

Quintus Remus



A CORPSE

in the

CALDARIUM

A VINICIUS PUSILLI NOVEL



SPECIAL EDITION
WITH A SCHOLARLY
COMMENTARY

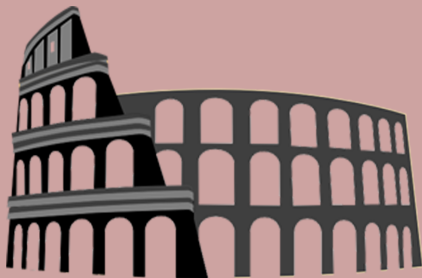
by Professor Trebor
Murray Mintos



THE IMPERIAL ROME
MYSTERIES IV

THE IMPERIAL ROME MYSTERIES

Quintus Remus



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THE DHRA MONTHLY BULLETIN



Quintus Remus is the nom de plume of would-be amateur sleuth and former Threadbone Digital Laboratories technologist - Effigies Denudator - who, in addition to writing novels, is also an internationally famed exponent (and co-developer) of the Post synchronic chromic lateral denudation™ technique designed to precision scratch images through advanced digital technology to reveal hitherto undiscovered layers of interest and (sometimes) meaning beneath the surface materials.

She is also a renowned zither player and has appeared on at least one occasion with the Thrupiece Philharmonic Orchestra under charismatic Russian maestra Olga Legova. Writing as Quintus Remus she has received critical acclaim from a number of organisations and was briefly Chair of the Silver Pugio Awards Panel - Dorset's premier prize for Historical Detective Fiction. She lives in Piddlehinton with Trucious, her beloved pomeranian.

QUINTUS REMUS

A CORPSE *in the*
CALDARIUM



The Roman Empire at its peak 117 A.D.

Sarmatia



CHAPTER ONE

“*Marcus Tullus in tablino Sedet. Epistolam...*”¹ “*Stercore defricatus et urina*”², the short, fat and prematurely balding man exclaimed, laying down his stylus and reaching for the discarded strigil which he generally deployed to scratch the otherwise unreachable itch which now and again erupted half way down his hairy lower back. Plagerising the great authors and turning them into Latin Primers for posterity was all well and good - it certainly paid the bath house subscription with a little left over for “*a slippery Livia special*”³ on alternate Tuesdays³ - but it was hardly proper work for a man who aspired to being the greatest playwright of his generation and the pride of Imperial Rome. Worse still, Latin Primers would not become the northern grammar school headmaster’s chosen instrument of torture for another 1900 years and he doubted he would live long enough to derive satisfaction from that.⁴

The short, fat, prematurely balding would-be playwright stirred in his seat and, unclenching his left buttock emitted a gaseous cloud. Too much *garum*⁵ on his boiled veal, he reflected. It was definitely not good for his constitution and fouled his breath in a way which made even the accommodating (and very well rewarded) Livia wince. But at least that meant she concentrated her attentions elsewhere and kept her mind properly focused where it belonged.

Noises from beyond the open window indicated that the children had been released from the *schola militum*⁶ that adjoined the aspiring writer’s house. Soon they would be busy graffitiing his walls with obscene pictures of giant phalluses and correspondingly accommodating ladies’ parts. Such was the way with VI year olds nowadays, ever since Emperor Stultus⁷ had decided that infant strangulation could no longer be considered justifiable culling.

Still there was a bright side to everything; the little morons were out of class: *ergo*⁸ it must be XII o' clock and *mutatis mutandis*⁹ time for a little something from the kitchen. The fat man moved uneasily from his chair, easing himself into the large and somewhat stained depression on the couch¹⁰ on which he often took his mid-day repast.

He clapped his hands and wrestled his testicles into their proper place, sniffing his fingers with pre-digestive concern. They would "*do*". Such co-ordination was no mean feat for a man of his size and infamous inactivity.

