

# ROMA - Volume I



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This Volume is dedicated to the readers of

The Roman Memoir, here is for more to come!

## Chapter 1 - Anaconda

My first encounter with the beast was when I was at Harvard a while back. I was catching a bus a few clicks from the University. There were Harvard students there, wearing their represented clothing. I didn't think much of it at first, but they shouted it out at the end of the tunnel when I boarded. "Anaconda". One of the ladies bellowed. I thought it was funny since I had known what the creature was when I was a child. When I was a tiny wain to my parents, I used to watch a lot of movies in the house I grew up in. There I saw the fist move I wanted about the creature, the anaconda. It was a fearsome thing that moved around the boat and instigated massive movements to the point the ship captain and the leaders were swallowed whole.

It was funny how they screamed and shouted since at that time, as a kid, all I thought about was lion's and stuff, where the prey would be killed with massive force after the hunt. The maneuver however, was impromptu. I ran into the constrictor in the movie, and I didn't quite understand the sophistication, until I realized the animal killed its prey by constricting them. The

creature itself removes the air from the lungs of the hunted. The paralyzed victim, without another assisting individual, would have their windpipes crushed and they would try to gasp for air under the massive 250 lbs constricting force of the beast. Sometimes, you need not say much other than the name of a person to understand a whole sentence. You need not understand much more than the name of the animal, the person or the thing, to get a feel of the environment. At that time, standing in the bus, when she hurled out a name towards me, she was describing the event that was unfolding, the delightful nature of the course I was taking was presumably captured in whole by the lady.

I couldn't help but breath the air in happiness, I was about to go to harvard, and the whole experience can be put in the name anaconda itself, and I think even now I am astonished at how smart the woman was, and if only I knew her name, her phone number and her address, because some things take time to understand, and when I understood it now, all I want is to see her, to be in her train again, so she can riddle me with words I would not understand till later. All because of the name of this creature, I seek to find this woman again so I can listen to her one more time.

## Chapter 2 - Radical Agenda

I have not been very fond of my father and mother. At times, I don't even want to get anywhere near them. They do not want to give me money. I love money. I have been poor. I

I want to be so rich, no trouble would get in my way. There are three scales in life, the slave seeks his freedom, the man seeks to gain money, and the coward wants to be a King. I do not want to be a King. You can never be a King. The world does not understand the nature of the title, because at the end of the day, it is a title. You can't become something that a person made, and I will have to say, there is also no such thing as freedom. Nothing truly exists other than money. You can see money, you can touch money, and you can feel money. You can't go

anywhere with freedom. A few miles down the road, and you will collapse without food and water.

I can't comprehend for the life of my uncle, whether or not I shall do with justice as I may, or tell them off as to how they can never be royals since they have no shot at it. I hide my dark intentions under my chest, inside my mind where THEY are full proof along with my thoughts. I am the light of my own, where I can actually make the money in my home, under my own house or roof with shelter that I inherited through hard work and willpower. I can't be my own worst enemy, nor can I be the shelter of my voice because I am an artist. I can cover the art of the money, or so people in the world do not realize how skilled I am.

I am my own liberator in terms of surrender or art. I gasp for air, in the feel structure of my room, and there is no one there for me but myself, and the next great thing is my ability to draw. Lastly, it is my ability to shape my environment into something I want it to be. There are no majesties, are there? There are no highnesses of standards other than the one we make for ourselves, are there not? Encounters with trees, and my fun, where I shine in chipping wood from the bark, tearing wood from the slums of woods harp and lie on, I like to make paper. I like to put them in garments, risk the water between my hands, and shin the tiny spots of the tree carcass with pasty maple, articulate and bend them to my will, then draw on them. You make one with the other, then you make money.

There is a difference between making money and earning money. When you make money, you have to produce it. You have to draw the art, and you have to make the material to print the art on. There is no need for security much initially, because the person who is trying to steal your property, must have the artistic capacity to draw or make the substance, as much as you. When you earn money, you work for someone, employed by an organization, a company that is willing to gamble on your capacity to perform well. When you perform well within a certain time limit, the who, and the galatian who hired you, will pucker up their wallet, and input variables in your hand that will be sufficient welcome. You can spend the money you earn. You can spend it in stores, you can spend it in housing of well made spaces, along with places with dense structure. The object is made by someone else however, and will not or might not fit the government. You must create the money yourself if you were to run your own government.

