

# THE ROMANS CHANNELED

## Preview

Here is the first chapter on Sulla.  
Each Roman (and Mithridates)  
interviewed is its own character, Sulla  
proved to be an extreme person and  
this chapter is not representative of the  
other persons featured.

I chose this chapter for the preview  
since it grasps the reader the strongest  
and makes you think, what if these  
really are the channeled words of the  
Great Romans?

To be read with respect for dignity and esteem of interviewed Romans  
and Mithridates who perhaps share their private thoughts in this book

Contains violent and sexual content only to be read by adults

This book was not made to entertain

It was made to learn, to inform, to remember

History notes that Pompeius once said, "If Sulla could, why can't I?"  
Upon making this book, Pompeius said about my plans of featuring a  
picture of his bust on the book cover, that it should feature Sulla  
instead, Sulla being his hero. And Sulla said to me on two occasions,  
that the bust of Pompeius deserves to be kept in the Temple of Mars,  
and he asked me, why isn't it?

Book Cover Image of the bust of Pompeius Magnus  
photographed by Narkael on June 17 2014  
at the Glyptoteket museum in Copenhagen Denmark

Marble cover image from

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## COMMUNICATIO

The conversations in this book intend to be authentic channeled communication with the spirits of featured members of Ancient Roman society who in our time frame are long since deceased. Regardless of any credentials in support of the author's extraperceptive skills, I can only present this book as a work of fiction and not ask that it be taken as factual. This due to respect for the deceased, in favor of the importance of undermining fraudulent channeled works by other writers, and with all due respect for the laborious science of history which relies on true and authentic documents and physical evidence, not to be weakened by materials which were produced out of murmurings from inside of someone's head, two thousand years ahead in time of the persons, places, and historical events of interest.

Yet the possibility taunts that my channeled conversations might be authentic, the reasons for which became outlined throughout this book. The material is not deliberate fraud, and it remains only a matter of distinguishing whether the conversations were the case of vivid imagination or actual contact with the spirits of the Romans and Mithridates. Evidence-based inspection of the material might be able to lean on one alternative or the other, and I ask that readers not decide on one or the other solely based on their preconceived favor of the supernatural or of science as they enter this book. I remain undecided and open to either possibility. I come both from a science background in physics and happen to be one who experiences the supernatural, and it grants me the ability to remain impartial, and I ask the same openness of you. The distinction remains a matter to be determined, carefully and with utmost honesty and dedication to truth by each who read these pages.

So, read this book as a work of fiction, as I can guarantee you none other as I have not compiled final evidence of authenticity for this work. I leave it to my words, to their words, and to the messages in themselves, that can hold any promise of lifting this work from the shrouds of dreams, imagination, and fiction to prove itself true.

Contact with the spirits would imply that the spirit of the deceased remains aware in some other reality which lies outside normal human

awareness, and that some such as I would be able to perceive and interact with them. I can see images of the spirits in their whereabouts, I hear their words and other sounds in their surroundings. There is some form of language translation in place, the Romans hear me and speak to me in their language Latin, and I hear them and speak to them in English. And I sense the nuances of their thoughts, their feelings and emotions, taste sensations, smells, anything of theirs can be conveyed.

What about their experience, if they do exist? In my dealings with spirits it seems that they do not always realize – or as in the case of Sulla whom you will meet here, accept – their fatality. What is intriguing is that they will very often see me as if I were a woman of their own time and place. Often they will see me dressed in their relevant contemporary attire. This must be an interpretation that their mind makes. But they can also visit my home, see me and my actual surroundings, just like I am seeing them and theirs. Our two worlds become windows to one another.

I treat these spirit men and women with utmost respect and dignity. I have concern over whether the contact may be bothering them, or if they might be fearful of me. Of course I want to cause them no harm. I often apply a great deal of compassion as well, although as you will see in the case of Sulla here, compassion is not always what is expected, nor wanted, by all individuals.

These interviews with the Romans I found to be quite cumbersome, uncomfortable, and alienating. Their culture proved to be more foreign to my own than I could have ever expected or prepared for.