A downtrodden woman whose pervasive odour suggested either long acquaintance with the innards of pelagic fish or else a recent visit to the local market appeared and bowed ungraciously. "*You clapped?*" she inquired with no great enthusiasm. "*I did but not by way of applause*", mocked the short, fat and prematurely balding wannabe stage writer. "*It was more in the way of a summons which had you applied a priori*¹¹ and not post fortiori reasoning you would have known signalled my desire to partake of a little prandium. Perhaps a small thrush or a couple of dormice?"¹² "*Suit yourself*", the woman replied giving little hint of the malicious intent she bore towards her indigent, malodorous and currently supine employer. "*There's a bit of fig-pecker*¹³ in rancid olive oil left over from yesterday if you like. Otherwise I'll have to nip to the agora and you know what it's like on a Tuesday."

The short, fat and prematurely balding aspiring playwright suddenly sat bolt upright as though pricked by a particularly sharp *ferrum*¹⁴, all thoughts of rancid fig-pecker banished from his mind. "*By Jupiter, Demeter and all the Gods*",¹⁵ he exploded. "*Tuesday and alternate Tuesday too. Livia. A hot tub and a firm grip. And IV past XII o'clock already. By Jove I must be off!*"¹⁶ And wasting no time (which is to say no more than it took to grab his *sacculus*,¹⁷ throw off his wax spattered toga and fit a clean

Marcellus Armani¹⁸ underpouch to his scrotum) he left the old woman and all thoughts of small tortured schoolboys, not to say Marcus Tullius and his blasted epistle, a good distance behind him.



“You just can’t get decent slaves these days”, said Gaius Maximus Anus, leaning back against the cool mosaics having recently emerged from the frigidarium¹⁹ and already beginning to sweat like a Gallic boar.²⁰ *“I bought IV last week and had to take II back; Number I wouldn’t fit down the latrine pipe and the other - ex Hispaniam²¹ - broke his leg servicing my mini chariot. Fortunately they were on sale or return at Os Filosubtegminis²² in the Via Thrupiece but I got no compensation for my tempus or my tribulatio.”*

“Typical”, snorted Quintus Vox Populus. *“And I should know. You don’t get to be the voice of the people without listening to the people. It’s the same everywhere. You used to see made in Britannicus stamped on their arses and you knew it was quality. Now they’re just churning them out for the market. There’s no batch control at all. And as for the Gallicians - well don’t nbother asking me - all fart and no grunt that lot - even if you feed them weekly.”*

Amulius Impactus Minimus nodded in unnoticed agreement. *“Where’s that short, fat and prematurely balding chap who wants to be a playwright”,* Quirinus Anulus Saturnicus asked, breaking the momentary silence which had descended on the now thoughtful occupants of the chamber-like tepidarium. *“He’s usually here on alternate Tuesdays and its well past XII.XV.”*, he added. Being a follower (despite his name) of the cult of Mars, Quirinus Anulus Saturnicus believed in routine and the injunction regularly to *“work, rest and play”*. Irregularity whether of bowel or habit was his *nigrum bestia*²³. *“And what is his name?”* No one seemed to know. *“I believe he’s known to Livia as Foetus Colem²⁴ but I doubt that’s his real name,”* Just then the man himself appeared - red in

and clearly in a hurry. “*Make way. Make way*”, he shouted as he barged past the lounging citizens holding his *pila sacci*²⁵ and leaving a trail of gas behind him. “*Well he’s certainly here now*”, reflected Sextus Satanicus, deftly waving a copy of *The Times (New Roman)*²⁶ “*Notitia for the novi hominem*”²⁷ under his nose. “*Is that the late morning edition?*” asked Gaius Maximus Anus, noticing, for the first time, the marvellously lifelike portrait of a naked woman on Page III²⁸. At first glance, she looked much like his wife. Dammit it was his wife! “*What news from the forum*”, he asked in the hope of diverting attention from the all too identifiable portrait. “*Well*”, Sextus Satanicus replied, staring intently at the exceptionally well-endowed woman, “*apparently a funny thing happened on the way there and they are thinking of turning it into an entertainment at the Odeon, Quadratum Ratae Corieltauvorum*”²⁹. *I do hope the author isn’t that short, fat and prematurely balding man with the hideous breath and the aspiration to be a playwright*”, he added. “*That would be the cisternam veterem dicemusque*”.³⁰