The United States, upon its birth, did the same. They created a government where they would be the one to rule. The people made a declaration, and divided from the white King of the east, who wanted to rule over them with a clouded gut. I think matriculating, along with taking, must be scheduled for the incoming threat of assault because once they started creating the money, the country became official, void of a crown. Oh, my voice is open, my tongue would speak so highly of currency, and the ruble, and the dollar, and the yen. How I enjoy the splurge, and the compromising character of people, and their external desolation.

I love to glimpse into their future, and justly comfort myself in their uniqueness. Their harmonica, their behooved spirit, lackingly, glides well within my fascia. Eye am my own worst enemy, but the comforter of my faith. I want to have so much money to the point, I do not have to worry about the extent of my spending. Oh, how I wonder, and my desire fulfilled would be the ending of my search, the liberator of my adaptation. I never need to survive nothing but myself, in this humid world, where I could never be King. That is my plan, and I must, oh yes I must. Dooly, and drooping, duh dum dih dah, my self is my own and my own is me. My plans and my voice within my tale tale discretion need and my wontons, along with money will be the total malice of it all.

## Chapter 3 - Gold, Crimson and the Pink Fleur

What is Gold? I think it's one of the most valuable items on the planet. I believe quite recently, diamonds have gone down in value ever since they started making them in labs. In my dad's house, the tiles on the ground, made on rocks, can sell for over 20 dollars. If you use the value to purchase diamonds, on after-pay, you can buy diamonds cheap. I think we should

stick with gold for a long time. I do not find the desire to go after diamonds, or put jewels on me or my companions when the rocks I walk on can be purchased online cheaper than the desired rock. I have no patience for rocks, especially their sturdiness or their strength not because I do not value them, other people do much more than I do. I would rather think of simple stuff, like food. You add a bit of gold to that, life is great, life is nice, and you know there is reassurance in knowing there is very little hardship you will find in the near future, precisely because the gold is there, to buy you more food. I look at the gold, then the food, then I know it's not going anywhere. I do not have to strive or struggle.

Gold can get hot. Much like aluminum or silver but the difference lies in the natural edge. When you heat it, it has a crimson tinge on it which makes it glow better than most elements. The color of blood is crimson, the nature of gold is endearing. When you want to make a horror show of a scene, you make a golden switchblade, then live off the ride value of the instrument you made of the crimson steel. Potentially, if you want to lay the gold down on a walkway, it's really expensive. I want to walk on gold. I want to line my walkways with gold that glows like crimson because I can likely afford it but I struggle with the crimson slice a bit. Diamonds do not get hot. They are simply just hard. With the addition of extra substances, such as heat, or water, they are impossible to change. Gold on the other hand, with the sun, adages constantly without changing shape. I want to put diamonds on my room door as a handle. If you were to hammer in the door with sheer force the size of a palm tree leaf, the door would stay jammed. Diamonds, unlike gold, also never glow with crimson. They cool down easily when you chop them with whatever means to make jewels. Mostly, the cuts are made to look nice but in comparison, the property fails to survive the rigors of the world. Eventually, its nature shows its true colors, when burned up, they

turn to dust and disappear where gold changes form, and has a pink fleur to it, where it adapts to the need and wants of the person forming it. The Pink Fleur is a heated moment, where the ignition of the charted course, intertwined with the feelings of the person, make the gold ignite with fury, and the temperament of the unjustified, in rebellion is held under factions who repel the adjusted moat, the dug up soil, not just into something one can admire, but in an unparseable way, without changing nature eternally to him.

