

# レポート課題

三回生用

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Two years have gone by since I finished writing the long story of how I, Tiberius Claudius Drusus Nero Germanicus, the cripple, the stammerer, the fool of family, whom none of his ambitious and bloody-minded relatives considered worth the trouble of executing, poisoning, forcing to suicide, banishing to a desert island or starving to death — which was how they one by one got rid of each other — how I survived them all, even my insane nephew Gaius Caligula, and was one day unexpectedly acclaimed Emperor by the corporals and sergeants of the Palace Guard. I ended the story at this dramatic point; which was a most injudicious thing for a professional historian like myself to do. A historian has no business to break off at a moment of suspense. I should have told what the rest of the Army thought of the Palace Guard's most unconstitutional act, and what the Senate thought, and how they felt about accepting so unpromising a sovereign as myself, and whether bloodshed ensued, and what were the fates of Cassius Chaerea, Aquila, The Tiger<sup>1</sup>— all officers of the Guard — and Vicinius, who was my niece's husband, and Caligula's other assassins. But, no, the last thing I wrote about was the very irrelevant train of thought that passed through my mind as I was being cheered round and round the Palace Court, seated uncomfortably on the shoulders of two Guards' corporals, with Caligula's golden oak-chaplet set crooked on my head.

The reason that I did not take the story any farther was that I wrote it less as ordinary history than as a piece of special pleading — an apology for having ever allowed myself to become the monarch of the Roman

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<sup>1</sup>これは綽名。

world. You may recall, if you have read the story, that both my grandfather and father were convinced Republicans and that I took after them; the reigns of my uncle Tiberius and of my nephew Caligula merely confirming my anti-monarchical prejudices. I was fifty years old when I was acclaimed Emperor and at that age one does not lightly change one's political colour. So I wrote, in fact, to show how innocent I was of any desire to reign, and how strong was the immediate necessity for yielding to the caprice of the soldiers: to have refused would have meant not only my own death but that of my wife Messalina, with whom I was deeply in love, and of our unborn child.

これは *I, Claudius* の続巻 *Claudius The God* の冒頭部分です。

1. 接続詞を記せ。
2. 固有名詞 (Tiberius Claudius Drusus Nero Germanicus, Gaius Caligula Cassius Chaerea, Aquila etc.) わからなかった単語について、辞書を引いて語義を記せ。
3. 全文をわかるように翻訳せよ。
4. レポートの最初に大きく赤字で ③ と記し、指定のボックスに提出すること。

#### 参考文献

塩野七生「悪名高き皇帝たち」(新潮文庫『ローマ人の歴史』)