

QVINTVS HORTENSIVS HORTALVS  
*also speaking Sulla*

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This chapter is a channeled conversation with the spirit of  
an Ancient Roman

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# QVINTVS HORTENSIVS HORTALVS

☞ September 27, 2015  
4:56 PM

HORTENSIVS

Who do you assume to know me from?

HORTENSIVS

And trust me, I will not be angry at you as long as you tell  
me.

☞ I had entertained the thought of perhaps channeling Hortensia's father to learn more about their family secrets, but then I decided against it, because internet is down and I cannot access the father's name or pictures, though I have read his name and seen pictures of his busts before. But the mere thought of even "maybe" channeling his spirit, sent us to connection with one another. It is as if I had already stepped with my toes into his room across the threshold, and *just* as I was about to tiptoe my way right back out of there before he notices that I am in his home, he sees me, and he begins to talk. So here we are, I will talk to him.

*Author*

Sir? I know you from the pages of history.

## HORTENSIVS

And?

☞ He raises his chin up in a manly demanding pose to size me, he thinks about who might the sons or even fathers in my family be, or perhaps who my husband might be, as if, it is by the men in my family that is the only way that he can size me, to evaluate me by. He would have to know who are the men in my family, if he is to know who I am.

## HORTENSIVS

I am in liaison with Lucullus. He is my best friend. We do, *great plans* together.

## HORTENSIVS

And you know about Servilia, my granddaughter.

☞ How does he know what I already know? Because yes, I do know of Servilia. Oh! We must then also talk to Servilia! This family is one mysterious puzzling one, so we should talk to all of its family members!

☞ This man, who is Hortensia's father, is built like a robust block of marble. He is strong and well-defined, by no means a slender figure. His face has that chiseled look. I would never have guessed, from his appearance, that he would be an orator. He looks more like a military soldier. He has a very manly and demanding presence, and even his body looks the part. The jaw is very wide and square-shaped. He could probably punch a piece of marble stone to pieces with his fist. That is what he looks like. He is not what I expected.

## HORTENSIVS

*And yes, oh so what if I visited the harbors frequently? So what of it. If I did.*

☞ He spits to the side when he says “if I did”, it is like a gesture – which we have seen before I think Sulla was the one who did it before – it means “I stand by what I did, it cannot be questioned or debated, even though I know that what I did was something I should regret, I stand by it”. He said these words with an image of a large sailboat at the harbor, with its sails up. The sails were white and red, broad horizontal red and white stripes.

*Author*

Sir? ... I have been reading about your daughter Hortensia.

## HORTENSIVS

Oh yes! The gods have given her to me! She was gods-sent, to me! She was therefore, the Divined! And so, I have even married her into the family lineage of Julius! *Or, I tried to.*

Only, bah, they would not have her.

☞ His face goes angry and he spits to the side as he says “only, bah... would not have her”.

*Author*

Why was your daughter Hortensia gods-sent, divined?

## HORTENSIVS

We don't want to talk about it. As the saying goes in our old family. *We did what was needed of us.* And so, **therefore that is why I have gone to the harbor! To look for her next of kin!** Because, none of the highhats important men

of Rome would have her! And then we had her, Servilia, and she was able to restore family legacy. *So I didn't have to give her to just about anybody.* Like I did with mine.

☞ Aha, he had gone to the harbors to look for a man for Hortensia, because the good men of Rome did not want to marry her, and when he had his granddaughter Servilia she was able to marry into fine families of Rome, and then this man Hortensia's father could finally relax, that he had managed to tie in important men into his family, by marriage of the women in his family, "like I did with mine" means how he had married his own daughter Hortensia to someone less suitable, but that that was not necessary with Servilia, who married into fine families.

#### HORTENSIVS

What did you come to talk with me about? Huh? About, *how our family was nearly lost to the harbors?* About, how we never even managed to have a son?

☞ He speaks with a great deal of negativity, a negative energy, one that I don't really want to go into. The family being lost to the harbors, means to tie his family into families that are of the harbor, bad or foreign families.

#### HORTENSIVS

The cloud gods say.

☞ He leans back, some deities had whispered something to him, and he calls them cloud gods, he acknowledges that he heard them speaking to him, when he says this line here.

## HORTENSIVS

My daughter, Hortensia, she was nearly lost to the harbors.

*And, I didn't know how to get her back!*

☞ He nearly cries, I see the image of the harbor, that big sailship with red and white stripes on the sail, the sail is still up on the ship.

*Author*

Sir?

☞ And I stop myself from saying “Forgive me...”

*Author*

Signum?

## HORTENSIVS

So! **The cloud gods have come to be speaking to me!**

☞ He says in a demanding way, almost as if it had challenged him and provoked him out of his otherwise ordinary way of life on this day.

*Author*

Sir? I am not a cloud god!

## HORTENSIVS

So. My sons that were never had. So! **What of it!**

☞ When he says “So!”, he does the slow sweeping of an arm gesture, which looks like when a person sweeps things off a table down to the floor, only slowly, with the palm of the hand facing forward, Romans use that when they demand respect and approval to what they are saying.

☞ Many Romans, even women, use the term “What of it!”. It is a challenging term. It is like to say, “Yeah I know I did or I said this thing here, but what of it, what do you propose to say in response to make me angry because of it”. It is a bit like a challenge, but it is also a little bit like demanding that one leaves them alone with respect to that. It is as if expecting a fight, a conflict, “what of it”.

*Author*

Sir? I will tell you the truth.

HORTENSIVS

Yes, and you have also almost called me an Honorum.

☞ He kneels to the floor and he bows his back far down and places one arm horizontally across his chest, I have seen that gesture of the arm across the chest used before, it seems to mean “see, I am putting my arm out of service, I am allowing myself open to you”.

*Author*

I am not a wind god, nor am I any god. I am a woman. Just a plain simple woman.

HORTENSIVS

Of what, fatherhood do you belong? **And what can you tell me**, about that simple lowlife crook Scipius? Who married my daughter away? Against my best wishes? **Who**, took my only woman away? The one! Who was meant to bear my name! So! What of it! What *do* the wind gods say to that! Ah? As, have they not prepared something better to me, than wine at the vineyards. As? What more could come of

it, *than the vengeance of the gods*. I have always, done their deed! Always! Even when it meant getting my own teeth knocked down! Even when it meant!!! And I mean this in the best way possible!! Going to the harbor! To find a *mate*, a suitable man for my Hortensia. To make for us a son. Even when it meant that. So. What rumors have you heard spoken of me? What rumors? Of the harbors? What did you *think*, I did there, when I had paid off the slaves? Paid them? For what? For scriptures? For fine art of writing?

☞ “Vengeance of the gods” he thought about a whole bunch of lightning sparks, the lightning was obviously thought of as a weapon or a power of the gods.

*Author*

Sir? Signum? I am a woman.

HORTENSIVS

So, the wind gods speak. *The wind gods do that, to me today*.

As, they have spoken, of what will come, from over the mountain!

☞ The mountain again is the mountain across the north of Italy.

*Author*

I am just a plain woman from a city far to the north.

HORTENSIVS

Yet, the wind gods speak your words? How did you ever urge them to do that? How, did you do it? If you are a plain woman, and not a woman of Rome!



☞ When he speaks the underlined last sentence, he puts a palm of his hand forward on a rigid arm, sweeps it a distance to the outward even, and his face looks mighty angry or imposing. Romans seem to use a lot of body language and gestures. They can summon this horrifically angry-looking face, Roman men can even cry when it is expected of them. They have a way of pulling out the right required facial expressions when needed, it is all very theatrical compared to how men talk today.

*Author*

I am a seer.

HORTENSIVS

Ahh, so you are a north-witch. *We have not heard of those here.*

SVLLA

Did you, fly here, in any way? To, reach across of those mountains?

☞ Sulla with a smirk of a smile, so Sulla is still on the line here (I just talked to Sulla a few hours ago, which ended up in the chapter “Hortensia II”).

HORTENSIVS

I did the wrong thing. And therefore the gods were awry. And now? You have come to set things right, for me, have you? So. Let me not begin by pouring you a bit of wine. The wine is not here for you. I have reserved it for my finer guests. So?? Did you expect to even *dine* with me? What are you, and what have the gods sent here to me, other than the discus they have thrown? The sons? That we did not

have any? Are they, still mad at that? Are they still cursing me, with this woman?

☞ “This woman” being me, that I am there.

*Author*

Will you relax and listen to me, and so you can learn about who I am and why I am there?

☞ Ok I see Sulla too, he listens intriguedly. I just can't seem to shake him off, Sulla I mean.

SVLLA

The wind gods? Are you not, one of them, oh mighty? If you have, *as you say*, mightily traversed across the mountains? Are you flying in here, anytime soon? Huh?

☞ Sulla, with a smirk of a smile, he is so amused by the whole concept of me.

☞ Now, what intrigues me the most, is that Hortensia's father has mentioned Hortensia married to a Scipius. A man whom this father *did not* approve of. Hortensia had said that she married Scipio. History says that she married to a Quintus Servilius Caepio.

*Author*

Dear Signum?

HORTENSIVS

So, the wind gods say.

*Author*

I am not a wind god, I am a psychic woman.

HORTENSIVS  
Oh!!! We fear those!

☞ He thinks of some scary old Greek witch woman.

*Author*  
I am nothing to be feared. I can never hurt a man.

☞ I say to the father, but Sulla is here listening too.

*Author*  
I live in

☞ I am interrupted from saying “a time”. The father is fearful, he thinks of the mountains and he thinks it is the mountains that produce a voice, my voice.

*Author*  
I am a human woman.

HORTENSIVS  
So you are Hominis.

☞ He concludes.

*Author*  
Hominis?

SVLLA  
A man?

☞ Sulla, while he licks the inside of his teeth while his mouth closed.

*Author*

Hominis means a man? I am a woman?

SVLLA

You said you were a human. A Hominis. *Or were you not, slut?* I am, so intrigued by this, in fact, that I will stop and give up all drinking and gambling, and just do this! Oh boy! This is so remarkable, that the wind gods would still know me! And, that they would show me patronage!

☞ Sulla, he thinks of his face that was painted on the wall of his favorite bar, where he was a patron, a wall which was otherwise covered in paintings of grape vines and grapes.

*Author*

I am a woman.

HORTENSIVS

I **hated** that Scipio! For coming into my house, uninvited! I wanted to revenge to his fathers, for bringing him here. *But oh! I feared the gods!* So. Scipio could stay. *And be uninvited.* Until we got rid of him, from my house. My mother, she said that it was fare well.

☞ “Fare well” here means “that it was better, better off that way, when Scipio left it was for the better”.

HORTENSIVS

... I couldn't have any sons of my own. Because, the gods they had procured that!

☞ He thinks of his own manparts, the gods had “procured” or perhaps rather “cursed” his manparts and made him unable to have a son.

### HORTENSIVS

So. Scipio, he was none any more better than me. For coming into my house, and being the new man!

☞ This means about manparts, Scipio was now in this father’s house, Scipio had manparts, and had in a sense replaced this man who was Hortensia’s father, it was a thing about manparts.

