

# When in Rome, do the Romans

46 BC  
Afternoon

Hello diary. We meet again. You're one of the best things in our life at the moment. You do not try to poison us, or ravage us as other men do. Don't they ever get tired of it?

Well, anyway. we've opened you after a long week. A lot has happened since. Remember, last week we told you about that old man who ruled Rome? Caesar. Well, yes. That old fool. Sigh, he's been at it again. 3 wives, and still wants more. We've been 'seeing' him ever since we visited Rome. Anyway, the important thing isn't him. It's his wife. No, not Marc Anthony. We meant Calpurnia. We've never seen a more gorgeous creature in my life.

Now our dear Diary, you do not judge us, do you? You know of our tastes. We prefer all the finer things in life. Milk, silk, and women like us. I find it quite derogatory when people assume that we would prefer men. After all, what's so good about them? They smell. They wear funny clothes. Look at that 52 year old man, Caesar. He wears a bunch of leaves on his head. A 'laurel wreath' they call it without realizing how funny it looks. And the poor bastard doesn't seem to realize the reason we came to the palace in the first place. Tis not for him dear, tis for his wife and his country. What a fine thing they both are. He does not deserve either, we feel. The whole of Rome thinks it to be a huge scandal that we live in the palace with a married man. But let me tell you, there's no honor in laying with a man. We women were born to rule. But rule we must, through these fools. They say that the quickest way to a man's heart is with a spear through his chest. But why shed blood? It only gets your skin messy. We would prefer to take a detour through the desires of his nether regions.

And so Caesar would have me everyday. We surely hope that he would grant us a son. It's this chauvinistic world which assumes that only a man could rule. Very well then, let's grant them that. The only thing we need to do is to rule the ruler. We do not mind doing this for the sake of power. It also keeps us closer to Her. And besides, Rome seems like a nice place. We will be taking it soon. Thus begins our groin conquest of the world, as we like to call it. We shall literally grab it by the balls, if we may risk sounding a little risque.

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45 BC  
Night

Hello Diary, long time no see again. One long year since we had been parted. Motherhood does take its toll. Remember, how we were hoping for a son with Caesar? Well, it's been granted. We've named the little thing Ptolemy.

(Caesar would actually call him *Caesarion*, that snivelling old bigot)

But our plan seems to have backfired, that old fool is proud and won't consent. He seems to have named his other son, Octavius as his heir. So much for putting out.

It seems we would have made a few enemies as well - an old fart named Cicero who advised him against it. Our usual weapons are of no use here dear diary, Cicero's loins do not stir no matter what we try. We feel it best to poison him. But poison is too graceful a way for him to die. Women deserve to be poisoned, not men. Men deserve to be cut or burnt or die in war as they deserve. We deserve to die of poison. Blood makes one look so messy, and we believe in eternal beauty - in life and in death as well.

41 BC

Night

Hello diary. Pardon our negligence once again. You always do so without complaint. There has been war and bloodshed throughout Rome. It all bores us so much. Foolish men cutting each other up for nothing. They aren't pretty in life, and become even worse in death. None of them would have half the grace that we do.

That old fool was finally put to rest by some of his friends. They stabbed him in open assembly. And there has been war. That Marc Anthony has been a smart one. He managed to turn everyone against Caesar's *friends* just by speaking to the crowd. We think he shall be our next conquest, he does seem the desperate type. Now that they have won the civil war, we imagine Marc Anthony would wield much power in the triumvirate. Smart and desperate, he seems like the perfect puppet we need. Our plans were set back a little because of that old fart's so-called friends stabbing him in the back. But fear not, this one shall survive, we feel. Our poison shall begin spreading throughout the world.

On another note, things have been going well with Calpurnia. With Caesar out of the way, we've been there for her. Comforting her, holding her in my arms. Would that we could abandon all we have and live with her forever. But we have far greater ambition than that. The world is our plaything my dear, and Marc Anthony is the key.

30 BC

Morning

Let's cut short the introductions this time. Everything has failed. As much as Anthony is shrewd,

he's as badly equipped to fight battles. What a half man. Lots has happened since the last time, dear diary. This may very well be the last time we open my legs, and open you as well.

Caesar's son, Octavius seems to be immune to all charms and had grown weary of Anthony. As foolish men do, they declared war once again. And our idiot Anthony was routed like never before. That Octavius crushed our navy, as well as our dreams. They are close to capture us now, but they shall not. For the next offering of fruits shall conceal a very special gem for ourself. 'A poisoned apple', if we may. They say dogs are a man's best friend. Well, we shall place our trust in a snake.

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*The historical truth - Cleopatra was the last Pharaoh of Ancient Egypt. She was one of the most brazen supervillains history ever saw. Snidely nicknamed as 'the gaper' by the Greeks, she took the world by storm in the only way she knew how - sexually. Her affair with Caesar was well known and she had a son named Caesarion who, unfortunately for her, was denied a right to the throne. Caesar's death came as a pleasant surprise for her for she promptly found Marc Anthony to do her bidding. Unfortunately, mounting tensions between Octavius and Anthony led to the Battle of Actium in which Anthony's navy as well as her own were crushed by the Roman's superior forces which led her to kill herself. It is rumored that she poisoned herself with an asp while in custody. She is well known for being narcissistic and she also got Caesar to introduce the system of the Leap Year.*

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