Yet if true, we learn a great deal of these men and their time from these confrontations in spirit. We would be given what history books have failed to provide us, namely true and intimate personable glimpses into the unique personalities, emotional life, and casual everyday thoughts beyond their political and military life which was recorded in history. Who were these men and women? And perhaps the most intriguing question of all, what would it be like to travel back in time and stand face to face with some of Rome's most influential and nearly mythological persons?

## LECTIO

TEXT WRITTEN IN THIS FORMAT IN UPPER CASE WAS ADDED TO THE CONVERSATION CHAPTERS POST SCRIPTUM ONLY AFTER THE CONVERSATIONS WERE FINISHED, TO INSERT BACKGROUND INFORMATION FOR READERS ABOUT THE ROMANS, TO DO POST SCRIPTUM FACT CHECKING, AND TO MAKE CLARIFICATIONS.

Post scriptum facts about the Romans and Rome were added after the conversations were completed, and are found in upper case within the conversation chapters, and make up some of the end of the book chapters, these facts are based on historical literature mostly found on the internet. Keep in mind as you are reading that most of these added facts, in upper case in the chapters, is information I did not know at the time of the conversations with the Romans and Mithridates.

My comments within the conversation chapters that are in lower case were written at the time of the interview. These have only gone through minor editing to correct spelling or to enhance clarity, and no changes to their original meaning have incurred.

I emphasize that nothing has been edited, added, or removed from the conversation lines. They are given exactly as they were spoken.

## LUCIUS CORNELIUS SULLA FELIX CAPITVLVS I

LUCIUS CORNELIUS SULLA FELIX WAS BORN IN 138 BC. SULLA WAS POWERFULLY SUCCESSFUL AS A ROMAN MILITARY COMMANDER AND WOULD TAKE SOLE COMMAND OVER ROME AND ITS WARS. HE WOULD REFORM ROMAN POLITICS AND LEGISLATION ACCORDING TO HIS PERSONAL VISIONS OF ROME AS THE SITE FOR HIS OWN GREATNESS AND THAT OF ITS PEOPLE.

SULLA SERVED IN THE ARMY UNDER ROMAN PROCONSUL CATULUS. CATULUS WAS UNSUCCESSFUL AS A GENERAL, AND SULLA IS CREDITED FOR THE VICTORY IN THE WAR. SULLA BECAME PROMOTED TO GENERAL AND ENDED THE SOCIAL WAR WHICH MIGHT HAVE OTHERWISE TURNED INTO CIVIL WAR IN ROME. THIS EARNED SULLA ELECTION TO CONSUL.

SULLA LED THE WAR AGAINST MITHRIDATES VI OF PONTUS. ROMAN GENERAL MARIUS BRIBED TRIBUNE SULPICIUS TO ARRANGE A TRANSFER OF LEADERSHIP IN THE WAR FROM SULLA TO MARIUS. SULLA RETALIATED BY BEING FIRST TO LEAD HIS ARMY INTO ROME AS A DECLARATION OF WAR ON THE CITY. MARIUS FLED TO AFRICA. SULLA RECLAIMED TITLE AS COMMANDER AND DECLARED MARIUS THE ENEMY OF ROME. WHEN SULLA LEFT TO THE EAST TO FIGHT MITHRIDATES VI, MARIUS RETURNED TO RECLAIM ROME BUT DIED SOON AFTER.

CINNA, CONSUL OF ROME, TRANSFERRED SULLA'S COMMAND TO FLACCUS. MANY OF FLACCUS' SOLDIERS DESERTED TO JOIN SULLA. SULLA AND FLACCUS FOUGHT THE WAR AGAINST MITHRIDATES VI EACH ON THEIR OWN.

FIMBRIA REPLACED FLACCUS. FIMBRIA FOUGHT ENEMIES OF ROME, HE ALSO FOUGHT SUPPORTERS OF SULLA. SULLA RESPONDED BY PURSUING FIMBRIA. MANY OF FIMBRIA'S MEN DESERTED AND JOINED SULLA. IN HIS IMPENDING DEFEAT, FIMBRIA COMMITTED SUICIDE.