☞ I still see Sulla, very clearly. He is ever so happy and intrigued about this whole wind gods and mountains traversed thing. He expects to hear more from me, he is amused to listen to me. I have told him I am not the wind gods, but he thinks he knows better.

☞ I mean, I have these Roman men at my fingertips, I can talk to them, yet it is so difficult to reach through to them for a normal conversation. One reason being that these men are so dense, they have this humongous dense male culture which I as a foreign woman simply can not traverse. It is like trying to push through a concrete wall. They will simply not relax and let me talk to them, like a man talks to a woman in our day. There is constantly this very demanding and masculine patriarchal construct about them, and we never reach to a normal talking grounds. Perhaps sometimes with Pompeius I had normal conversation, and sometimes there were glimpses when I did with Sulla. But it is so difficult for me to reach through,

because they will not look past their duties as a Roman man, the Roman society, and gods. I cannot reach through to them for that reason.

☞ And then they cannot understand what I am. That I am just a human woman from a city far in the north across those mountains that the Romans could not traverse. That I am a seer yet not a dangerous witch woman. That we are talking from across time, yet I am not the wind gods. They cannot accept my version. I wasn't even able to tell them that I am a human, because human means *Hominis*, and that means a man. I am not even a human to them.

#### HORTENSIVS

I went to the harbors, to find myself a new and better slut.

And this you! It was not you! I wanted to have a son, *\*weeps*  
*and cries tears\* oh yes I did!*

☞ He kneels down on the floor, he drops down, he puts his hands up with the fingers cramped as crow's feet, like Hortensia had done at one point in the channelings, and he cries tears. So, he too had gone to the harbors, to find for himself a son. He had not only burdened his daughter to the task of getting for them a son, he too had gone to the harbor to be with women. Just like Hortensia had said that her father had done, though she had not said this about why.

☞ Slut and whore must mean a woman to whom a man is not married to. And so no wonder so many of the Roman men have called me one or the other of these words. There were only women who were whores, or wives. Nothing else.

And women were not humans. And boys were women, that later grow up into men. The Roman life is confusing, but actually if you take our modern human life and just strip away everything that deals with women, then you end up with the Roman world, which only consists of men. Even a woman who is married to a man, is only a part of that man and does not seem to exist on her own. There were only men in the Roman world. Women couldn't even talk. It is really strange.

#### HORTENSIVS

I will never get to the mountain of Olympia, until I have a son. So that is why I am still here, and waiting. And we only had Servilia, that daughter, and she was not enough to revise my name.

☞ This speech, I was just getting back from the restroom and so this is not word by word, but all of what he said is here. He knows, I think, that he is dead. In the afterlife he can never get to the mountain Olympia where the gods are. He now said either that the gods never threw their discus at him, or that they did. Aha! AHA! From what I see, the discus throwing is a meteor shower in the sky! The Romans they thought that this was the gods throwing their glowing discus which are rings!

#### *Author*

Dear Great Roman man, what does it mean when the gods throw a discus? I have not heard this story.

#### HORTENSIVS

Bah! You and your people your men are not powerful!

☞ He puts the palm of one hand toward me, but the arm is not rigid, and the arm is held low, and he turns his head away to look away, this gesture to show that I am low and that I am also being dismissed. We are not powerful, me and in particular the men of my people, because we do not know about the discus.

*Author*  
... Sir?

☞ I say after I swallow hard, I swallow hard again and anxiously I begin to speak again:

*Author*  
I would like to learn more about Rome and your family from you.

### HORTENSIVS

The god of Mercurius does not allow that! So! Go back home to your mother, or your family where you are from! *Go back*, to that place over by behind that mountain. *As you say you come from there, where the gods hide, and reside.*

☞ And Sulla listens in and is very intrigued and bright. Hortensia's father held his palm of the hand forward on an almost rigid arm, the arm was again held low to show that I am low. Mercury the god does not allow him to talk about his family or of Rome to me.

*Author*  
Sir? For one last time? Listen to me! I will now tell you the truth



☞ I am interrupted, I was going to say “about who I am”.

#### HORTENSIVS

You do not speak to my family, or the home of my mother,  
like that in that way. Or you will be exiled, and burned  
away.

☞ He looks away, making clearly an attempt not to end up looking at me or my face or into my eyes, his eyes wander around in many other directions just to avoid me, the burned away was to burn a person in hot oil or hot water, a person whose head was shaved bald. How gruesome it seemed, but it was merely just another form of dismissal of a person, to strip a person from the personhood, as they had been exiled, a person that was meant to be removed. To them, to him, it was by no means gruesome or scary or even mean. Just a form of removal of a person who had been exiled.

*Author*

So the truth about me does not interest you?

#### HORTENSIVS

Go back to your harbor, slut. And do not bring me any more wine, that you have got. *As, I am sure that you are bringing me some, and honey.*

*Author*

If I was with the people of this world from the future, would you still talk to me like that? Or would you like to greet the people of the future? Would you not want to marvel

☞ I am interrupted.

#### HORTENSIVS

Go away! As I have yet got no son! The god of Mercury had removed it. *And! He had done some tricks to this!*

☞ He cries again, and “tricks to this”, the “this” is his male private parts that the god Mercury had done tricks to.

#### HORTENSIVS

I was still able to use it.

☞ He says with poise and in a demanding way, as he thinks about his penis being erect and capable and some woman doing oral sex to him. So the problem was not impotence, but actually he thinks he is infertile, sure he had conceived a daughter, but that means nothing to the Roman man, that is like being infertile.

#### HORTENSIVS

The gods didn't want to play discus with me. And I tried. I **tried** to call them out, to summon them! Yet! Where are they! Long into the night, I waited for them. And, not even a sign. Not even a chariot. So *I knew*, that they thought of me a fool.

☞ He thinks that if he sees meteor showers in the sky then the gods are throwing glowing discus rings and are playing discus with the human who gets to see it. He really thinks that. He really does. The image was of like Greek large-sized men with curly hair throwing discus, these gods in the image, three or so men, possibly naked men, were in a place where they stood on a brown sandy ground and there

was a large but flat built stone plateau there, like a stage but it did not seem to be used, the gods they stood on the sand, and they were throwing many discuses, they threw the discus with the same body posture like I saw in an earlier Roman channeling. A man who throws a discus, it reminds me a bit of men today who throw the ball. You have to adopt a specific body posture, where the back leans in an awkward-looking posture, the arms are low and diagonally facing downward, and the legs even they look awkward. Then the discus is thrown. Hortensia's father had waited outside under the night sky to see the discus or even a chariot moving across the sky, but nothing. He felt that he was a fool, that the gods thought that he was not a man. That the gods even ridiculed his sexual organs, that he was not a man. He was a fool to them. They did not want him to have sons, they did not want to play discus with him. He felt like such a failure. He felt like he had no manhood. He felt like he would let down the very existence and name of his family. And all the while the gods were thinking that he was a fool. I almost cry as I am taken by his story. It makes me sad, it touches me it makes me cry. Because, I hope that when you are reading this, you do not just think "aha yes discus no they were meteor showers". No. You have to imagine real large-sized Greek men with curly hair who were naked and threw many discuses down toward Earth for a human to see. You have to read this text that way. See it like the Romans saw it. Believe in what they believed. You have to read it like that. You have to listen to what they say. There were gods up in the sky! And they had done tricks to his manhood. They would not even play discus with him. They thought of him a fool.

*Author*

Sir? I am very sad and sorry for your family history with the gods.

☞ He wants to punch me, he brings forth so much might and power with which he would want to punch me, and he thinks about wanting to say that I need to go back to the harbors. So, again, when I try to show a Roman man compassion, I end up only insulting him. I can never try to comfort a Roman man by saying sweet or compassionate things, that is the worst thing I can do.

HORTENSIVS

So. My daughter married that man Scipio. And they had a daughter, Scipia. But she was taken away. All by my own hand!

☞ The underlined he speaks with great agony.

HORTENSIVS

I didn't want the gods to see her! So I brought her out. We took "him" out. We took "him" out of her. *And, out of my name.* So! It was then decided! That I would not have a son! *That we, and our family, would all be ruined.* All, for the gods.

☞ Hortensia had a baby daughter, as she herself has said. Hortensia, remember, said that this daughter was killed in the bathtub because they were hoping to have a son. Here her father is saying the same thing (interrupted from writing)

HORTENSIVS

I didn't want to have a daughter named Scipia! I didn't

want to have it! So the gods knew what I did! And they, they did not even send a chariot to tell me what I was doing was right! They did nothing to me! And so we waited. And we waited, and we hoped to have a son. And then! When it happened! It was left out, it was stillborn! And so, I knew that it was ended!

☞ He kneels down and puts the tips of his fingers to his eyes, this is the gesture of crying that I have described before.

#### HORTENSIVS

The chariots! They did not come! They did not come, to help me, to rescue me! So! We gave Scipia to the gods. We rescued her, from our family history.

☞ The last sentence “We rescued her... family history” he does the sweeping hand facing forward on a rigid arm with an angry face.

☞ Phew. He has now said the same as what Hortensia had said. (interrupted from writing)

#### HORTENSIVS

The gods are still angry at me! **And that is why, we are not fearful.** We are not fearful of what they say. And yes, we did drown her in the bath.

☞ An image of the women’s bath that one steps down into, the same bath that Hortensia had shown me an image of or thought of, the one with the porcelain embossed images as decoration.

☞ “Taken away” and “all by my own hand”, means when he had decided for his granddaughter Scipia to be taken away, meaning murdered, at his own decision at his own hand. He felt embarrassed if the gods would have seen that his daughter Hortensia had a daughter, when their family was so depending on having a son. We took “him” out, “him” out of her, means this daughter Scipia that was born out of Hortensia. “And, out of my name”, the father means that this daughter Scipia was killed so that she would not be part of his name, his family lineage, he did not want her. But it seems, that this was because the gods were making him not have a son. It was not his own fury at having a daughter instead, but it was entirely as if he was doing this because of the gods. There was nothing in this man that made him all on his own dislike having a granddaughter. It was purely because of the will of the gods. The gods mocking his manhood, putting a curse on his private parts that made his family unable to have a son. I must emphasize that clearly once again, Hortensia’s father did not in himself want to remove a granddaughter from his family. It was because of the gods. He did what was right to do because of the gods. The gods had not, and I emphasize, told him to kill Scipia. He had Scipia killed because, the main reason seems to be, because the gods did not want him to have sons, and to have a granddaughter instead was an insult, it was mocking, and he felt embarrassed if the gods see that his family had a daughter. He did not want that humiliation, when the gods up in the sky were watching down from the sky at him.

☞ He was hoping that there would be a chariot of the gods flying across the sky after he had had Scipia killed, to show him that the gods approved of what he had done, but, no chariot was flown across the sky then. The stillborn son that his family had, is the one that Hortensia had, the one that Hortensia too has told me about. And when he says that they gave Scipia to the gods, that they rescued her from the family history, he thought about how this baby granddaughter was given to one or more than one female goddesses when it died, and that this way Scipia didn't have to live in the great shame of her sonless family. The father spared Scipia of that family shame, instead because she was dead she would be in the arms of goddesses in a great loving place.