Subtractus Mathematicus, a local teacher, adjusted his *linteum*³¹, summoned a passing *unctores*³² and slapped him vigorously about the face. “*Just practicing for when I get home*”, he explained to his curious companions; “*I’m breaking one in later*”. But his spirited determination to maintain discipline received less appreciation than it deserved for, from the *laconium*³³ deep inside the bath house, came a sudden noise followed by a piercing scream, rapidly followed by the appearance of a blood spattered Livia who even now was trying to remember to which particular god or goddess you were supposed to pray when you were the prime suspect in a murder case, had no alibi and were (to some) inexplicably stark bollock naked with large *plumbata*³⁴ in you hand. [*The goddess in question is Spes (Ed)*]³⁵. “*Holy crap*”, she ventured, in Latin.

To the puzzlement of the assembled crowd, Sextus Satanicus suddenly let out a deep sigh of relief. The others looked puzzled.


“*That new entertainment*”, he said. The others looked more puzzled still. “*Well at least we know who won’t be writing it*”, he chuckled, reaching for a goblet, but finding it empty.

“*Might I borrow your newspaper*”, Gaius Maximus Anus asked Sextus Satanicus innocently, hoping that in the ensuing confusion he might just be able to sneak it out through the *atrium* unnoticed. Just wait until he got home. Balbina Domitia, he reflected, might be a wife, but not one in the least like Caesar’s. As of a few moments ago, she was very much under suspicion.³⁶


Now read on

ODEON
QUADRATUM RATAE
CORIETHAIVORUM
PRESENTS
A LUDICROUS MATTER
OCCURRED ON THE WAY
TO THE FORUM

A NEW ENTERTAINMENT
BY
TITUS QUINCTIUS ATTA



IV - XVIII FEBRUARIIS
AT VII PM



THEATRO
THEATRE
ROME

THE CORPSE IN THE CALDARIUM
NOTES AND EXPANSIONS IN ENGLISH

by Professor Trebor Murray Mintos

For use by the less well educated and/or Classical Studies averse reader

FOREWORD:

I have been asked by the publisher to supply a few words of explanation - as though that were necessary - to accompany the helpful notes which follow.

I have undertaken this task with two distinct audiences in mind: first the poorly educated who should not in my view be denied access to great literature (or even the works of Quintus Remus) simply because of their unfortunate start in life; and secondly the classical scholar who will revel in, and at the same time greatly admire, the erudition herein displayed.

For both audiences I offer a note on methodology and on best use not forgetting that my intention is always to illuminate the text, clarify the author's meaning and only occasionally embarrass him/her by identifying obvious shortcomings.

My method, as in previous volumes, has been to read the novel as though ignorant of the classical world (or at least as ignorant as the author and her readers) and to discover thereby phrases, allusions and even facts which will be likely puzzling to the non-specialist. These I have either explained or translated or contextualised. I have further thought to clarify matters of "*meta narrative*" in an attempt to determine whether the author's intent is humorous, educational, illustrative, or merely clumsy and ill-advised.

With regard to best use, I suggest that the novice reader should read the main text and refer to the notes (which are helpfully numbered sequentially and follow the narrative in logical fashion) as and when they occur; referring back and forth between text and notes as best aids their individual comprehension. More experienced readers of the *Imperial Roman Mysteries* may wish instead to bypass the text altogether and satisfy themselves with the superior erudition evident in the notes alone.

None of the mistakes which follow are mine. The subeditor is paid to take responsibility and take it (s)he will.

TMM

The Atrium

NOTES:

1 “*Marcus Tullius in tablinio Sedet. Epistolam...*” The passage is by Marcus Tullius Cicero, English byname Tully, (born 106 BCE, Arpinum, Latium [now Arpino, Italy]—died December 7, 43 BCE, Formiae, Latium [now Formia]), Roman statesman, lawyer, scholar, and writer who vainly tried to uphold republican principles in the final civil wars that destroyed the Roman Republic. His writings include books of rhetoric, orations, philosophical and political treatises, and letters. He is remembered in modern times as the greatest Roman orator and the innovator of what became known as Ciceronian rhetoric. To English schoolboys, he is better known as a pest and a windbag.