FOR A SECOND TIME SULLA LED HIS ARMY INTO ROME. ROMAN ARMIES SET TO DEFEND ROME AGAINST SULLA,



DESERTED TO JOIN SULLA. POMPEIUS AND HIS ARMY JOINED SULLA. SULLA WAS APPOINTED DICTATOR OF ROME AND NOW HAD TOTAL CONTROL. AFTER ONE YEAR AS DICTATOR, SULLA RESIGNED AND RE-ESTABLISHED CONSULAR GOVERNMENT. SULLA BECAME ELECTED CONSUL.

AFTER HIS SECOND TERM AS CONSUL, SULLA RETIRED TO LIVE WITH HIS FAMILY IN HIS COUNTRY HOME. HE FOCUSED ON WRITING HIS MEMOIRS. HE FINISHED HIS MEMOIRS, BUT ONLY FRAGMENTS SURVIVE TODAY. SULLA PASSED AWAY FROM DISEASE IN 78 BC AGED ABOUT 60.

ON HIS EPITAPH: “NO FRIEND EVER SERVED ME, AND NO ENEMY EVER WRONGED ME, WHOM I HAVE NOT REPAID IN FULL.”

☞ Who else? Who else could I talk to? What were the other great Roman men? I would want it to be someone I have just read about. Let's see... now it would have to be Sulla, of course. Can I do that? Is it really allowed and permitted? To talk to them? To bother them so much? To ask them questions? Does it not infringe on them, impart any kind of change on their character, their memories? Do I bother them when I ask, when I interact with them? So the Angel says no, that as long as someone, like Sulla, wants to talk to me, it would be fine? Let's try this, as it seems an easy thing for me to do. (Who am I to speak to someone like Sulla, geez!)

#### SULLA

The great battles happened there, as you were already aware.

☞ He shows me an image of the senate where the political battles were had.

#### SULLA

That is where all man's fates were decided. As, the battlefields happened as only a consequence! As, you would have been sure of that had you read it properly.

☞ He says cheerfully and optimistically the first two, then more concerned and low in voice the last one.

*Author*  
Dear Sulla?

☞ I sense a man who is a true man. He has such immense pompous, esteem, masculinity yet immense poise. He is a man whose look can kill. He could literally stare a man to death, I am not kidding. Our modern world has NEVER fostered a man such as Sulla. He is tall, he has a strong bone structure, his legs long and tall, muscular enough even if not as thick as Pompeius'. His hair is a medium or light brown, his face long, the skin a normal tan coloration. He wears a loose-fitting red shirt without sleeves, the armholes are long, rather than hugging around the arms.

SVLLA  
Yes? You wanted something?

☞ Impatiently as he watched me writing.

*Author*  
Sir? I am from the future.

SVLLA  
*Yes, I know that.*

☞ Sulla speaks with some contempt, or boredom at my stupidity, yet he is not being rude in his demeanor, just that I was being stupid to think that he did not know such a thing.

*Author*  
Sir? Sulla? I am one of few (interrupted)

SVLLA  
Get away from me, women!

☞ He outbursts, as if he would have used his arm to literally brush me away like a piece of trash, as if I had been a poor and very hideous ugly begger woman who had just inhaled to open my mouth to ask him for a piece of bread or a few coins for mercy and he did not spare part of a second to listen to me, the immediate on sight that I was about to utter

something to him and bother his visions and his focus, made him want to brush me aside like were I the filthiest most vile dirt on the road about to reach up to him with my words, with my hideous presence. I have **never** experienced such contempt expressed to me not to anyone. This man is unlike anything I have ever seen, ever, anywhere.

☞ Yet, I am taken by (interrupted)

SVLLA

I wouldn't have had sons with you either. Since, you have cut all of your hair away. And, that is a sign of a *really* disdain woman.

☞ I have very short hair yes.

*Author*

Forgive me.

SVLLA

What did you have? Lice? A disease?

*Author*

Forgive me Lord Sir.

SVLLA

Now, fetch me my water or wine.

☞ Sulla with such poise, again, his mere presence is enough to make a person of any slightest inherent weakness die.

*Author*

I would bring it to you, had I been in your presence.

SVLLA

So? Who are you?

☞ He speaks with some boredom yet curiosity.

