it into his heart. The blood spurted from the wound and tinged the white mulberries of the tree all red; and sinking into the earth reached the roots so that the red color mounted through the trunk to the fruit.

By this time Thisbe, still trembling with fear yet wishing not to disappoint her lover, stepped cautiously forth, looking anxiously for the youth, eager to tell him the danger she had escaped. When she came to the spot and saw the changed color of the mulberries she doubted whether it was the same place. While she hesitated she saw the form of one struggling in the agonies of death. She started back,

a shudder ran through her frame as a ripple on the face of the still water when a sudden breeze sweeps over it. But as soon as she recognized her lover, she screamed and beat her breast, embracing the lifeless body, pouring tears into its wounds, and imprinting kisses on the cold lips. "O Pyramus," she cried, "what has done this? Answer me, Pyramus; it is your own Thisbe that speaks. Hear me, dearest, and lift that drooping head!" At the name of Thisbe Pyramus opened his eyes then closed them again. She saw her veil stained with blood and the scabbard empty of its sword. "Thy own hand has slain thee, and for my sake," she said. "I too can be brave for once, and my love is as strong as thine. I will follow thee in death, for I have been the cause; and death which alone could part us shall not prevent my joining thee. And ye, unhappy parents of us both, deny us not our united request. As love and death have joined us, let one tomb contain us. And thou, tree, retain the marks of slaughter. Let thy berries still serve for memorials of our blood." So saying she plunged the sword into her breast. Her parents ratified her wish; the gods also ratified it. The two bodies were buried in one sepulcher, and the tree ever after brought forth purple berries, as it does to this day.