The passage in question will be well known to properly educated boys of a certain age though what the contents of the the *epistolam* were is anyone’s guess. Few even would-be University entrants (including those requiring Latin for matriculation purposes) ever got that far.

2 “*Stercore defricatus et urina*” - roughly “*manure and urine*” or more likely “*shit and piss*”. The expletive is almost certainly an invention of the author’s and as such wholly inauthentic. Romans were famous for their down to earth attitude to bodily functions and both evacuant were common features of everyday life. It is doubtful, however, that they entered the vocabulary as oaths either sacred or profane unless you are inclined to take a literal view of Horace’s *Oath to a Steaming Pile of Shit and Piss*. (Quintus Horatius Flaccus (December 8, 65 BC – November 27, 8 BC). See Horace, *Collected Oaths, Imprecations and Tirades*” (Threadbone Classics))

3 A “*slippery Livia special*” is unrecorded as a regulated bath house (*thermae*) service though regional variation does not rule out entirely its existence in some provincial towns. It is not known in Rome itself (See Lou Fa (2012) *What’s On Offer Tonight Love: A History of Private Services in Imperial Rome* (Threadbone Classics)). The likelihood is, however, that the phrase is an invention of the author’s and, therefore, both unidiomatic and unconvincing. The reader must judge for him or herself what precisely a “*slippery Livia special*” might entail.

4 *Latin Primers* were indeed employed as a means of punishment in many educational institutions during what were usually termed “*Latin Lessons*”. Alas, use was confined neither to headmasters nor to northern grammar schools, as generations of over 60s from the south as well as the north will attest. Amongst Oxbridge and Redbrick students of the 1950s and 1960s *Fucking Cicero* was neither a cocktail nor an activity.

5 *Garum* was a fermented fish sauce used as a condiment in the cuisines of ancient Greece, Rome, and later Byzantium. Not to be confused with *Liquamen* which was a similar preparation - so similar in fact as to be identical.

Although it enjoyed its greatest popularity in the Roman world, the sauce was earlier used by the Greeks who, fortunately for them discovered, mashed tomatoes and exchanged brown for red on their morning *μπέικον*.

Pliny the Elder and Isidore of Seville believe the Latin word *garum* is derived from the Greek *γαρός* (*garos*), a food named by Aristophanes, Sophocles, and Aeschylus. *Garos* may have been a type of fish, or a fish sauce similar to *garum*. Pliny stated that *garum* was made from fish intestines, with salt, creating a liquor, the *garum*, and a sediment named (*h*)*allec* or *allex*. A concentrated *garum* evaporated down to a thick paste with salt crystals was called *muria*; it would have been rich in protein, amino acids, minerals and B vitamins.

Garum was used to salt foods, because it added moisture to the foods, whereas table salt extracted moisture from them. Evidently it stank like shit and produced bog breath of a kind to rival any morning mouth fart. (See: A Lout (2017) *What Have I Done: The Unintended Consequences of a Late Friday Night Indian* (Threadbone Ethnic Studies) for a modern day comparison.

6 *Military School*. Though military schools existed in Imperial Rome, there is no evidence that children of the age of VI (*sic*) were routinely sent to them. This appears to be an attempt by the author to lend the Empire a militaristic character which it was quite capable of demonstrating for itself without authorial exaggeration. Whether or not the products of such establishments (young or old) would have indulged in drawing large versions of the male and female reproductive organs on neighbouring walls must remain a matter for conjecture. The author clearly thinks so, but her unreliability in matters of basic Latin grammar, syntax and vocabulary, not to mention her passing familiarity with classical history, suggests otherwise.

7 *Emperor Stultus*. There is no record of such a person ever ruling Rome. The name means *stupid* and may be deployed by the author to diminish the stature of the imperial throne itself - again an unnecessary device given its many occupants, their questionable morals, intelligence and effectiveness and their clear ability to tarnish the office without the assistance of early 21st century authors.

Equally, There is no evidence to suggest that infant strangulation was ever regarded as *justifiable culling*, though it might have been regarded as such in the case of slave children had they been in plentiful supply. Sadly slave children were in relatively short supply despite the nightly efforts of their would be Master's.