*Author*

I am a woman from the future.

☞ I am literally trembling, even though we are far.

SVLLA

I was sent here with the ships, the boats. I never expected to run into such a whore. Literally, yes, I am intrigued a little, a little bit tickled. So? Who are you? I ask again.

☞ He is starting to warm up to me.

*Author*

I am a woman from the future, from the north.

SVLLA

“North” you say?!! I will harm every one of your men.

*Author*

Sir, I have no men.

SVLLA

Oh no? Then I will cut your breasts off.

*Author*

Sir? I am not your enemy. Forgive me for offending you.

SVLLA

So, *do you have any scrolls*, or messages to me.

*Author*

I am not a messenger. I have no messages to bring you. I am a guest.

SVLLA

I decide who my guests in my house are.

☞ I am literally shaking in my boots, if I had any. This man is the most... overwhelming experience of my life. He is very tall, he has chiseled cheekbones.

SVLLA  
So? Tell me what you want?

☞ With suave curious voice, yet the power and destruction is beneath all of that.

*Author*

Sir? Us the people of your future, are very intrigued by you and your history. We would like to learn more.

☞ He changes demeanor. He smiles, he is warmed and appealed by what I said. It is, as if he was happy that “men” of the future were wanting to greet him, to shake hands with him, it was a feeling as if he was about to meet brothers, a whole new people of men who are his brothers who want to know him.

*Author*

Sir? Sulla? I am one of few people who can see and hear you.

SVLLA  
So? you are?

SVLLA  
I am one of the few people who would have killed you, at your very sight. I am busy, now be gone.

☞ He dismisses me.

SVLLA

Unless, you have anything for me to read. So? Bring me all of your cattle. If you have any. What this woman speaks to me about?

☞ He sits on a white marble throne, the ones you see Romans sitting on, the one that has an arch upward on top of an arch downward. The throne room was a small room out of white marble or expensive stone, perfectly level walls and floor, the door opening is to his left, it has no door, just the opening. It is a hot day outside, sunny, yet indoors here it is cool and somewhat dim. He wears the Roman leather band skirt, brown sandals, and a loose-fitting red shirt that is sleeveless.

SVLLA

I am bored with you woman. Fetch me some wine to drink!

*Author*

Yes, if I know how to bring it to you.

SVLLA

I would grab your skirts.

☞ This time a little bit softer and warming up to me, less bored and less angry, he thought about grabbing the end of my dress.

*Author*

Sir? I am not there. I am not in your presence.

SVLLA

So? Who sent you? The oracle? The oracle woman must have sent you.

As, it has happened before! **Always this! Always with the** (...).

☞ He gets upset, he gets up from his throne chair and he is enraged and has a temper tantrum, he thought about scrolls of messages from other places, that is what would have angered him.

SVLLA

So, send me to your father then? As he will tell you if you can have my dick.

☞ My my gosh!

*Author*

Oh, you make me blush!

SVLLA

So, do you have sons already? Or, not any?

*Author*

I have no children, Sir. I have no children.

SVLLA  
Why not? Are you living with a eunuck?

☞ He said with contempt, eunuck?

*Author*  
I am, from the future. Women of my age, they tend to study in schools.  
I am from the north, two thousand years (interrupted)

SVLLA  
You lie! *I will have you beaten, and raped.* For touching me!

☞ He is mad, and the “beaten and raped” seemed to have to be preceded by a meeting at the senate or a council before it could be carried out, I saw the image of where I would first have had a hearing with men.

*Author*  
Sir? Please be cautious with me, I mean you no harm nor disrespect.

SVLLA  
“Sulla”, was my name once, but not now.

☞ He sits on his throne again, left ankle resting on the right knee casually.

*Author*  
... I am from the future. Time has passed.

SVLLA  
So it has.

☞ Calm yet he maintains his poise.

*Author*  
I am a woman. Unfortunately.

SVLLA  
So, bring me a cup of wine!

☞ More eager for wine, not angry.

*Author*

I would bring you wine, if I could. I certainly would.

SVLLA

So. Who is your mother then? Was she famous?

*Author*

No Sir, she is not famous.

