A Translation of *Juvenal: Satire VII.* 215-243

Charlie Schufreider, ’17

The glasses, sweaters tweed, and frumpy dress
The garbs which mark to all the learned best
Of these do any carry cash enough
To justify their work as teachers? Tough!
Though teachers make so little overall,
It’s when you teach the Classics payments fall.

For first those nit-wit private tutors steal
That dough which you should rightly spend on meals.
But look at the administration too;
They keep a portion - like they always do.
But even that amount you think you’ll get
Prepare to let it drop and raise your debt.
You’ll quickly find yourself a bart’ring twit -
No different than some street man peddling shit.

They do get paid, so it’s not all a waste.
That while the moon is high, to desks they race.
That time of day when even fact’ries sleep
And migrant workers rest and count the sheep.
Why yes, at those ungodly hours you’ll sit;
Fluorescent lights destroying all your wit.
Meanwhile the students do so much the same -
Stupidity disgracing Vergil’s name.
So sue the school for sal’ries that are fair
But don’t be sad if still your wallet’s bare.

It’s par’nts who really make your life a hell,
With rules so cruel as life within a cell.
Their child may not know alpha from a tau,
But teaching them requires a Masters now.
Not only must you read the histories
But ev’ry single author you can seize.
And know them well as one’s own finger nail
So that when asked, your knowledge doesn’t fail
Although you’re in a place to be alone -
The public pool, a spa that’s all your own -
By chance some par’nts are there and they demand
For you to name Anchises’s nurse off-hand,
Or some inquire about Anchemolus,
His step-mother - her name and her polis.
Others will ask how long Acestes lived,
Just how much wine to Trojans did he give.

But par’nts want more than growth of intellect:
Morality devoid of disrespect.
So mold their hearts, their souls and leave no cracks,
Just like a sculptor doing work in wax.
Essentially you’ll be the children’s par’nt
Since they who screwed it into life are err’nt.
Make sure the children play no dirty tricks
Nor e’er talk back with worse than Stones and sticks.
A not so easy task before you lies:
Watch o’er their overstimulated hands and eyes.

“Please care for all our kids,” those par’nts demand,
“And once a year has passed you’ll take in hand
A handsome sum for all your doom and gray -
The same we grant an athlete for a day.”