☞ The bathtub where Scipia was drowned, seems to be a special type of death. This was a women's bath, used by women, smaller than the "indoor swimming pools" where men bathed in bathhouses. Perhaps this is a bathtub where a woman gave birth, who knows? The way that a person dies was significant to the Romans, I learned that when Nero told me that he would rather have an honorable death by dying of poison and be given a proper funeral, than to die decapitated by the soldiers. And the Romans believed that by burning the dead in a fire, to cremate them, they were being handed to the god of fire Mars. Drowning a baby in water in the women's bathtub was a sweet and tender way of dying. This tub has an embossed motif of a woman's face, perhaps it is the face of a goddess?

☞ Out of respect for this Roman man who has spoken, I have to emphasize again. This man he would have loved his

granddaughter. He was not a man who would murder daughters in the family just because he thought that men were better. There is nothing misogynistic about this. There is no hatred of women in this. Only that, as a Roman man he *knew* the importance of the male family lineage. He was not the one who had made that up. It was his duty to secure the family name through sons in the family.

✎ However, it is noteworthy that he did not approve of Hortensia's husband Scipio. Scipia was the daughter of Scipio. For the Romans, and this will take me a long time to get my head around to understand, since it is so different from how we live today, and I was totally unprepared for this Roman way of life when I first entered into it with channeling so it was quite a culture shock, for the Romans a daughter was not really "a person", yet it does not mean what a woman of our time – me – would think it means at first. It doesn't mean that women are hated.

✎ Since a woman will marry to another man, she does not stay in the father's family. When she marries to a man, she becomes a part of that man whom she marries, and that man becomes her new father. The woman was a tool with which her father procures good sons for his own family lineage. The woman was like a card in a deck of cards and men were playing cards with each other. Women were not even humans, they were not *Hominis*. Hortensia's father did not approve of Scipio, and that is why he could not approve of Scipia, because Scipia was Scipio in the form of a female card in the game of cards that Roman men play. If



Hortensia's father did not approve of Scipio as a man in his family, then he could not approve of Scipia.

☞ Women were a veil in Rome, they were transparent and passed along by men. An unmarried daughter was almost nameless and non-existent while in the house of her father. And when her father married her to a man whom he chose, a man whose family he wanted to link to his own family, then this daughter a girl disappeared, she was no longer existing. It was, as if the women of Rome did not even exist. As if they were veils, transparent. They were ghosts, passed along from one man to another, in a game of cards where men tried to deal their cards right to procure sons of good name to their families. Women were almost *not even seen*. It was all about the sons, about the fathers, about the names of families.

☞ It is very foreign to a woman who grew up in the late last decade of the 1900's in Sweden. In Sweden equality between genders is so severely enforced, that we now even have a new name which means neither he or she but gender neutral, which we are meant to use both for boys and girls. In Sweden men try their best to let women be equal, and women try their best to be equal to men, that it has the opposite effect and men are in many ways rather inferior in Sweden. Swedish women are raised by daycare centers, schools, and in families, to be manly, to speak their mind, to never restrict their speaking even to the point where Swedish women often say vulgar things like talking out openly about their period, women are encouraged to be independent, to educate themselves, to do masculine careers even, which are not even termed masculine

anymore. Men however, are brought up in Sweden to be gentle, to listen to when girls and women speak, to communicate their feelings, to cry, to be good parents by doing the dishes and cooking family meals and by taking care of the children. Companies have quotas which *force* them to have optimally half of women in the boardrooms. Women are allowed in the military and as firefighters, and men work in daycare centers and as nurses.

☞ I come from a civilization and culture which is probably *the farthest* removed from the Roman masculine society. Sure, I knew that Romans were a bit like that, everybody knows that, but I was entirely unprepared when I started channeling them. It was Pompeius Magnus who first made contact with me, and then I embarked on interviewing the Romans. Mostly I was curious to see if I really even was channeling them? And that is why I have not prepared. I have not read up on them, not thought of ahead of time what I should say or how I should introduce myself.

☞ Anyhow. The Romans were different. Hortensia's father decided that Hortensia's daughter and her father's granddaughter Scipia who was fathered by Scipio whom Hortensia's father did not approve of, that she be drowned in the bathtub and returned to female goddesses to spare her of the shame of the family curse and to spare Hortensia's father of the shame of being seen with a daughter before the gods when they had no sons.

*Author*

I regret to hear about the family troubles that you have,  
with being sonless and all.

☞ I am interrupted.

HORTENSIVS

Have you come to help me? Or have you not, and pour me  
some of that wine?

*Author*

I am from the future

☞ I am interrupted.

HORTENSIVS

You lie, you wicked little witch! I will have you arrested, for attempting to even touch at me. So, be gone now, or I will have you arrested, and you thrown into the dungeons and fed to the lions.

☞ And he smiles when he says these gruesome things because he must think that sounds funny?

*Author*

I am a psychic woman two thousand years into your future.

I am from a country that is far far north from yours. You  
are written about in Roman history.

HORTENSIVS

Oh?

☞ He thinks of Roman writing that they have in his time, he was a bit taken aback from what I said, now finally he has listened, because I blurted it all out quickly and all at once before he would have a moment to object.

*Author*  
So. History only says

☞ I am interrupted.

HORTENSIVS  
Scipio and Scipia, are not my own!!

☞ He roars at me with the loudest voice, I was going to say that history only says about that other husband whom Hortensia married and that it says nothing about Scipio whom Hortensia actually married. I think faster than I can type, obviously, and that is why often they know what I am saying faster than I can write it down.

*Author*  
So. *Signum*.

HORTENSIVS  
So. The wind god speaks.

☞ As I call him *Signum*, he says this.

*Author*  
I am a woman, just a woman, and I am two thousand years in your future. I am a psychic seer. The Romans, *meaning*  
*you*

☞ I am interrupted.

HORTENSIVS  
The gods chosed out us all!

☞ His face looks grim, and he puts a palm of the hand forward on a rigid arm to dismiss, to add authority to what he says here. He means that the Romans, were simply nothing more but a people chosen out by the gods, the Romans were a creation made by the gods, and no credit could be given to the humans.

*Author*

Much has happened in two thousand years.

HORTENSIVS

I do not need to know. The gods will reveal it all. *And, it has not been decided yet.* Yet, you speak of this thing? As if “you”, were from futurum? And? You speak as if you know my wife, Hortensia? As, she did nothing to you, or of our nameless unborn sons!

☞ He calls Hortensia his wife, though I assure you he and his daughter did not have sex that is not what he meant, just again the ambiguity that father and husband means the same, and wife or daughter are both the woman in a family.

☞ I now do something different. I just relax. I look at him, yet I do not speak. Hopefully, if he can just feel my presence, then we can reach through to each other, a bit.

HORTENSIVS

Are you, not with the wind gods, then? Then, how have you been speaking? I demand to know the truth.

*Author*

I am a seer, a psychic woman. I have abilities.

☞ I am interrupted.

SVLLA

So you *are* with the wind gods!

☞ Sulla amused and pleased says to me, because if I have these abilities, then I have just now admitted that yes sure I am with the wind gods! As it is the same thing, to them!

*Author*

I do not know about wind gods.

☞ And to this, Sulla is *so* amused that he folds in half and would almost crawl on the floor laughing, he holds his arms tightly around his stomach because of the deep laughter, as he thinks, that sure I have seen the wind blowing! It is foolishness and ridiculously funny if someone claims to not have seen the wind gods, because it means the same thing as if the wind never blew or if I never saw the wind blow, because of course I did! Hortensia's father now says that these matters of his family being sonless are tremendously humiliating to him.

HORTENSIVS

So. I had hoped, *that perhaps you were a witch of Mercurius*, here to come for my aid. That perhaps, the curse could now be lifted? Or? Haven't I and my daughter Hortensia made that clear? What we want from *you*? Huh?

☞ "Want from you", "you" are gods.

*Author*

Sir? I promise to you,

☞ I am interrupted.

### HORTENSIVS

Of course that you promise, because if you lie, I will have  
your teeth and your tongue cut out!

☞ He says with an angry scary face and the palm of his hand facing forward on a rigid arm of dismissal, so it seems that Romans might rarely suspect a person of lying, because liars had their teeth and tongue taken out, gruesome.

*Author*

I, ...

### HORTENSIVS

I even took the tea of the Romans, to better be able to see. But, *I didn't see to over past the mountains of Olympos*. I didn't see them there! And so I knew, that my wife the Hortensia had not been taken!

☞ He had drunk that tea made from plants and leaves that was mentioned in a channeling recently by I think Sulla who said it, the one that made Romans able to “see” the gods, but it hadn't worked for him, the tea didn't make him able to see into the place on the mountains where the gods lived, again wife Hortensia, it doesn't mean what you'd think, and not been taken means Hortensia had not been taken by the gods up to their mountain to be with them.

*Author*

Sir?

## HORTENSIVS

Yet you talk again, when I had now gone away to rest.

*Author*

History books in the future know nothing about Scipio.

☞ I stop talking because he puts the palm of his hand forward with the fingers pointing up and on a rigid arm, to dismiss what I am saying.

*Author*

Was Scipio never written about?

## HORTENSIVS

No!!! He had no sons, for me to be a father!!! He had, *only daughters, for me*. And so, he was banned right out of this house! Banned, for being a fool, for making me mockery! Banned. For taking my daughters away. We could have given her to the gods on the mountain. *But now it was too late*. Because she had already had a son.

☞ The daughter that Scipio took away from him Hortensia's father was Hortensia, and he means that he could have given his daughter Hortensia to the gods at the mountain instead, as a gift, maybe even – I don't know now I'm just speculating – a god like Zeus could have gotten Hortensia pregnant with a son, but that is just what I am speculating here don't write that down. But since Hortensia had already given birth to a son, the stillborn, then she was no longer good for the gods at the mountain. I was expecting that Hortensia would have had to be a virgin to be good for the gods, but no, virginity seems to be lost



when a woman has a son, that is when she is “spent” already.

*Author*

Scipio was never recorded in history as having been the husband of your daughter Hortensia.

HORTENSIVS

No. Hahhah. Why would he? I would have even *broken his fingers off* before given him a runal!

☞ Runal is to write Scipio’s name in Roman Latin letters in a stone, to write him into the family I suppose it means, or to have some sort of stone artifact commissioned to be built and placed into his home, the home of Hortensia’s father, with Scipio’s name in it.

*Author*

Why did Scipio marry your daughter Hortensia?

HORTENSIVS

She wanted to have a son by him. *But he failed*. And, he only gave me daughters, and bore no sons.

☞ He spits to the ground when he says “but he failed”.

HORTENSIVS

I wasn’t going to become bald, before I would ever see my son.

☞ He cries tears, he thinks about getting a bald head and that he would want to have a son in the family before he gets that old, and I saw the image of a Roman man with a

bald head and wearing a white toga inside a lavish huge white marble building.

HORTENSIVS

Hortensia, wasn't my own. She was all of Romans'.

☞ He does the sweeping of an arm slowly as he speaks this, this gesture seems to add authority and awe to what a Roman man is saying.

*Author*

How was she all of Romans'?

HORTENSIVS

How do you think?

☞ He does a smirk of a smile, as he thinks to a Roman woman's dress being lifted, so he means that many Roman men - *or all Roman men* - had sex with Hortensia, at least figuratively speaking.

