



The Consul

The Latin Newspaper for all your Latin needs!



Ed. 1 Aug 2015

Salvete, omnes!

Welcome back to school and another great year of the MHS Latin Club! And a special welcome to the new Latin I's. You're about to be initiated into the joy and terror that is Miramonte Latin--learning how Venus was *really* born, chanting the Exegi Rap, giving sacrifices to the gods for Augustus's birthday, beating out every other school at Ludi for Spirit, singing your lungs out at Christmas Caroling, and helping Miramonte win State Convention--again! Latin Club is like any other enthusiastic, welcoming, mildly crazy extended family: we might seem weird to you now, but I promise, we just get weirder.

There are a lot of cool events planned for this year. Next month we're having a lunchtime Pasta Feed (we need parent volunteers to cook and bring food for this, so ask yours if they're interested!) and of course we're celebrating Augustus's birthday with our usual auguries, cattle sacrifices, and student-acted plays. And there are other things to get involved in: our Dux Equitum Grant Churchill is arranging some fun community service events, and our Dux Certaminis Jordan Grelling is leading Certamen practice on Tuesdays at lunch in Davis's room. (Latin I's: Certamen is basically Latin grammar/history/mythology jeopardy complete with buzzers, state championships, and intense concentration faces.) Anyone who wants to play can come, and we do need people to join the Latin I team, so bring your friends and come see what being a Certamenator is all about.

You can also write for the Consul--and you can get magis for doing so. Our Consul editors are producing an online Consul twice monthly. Share your submissions on Google Drive with MiramonteConsul@gmail.com.

That's it for now. Go Mats, and *lingua Latina est vita!*

Ellie Reed and Sophie Hammond
Caesar and Secundus Caesar

Edited by Jessica Guo
& Erica Stephan



Q & As with Jessica

My birthday is next month and I want it to be Latin themed. What Roman holidays happen in September?

September is a month to relax and play games for the Romans. The only Roman holiday is *Ludi Romani* (The Roman Games). These include all kinds of sports, free entertainment, chariot races, etc—all things we will be doing at *Ludi* on October 31 this year.

What animal should I sacrifice to the gods for a good grade on my next English test?

Following Mr. Davis's suggestions, I would recommend a nice fluffy cow. A sacred cow. Not the super nice cows, but more like a mean cow. We can provide you with one Wednesdays at lunch in room 184.

Is there any good Latin music?

Certainly, you can find the Exegi Rap on YouTube or MD's twitter.

Who's MD?

Magister Davis, Mr. Davis, or Matt Davis, one of our esteemed Latin teachers.

What's Mr. Davis's twitter handle?

It is @MagisterDavis1. Feel free to follow him.

Will there be food at Latin club meetings?

As long as you bring lunch, we can guarantee that you will have food to eat. And there will be cookies.

Any burning questions related to Latin you need answered? Submit them to miramonte.consul@gmail.com and they will be answered in the next edition of the Consul.

Want Magis?

Have a deep longing to spread Latin lore?

Make awesome art or comics?

If you answered yes, maybe, or no to any of these questions, then you should write articles for the Consul!

Please share or send articles to miramonte.consul@gmail.com



Modern Myth

Every year Latin students are invited to take part in Latin Convention. At this event, Latin students from across California converge to compete and celebrate Latin with caricature drawing, lots of food, workshops, catapult contests, and more. Last Convention, Sarah Rockwood, a Miramonte student, won the Convention Myth contest. The following story is the award winning, original myth.

By Sarah Rockwood

Oh no. Oh, fates, please no. It's the face. The undeniable, unavoidable, unrelenting face. The moment upon seeing his wife Hera walk into the chamber room, Zeus averted his gaze down to his massive bricks of toes squeezing out past the tip of his sandals. She burst forth through the gate like storm unleashed beyond the control of even Zeus himself, armed with a glare set intently on her husband. It was a look she had become all too accustomed to.

"Hello, darling," she spit through clenched teeth. Her golden eyes crackled with a smoldering crimson ember, burning through the futile fires of Zeus's strength. "What have you been up to, my dear?"

Zeus's usual golden complexion was flooded with a blush so bright, it could plausibly be blamed as the cause of Tiresias's blindness. "Why, just attending to my typical duties as the god of, you know, everything," he muttered. "Why do you ask?" His sheepish smile, unbefitting upon such a powerhouse, only fueled the fire of Hera's glare.

"Oh, you know very well. And you're not getting off easy this time." With a final, dramatic huff she stormed out of the chamber room as violently as she had entered, leaving Zeus shaken at the prospect of her fury.

Flashback: It was a delicate, serene summer day when Zeus was out patrolling near the Island of Delos. While it was well known that the beautiful Deliades resided nearby, Zeus appeared to be in the area for other matters. He was taking count of the endangered cow population in the meadows, or at least,



that's what he told Hera. She didn't buy a bit of it.