8 *ergo*: Latin for therefore and requiring *ergo*, no further explanation

9 *mutatis mutandis*: Latin which, the necessary changes having been made, will require no translation either

10 *couch* - the author might have as easily used the term *toro sedet* though strictly speaking a *toro sedet* is more of a lounge than a couch. See also *lectulo*. Romans often ate snack foods as well as major meals whilst reclining on a *toro sedet*. On occasions when particularly good entertainment was provided and guests wished to concentrate upon that rather than their fishy stew, a light finger buffet was served - this generally took the form of deep fried vegetable or “*chips*”. Thus the Romans may lay claim to being the earliest example of the *toro sedet*-potato.

11 *a priori*: a form of reasoning relating to or denoting reasoning or knowledge which proceeds from theoretical deduction rather than from observation or experience. *Post fortiori* is an invented expression used here to suggest a preconception of a conclusion for which there is stronger evidence than for a previously accepted one. In either case it is unlikely a slave in the fat man’s household would be in a position to understand the difference. This may be part of a more complex *meta narrative* in which the author is trying to impress her readers rather more than she is attempting to advance or contextualise the story. As a plot device it is of doubtful worth.

12 *prandium* - luncheon; *thrush and dormice* were often served as part of a typical (middle class) Roman diet. They appear in both editions of Delia Culinaris’s (XII AD) *Culinaris for II* (Libellorum Domus Thrupieceum). Here the author is attempting to establish both local colour and the social status of the fat man. Readers will ponder her success.

13 *Fig pecker* - see footnote 12. Here the author might be accused of piling *Pelion on Ossa* but, since the allusion will be little understood by anyone who requires these notes to assist in their education, it is hardly worth making the point.

14 *ferrum* - a blade. As in “*that’s a nasty ferrum you have sticking in your back Mr Caesar*”. See Livy (XII BC), “*On a Knife’s Edge: Caesar and His Assassins*” (Libellorum Domus Thrupieceum)

15 “*By Jupiter, Demeter and all the Gods*” - Another invented invocation. Here the author once again betrays the alarming gaps in her classical education. As a schoolgirl she would almost certainly have been doing domestic science whilst the boys studied Latin and whilst this is hardly her fault, some might say that a few evening or extension classes are to be advised before penning a major historical crime series. To be clear the references are to: (a) Jupiter (from the Latin: Iūpiter [ˈjuːpɪtɛr] or Iuppiter [ˈjʊppɪtɛr], *djous “day, sky” + *patēr “father,” thus “heavenly father”), also known as Jove gen. Iovis [ˈjɔwɪs]). Jupiter is the god of the sky and thunder and king of the gods in Ancient Roman religion and mythology. Jupiter was the chief deity of Roman state religion throughout the Republican and Imperial eras,

until Christianity became the dominant religion of the Empire. In Roman mythology, he negotiates with Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, to establish principles of Roman religion such as offering, or sacrifice. His invocation by the fat man at this point is both plausible and likely.

However, (b) Demeter was a Greek not a Roman god ie: Demeter (/di 'mi:tər/; Attic: Δημήτηρ Dēmētēr, pronounced [de:mé:te:r]; Doric: Δαμάτηρ Dāmātēr) the goddess of the grain, agriculture, harvest, growth, and nourishment, who presided over grains and the fertility of the earth. Her cult titles include Sito (Σιτώ), “*she of the Grain*”, as the giver of food or grain, and Thesmophoros (θεσμός, thesmos: divine order, unwritten law; φόρος, phoros: bringer, bearer), “*Law-Bringer*”, as a mark of the civilized existence of agricultural society. Ceres was the Roman equivalent and the fat man would almost certainly have known this. Evidently the author did not (see above)

The god Jupiter is not to be confused with the planet of the same name.

16 *By Jove* is a modern and not a classical oath. Jove himself is in fact biblical though Jove sometimes appears as a shortened form of Jupiter - a god with whom the fat man clearly has ongoing issues

17 *sacculus* - a purse, though there may be an implied *double entendre here* (see footnote 28 below)

18 *Marcellus Armani*: There is no evidence of such a person (see Edna Whisky McNightly (2003) *A Proposed Prosopography of Imperial Rome*, Threadbone Classics) and no known reference to a *scotal under pouch*. Here the author may be striving either for cod technical veracity or for comical effect. In either case the attempt is only partially successful.