*Author*

How many different men did Hortensia have sex with?

HORTENSIVS

As many as the gods ruled. As many as she needed. She needed many. And then, many of them failed anyway.

Except for that "one", that had the stillborn. For Hortensia? It meant *nothing* to have no name, since she could have always married. But for me? It meant great shame in front of the gods!

HORTENSIVS

The man of Scipio, was not good enough for her. *Because,*

***he bore for her a daughter!** And that daughter was  
thrown away! Given back, to the gods, that deserved to  
have her! Given back, for all the gods' mighty and  
vengeance! So that they would throw discus with me again!  
So that they would take me back! So, that! I would not have  
to go to the harbors ever again, to look for a suitable man  
for her! So that I could live, in peace. And have a name at  
last, again. So that I could *never* again be seen at the  
harbors.*

☞ “That deserved to have her” is that the gods they  
deserved to have granddaughter Scipia, and there was love  
in there from him toward his granddaughter Scipia, he felt  
no hatred or resentment toward the baby child Scipia, but  
there was tenderness and love, even that he thought that a  
baby girl was cute and precious.

*Author*

Will you speak with me about your work?

HORTENSIVS

Yes, and what of it?

☞ As if I am almost challenging him, challenging his  
persona and his manhood, challenging his work.

*Author*

You were orator, and consul of Rome.

HORTENSIVS

Bah! What of it!

☞ He puts the palm of the hand forward right away and dismisses all of this, in a strange and serious reaction that surprised me.

*Author*

Why do you react that way?

### HORTENSIVS

I was given so much wine there, *so that I would talk for them, so that I would be their oratory*. They only wanted, their kind of men there. And nothing like me, we who were only with women. So, I felt like an outcast, for not having a family name! So I left them then.

☞ The other great men of Rome gave him wine and bribed him so to do work for them in their favor, and “their kind of men there” he thought about men’s penises, that other men had real functioning penises and scrotum and his was not functioning, his was defunct, so he was not “their kind of man” like the other men of Rome, and this relates to the male parts specifically, and he was “only with women” since his family consisted only of women. He did not have a family name, because he did not have an heir in his family, a son nor a grandson. So he left the company or work of these great men in Rome.

### HORTENSIVS

The men of Mercury. They did not want to have me there. So, they *fooled* me, they ridiculed me. And so I said, no more.

☞ The men of Mercury were men who lived on the hill of Mercury, these were men who were in the upper echelons of Rome in politics and so forth, these men did not want to have this man Hortensia's father with them, and when these men "fooled" him it does not mean that they tricked him, but it means that they regarded him a fool. When he says "And so I said, no more", he thinks of the Roman gods with lots of lightning bolts in where these gods are, and the thought was that he is with the gods, at least, that the gods have power, that sort of thing.

*Author*

Can I ask you a question?

HORTENSIVS

Who is your father? *Then*, I will tell you. Or. Are you with the wind gods? Because I hear you speak, yet no one nobody is here. I? I cannot even *see* you? Where you are? Are you a witch, of the wind god. Or are you not, here to come make me a fool! A trick, a mockery!

*Author*

I have not come to fool you or to mock you. I hold greatest respect for you.

HORTENSIVS

Bah. Greatest respect, that is only for your father.

☞ He spits to the ground, his arms crossed, when I say that I respect him, he thinks that is so wrong, because only my father would do the respecting in my family, he knows I am a woman.

DEITY

I don't want you to be afraid, but that is really him!

☞ A white deity says to me while I am in the kitchen pouring juice. It is true, that a significant part of me still doubts, or has not realized, that I might indeed be talking to the real Roman men!

DEITY

And do not talk to him about Scipio. As, that will only anger him. And, we have also told him that you are one of the wind gods. Or he will call you a witch of the mountain, and send you away. And surely? You do not want that?

☞ Deity tells me.

*Author*

Who are you? Are you the wind gods?

DEITY

Hahhahhah, no we are not. *We are the deities, yes.* But we are no wind deities!

*Author*

Are you an alien?

DEITY

Ooh, perhaps?

*Author*

What are you?

DEITY

We are an ancient form of life. *And yes, even the great*

Greeks and Romans knew of us. But! We were never the ones to put lightning strikes on trees! *They did that all on their own.* The wind gods, we were not? So! Huhuu! What are we then? *Or, what are we not?* The Great Romans, they sailed almost everywhere, with their sailboats. But they could not sail away from themselves. *That is why you are talking to them, about them.* Why they cannot see you? Or think of you? They cannot, *imagine* what you are. That is why it had not come across. They do not understand you?

*Author*

Father of Hortensia?

HORTENSIVS

Hahah! Is that how you learn to say my name? *Hahah!*

☞ So it was ridiculous to name him based on his daughter, of course, how stupid of me I should have known. But it's just that I don't remember his name from when I read it before! Internet is down.

HORTENSIVS

What did the gods tell you, as when they showed you their chariots?

☞ He asks me after a moment of silence between the two of us, while I try to get the internet started again.

☞ I don't know what to say to him. Anything I say about this, will be wrong. What is the right answer, the best answer?

*Author*

I do not know what to tell you. I have not seen their chariots.

HORTENSIVS

Ahaa, then your family is not an important one. *My family, we have only seen them once. And it was me who had seen it.* I saw it, over there up by the mountain of Theoseklos!

☞ Not sure about the spelling of the name of the mountain, but it sounded something like that.

*Author*

What did it look like?

HORTENSIVS

Hahah!

☞ He says impudently, obviously proud that he has seen a god's chariot.

HORTENSIVS

It was made out of flame. And it, it hovered there for a while, *obviously* they were letting me see it.

*Author*

Who rides in it? Which gods ride in a chariot?

HORTENSIVS

Have you come to relieve me of our curse?

☞ "Our curse" or "my curse", I forgot what he said.



*Author*

I don't know if I have that power, to relieve any curses from  
you.

HORTENSIVS

Mine, is worthless. *And so was my Hortensia's man!*

☞ He thinks to his male parts, and means that Hortensia's husband's parts were also useless.

HORTENSIVS

My granddaughter Scipia. She was *not* taken to over by the gods' mountains? Was she not? Or, was she there, when I was going to go there, to be remembered? Would we *meet* each other there, at least? Or would the gods not take her? *What can you tell me of that fact?* What can you say, about our granddaughter? About the one, that Hortensia had? Was she, was she ever taken in to a god's chariot? Or, was she, left alone? Oh!

☞ At the end he breaks down in tears, he desperately wants his granddaughter Scipia to be with the gods now that she is in the afterlife.

*Author*

Sir? History books mention that your daughter Hortensia was married to Quintus Servilius Caepio. Who was he?

HORTENSIVS

Another Roman man.

☞ He smiles.

*Author*  
Who is he?

HORTENSIVS  
My sister's brother.

☞ Though "brother" here might mean son, again they seem to mix male and female roles as if these are all thought of as equal within a family, father and husband are the same, wife and daughter are the same, simply man or a woman in a family, sort of thing.

HORTENSIVS

Scipia. I wanted to miss her. But the gods would not have allowed that. And so, I cried no tears, I showed no sorrow. *And nor did my daughter.* We mourned her not, but perhaps, now would be the time! Oh! We want her back to us, and out of the gods' fury!

☞ He thinks that Scipia might be over by the gods at the mountain and that this little girl is in a place with gods that are furious with gods' fury, and he wants to take her back from there to his family to his arms.

*Author*  
Who is Quintus Servilius Caepio?

HORTENSIVS  
My sister's, great brother.

☞ He says, raises his chin up, and looks poised.

*Author*

So he was your sister's brother, Quintus and your sister  
have the same father then?

☞ I am proud of myself, pat on the shoulder, that I should not say "same mother and father", since they counted family members differently, it is right here to ask if they had the same father, and that is it, proud of myself.

☞ I am only asking since I suspect that Quintus might not have been his sister's great brother, especially since he says "great brother".

*Author*

Quintus was brother to your sister? Does that mean that he was also your brother?

HORTENSIVS

No!

☞ He sweeps the palm of the hand in front of him to dismiss what I said, which was wrong.

*Author*

How does this work then?

HORTENSIVS

Scilia. Scilia was her name once. *And then we changed it.* To remove, any ancestral line to her old father. So! My name got put there to replace it! So. Scilia she was not Servilia.

*But we made it that way?*

☞ The last sentence it is not a question, but is said humbly, the few first signs of humbleness that he shows.

☞ Scilia! Is Servilia! I don't know. My patience is running out, with trying to map out this family's family tree. So far it looks very different from the one recorded in history. Here is a marriage that was never officially recognized, stillborn babies, a daughter that was killed, a man who was divorced (or killed? Who knows, these are the Romans). And a girl Scilia who was renamed Servilia. The only reason why I still bother, is because it was true that this family was sonless. I did not know anything of that when I channeled Hortensia the first time. So that is why I am intrigued. Also the story about the god of Mercury, and now the discus being thrown, it is far too mesmerizing and encaptivating, and true-sounding.

### HORTENSIVS

Scilius. Was her name. But then we changed it. *We wanted it to sound like Julius.* But we couldn't keep it, because it was not our name, so we changed it!

☞ The underlined he speaks with the sweep of the palm of the hand facing forward, sweeping slowly across in front of him.

☞ What more do I want to ask him? I can forget about letting him know who I am, that won't work. Are we done here? I don't think I can sort out anything more of his family history. Thank you greatly for speaking to me, father of Hortensia, I cannot even ask you to forgive me for having forgotten your name.

HORTENSIVS

Quintus? Hahah. He was not a good man.

☞ But now I forget if he said “man” or “name”, but meaning the same thing either case, ie. “man” in this case.

*Author*

... Why was Quintus not a good man?

HORTENSIVS

Hahah.

☞ He thinks about a woman’s privates as seen from the outside or front, nothing too vulgar, just thinking of a woman’s parts.

*Author*

What do you mean, about Quintus?

HORTENSIVS

He didn’t have us any sons, at first. And therefore, he was not good.

☞ The underlined he says with the sweeping arm and serious face.

HORTENSIVS

We even served him our good food!

☞ Image of a fine dining table with lots of good foods and meats on it.

*Author*

Quintus adopted a son Brutus?

HORTENSIVS

I told **him** not to give away our name! *But he had to!*

☞ The italic part he speaks as if completely humble and begging and defeated and weak, as if kneeling before the gods and feeling completely desperate and helpless.

*Author*

Who is Brutus?

HORTENSIVS

Bah! She doesn't even know his name.

☞ He puts the palm of his hand forward, closes his eyes, and turns his head away.

*Author*

Marcus Junius Brutus?

☞ Internet is back on so I can look up their names.

*Author*

Who was Marcus Junius Brutus?

HORTENSIVS

A great promise, for us!

☞ Yet he stutters, he is fearful, he puts both palms of his hand forward, arms not rigid but bent a bit at the elbows, the fingers pointing up, and he is fearful, as if he is defending himself against gods here.

*Author*

Why do you fear this?

## HORTENSIVS

Are you going to know nothing, you idiot? What it means, to take a great king's man into our family?! To take the Junius.