## Chapter 4 - The Fly, The Penguin, and The Eagle

The first thing you should do when you get kicked out your home, if you are not sufficiently set for any kind of housing is go in the woods and find large animal droppings. If you find animal droppings, you can find flies on it. Flies know where the carcasses are, there you can find food to eat, something you can cook, or you can wait on wild animals to attack and eat the carcass. The easiest thing to ignite on fire is poop, which you can use to make fire. There, where the carcass lies, you can use the bones to boil them, and find essential nutrients to hunt. If you find a water supply, water has iron in it, which can help possess property, and also, you can make on your skin a little cut, to form a bleed, and receive iron, where you can use to get and take property from anyone because you would have Russia on your side. The fly is the most elusive animal for the eagle to capture since it is so fast, where the only way to fight the griffin-like creature is by avoiding the low pressure air. You fight eagles by going under, using the soil you make for yourself, clay pots, and you heat them to draw water from the water source nearby.

The forbidden fruit in the first lies in eating any leaf on the branch. You have to muster up the courage, and taste the first leaf to see if it is edible since you will go hungry. Most herbivores eat leaves, just as much as most animals such as birds sleep under the cover of the night skies. Once you find a water supply to curb your thirst, then a fire starting kit with rocks and animal droppings that light quickly on fire, you make the pots and start to prepare for immediate under with the nearby carcass and the likely maggots that are on it. The moment you find Iron in the water, or Iron in your blood, you can forge them into weapons, where you can make a spear for the price of your hand blood, or washed in the water with Iron, with a break on the edge.

Upon the stark break of twilight, you await the incoming canopy to be hosted by birds of all kinds who will sleep on it, where you can climb and grab fresh food by grabbing them with the wood weapons you made drenched in iron from your blood or the water. Now you have food, water, the clothing you are wearing protected under china you made from the mud, heated on the fire burned on the drop, along with weapons that were made in iron, russian ones you can use to protect anything you took with you, or own. It all starts with finding the fly, when they who oppose you kick you out. You can take everything from them, slowly, then bend the animals or the first to your will.

The penguin is the other animal that has the property of the eagle without the actual capacity to fly, since it hosts the colors of the bald eagle. It mimics the animal's movements in the water, and the way the bird wins is through taking the character on the ground. They are talented everywhere else. The Penguin enjoys and loves large things that are one, something you can hide and get away with. As a species, they are monogamous, and mate for life. Yet, when you consider the matter, there is also polygamy, where in the old testament, or different religions of the world, it is legal. What is the point of attacking the original text when you can adhere to Jewish standards? If other humans want to go be homosexuals somewhere else, that leaves more women, and little men on the earth, based on the choices of the individual. I would rather defend the person who marries them, along with the husband, who have legal rights to marry, than be strung up on monogamy like southern Antarctic species. There was a book that I once was told about when I was a wain. It was called, "Love until the Graveyard". Well, I grew up to understand the book as "I know there is "love until the graveyard."

The animal is a penguin, and although the book is large, and tells a good tale, it's horrible to love someone until they die, because individually, the person might want to marry another woman within the law. Penguins are the mascot of the school I once loved called Juilliard. Juilliard teaches acting and music, where the women who use the tools are Brown women because most musical tools and instruments are Brown, like the guitar, or the violin. I like brown women. Brown women are the closest to royals and romans I can find on the earth. They know the songs of David, and they inspire you to read, mostly the literature of wisdom, because at their school, they read the musical language. Here then comes the eagle, after you have used your weapons, start to dodge them. Iron naturally heats up easily, and it also cools down easily. When you hold the wet wooden weapon in your hand, the iron in it cools down, and heats up depending on use. When you give it your attention, it heats up, and when you do not give it your attention, it cools down. Find organisms in the area, where when it cools down, and you look away, are interested in your weapons, then take them captive, or find ways to.

Organisms have iron in them, in their blood, if you make them bleed, you will find iron. If you have your wet weapons, and you are avoiding its use, because it contains iron through the water, when you are full, avoid the animals or the creatures around you by looking away from them, hence you govern them like the eagle. There you will find an abundance of reptiles, along with their homes available for your culinary consumption along with the birds of the air. If you have your prey in hand, you can use it to capture larger pray like foxes using the bait of your catch, but be careful, it will attract apex one's like bears and mountain lions, which you will need better developed weapons for.