SVLLA

What was she *known* for? As, was she ever even a temple maiden?

☞ Whoa!!

*Author*

No Sir, she was not. I am a scientist, a scholar. From the future.  
Women, things have changed.

SVLLA

So the Romans are still here, huh? As, didn't we conquer the whole world? Or, *did you dream about that fact?!*

*Author*

Sir, ... the Romans are still here, yes. But they share the world with many others.

SVLLA

Are they reigning, are they supreme? And! Do we have the strongest fleets?

*Author*

Sir, things, times, have changed.

☞ I am feeling reluctant to tell him the truth.



*Author*

Italy is still the most beautiful country in the world, *if you ask me.*

SVLLA

So, are you from here?

☞ Somewhat impatiently, yet intrigued and curious about me.

*Author*

I am from the North.

SVLLA

Those scoundrels.

☞ He says about northerners, and he thinks and wonders if there is a scroll a message to bring to him, which there is not, not this time, not with me.

*Author*

In the future, women can be equal to men.

SVLLA

Only if they have the great father. Only then can they be!

☞ He feels then a little offended by what I said, and, this was his way of establishing fact the way he wanted to see it, he totally painted over my version with his own, as if my version was thereby deleted. He is not what I expected, nor could I have expected someone so terrifying as this. I have been shaking and nervous, the way that he yells at me. This is a man who could literally kill someone just by looking at them.

*Author*

What, would you like the world to remember you by? We remember you forever.

SVLLA

You do, do you eh huh?

☞ He is intrigued by being remembered.

SVLLA

What do they remember of me.

☞ He demands.

*Author*

We remember you as a warrior.

☞ To that Sulla says like “pfft”, he waves his hand down as a gesture of dismissal without lifting his hand from the side of the throne, and he looks away. He is not impressed. This is not good enough for him.

SVLLA

I had a pretty strong fleet.

*Author*

Yes. You, conquered Spain did you not?

☞ I am now getting my facts all mixed up together, I’d better read up on him and see what we could talk about.

SVLLA

So, run home to your mother. *Or come see me, and bring fetch me some wine.*

☞ So it seems that I can either leave or bring him some wine with the promise of some snugs. He sounded a bit romantic or inviting with the wine sentence. Is that all I am to him? The potential of a snuggle?

SVLLA

Fetch me some wiinee I said!

☞ He demands from sitting on his throne.

SVLLA

Some wine.

☞ He says with determination.

*Author*

Yes Sir. I will fetch you some wine.

SVLLA

So, where are you from, slut?

☞ He thinks that he is sipping from a cup of really strong bitter wine, and he wonders what lands I am from.

*Author*

I am from the north.

SVLLA

The “north”?!

*Author*

Yes. North, way up in the north.

☞ He thinks about approaching me to stand real close to me, standing right against me and looking down on me as I would be on the floor, and he wonders about the weapons we might have there in the north, what various axes or other things, he does not expect any swords. He now thinks about grabbing me and pushing me against the wall, perhaps to question me about weapons. I would, undoubtedly, have died and fallen down dead after that, perhaps. He is the most intimidating thing we could ever imagine. Modern television and movies do these men no justice.

SVLLA

I was warned now. By those minstrels!

☞ He tells me, right after an angelic deity who had appeared to him in bright burning gold had warned him for his demeanor toward me.

☞ Ah! I now see him falling down to his knees, he lifts his hands in a prayer, as he is standing before the presence of God in the Kingdom of Heaven!

*Author*  
Sir! It is alright!

GOD  
Sulla was never taken away from here. He, wanders around, and does everything as he pleases. That is, why he can still talk to you about the battles. And the battles were many!

☞ God speaks to me about Sulla.

*Author*  
Have I done something wrong God, by speaking to him?

GOD  
No.

☞ God says to me to answer my question.

GOD  
But he was doing wrong towards himself. With that.

☞ “That” is the image I had perceived of Sulla grabbing me by the hair and pushing me against the wall.

*Author*  
It’s ok.

☞ I shrug.

GOD  
Well, no, not to us it isn’t. As, he has still not tapered his anger.

☞ God about Sulla.

GOD  
He still thinks he is out at war.