☞ He frowns at me, aha so this was an adoption from a fine family, and perhaps I sensed that yes indeed Brutus was related to Julius Caesar who had divinity.

*Author*

Was the father of Brutus, Julius Caesar?

☞ He just pouts and doesn't bother to answer me.

## HORTENSIVS

Julius Caesar! He did nothing to help us our family! He said, that the hill of Mercury needed to best be left alone!

☞ He cries, when he says the underlined Julius Caesar, he bows down and he puts the fingers into his eyes in the crying gesture.

## HORTENSIVS

Scipio, or Scipia, *were not* going to be able to help us. And therefore, that is why they were taken out.

☞ He speaks not angrily but a bit impudently or showing that he had decided and there is nothing more to that.

## HORTENSIVS

I tried making love to many women. None of them they bore any son for me. *And if they had,* I would have married them. I even went to many widows. I would have married them. And taken them in! Had they given me a son! But!

The gods' mighty fury curses, could not be broken! Not even with my best wishes! So! We never had a son!

☞ And in the last parts he puts the fingers to his eyes again the crying gesture.

*Author*

Your family never had a son. Your daughter Hortensia's husband Quintus adopted Junius, Marcus Junius Brutus?

HORTENSIVS

Yes. \*smiles warmly\*

*Author*

Why was *Brutus* adopted?

HORTENSIVS

Bah!

☞ He puts palm of the hand toward me on a rigid arm and turns his head far away in a gesture.

*Author*

Why won't you say?

HORTENSIVS

Because it is a *great shame* to our family!

☞ He puts the fingers to his eyes and has the arched back again the crying gesture.

HORTENSIVS

The gods would never give me a son. *So we had to do it.* And that is when, I went on down to the harbors. To find a



good and suitable eligible man for my daughter. But only, that we found none. And none of the highhats of Rome were going to do it. So! We married into family! And! So Scipias fate was also restored!

☞ Restored or saved, Scipias fate, I forget which he said.

☞ Minutes later:

HORTENSIVS  
I am not unashamed.

*Author*  
What are you ashamed of?

HORTENSIVS  
For? For this fate!

☞ He puts the fingers to his eyes in the crying gesture.

*Author*  
I just read about you for the first time. Your name is Quintus Hortensius Hortalus. And you introduced peacocks as a dish on Roman tables.

☞ He smiles a bit, but his eyes still show that his main concerns are with the curse of Mercury that was over them.

HORTENSIVS  
When I was a boy, I didn't know *what* I was doing. I only tried, going out with the pretty girls. **And then my father said no.** He said, "no son, you must go out with the women that gods have chosen out for you". And so I got my new

mother. And she was not a young maid. So *I married her, because I had to.* I did not get to choose for myself.

☞ “New mother” is his wife.

*Author*

What was her name? What was the name of your first wife?

HORTENSIVS

Who asks? And, she never bore me any sons, and that is what was important. So I disowed her!

☞ The underlined “disowed” part he holds the palm of his hand forward with the fingers pointing up and looks away.

☞ 11:20 PM

*Author*

Oh my goodness!

☞ My jaw drops, my mouth gapes wide open, my eyes open wide, I place a hand over my mouth and I say “Oh my goodness!”. Because before me manifests the figure of Hortensia’s father Hortensius. I see his room clearly. His presence manifested to my right side so well that it made me turn to the right side! His body and his presence so real. He now puts his hand on my belly and says,

HORTENSIVS

Now, then. I am not the *real* Hortensius anymore. But, I know you had wanted to talk to me because I was somebody’s father. *And I am not yours.* Yet, I have been

here, to get to know you better? So? What do we need to talk about?

☞ He grins, his mouth opens and reveals that most of his teeth have pieces broken off of them and have black parts on them.

*Author*

Sir? You felt so real and I saw you!

HORTENSIVS

Yes, yes, and we never really did have any sons? Did you come to give me that fact?

*Author*

But, *Sir!* I saw you! It was almost that I could have ran to you and...!

HORTENSIVS

You cannot even *kiss* me, as you are not my new mother.

☞ “New mother” means wife, and his mouth reveals again teeth that are stained with black.

☞ Let me tell you how my channeling works. I hear and I feel and I see images that are like clouds. When I channeled, wow I dare to not even say his name, the famous snowman from the mountains, I had the most vivid experience of a ghost when he manifested in my room! It was so frightening! And ever since then, I have been having these ever clearer images of ghosts. It didn’t used to be like that. But I do channel historical figures quite often, I find it interesting, and I also hold it as my obligation to share

this work for humanity *because I can*. (he interrupts me, he talks now, I was writing)

## HORTENSIVS

I see that you are writing some books about us for your library. *And we came to tell you, not to do that*. As, all the feats of our Romans have already been recorded!

☞ He frowns his face and eyebrows and does the hand sweeping motion as he says the last sentence.

☞ He was so real in front of me when he manifested, that his body I could feel his body the weight of him the physical mass of him. I could have almost ran to him and hugged him. And when he came up to me to put his hand on my belly, I felt like I could have very almost just sat on his lap, looked him in the eyes. He now opens his mouth a little, exposing again the black teeth, which I find absolutely unusual, I have never seen a man with black on his teeth before, and most of his teeth like I said have like half of them missing on them. He isn't wearing a toga. He is wearing a skirt type of wear, and sandals that wrap up the legs with leather bands. My channeling skill is evolving. I didn't know it could be this clear. I feel like I could reach my hand toward him and touch him.

☞ I am looking at a real face. His hair has been cut in tufts, so that those could be curled. Oh, he puts his hand on my left breast, cupping my left breast, he now smiles from one corner of his mouth that exposes some of his black teeth.

HORTENSIVS

Yes, *you are* a mighty fine woman!

☞ He looks at me and says, though that is not eye-contact he is sizing me with, but my body.

*Author*

Do you like me?

HORTENSIVS

**Why!** Run home to your father! *Before I take you, I grab you.*

Damn it you! You have given me ill-will!

☞ I see him so clearly, his body feels and looks real, not an image but like a physical real body. His skin is tan and not white. He looks to be in great shape, muscular.

HORTENSIVS

I am not the Linius clan. I thought you should know that, *before you proceed, to write about me.* I am not the Linius clan, and for that I am really sorry. Because, *they can be better men for you.*

☞ He says and thinks of the harbor of Rome with ships with sails that are red and white striped.

*Author*

Who are the Linius?

☞ Oh dear, he thinks that he is kneeling on one knee before me and that he now cups my right breast with his hand.

HORTENSIVS

Are you not, with the harbor sluts? Or, are you!

☞ He means to grab a sword when he says “or, are you”.

*Author*

I, ... I was not a harbor slut, Sir.

HORTENSIVS

Then stop talking with me.

☞ He says and I see again that his teeth are each about half of the teeth are black and the other half is white or whatever that is. All of his teeth have jagged ends as if half of them had been worn off or broken off.

*Author*

Sir? I...

HORTENSIVS

I was not meant to touch you. *No, not anymore.*

☞ He thinks first of a female goddess, as if he must treat all human women right because otherwise it does not honor the female goddess if women are touched wrongly.

☞ I totally feel that I am in the same space with him somehow, though I am here in my room, my time.

*Author*

Sir?

HORTENSIVS

Are you not with the wind gods, who speak with me? Or,

are you not? Are you, not one of the slaves, from at the harbor? *Or are you not?* Tell me! I am getting weary!

*Author*

I am not a slave nor am I from the harbor, nor am I

☞ I am interrupted.

HORTENSIVS

I always only wanted to have a son. *I hope you can understand me.*

☞ He smiles a bit and I see his half-black teeth that are worn and jagged.

☞ I was going to say that nor am I one of the wind gods. I just want to look at him, because there is nothing I can say to him. His hair looks dirty and greasy. It hasn't been washed with like modern day shampoo in a long while, hahah, that part is obvious. He has brown eyes. I feel his body his torso so clearly, as if I could just reach my fingers through and touch him, and feel his warm dense body.

HORTENSIVS

Why? I am not here, *all* because of my daughter?

*Author*

Can you see me too?

HORTENSIVS

Yes. Of course that I can.

☞ And I see again that his teeth are bad, he is also aware of that his teeth do not feel alright.

*Author*

What do I look like?

HORTENSIVS

Like, none of the men I knew. Like, none of the men from the harbor! Are you then, *one of the city sluts?* That were sent to me? Or?

☞ Wow, he looks at my face and tries to recognize which man might be my father, that is so telling of a Roman man. I am so intrigued by him, I just want to look at him, to touch him, to reach over. He is not amused. He seems bothered, but he is calm.

HORTENSIVS

I was not with the Licinius. *Do you know why?*

*Author*

Why?

HORTENSIVS

I didn't marry the right woman. *I could have* married in the Licinius! The Strapoles, was what I had got.

*Author*

Who are the Strapoles family?

HORTENSIVS

Have you not heard of them?



*Author*  
No?

HORTENSIVS  
*They are all drunks, here!*

☞ But he thought of beer, a yeasty smelling beer made out of some yellow grain product, it has a yeasty foam and is not “clean” or “clear” like today’s beer.

*Author*  
Do Roman men drink beer?

HORTENSIVS  
What?

☞ He frowns and he looks at me.

HORTENSIVS  
What do you expect us to do then, at the harbor?

☞ I don’t want to flirt with him, but I wish I could touch him. I wish I could go there from my time, and just sit there with him, put my arms around him, and look at him. Push my head into his chest and feel that he is a real living man, from so much time ago. I wish I could. I would not be afraid of him, if I could only go there to him there in that time.

*Author*  
Sir! I can see you!

☞ I say very loud and clearly as I see him. We are looking at each other.

*Author*

I wish, I wish I could be there with you.

HORTENSIVS

Would you have a son for me, ha ha. *Or would you not.*

Huh? I want to know. And, who is your father, *really?*

*Author*

My father has died.

HORTENSIVS

Oh? The shame on your family. So. \*clears throat\* Who is your mother then? And, what was your father known for?

As, was he even a pearl fishermen?

☞ He thinks of oysters being cut open to reveal the soft flesh and hopefully a pearl inside.

*Author*

I want to touch you.

☞ He licks his lips, he seems happy and intrigued by what I said.

HORTENSIVS

So? What did your father say to you about me? To make you want to do that?

☞ He is cheerful and happy now. He now thinks about his penis, which would be erect for me now.

☞ Well. To be perfectly honest, if he and I were in a room together, I think things would happen. I think we like each other. There is *some* chemistry going on between us. Even if

he has dirty hair and his teeth are half black, he is a handsome man. I like his focus, his charisma. He looks at me, he smiles. Now he seems sad, or just tired.

*Author*

Tell me about men in Rome?

HORTENSIVS

What!

☞ He wants to strike me at my face, hit me with his hand I mean, for saying that.

*Author*

Why does that anger you?

HORTENSIVS

I mean, your father was not even a pearl fisherman. You know why I know? You do not smell like it, you slut.

☞ Then he smiles with one corner of his mouth, he means that pearl fishermen smell like pearl fishermen, and then I would too.

☞ I would give almost anything to (interrupted from writing)

HORTENSIVS

Do you know why my family never had any sons? *Because we were not important.* So why do you write books about my family? Won't the gods be angered then? Or won't they. Perhaps you think, you know better, that you are wiser. So?