With the skills you have accumulated, you can use the dampened sharp spear wood, to jab the organs of human beings that you consider a threat, there by finding yourself a nice place to live for a long time with full accommodation in a maximum security facility, in prison, with free food, clothing, and housing for a long time. Then again, there is iron in soil, you can pack your stuff, and carry on the long journey, towards living life, as a man, but not just a man, a Roman, eternally conquering the world towards Rome.

## Chapter 5 - Failed Plans, and Bathsheba

I think this is my last forgiveness token I have left to give. I cannot give it to anyone again because of my dead ambitions. I am an author, a republican and a lord. Whoever or whatever God is out there, he has killed my first ideal son from me. I think I also had it coming. I mourned Ireland, when I initially lost the caucasus, where the laws changed and instead of legalizing cannabis, they have legalized same sex marriage. I can longer host the land. The land is dead, and much like my ambitions to live in it, I can no longer host it, nor aspire to build a life there. I believe it's because of Bathsheba. I saw her bathing on the top of the castle, and sought

her above all others. I wanted her to be mine, so I, much like King David, removed her husband from my sight, took her published work and I put it next to mine.

She and I will live together in the halls of the library of congress much after her real husband is dead. He is a really rich man with money. I know the lord, I think. I also know he is incompetent. He is inept and cannot speak well nor write to become a published author. I, much like Moby Dick, book, will live in the memories of people for hundreds of years, alongside the pretty author lady, whom her husband leaves to be with other men more than her. Here, my intelligence fails me, because I cannot be any more stronger than I am.

Yet, in all this, there is a happy ending, after my weeping and wailing, there is an establishment clause, where I am enabled to procreate again, to live with a new hope of a son whose name is Georgia. I started loving the country the moment I found it. Whatever life you think is debaucherous, or hedonist, the ideal life I wanted resides there along with the laws. That is my King Solomon there. If I was to place David, that would be our heir there. Her husband didn't even see me appear. I was a relentless Republican, seeking the fine things in life. The laws were a little bending but upon their mending through the bill, proposed by the congressional body of the United States of America, I advocated for the Cannabis bill, in Maryland for quite a while, and built silk roads in the weeping and wailing forests of the country, much like General Washington, through the deep trenches of the rocky hills. He was earning incoming, large sums, and spending them lavishly, on women, and drinks, while his wife was in town, working her bones stiff on the desks. I worked with her, but the unwise general back slide too many times.

The city hall went against me. They said even though “we are democratic, we do not want this bill passed, enough though there is a proposed amendment”. He drank sangria with his mates, and loved his mates like women breaching the terms of the church constantly. A little holiday there, a few moments of unrelenting splendor, and he was no longer in play. His name was Money. I sent money on the front lines of the battle, to meet his mistress and, well he never came back. She, pleasure, lured him in with her kisses, and unwise labor, she had him by the throat and dragged him into her house, where she pleased him with wine and sleep. When he was ripe and undignified, when his anguish was far from him, she spared his sobriety, his one true male lover. He, his mistress, and Sobriety, went to bed together, and he, unlike Alexander the Great, wanted to be the back feeder of his lover. Sober and Money now live together, with pleasure, always competing to get in her rear end, until she plays with them, and they get the right end of each other's stick. I do not aspire to be like money. I don't hate him. I like Bathsheba better. I love her. I love our new son. We get along well, and in Georgia, homosexuality is not allowed. Cannabis is legal. The national animals of the country are The Wolf, The Lion, and The Donkey. In Ireland, it used to be the hare, The Irish hare, in a republic.

I used to enjoy it, but here I am badering my drink because I cannot wait to see the land. The people look amazing, and any thing I ever wanted to do, it is there. If you judged me on my drinking and smoking habit, along with my choice of woman, it's all legal in Georgia. Whatever habits I have, it's been legislated and allowed there. It's also not expensive. You can live in Georgia, with incomes less than 15,000 dollars a year. That is how I took Bathsheba from him. She was there looking beautiful, he was earning millions, and committing adultery. I with my significant law income, did not defile the church nor the state, along with my sling and stone

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