*Author*  
Can I speak to him more? Maybe he will be nice to me?

GOD

Well. No. No not any more.

☞ And there is the image of golden chariots, perhaps Sulla was shown those.

*Author*

Thank you Sir.

☞ I say to Sulla, and at that, Sulla is sitting on his throne again, one leg resting against a knee, and he makes a quick motion with his head which shows approval, or acknowledgement, of my thank you.

SVLLA

So, be gone now. I don't want you here.

☞ He waves his hands at me and turns his head away, as if I am the begger that needs to leave.

*Author*

Forgive me Sir and goodbye. I will bring you wine next time.

SVLLA

I will have your breasts.

☞ He thinks about grabbing my breasts.

SVLLA

I would choke you to death, slut!

☞ He thinks about pinning me to the wall again, to kill me, he really is not amused by my presence. Perhaps I should leave.

SVLLA

Bah, gah, she is not with the oracle.

☞ He says about me.

*Author*  
Oracle?

SVLLA

Yes, with *all* the wise men and seers. So? What do you think about this?

☞ The “this” is him dressing in something new.

*Author*  
That looks good.

SVLLA

I won it as a war marshal.

*Author*  
It suits you.

☞ Although I was not sure of what he was dressing in, something red or purple.

*Author*  
If you wish, we can speak more. Or otherwise I will run away from you.

SVLLA  
Yes. Run.

☞ He says and he makes a face that you would only see when two men are challenging each other at the square for a fist fight and one says something and then he would respond to that with this same nod and facial expression. I have never seen that expression before, it was that he bit his teeth real hard, puckered his lips a bit, frowned a little, and then nodded at me to send me away. He has gestures that we do not see anymore today, yet I can read them, they are universal, just not common.

☞ Well, what can we say. Sulla was the most intimidating and imposing character we could ever meet. How to sum up this magnificent person. He is the kind of man who can kill a person just by

staring them down. His posture and poise, his crushing presence, yet which he expresses and holds with poise and dignity. We will perhaps never again see this type of man on this earth. He looks at me now. I smile at him. My smiles do nothing to soften him. He feels as if he is busy, as if he is expecting something.

SVLLA

Here, take this and go.

☞ In his thought images, he presses a Roman golden colored coin into my hand.

*Author*

I was an oracle, not a begger.

☞ And Sulla would fall down on his knees and worship and pray to me if I said that.

*Author*

No, it is ok. I am from the north.

SVLLA

The north. From what clans?

☞ He stands with his hands on his hips and he closes his mouth and runs his tongue along the backs of his teeth as he speaks.

*Author*

I'm not sure what clans.

SVLLA

Well, *they must be called something?*

☞ He says impatiently and thinks to his fleets.

*Author*

We are Swedish. Nordic? Viking?

SVLLA  
Never heard of them.

☞ He speaks quickly with his fists against his hips. I *truly* had expected him to have heard of all of these three, at least one of them.

*Author*  
I should best leave you alone now.

SVLLA  
Yes, run away, woman.

☞ He says, and he thinks about bending me naked on my fours to take me from behind. Ha ha. Oh, I hope my laughing doesn't enrage him. But to be honest, if any woman ever dreamt passionately about the Romans, perhaps they seem sexy or ever so masculine, I have to tell you his bruteness totally kills any romantic flame in a woman toward him. It would be like making love to a rock.

SVLLA  
Are you embarrassed? As, *don't be*, the Romans weren't all like that.  
Only the ones who *like* you, were.

☞ I'm not sure what he's saying here, nor did I expect him to speak more.

SVLLA  
Oh, it doesn't matter!

☞ He is bored and bothered.

*Author*  
Forgive me.

☞ He looks at me again, his teeth firmly pressed together, his tongue runs along the backs of his teeth, and his firm fists stand on his hips. This is a man who could kill with just a look. He would approach a gathering of people and they would shrivel like crunching up paper or like bugs they would all drop dead. We don't have, nor will we ever



again have, men like this in our world.

SVLLA

So, “woman”, please bring me (...)?

☞ He is asking me something.

*Author*

What would you like, Sir?

SVLLA

Why are you still here?