Do not write any books about my family. Or the gods will not be wise with you.

☞ What he is doing now is he is sitting down somewhere or leaning against something and sitting down and he brings his fingertips to his mouth and is licking his fingertips, why I don't know.

☞ I would give almost anything to magically transport into his time and make love to him. I think I have fallen for him. Why? He is handsome. And I like his style, his charisma, his focus. I like men who are not softies. Nor does he seem overly brute either. I want to tell him how I feel, but I cannot. It would only anger him, everything I say to them angers them.

*Author*

Sir? If I was in Rome, would you have sex with me?

HORTENSIVS

Undoubtedly no! Or yes. It *all depends*. On who your father was. And, if he was rich? If he could bring us boys?

☞ He smiles, and I see his teeth that are half black and that have worn jagged tops, with tops I mean the surface that one chews on.

*Author*

So, it would all depend on my father?

HORTENSIVS

Yes, who is he, is he rich? Or, *was he wealthy, at one time, but then he lost it?* Whatever. What gives. I know I just married

the wrong woman. The Caestipius one! The Caestipius, *they were no one*. No one. With no esteem. With, *no real important marriages?* Just, me, and my Hortensia. We were not known.

*Author*

But Sir? You are one of Rome's most known men? You were consul.

HORTENSIVS

Do not talk about my Consulates!

☞ I added the emphasis on the “a” with the underline, it is the long vowel.

*Author*

Why? What is wrong with your consulates?

☞ I pronounce it the same way as he has.

HORTENSIVS

I bribed my way into it. *And, I had to pay them a lot of money!*  
Do you know more, about what money can buy, like sluts?

☞ He grimaces almost painfully with his face.

HORTENSIVS

Me? We never had any sons. Do you know why that is? Because of dis-favor from the gods. The gods didn't want us to have any. *And, that is why we didn't ever bore any sons!* Do you know why? Because I had coveted, the greenery on the other side. On top of that hill over there. And, that is

where *all* the Consulates live. The Consulates, who were not like me, fatherless, and now sonless.

☞ “Fatherless” means a family without sons.

### HORTENSIVS

So. Now that you know, about how we never bore, what more do you need to know of us, that you think are important? What? Huh? What more *is* there, even? Huh? About, my very false Consulates? About, my boring but never having a son?

☞ “Boring” means here to have sex, that he meant to “bore” meaning have or make a son but this didn’t work out.

☞ I wanted to tell him, that if I were there, I would have asked my father to let me have him, or to let him have me. But that would probably have been wrong too, he would have probably been angry that I, a woman, would be asking or telling my father what to do.

### HORTENSIVS

My Consulates, was not boring. I mean, that it was not fate, it was not destined to me! **I bribed my way into it, do you know that now you stupid woman?! And that we, we were never nothing. We were nothing, not even when we brought in that famed old son. That *Junius*. That Junius, that was never ours, to begin with. That?!? That we never bored with? He was never born into our family, yet we took him. To have more pride, to have more esteem. And, that is what is meant with bored.**

☞ All of the “bored” words here mean not “boring” as in “nothing to do”, but birthing or having sons. The Junius is Brutus who was adopted by Hortensia’s husband Quintus Servilius Caepio.

*Author*

Tell me about Junius Brutus? Who was he?

HORTENSIVS

The famed son.

*Author*

Why was he famed? And do you mean famous?

HORTENSIVS

Do you know what *bored* means? Huh? Do you? And, what “the famed son of Jupiter” means? Huh? Do you know, woman? *What* he was famed for, was to be with lineage to the great father of Julius.

☞ He said Julius, Jupiter, or Junius at the very end the last word there, I wasn’t sure which one he said.

☞ Here’s what I know from historical literature (I am interrupted from writing)

HORTENSIVS

But not even he, was enough to lift us of the curse of Mercurius.

☞ That not even Brutus was enough.

*Author*

Was your family, disfortunate?

HORTENSIVS

Do not talk of our family!

☞ He is angered, he wants to almost strike me across my face and he looks very angry on his face.

*Author*

I mean you no disrespect.

HORTENSIVS

No. Neither did Mercurio.

☞ He smiles from one corner of his mouth and nods his head up in a gesture of nonchalance and light joke.

HORTENSIVS

So. Our famed son. He wasn't enough. He wasn't even from the Jupiter clan! **We were lied to!** He *wasn't* enough, to give us any sons! We were lied to! **They lied!** They all lied. As, none of us our women, had any sons after that. Do you know why?! Hah. The damn Scipio. He had ruined us. And he made us feel weak. The Junius, the Julio. They were, *they were not set on that mountain*, to help us. They were not ours. **They were not like, the Junio in our family!**

☞ And “he had ruined us” means that Scipio had ruined them.

HORTENSIVS

Are you not, with the goddess? Or are you not that? What are you, then?



☞ He nods at the last sentence, a quick nod of his head, I was just looking at him. His teeth really are half black and the ends that are chewed on are completely worn and jagged.

*Author*

So, ...

☞ We have already talked about how he was Consul and how he was orator.

*Author*

But, you were known for writing great speeches!

HORTENSIVS

So, \*nods\* your father was not the pearl fisher?

☞ He is uplifted a bit glad, since I would not know of things like his speeches if my father was just a fisherman, *and, since everything I know, must have come directly from my father.*

HORTENSIVS

It was all, because of that damn Scipiu.

☞ Yes Scipiu.

*Author*

Why?

HORTENSIVS

He took, my first and only daughter away.

☞ Whoa, now, I got completely light and dizzy and faint, I never normally have that so I know it is because of this channeling, there it is again!

☞ I now go to the internet to search for images using his name. Does it look like the face I have seen? Let's see. Of course I am not going to just say yes if it doesn't. I am honest like with everything I do with the channeling. If I was a liar just to try to make my channelings seem real, then I could just as easily write them based on what I read in the historical books, but I put everything like it comes to me. Now let's see, his images. Yes and no, mostly no. His head does not look so wide on the top when I see him in the channeling.

#### LIGHT BEING

Do not say no, it is him. The man that you are channeling, he and they are the same. It was him, you sought! And him, you have got.

☞ A light woman same as Narkael's people says to me in the most beautiful light, "he and they" means he the one I have channeled and they the portraits on the internet.

*Author*  
Really?

☞ I ask the light being.

#### LIGHT BEING

Oh yes! And you were also *quite* infatuated by him!

☞ Oh, oops, the pictures of the man with the wide head is Cicero, not Hortensius. See? I was going to be honest even when it was going to speak against me so much! Now, let's be more careful and find which pictures are Hortensius. I don't know why it puts pictures of Cicero in there too.

☞ Oh, the pictures I got for some reason for searching on "Quintus Hortensius Hortalus", *this man*, turned out to all be Cicero. Now I know there is a little machine with cogwheels in my head that is a self-preserving monster, the thing that wants to avoid the humiliation of finding out that the channeling is wrong. The little machine that wants to be right, and wants to favor paths and options that let me be right. And so you see, if the channelings were imaginary, then they would be made by that monster, or at least cared for and defended by that self-preserving monster. And so, when all I got were pictures of Cicero, I was well aware of how that monster immediately lights up and says "Hey! Of *course* there are going to be the pictures of the man I am seeing!". Because if they were, then that would be the best for its preservation and for protecting me from humiliation, which this monster thinks I would have to feel.

☞ Yet, I decided I was going to be honest, which I am, and I looked at those pictures, and I quickly decided that this head was not the head I was seeing when I see the channeled spirit of Quintus Hortensius. It was very clearly not the same head. And I wrote that. And I thought that those pictures of what turned out to be Cicero, were Hortensius. And I said it doesn't look the same, not by long shot.

☞ I now searched on the internet more carefully, and I find one picture of Quintus Hortensius. And guess what, dear friends? Guess what? It looks a 100% match. This is the very exact face of the man I am seeing. That same strong body. The same eyes, even. And this is Quintus Hortensius, and not Cicero by accident. Especially his forehead and eyes reveal to me the exact same face of the man I was just shortly before enchanted by and attracted to. Isn't this something?

☞ What are the odds of experiencing a spirit of a Roman, whose face I have never seen, and I see his face clearly, and it turns out to be the exact same face as on his bust? And you see that I am not lying, because the first pictures that showed up for some reason they were all just Cicero, but I thought they were Quintus Hortensius because that is what I had entered into the search bar. I found out they were Cicero when I clicked on the images to look at an enlarged version of them, and that is when the text that appeared on the side talked of Cicero, and then I searched the internet for Cicero, thinking, are these two names of the same man? I recalled Cicero from the one book I read on Romans, as a great writer or speaker in Rome. And I found out that these two are *not* the same man. Then I typed in again Quintus Hortensius Hortalus and this time I did not go to the image section, but looked at the one picture that shows up on the page with all the websites listed for that name. And that image is a perfect match, and clicking on that picture reveals indeed that it is Quintus Hortensius Hortalus, and not some Cicero or anyone else.

☞ What are the odds? I believe that my channelings are real.

☞ I was thinking that I need to take drawing classes so that I would be able to show you these beautiful faces of Romans. Especially of Quintus Hortensius since I had seen him so clearly, and since he was so handsome. But now I am happy to announce, that this bust that is made of him, is so skillfully made, that it captures every essence and nuance of the charisma, focus, and attractiveness that I saw in him and which I fell for. Can't you see how handsome he is? That is the exact same unhappy face, the eyes, the forehead. This is precisely 100% the man I saw. And the images of Cicero simply did not look like him, not even when I thought that these busts of what were Cicero must be Hortensius, I wasn't able to see any resemblance to the Hortensius I saw. (interrupted from writing)

### HORTENSIVS

Calm down you, I am not going to tell you any more of my family. And the Hortensius clan was not defeated! All, because I was not able to go up to that mountain. All!, because of those wind gods!

☞ “Wind gods” or “angry gods”, but gods either case that were up in the sky if he would have stood on the hill of Mercury looking up.

*Author*

Quintus Hortensius? I have found an image of a perfect bust made in your resemblance. It is magnificent.

## HORTENSIVS

How did you see it. It is not in your port. *It is held, it is kept in my home.* So? What of it? How did you see it? Or have the Romans brought it there? How *have* you? I cried when I first saw it, I was so proud of it!

*Author*

It is a striking resemblance to your face. It captures your eyes, your frown, your mouth, your very emotions and heart. It was very skillfully made, I admire it. You are very handsome.

☞ Wow. He feels a warm feminine soft feeling gushing over him, when I say “You are very handsome”. These words felt to him as a woman’s embrace, and it softened him, removed his frown, and made him smile.

## HORTENSIVS

I am *not* in love with the Scipius. The one that married my name. I wanted to take it back, from him. Do you understand that, now? Now that we have written, miles in length.

*Author*

Sir? I think, *if I may have opinion as a woman,*

☞ I am interrupted.

## HORTENSIVS

**No you may not!!!**

☞ About me having opinion as a woman, and he thought of the senate with lots of men in white togas seated on rows of benches.

*Author*

I think your family history and your name presents a marvellous example of Rome.