19 *frigidarium* - a cold room common in Roman baths or more properly *thermae*. Other rooms included the *caldarium* (hot bath), the *tepidarium* (warm bath) the *atrium* (entrance) and *apodyterium* (undressing room). Some *thermae* also featured steam baths: the *sudatorium*, a moist steam bath, and the *laconicum*, a dry hot room much like a modern sauna. In larger establishments there might be a *loutron*, *natatio*, *natatorium*, *piscina* and *baptisterium*, explanation of the functions and purposes of which lie beyond the scope of the present modest commentary.

20 *gallic boar* - a large sweaty French animal (see Gerard Depardieu)

21 *ex hispaniam* - from Spain - possibly an early lost Boy Scout eg Enrique or a serial winner of French Open Tennis Championships.

22 *Os Filosubtegminis* - Threadbones - a well known slave superstore and garden centre situated on the popular Via Thrupiece. It was frequented by discerning

customers who were willing to turn a blind eye to matters of provenance. It may be regarded as the lineal progenitor of *Threadbone Extra* (open 24 hours Monday - Saturday and 10 - 4pm on Sunday's. Bring the family or stay miserable at home)

23 *nigrum bestia - bete noir*

24 *Foetus colis* - an embryonic or baby penis. Possibly a term of denigration on Livia's part. The correlation between stomach girth and penis size was a far from exact science in Ancient Rome though it appeared as a frequent comic assertion. Clearly no conclusions can be drawn as to the accuracy of the remark in this particular case. It might simply be a spiteful comment on the slave girl's part, though given Livia's "occupation" and implied educational status "*tiny dick*" might seem nearer the mark.

25 *pila sacci* - literally ball bag. This may be a reference to a pouch in which small spherical (sometimes glass) objects were kept for the purpose of playing the Roman version of marbles, though the fat man's reputation for complete inactivity makes his involvement in such a physically exacting sport unlikely. Confusingly the Roman name for this still popular game was "*Nuts*" so the phrase might just as easily be translated as *nut sack*. It is possible that the author intended no reference to the game (*ludum*) at all but is alluding rather to something altogether less agreeable. This is a matter for the reader to decide.

26 *Times (New Roman)*. Presumably a newspaper. There is, however, no evidence that a newspaper of this name existed in the era in which the novel is set (see Ian Allen Threadbone, *Newspapers In And Around The Roman Period* (1997) Threadbone Press), though a type-face of that name is still common in parts of modern Europe. Indeed, broadening our considerations, there is no evidence that newspapers as such existed at all at the time of Emperor Stultius (see footnote 7 and Ian Allen Threadbone *op sit*). Generally speaking a bloke stood on a corner and shouted as loudly as he could.

27 *Notitia for the novi hominem*: information for the new man. Once again the author has been either ill-advised or misled by culpable ignorance. There were no new men in Rome only very old ones who talked a lot.

28 There is scant evidence that Roman newspapers - even the most popular ones (see footnote 26) - carried pictures of naked women on page III or that *praecones* (street corner town criers) articulated descriptions of them. Further, it seems unlikely to say the least that a newspaper of the stature of *The Times (New Roman)* would feature them. This was more the province of *The Solis*, a populist tabloid of the time which also reported the outcome of races in the *Circus Maximus* or the II.XXX at Uttoxeter. Equally it is fatuous to think that any *novi hominem* would derive satisfaction from staring at a pair of superbly pendulous and tantalisingly realistic breasts. The author may have - literally -

lost the plot at this point.

29 *Odeon, Quadratum Ratae Corieltauvorum* - The Odeon, Leicester Square - probably a rare and ill advised attempt at humour by the author.

30 *cisternam veterem dicemusque* - perhaps best translated as “the pits”

31 *lintheum* - a towel; not to be confused with *linoleum* a drab 20th century floor covering.