*Author*

Forgive me, I am about to leave.

SVLLA

And please, do not humour me ever again.

☞ About my laughing earlier.

*Author*

I was embarrassed. As you had thought about having sex with me so I giggled.

SVLLA

I do it with boys, rather.

☞ He thinks about a bath house, and in his previous line too, he thought about a bath house. I will have to respect his culture and not say anything about that. The bath house is fitted with jade green tiles, even the column is fitted with jade green tiles, quite nice, yet you can sense the smell of mold, you sense how the wet has gone through the cracks of tile and dampened and injured the construction.

THE ANCIENT ROMANS WERE KNOWN FOR THEIR BATH HOUSES. NOT JUST FOR BATHING, THEY WERE GREAT SITES FOR SOCIALIZING. THEIR VERSION OF SOAP WAS TO OIL THEMSELVES IN AND SCRAPE IT OFF WITH A METAL STRIGIL. MEN AND WOMEN HAD SEPARATE BATH HOUSES. WHO

KNOWS WHAT THE MEN GOT UP TO IN THEIR PRIVATE BATHS. (WELL, JULIUS CAESAR KNOWS, AND HE TELLS US IN THE LAST CHAPTER.)

SULLA ACTUALLY HAD A LONG LASTING RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS MALE LOVER METROBIUS. EVEN WHEN METROBIUS WAS AGED A BIT SULLA REMAINED IN LOVE WITH THIS MAN UNTIL THE END OF HIS LIFE. SULLA LIVED WITH BOTH HIS WIFE AND WITH METROBIUS WHEN HE RETIRED. SULLA MADE NO SECRET OF THIS.

☞ I have never been afraid of anyone before.

SVLLA

I was not a Sultan.

☞ He heard my thoughts as I was about to write, that “I have even stood in the presence of Satan and the Fallen Angels, and never been afraid.” He thought “Satan” was “Sultan”.

*Author*

How would you be addressed?

SVLLA

Be gone, woman.

☞ Very bored, he would literally pull and push me away, I honestly expected him to answer, to want to give me a list of his titles.

SVLLA

I was a war general.

☞ He says after a few seconds of pause of contemplation, and he presses his teeth shut and runs his tongue along the backs of his teeth. While he *has* all of his teeth still intact, the backs of his upper jaw teeth are very rugged and with pieces broken off, and he has taken up the habit of running his tongue along the jagged edges of his teeth, feeling them out. That is what he does.

☞ Dare I ask him more? He doesn't seem to understand, or accept,

what I am. That I am a woman, an “oracle” from the future. I was surprised that he would fear oracles. Perhaps we would have powers to hex them with. Powers like gods.

SVLLA

You are not an oracle. You are a whore.

☞ He says with some contempt.

*Author*

I haven't had sex in over a year.

SVLLA

Then you are not a well-used one.

☞ With his fists on his hips, teeth shut, and tongue running along the back of his teeth again.

☞ I laugh. I laugh a lot. And then I go quiet and wonder if this will enrage him. I cannot get him to open up for me until he accepts that yes, I am a woman. He doesn't understand who I am.

SVLLA

I sent those men chasing away.

☞ He thinks to men and chieftains in the East and he smiles and nods to himself out of contentness.

SVLLA

I even took their horses and mules.

☞ He smiles, adds, and is pleased, and he feels out the rugged jagged sharp edges along the back of his teeth.

SVLLA

And now, “they send me this”, an oracle?!

☞ Angered because of me.

*Author*

I will leave you alone, Sir. I was not here to take your time.

SVLLA

Sulla wasn't angered.

☞ He lifts his chin to appear taller, as he looks down on me, fists remaining on his hips.

☞ I don't know how to talk to him. Here we have him, one of history's most influential and important characters. I have him so close to me in connection that I am even feeling out the rugged backs of his teeth against his tongue as he is feeling them. Yet it is his persona, his character. I honestly feel a bit exhausted and beaten down by this ordeal of talking to the Great Sulla.

SVLLA

I don't have a room for you in my house. If you wanted to be my whore. As, you could learn to be sweeping the floors. As, that is what I usually let for the boys to do. To sweep for me.