Well, if counting cows was truly Zeus's mission, he was doing a lousy job of it. His eyes barely every stayed on the field, but were constantly flitting around towards the surrounding forest line, scanning for any sign of movement.

Unsurprisingly, his "work" was interrupted when Skylaria, one of the youngest, yet fairest, of the nymphs wandered out from the deep forest. She was frolicking through the tall grass, searching for petite white flowers to add to her daisy chain, humming an enchanting melody as she went.

Zeus didn't last a minute with the cows, who weren't exactly stunners compared to the maiden nymph's competition. Instead, he transformed himself to appear as a young, dashing, and perfectly cut shepherd tending the meadows. The moment Skylaria lifted her daisy-crazed eyes from the grass, she was a goner. The young shepherd strutted towards her with a charming half grin she couldn't take her eyes off of. All it took was a slight nod and a raise of the eyebrows from the shepherd to seal the deal. The rest falls right in line with Zeus's romantic history.

Nothing gets past the ears of Hera, Queen of the gods and sister and wife to the most powerful, supreme, and unstoppable player of them all. While hearing of Zeus's "secretive" love affairs was no new matter, she was starting to tire of his lackluster infidelity. Her patience with each fling was quickly running low, and as Zeus embarked on his most recent liaison in Delos, her tank was verging on empty. Now Zeus, being the king of the gods and all, had a pretty good sense when it came to the anger building within his wife, even if the simplest sense to tame his pants wasn't quite there. And when he saw her reaction to his amour with Skylaria, he knew that this time, the trouble was real.

So what does a desperate man in a desperate situation, like Zeus's, do? Well, the desperate measure, of course. So he called up his right hand man (or in this case, woman), to figure everything out for him.

"Athena, I may have gotten myself into a bit of a situation again..." he confessed to his unimpressed daughter. Her look of unamusement said it all.



"You messed around again, didn't you?" she bluntly asked.

"Maybe..."

"Another nymph?"

"Perhaps..." She couldn't suppress the roll of her eyes as she thought of yet another plan to get her father out of the trouble zone.

"Okay, here's what you're gonna do. You know what a woman wants when she's angry?"

"Flowers?"

"No. Mostly just to kill imbeciles like you. But that usually doesn't work out so well. And you tried the flower thing last time. Didn't go over too well. So this time, we're gonna go big."

"Bigger flowers?"

"No. No wonder you always get yourself into these situations. Bigger than that. You're going to paint her an apology in the sky. Take her favorite colors, and paint a masterpiece that will bring tears to her eyes. There's no way she'll be able to stay mad."

"But... I don't know her favorite color."

"Are you serious?" The look of unimpressed and unamused judgement returned in full force.

"Yeah."

"Okay, then just do all of them." And with the oh so wise advice from his daughter in pocket, Zeus set out to paint his way to forgiveness. But Zeus had never been much of an artist. He tended to turn most of his master pieces into charcoal. So he just took all the colors he could find and threw them across the sky like a blanket in straight, arching lines. Then he found his simmering wife and unveiled to her the newly dedicated masterpiece floating in the sky, grinning at the product of his "creativity".

He was certain that, this time, he'd get himself out of trouble. If Athena said so, this would work, and all would be well in the household of the gods.

It didn't.



Latín Food!

Nut Pudding

By Erica Stephan

"Patina versatilis vice dulcis: nucleos pineos, nuces fractas et purgatas, attorrebis eas, teres cum melle, pipere, liquamine, lacte, ovis, modico mero et oleo, versas in discum." (Apicius, 136)

Ingredients:

400 g crushed almonds, walnuts or pistachios	4 eggs
200 g pine nuts	pepper
100 g honey	1 teaspoon salt
100 ml dessert wine	100 ml whole cow or sheep milk

Directions:

1. Preheat the oven to 475°F.
2. Place the chopped nuts and the whole pine nuts in an oven dish and roast until they have turned golden.
3. Reduce the oven temperature to 400°F.
4. Mix the honey and the wine in a pan and bring to the boil, then cook until the wine has evaporated. Add the nuts and pine nuts to the honey and leave it to cool.
5. Beat the eggs with the milk, salt, and pepper. Then stir the honey and nut mixture into the eggs.
6. Oil an oven dish and pour in the nut mixture. Seal the tin with silver foil and place it in roasting tin filled about a third deep with water. Bake for about 25 minutes until the pudding is firm.
7. Take it out and when it is cold put it into the fridge to chill. To serve, tip the tart on to a plate and pour over some boiled honey.

Faas, Patrick. "Around the Roman Table Food and Feasting in Ancient Rome." *UChicago*. University of Chicago Press, 2003. Web. 26 Aug. 2015. <<http://www.press.uchicago.edu/Misc/Chicago/233472.html>>.