HORTENSIVS

It does not. No it does not. I was taken out, *removed*, by my name, by my old father! The “Scipia”, that is what had done it. The “Scipius” clan, was no longer with mine. Heheh. I had removed it. Oh! Dear! Did I really, now? And, what of Hortensia, who did not even hear me speak of such things? Oh? Dear!

☞ He makes a mock surprised voice with the “oh” and “dear” and the parts in between the two sets of “oh dear”.

*Author*

Sir? How did you remove the Scipio from your family name?

HORTENSIVS

I *hadn't* removed it, but the gods did. The gods see to it, that he had died!

☞ I see image of a man down in a ravine.

*Author*

Did he fall, Scipio?

HORTENSIVS

No, and it was not an accident! The gods had done it! They

had done it, to reserve my family name! And my honor,  
bah!

☞ When he says “No” he does the slow sweep of an arm with the palm of the hand facing forward and the fingers pointing up.

*Author*

Sir? I do have a request from you, if I please may?

HORTENSIVS

Your father may make any requests of me. But! What is it!  
Speak now, woman! Or, *what might your mother otherwise tell you?* What? Of my name? What of it. What of it all!

☞ “What of it all”, he does a long slow sweep of his palm of the hand on a rigid arm in front of him.

*Author*

Men in the future will want to know you and your name,  
and your family.

HORTENSIVS

What of it. We had no sons.

☞ But he smiles softly.

HORTENSIVS

*What do they want to know then? What, of me, and mine?*

☞ He smiles softly.

*Author*

You see, I am from the future.



HORTENSIVS

I do not believe you. *I am not going to, either,* let you leave me now. **You are staying with me.** Forever. And we are going to make more sons than the clan of Julius. *I will see to it.* We will restore my family name, together! And! That is why you were sent here! To give me sons!

☞ Wow. I would have loved to give him lots and lots of sons. I could very easily have fallen in love with this man. Yeah, I fell in love with Aulus Vitellius too, and these are two entirely different men. But Hortensius, I like him, I love his focus. And he is very handsome too. I would have married him, I am sure.

*Author*

Men in the future read books about the Romans such as you.

HORTENSIVS

Oh! Aha! *What have they read about my sons, and about my sonless states? What have they?*

*Author*

You see, these men they read that you had no son, but they do not *understand* the great measure of what that meant for you and your family. These men know nothing about Roman life!

HORTENSIVS

Oh yes, hah, you say woman?

☞ Still that very frown that is perfectly and beautifully captured on that statue.

*Author*

And so. I have written down a *new* book about you, which tells all. I will present this to men who read about the Romans.

HORTENSIVS

Do not!

☞ He puts the palm of his hand forward on a rigid arm.

*Author*

Why not?

HORTENSIVS

*We are ashamed* of it. And, the Scipia, it ruined it all for me.

But, that is now all long ago!

☞ The last sentence he does the sweeping arm gesture.

HORTENSIVS

I wanted to throw myself to the rocks. But, the gods they could be watching. And the ships might not drown me at the sea. So, *I stayed*, and I dreamt long of becoming a father. As, the Scipia it was not for me! It was not even made as a joke. I was not a father then. I was not proud. *And so, we bashed it, against the rocks then!* The Scipia! We took *rid* of it! Have you not, read of that part? Or have you, bah?

*Author*

I have heard that story from your daughter Hortensia. About her daughter.

*Author*

But! Did not Hortensia marry Quintus...

☞ What was his name, I need to look that up.

HORTENSIVS

Oh! That dear boy! He was our saviour!

☞ He does the gesture of crow-feet cramped hands on arms with bent elbows, but this time out of the immense hope that he feels, rather than hopelessness.

*Author*

Quintus Servilius Caepio. Hortensia married Quintus Servilius Caepio.

HORTENSIVS

Only because, when I told her to. And, they were not a perfect match made by the gods. And that was seen evident then, when she did not have a boy. No, bah, not by him!

HORTENSIVS

The Scipia. It was her first.

☞ So disgusted as if he would vomit or spit out vomit only that he has none.

*Author*

Sir? Will you let me find your magnificent bust statue, to go look at it and pay my respects?

HORTENSIVS

Why? Did your father send you to do that? Or, did you go there on the will of the gods? What was it, then, that did it?

That sent you there? Did you come to *humor* me? And, pour me some of that wine? Well, if you *are* a maid, a servant.

☞ With will of the gods, he thinks of like virgin women who are part of a cult and who danced together in a ring and wore white dresses and the small leaf crown on their heads, that was his thought association to a woman who does things as told by the gods. I want to tell him that I would love to pour him some wine, but that might be a mistake, I'm learning little by little what traps not to say, because this could stamp me forever in his eyes as a servant, and then he will disrespect me, and not talk to me any further.

#### HORTENSIVS

What was your father? A pearl fishermen? Or, was he not that? And then, what was he? What was he? A slave handler, or a trader? Or, what was he?

☞ I am impressed with the patience with which he says each of these words and lines, even after all this time I have not answered his important question. [With trader, he means slave trader.]

#### HORTENSIVS

Do you *know* why, so many women they die in childbirth? Because they are not fit to have sons. What of you. Have you not got any?

☞ With the underlined he nods his head up in the gesture.

*Author*

I have no sons, Signum.

## HORTENSIVS

What of it. What does your father say of that? Or, have your fathers not got any sons, either? Or, what of it? What do they do of it? Do they bathe in the special water?

☞ Image of a man pouring some special water or ointment water from an urn on his feet to wash the bare feet while otherwise not naked and while sitting on a stool indoors, some kind of ritual.

☞ He is so handsome, but I cannot tell him that. I am just so relieved... oh, oops! There he is! His spirit and ghost makes another imposing presence! So real, so real!

## HORTENSIVS

I won't give you any hugs. If you were expecting any. *As, we, the Romans, do not give any.* We can give you punches, if you do us wrong!

☞ He said both wrong and awry, it was translated as both, and he smiled a bit when he said this, but still keeping his cool, keeping his facial expression that is the same as on the statue.

☞ Had I been shown 100 different Roman busts, I would have easily picked out the one of his face and known this was Quintus Hortensius Hortalus. I would not have picked Cicero. Not even when I “knew” that the busts of Cicero were this man (which they weren't, but I didn't know that then). This face. I was going to say that I am so relieved that someone had made such a perfect bust of his face. I can't tell you how happy I am that you can all who are reading

also watch this magnificent handsome face of the man I am experiencing right now. And so I know, (interrupted)

HORTENSIVS

I have not washed my feet with it.

☞ About that water from the urn, he thinks of his feet.

*Author*

What water is this?

HORTENSIVS

What water is this?!

☞ He mocks me and repeats me, it seems to be a water to wash the feet when entering into a house, but I am not sure.

*Author*

What water, Sir? I was not sure of what it meant.

HORTENSIVS

What? Has your mother not raised you well? You are *meant*, to wash my feet, when I enter into your house. Or? Has your mother not raised you at all?

☞ He is so confounded and puzzled, his face frowns into a face of surprise and upset both at the same time.

*Author*

I will gladly wash your feet, Great Sir.

HORTENSIVS

Now, that is better.

☞ He feels so relieved, that all of his focus and cramp on his facial expression lifts.

☞ I would do *anything* to get to wash his feet for real. I love this man. He is so manly, so handsome, I am so enchanted by him.

*Author*

Allow me to wash your feet, fine Sir.

HORTENSIVS

Yes. I will now come and go into and enter your house. So? Tell me? What is the name of your father? So? What has he got for sons, if any? The Scipia, was not a good name for me. So? What of yours? If any? What *sons* have you got here, I demand of you?

☞ He speaks so lightly, it made him all relaxed and soothed to know that I would love to wash his feet, and he has changed demeanor entirely.

*Author*

Regretfully, my family it also has no sons.

HORTENSIVS

So! You are not real or good women!

☞ He thinks about grabbing onto one of my breasts, the right one if you must know, he thinks he does this, and he frowns, that same frown that is on the statue.

☞ I am SO glad and happy that everyone can look at this magnificent bust of him and see the exact same face as I am

seeing when he is with me. I can't tell you the relief that I don't have to take up drawing classes. You get to experience him too. And I am now entirely sure, that this is the real Romans that I am channeling. Mithridates II of Parthia proved it to me sure, and so did many other things in the channeling, but this is the best, the very best proof that I have. I am so happy, I am talking to the real Quintus Hortensius Hortalus! And he happens to be a man I am attracted to. You can see on the bust of him that he is very handsome.

☞ There are so many things I want to say to him.  
(interrupted from writing)

HORTENSIVS

So, who is your father then, if he is fatherless?

☞ He said fatherless or sonless, I forgot, or that they meant the same thing.

*Author*

Sir? Let me explain? I am not of a Roman family.

HORTENSIVS

Bah! Then you have wasted my time!

☞ With "bah", he puts the palm of his hand forward on a rigid arm to dismiss, I see his hand ever so clearly, even his hands are handsome, I wish I could grab his arm and kiss his hand. I wonder, how would he react? Would he let me do it?

☞ Wow. I would totally... I don't know if it's relevant to



this document if I write what I would love to do to this man. It hurts me now that we are so close in this channeling, yet we cannot go into the same place. I almost refuse to believe that we cannot somehow end up in the same place. He is one handsome man. He is gorgeous. I wish I could have married him.

#### HORTENSIVS

What? Now? And do you have any sisters, who might be better formed, than you are?

☞ He smiles and I see that his teeth are all black on the half of the tooth that is closer to the gums, he has that same frown as you will see on the bust of him.

#### HORTENSIVS

The Scipia, they *really* have not ruined my name. Since I can still get these good women, and *this one* she has not come from the harbors? She *must* be, of a fine family lineage?

☞ He is uplifted and not frowning now.

#### HORTENSIVS

And tell me? Have you got any sons? Or have you not got any? Tell me. My *very valuable* and precious time is ticking away? I am not in love with the Scipia. The one that ruined my family name. And so, we have removed it.

☞ The underlined sentence he does the slow sweeping arm movement again, and he frowns.

☞ I would have to tell him next about my society, so that

he can understand me, so that I can answer his questions in a way that makes sense to him. That I am a woman and fatherless and that I rule myself. That I have no sons but that that is not a tragedy.

#### HORTENSIVS

Who has striked you, on your face before, or has not *any* fathers done that before? Huh? Not any?

☞ He wanted to caress his hand against the right side of my face, with strike he means when a man slaps a woman with the hand, and these “strikes” that Romans do are real and serious, not some light ones.

*Author*

I have never been striked on my face.

#### HORTENSIVS

Not even, for disobeying? Or, have you always listened and let your fathers tell you your will? Or, have you *not* always listened? And fathers have taken your will away? So? Huh? Which will it be, my lovely one?

☞ Lovely one or loved one, I think it was loved one.

#### HORTENSIVS

I was not in love with the Scipia. For ruining my family name. *For, removing, for destroying, my family history.*

☞ History or lineage or name, I forget, maybe family lineage, but one of words such as that, I heard it then but I forgot what he said.

*Author*

If I tell you about my family?

HORTENSIVS

Yes? Have you got brothers? *Or none*, as the Scipia I knew had worked alone.

