

## ETA SIGMA PHI 60<sup>th</sup> Annual Latin Prose Composition Contest (2026)

To be written as an examination, under supervision, within a maximum of three hours. You may use a dictionary that does not contain paradigms (e.g., *Cassell's*). Please write in ink on every other line of the paper provided. The only identification on the contest papers should be your pen name.

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In this excerpt from *The Two Towers*, the second volume of J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*, Book 4, Chapter 5, "The Window on the West," the warrior Faramir and Sam the Hobbit are talking about the Elves and their Lady Galadriel.

**"Yet there are among us still some who have dealings with the Elves, when they may, and ever and anon one will go in secret to Lórien, seldom to return, Not I. For I deem it perilous now for mortal man wilfully to seek out the Elder People. Yet I envy you that you have spoken with the White Lady."**

**"The Lady of Lórien! Galadriel" cried Sam. "You should see her, indeed you should, sir. I am only a hobbit, and gardening's my job at home, sir, if you understand me, and I'm not much good at poetry—not at making it: a but of a comic rhyme, perhaps, now and again, you know, but not real poetry—so I can't tell you what I mean. It ought to be sung. . . . But I wish I could make a song about her, Beautiful she is, sir! Lovely! Sometimes like a great tree in flower, sometimes like a white daffadowndilly, small and slender like. Hard as di'monds, soft as moonlight. Warm as sunlight, cold as frost in the stars. Proud and far-off as a snow-mountain, and as merry as any lass I ever saw with daisies in her hair in springtime. But that's a lot o' nonsense, and all wide of my mark."**

**"Then she must be lovely indeed," said Faramir. "Perilously fair."**

**"I don't know about *perilous*," said Sam. "It strikes me that folk takes their peril with them into Lórien, and finds it there because they've brought it. But perhaps you could call her perilous, because she's so strong in herself. You, you could dash yourself to pieces on her, like a ship on a rock; or drownd yourself, like a hobbit, in a river. But neither rock nor river would be to blame."**