32 *unctores* - anointing slaves not to be confused with *aliptae* - generally thought to be trainers - not to be confused in turn with plimsoles or running shoes

33 *laconium* see footnote 19

34 *plumbata* - a throwing dart (not to be confused with the tungsten version favoured by Michael van Gerwen and featured every Thursday on *Thrupiecesport Premiere League Darts*. Subscriptions available)

35 *Spes* (pronounced ['spe:s]) was the goddess of hope. Multiple temples to *Spes* are known and inscriptions indicate that she received private devotion as well as state cult. Many worshipers travelled more in *spes* than in *expectationem*.

36 *Caesar's wife* was famously required to be above suspicion, though the jury's out on that one.

CLASS DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

1. What do you think a “*Slippery Livia Special*” might be?
2. Would you want one?
3. Would you be jealous if your friend had one and you didn’t?
4. What might your father think if your mother knew what it was and was secretly practicing it herself?
5. If your father came home after experiencing one, what expression do you think his face might bear (a) joy (b) surprise (c) wistful reflectiveness (d) puzzlement (e) exhaustion (f) pain. Give reasoned answers for your choice.
6. Assuming for a moment that a “*Slippery Livia Special*” is a good thing, would it make (a) an ideal Christmas present for a sick uncle (b) a pleasant change for your mother (c) a coming of age present for your brother (d) a tonic for your father (e) a good way of disguising an unpleasant smell? Write a short essay justifying your choice.
7. If on the otherhand a “*Slippery Livia Special*” is a bad thing, should it be (a) banned (b) taxed (c) allowed under special license (d) referred to the EU Ethics and Animal Welfare Commission. Write a poem expressing your feelings on the matter.
8. Teaming up with a friend and design a poster aimed at promoting “*Slippery Livia Specials*” to the general public. Use your imagination and as many coloured pencils as you need.



*in
association
with*

THE THREADBONE
EDUCATIONAL TRUST

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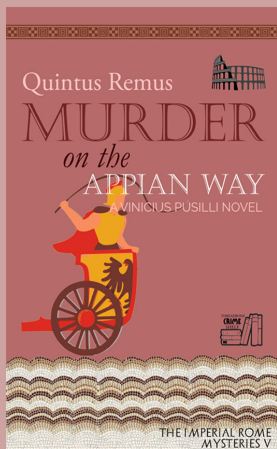
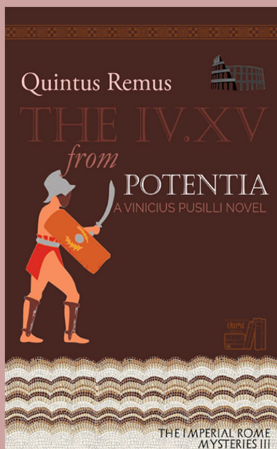
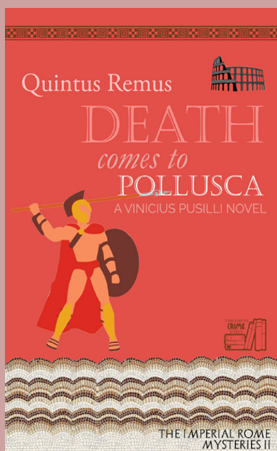
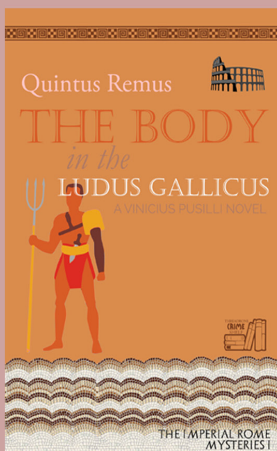
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First Edition 2018



THE IMPERIAL ROME MYSTERIES

Quintus Remus



THE IMPERIAL ROME MYSTERIES

Quintus Remus
MURDER
on the
APPIAN WAY
A VINICIUS PUSILLI NOVEL



Universal praise for the *Imperial Roman Mysteries Series*

"Vinicius Pucilli is a fine character and his detections are a real treat"

THE GUARDIAN

"At last a series to take on holiday"

THE SUNDAY TIMES

"The perfect antidote to a dreary day in England. Quintus Remus has created a character of real interest and substance."

THE LYME REGIS GAZETTE