☞ Worked alone ie. not had any brothers who “work” or “act” with him in these matters such as family affairs.

HORTENSIVS

The Scipia was very bad for me! The *bad* lineage in fact, the bad family apple. The Hortensia, wasn't mine to give to him. It was done all by the gods' will. *I had asked them*, which of these young men here, to give her to. And they said, “Scipia”. The good for not one!

☞ “Good for not one” is like “the one who is not a good one”.

☞ I had almost said to him that I could tell him about me, but then I realized that he won't accept that, just see how Hortensia had reacted when I was going to tell her about me, it is an insult to assume that a Roman wants to know who I am. So since he had asked about my family, and, my family is assumed to include men such as my father and brothers, it was a safer thing to tell him that I would tell him about my *family*, and that trick had worked, I am starting to understand the Romans really well, because he did not get angry, instead he accepted my offer. So, here goes. This won't go so well.

*Author*  
Sir? Hortensius?

HORTENSIVS  
Yes, that is my family name.

☞ As if “yes, I am listening, yes that is me”.

*Author*  
I am not of a Roman family, but please forgive me.

☞ I should not have said forgive, and, his response is not as expected, he smiles softly and lightens up.

HORTENSIVS  
So? You have not got any sons for me? *Or have you not got any, to give.* As, have the gods taken them all away from you, or have you not yet had any at all? And. What are your fingers doing there? I see you hacking at a strange-looking board, of some sort? What *are* you hacking at, and, what have the Romans got to give to you more?

☞ He frowns serious.

*Author*  
I am writing, by hacking with my fingers on this board. Each point on the board represents a letter in the alphabet. And the letters are punched onto a screen.

HORTENSIVS  
I do not believe that. I was not given that, as a gift. As, *I have never seen one like that, before.* So! I was not even a great

oratory! As, all of my great speeches, were given to me as  
great gifts!

☞ At the very end, either “great gifts” or just “gifts”, “not given that” means that he was never given this “board” (computer keyboard!) as a gift.

*Author*

I am a woman of the future, two thousand years into your future ahead in time. The Romans were written about in history, and I have read some of those texts about you, Sir, Quintus Hortensius...

☞ I am interrupted.

HORTENSIVS

My family name, should not be written.

☞ He does the dismissal sweeping arm with the palm of the hand facing forward, either “not be written” or “not have been written”, and he frowns.

*Author*

I am a woman. We are not Romans. We live lives entirely different from your own. You might not understand me, if I explain to you what I am.

☞ I stop talking because he thinks of some gods and he lifts his eyebrows and he looks and he feels fearful.

DEITY

Do not tell him too much. About your home, about your life. As, *he would not understand it*, he would not take it well.

So? Tell him *all* what you want, but please, we urge you, not too much.

HORTENSIVS

“We are not the Romans”, she says, yet she is not angry. So. What other different kind of priests do you have? And tell me, do they also rotate the marble in the hall?

☞ He frowns.

*Author*

We have no rotating marble, no.

HORTENSIVS

Then you have not got our gods, in your temples!

☞ He frowns serious.

*Author*

No Sir. We have not.

HORTENSIVS

Then how have you won their favor? As, you do not even know what battles they want you to fight?

*Author*

We fight no battles.

HORTENSIVS

No!!

☞ He is completely taken by fear, he fears a seagod, gods in the sea, he fears tremendously at how can one even dare to

sail across the sea if one has not made arrangements to be on good terms with the sea gods, his fear was tremendous.

*Author*

Do not fear us. We love you Romans.

HORTENSIVS

Bah! Love has got nothing to do with it. We are not, *made*, by love.

☞ He held the palm of the hand forward on a rigid arm when he said “bah”.

HORTENSIVS

We, the Romans, are not your follies. *We are not fools*. We are not the enemies of you, your people, either it seems.

We do not want to be defeated? So, tell us? What favors have the wind gods decided to tell us? Or. Have they not given any. Have they not?

☞ He frowns serious, favors from the wind gods means what good things have the wind gods decided to give to them, favors does not mean “what favors have they asked people to do *for* them”.

☞ Wow, it’s him. On the bust. I am so happy.

*Author*

Great Sir.

HORTENSIVS

Yes, yes you have called me the Signum.

☞ He feels relieved and pleased.

*Author*

I was grateful to have this time to speak with you.

HORTENSIVS

Run home to your father now!

☞ No. There is nothing I can say. There is no good and proper way to conclude this conversation. Everything I say and try, is wrong.

HORTENSIVS

The Scipiu, may have ruined my family name. The Scipius.

They have not made me well. And, *they have also not been given me any wellwishes.*

☞ “Not been giving me any” is what he meant by what he said, but it came out as “given”.

HORTENSIVS

The Scipiu, what he deserved, was a lot less than that.

*Author*

I must go to bed now, it is very late here in the night now. I must say farewell to you, great Signum.

HORTENSIVS

Oh! You honor my family, yet you know nothing of us! Oh!

Dear god! The wind gods!

☞ He thinks of an image of a Greek drawing of a god face in the sky with puffy clouds blowing swirly lines that represent the wind, and with drawn clouds in the image,



the image of the wind gods, I have seen these very exact same drawings from other Romans, these always remind me of those Medieval time drawings of clouds that blow the wind in the sky and have puffy round cheeks! Hortensius, like all the other Romans, here feared the wind gods. They are frightening!

*Author*

My dear beloved Hortensius! I thank you for speaking to me about your family.

HORTENSIVS

You really don't have to give me any, Honorar.

☞ Emphasis noted, I was also going to add something to say about how I would write about their family or something like that, only he spoke before I could write that, he responded to what I was thinking of saying, and not to anything I wrote there on that line before he spoke.

*Author*

I go to sleep now, dear good man Hortensius.

HORTENSIVS

Do not even try to honor me! We are not to be honored, not until the wind gods show us more favor. As? Have you not come to tell me of that fact? And, *what other gods* other than the wind gods are here? They, who are whispering to me, all the time? What other gods, I demand of you?

☞ I see him, he is in a hall of gods, a marble building.

☞ He is surrounded by black, not by light. I worry about that. And so I choose to surround him now with my light.

### HORTENSIVS

My Honorar, has not been given to me. As, I never did really have any sons!

☞ He is not angry, he puts the side of one hand against his sternum as a gesture.

### HORTENSIVS

I never took to the ships either. *To leave this place.* The, Honorar, was never really given to me. Yeah, all of what I done had been false. *All of it.* And so, I was never even really a great man. And, *no Honorar was given to me.* Or? Have you come to tell me about that fact? Ahh. I can feel the great sails of my ship of time sailing.

☞ Sailing or setting, and I felt from him a feeling of being old and ill, the darkness of death surrounding him, and he meant symbolically like his ship of his life was nearing its end.

*Author*

Sir? You are not a failure. If the gods did not want a son for you, then you fulfilled their wish by not having any! You did as the gods had asked of you. Was that perhaps not enough?

### HORTENSIVS

The daughters, are not enough. *No, they are not!*

☞ He is not angry, but wants to cry.

## HORTENSIVS

The ships have sailed, all of them without me in them. And so, now, where do I go? Out to go to the bars? Or, gifted to see with the many seer?

☞ Seer, does he mean me? I hope not. I don't want to be entangled in his afterlife toils.

*Author*

Great Signum?

## HORTENSIVS

No, do not give me, any Honorar. Do not give me any, for my ships have all sailed. I was never given an Honorar. I was not given any. *And, my ships they have all sailed.*

☞ The dark surrounds him again! I do not want to see that!

*Author*

Sir! Wait! Hold on! Do not leave yet! SIR!

☞ I have to work fast, I have to grab him, to catch him, out from the darkness! I must help bring him to the light! As, I fear that it is only his own feelings of failure that are keeping him from the light!

*Author*

SIR!!! Come back here!! You are going to go into heaven, you hear!

## HORTENSIVS

My Honorar, was not there. *And, all the ships have sailed, all the masts have been taken down.*

☞ Every time when he says about ships... (interrupted writing)

## GRANDMOTHER SPIRIT

We do not want to take him back, for what he has done to our granddaughter. What would *you* do, if your own father had drowned your only child? And yes, I am with the Hortensia one.

☞ Says an upset old woman.

☞ This old woman is a Roman woman who had reached an old age, she tells me thus that the family of his ancestors in heaven are not letting him come to them in heaven because of how he had drowned Scipia the granddaughter.

*Author*

Will he not get to go into heaven with you?

## GRANDMOTHER SPIRIT

Oh! Dear!

☞ The old woman puts a hand against her sternum as a gasp gesture.

*Author*

Don't let him fade away into darkness? *Please?*

## SOMEONE

He had killed the Scipia.

☞ Someone concerned says, either a deity or an ancestor of Hortensius that is in heaven.

SOMEONE

We do not want him here.

☞ The deity or grandmother says.

*Author*

I don't want him to just fade away! He is a man too, he was somebody once!

SOMEONE

Do not take sides with him. *The sails have set, on him.* We have taught him to say that to you.

☞ Deity or grandmother, probably the deity.

☞ Look, we don't know what happens after death. Just because people of my time, with our scientific religion or worldview, do not have a scientific proof of what happens in the afterlife, people of my culture are conditioned into thinking that nothing happens. But what do we know. I have experience that spirits are real. Oh, I don't want to see Hortensius fading into a darkness in the afterlife. I must bring him into the light.

*Author*

Sir?

HORTENSIVS

Do not call my family Signum, ever again any more!

HORTENSIVS

I have killed, the only child of my daughter Hortensia! And for that, I am not let to sail with my ship where the sails are down! And so, it goes, that I was never the proud father!

*Author*

Dear Hortensius. I must go to sleep now. And I wish for you a restful time.

HORTENSIVS

Bah! The gods do not want that.

☞ Ie. for him to have a restful time.

*Author*

I will leave you now. Quintus Hortensius Hortalus.

HORTENSIVS

I have drowned the daughter, yes. I did that to her, yes.  
And yes, I am therefore not allowed to sail.

☞ He says to the white deity, though all I see and feel now is the white deity.

*Author*

Deity? Will he forever be stuck in a darkness, until he can understand that what he did was wrong? Will he, ever be allowed into the light of heaven?

DEITY

He *will*, one day, succeed! But that day has not come yet.  
And it is not now, for him, either!

☞ Deity happy and cheerful says to me.

DEITY

What would you do, if someone decided to drown your only child? What if, Hortensia had not wanted it, and if he had been mad, to do it? What then?

☞ Deity to me.

*Author*

Well.

☞ I am interrupted.

DEITY

He just called it, “the Scipia”. And he did not give it a proper name. Such as, “daughter”? Or “grandchild”? The “*grandmother*”, that you have seen, it is the great old soul of granddaughter Scipia! As yes, we had rescued it! Rescued it from the drowning!

LIGHT BEING

We did that, yes.

☞ The light woman from before, not same as the deity.

*Author*

I must now go to sleep, no matter what conversations that might be held here. I am falling asleep soon. Good night, dear everyone. Good night, Quintus Hortensius Hortalus.  
Good night.

☞ 1:18 AM, I go to sleep.

## ABOUT MY WORK

I channel Ancient Roman spirits to talk to them about their life and about Ancient Rome.

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