**Text Set #1: Artemis and Actaeon**

**Original Text**

**"The Story of Artemis and Actaeon"**

In ancient times, there lived a young hunter named Actaeon, whose fate intertwined with the mighty goddess Artemis. Actaeon was renowned for his unmatched skills and unwavering love for the wild. One fateful day, as he ventured deep into the heart of the forest, he unknowingly stumbled upon a sacred grove where Artemis and her nymphs bathed in a crystal-clear pool.

As Actaeon laid his eyes upon the enchanting sight, he was struck by the goddess's divine beauty. Little did he know that gazing upon Artemis's sacred form was an act of audacity and trespassing. In her fury, Artemis, protector of purity and chastity, sprinkled Actaeon with water, instantly transforming him into a majestic stag.

Suddenly, Actaeon found himself trapped in a body not his own, surrounded by the very hounds he once commanded. The once mighty hunter was now the prey of his own loyal companions. Confused and terrified, he darted through the woods, desperately trying to escape the relentless pursuit of his own dogs.

Artemis, who watched Actaeon's tragic transformation unfold, felt a mixture of sorrow and anger. Although she had avenged her violated sanctity, she couldn't help but mourn the downfall of a once-skilled and passionate hunter. Actaeon's fate served as a stark reminder of the consequences that befell those who dared to invade the sacred realms of the gods.

In the end, Actaeon's valiant struggle came to a sorrowful end. His loyal hounds, now overtaken by instinct, tore him apart with merciless ferocity. Thus, Actaeon, the hunter who unknowingly trespassed upon Artemis's sacred domain, met his tragic demise, a chilling reminder of the wrath of the gods and the boundaries that mortals must never cross.

**Poem #1**

"Artemis of the Hunt"

by Forcythe Wilson

All can see, in the shining places,  
Vestiges of her classic graces;  
Where her footsteps, fleet and stark,  
Have beautifully embossed the dark.

We know indeed, that the stately and golden  
Antlers, hunters and heroes olden,  
Wood-nymph, satyr, and sylvan faun.—  
Goddess and stag, are gone!—all gone!  
But still,—as strange as it may appear,—

Sometimes when the nights are bright and clear,  
The long-breathed hounds are heard to bay  
Over the hills and far away!  
And lovers who walk at Love’s high Noon,  
See something flash in the light of the moon,

As a shining stag swept through the sky,  
And the chase of the goddess were up, on high.  
But be this as it may, in sooth,  
It is only in the pursuit of Truth,  
That the Soul shall overtake and possess

The most exalted Happiness.

**Poem #2**

"Artemis to Actaeon"

by Edith Wharton

THOU couldst not look on me and live: so runs

The mortal legend—thou that couldst not live

Nor look on me (so the divine decree)!

That saw'st me in the cloud, the wave, the bough,

The clod commoved with April, and the shapes

Lurking 'twixt lid and eye-ball in the dark.

Mocked I thee not in every guise of life,

Hid in girls' eyes, a naiad in her well,

Wooed through their laughter, and like echo fled,

Luring thee down the primal silences

Where the heart hushes and the flesh is dumb?

Nay, was not I the tide that drew thee out

Relentlessly from the detaining shore,

Forth from the home-lights and the hailing voices,

Forth from the last faint headland's failing line,

Till I enveloped thee from verge to verge

And hid thee in the hollow of my being?

And still, because between us hung the veil,

The myriad-tinted veil of sense, thy feet

Refused their rest, thy hands the gifts of life,

Thy heart its losses, lest some lesser face

Should blur mine image in thine upturned soul

Ere death had stamped it there. This was thy thought.

And mine?

The gods, they say, have all: not so!

This have they—flocks on every hill, the blue

Spirals of incense and the amber drip

Of lucid honey-comb on sylvan shrines,

First-chosen weanlings, doves immaculate,

Twin-cooing in the osier-plaited cage,

And ivy-garlands glaucous with the dew:

Man's wealth, man's servitude, but not himself!

And so they pale, for lack of warmth they wane,

Freeze to the marble of their images,

And, pinnacled on man's subserviency,

Through the thick sacrificial haze discern

Unheeding lives and loves, as some cold peak

Through icy mists may enviously descry

Warm vales unzoned to the all-fruitful sun.

So they along an immortality

Of endless-envistaed homage strain their gaze,

If haply some rash votary, empty-urned,

But light of foot, with all-adventuring hand,

Break rank, fling past the people and the priest,

Up the last step, on to the inmost shrine,

And there, the sacred curtain in his clutch,

Drop dead of seeing—while the others prayed!

Yes, this we wait for, this renews us, this

Incarnates us, pale people of your dreams,

Who are but what you make us, wood or stone,

Or cold chryselephantine hung with gems,

Or else the beating purpose of your life,

Your sword, your clay, the note your pipe pursues,

The face that haunts your pillow, or the light

Scarce visible over leagues of labouring sea!

O thus through use to reign again, to drink

The cup of peradventure to the lees,

For one dear instant disimmortalised

In giving immortality!

So dream the gods upon their listless thrones.

Yet sometimes, when the votary appears,

With death-affronting forehead and glad eyes,

Too young, they rather muse, too frail thou art,

And shall we rob some girl of saffron veil

And nuptial garland for so slight a thing?

And so to their incurious loves return.

Not so with thee; for some indeed there are

Who would behold the truth and then return

To pine among the semblances—but I

Divined in thee the questing foot that never

Revisits the cold hearth of yesterday

Or calls achievement home. I from afar

Beheld thee fashioned for one hour's high use,

Nor meant to slake oblivion drop by drop.

Long, long hadst thou inhabited my dreams,

Surprising me as harts surprise a pool,

Stealing to drink at midnight; I divined

Thee rash to reach the heart of life, and lie

Bosom to bosom in occasion's arms.

And said: Because I love thee thou shalt die!

For immortality is not to range

Unlimited through vast Olympian days,

Or sit in dull dominion over time;

But this—to drink fate's utmost at a draught,

Nor feel the wine grow stale upon the lip,

To scale the summit of some soaring moment,

Nor know the dulness of the long descent,

To snatch the crown of life and seal it up

Secure forever in the vaults of death!

And this was thine: to lose thyself in me,

Relive in my renewal, and become

The light of other lives, a quenchless torch

Passed on from hand to hand, till men are dust

And the last garland withers from my shrine.