☞ There is strange contempt and other emotions in his words that I cannot quite dress into words, was it that he was almost pleased or softening up or almost at the hint of happy about me, yet with contempt, I could not quite explain his feelings to me at this time, when he said these things.

*Author*

I would be happy to sweep your floors.

☞ And as soon as I had said that, I realized I had committed a mistake. Sulla became suddenly very eager and he lifted his eyebrows and opened his eyes wide, his firm fists were almost about to lift off their firm position at the hips, and he felt the back of his rugged sharp teeth again with his tongue. Because I realized, that a woman would not in their time and age willingly accept the job of sweeping floors. Women were meant, expected, to (interrupted)

SVLLA

I will give you a son and make you very happy. If, *you please live with me.*

SVLLA

I won't make you bleed noseblood.

☞ He thinks about firmly lifting me up by a grab around my throat or my clothing.

☞ Do not be honored. Someone like Sulla probably had hundreds of women. So it's not like he had just decided that I was the "one and only" for someone like him. It is not like I was suddenly beautiful, or romantic, or even anything special to him. So it's not as if we, me and you dear readers, should by any means be flattered that the Great Sulla would have made me into one of his maidens.

☞ But to be honest, I could not have envisioned anything romantic with this man. Usually the only type of men I find off-putting, is if they are either too young, or come across as weak or boring. I tend to like older men and men who are a bit more masculine. A Roman Hero would have seemed like the perfect ideal. Except that we haven't got any clue as to what they are.

SVLLA

Hey, here, Hero. You think that's a Hero?

☞ He interrupts me from my bubble of dreaming and talking about men and romance, I see him in a large temple, he taps me with his hand and then with the end of a blade sword on my back, I both saw him almost as if I were at the temple there with him, and I really and totally felt the tap of his hand and the heavy sword resting against my back, that for a moment there I had to check myself to make sure I wasn't suddenly transported into his time and place to get ready to be at his full mercy. Sulla doesn't think there is anything "heroic" about swords and death, rather, it is very serious to him, it is a matter of life and death. It is not what the books or romantic authors would have us think. Sulla wore a gorgeous swaying red cape at the time.

*Author*

Forgive me, Sir. I meant you no disrespect.

SVLLA

Go into your house, and fetch me wine, woman.

*Author*

I would be happy to.

SVLLA

And then, watch me drink it.

☞ He would have asked me to sit down on some cushions at the corner of his room so that I could watch him drink from the silver cup and he would be watching me at the same time. Perhaps a Roman gesture, to socialize and get to know each other while drinking wine, just looking at one another from some distance?

SVLLA

You don't look, pretty to me.

☞ He contemplates, as I do not have black hair, nor is my hair braided nicely in an arch around my forehead.

*Author*

Forgive me, I am from the north.

SVLLA

So? Where is your packing?

☞ He expects me to have a bag of my belongings with me, as I am a traveling woman.

SVLLA

I refuse to accept that I am dead.

☞ He was suddenly aware of ghostly figures of dead Greek philosophers or the wind and water gods who were Greek men with round faces and white togas, he saw the image of the inside of a temple

where the lights were fading out into some ominous dark and yellow.

☞ So I would normally have found a strong and masculine man enchanting. Had you asked me before, I, like any woman other than me, would have probably thought that the Roman men were enchanting and sexually appealing. But Sulla has a deep contempt and crushing presence that puts out any romantic flame any woman could have ever, well I won't say any woman, as I'm sure he had his share of girlfriends. But this is a man who would have lifted me up and pushed me against the wall to crush me. I mean, normally that sort of thing could be romantic and exciting, but something about Sulla. His force is not meant to be a matter of romance. I would shiver in his presence.

*Author*

Dear Sulla, I will leave you now.

☞ And he asks himself if I have any scrolls of messages for him.

*Author*

Do you have questions for me? I am here for you if you need to ask me something.

SVLLA

What gods, sent you?

☞ And he thinks about the puffed face Greek god with the wind and the white toga.

*Author*

I don't know. I don't understand the world I am in.

SVLLA

Would you help me, conquer and siege?

☞ He thinks of a map, he thinks of caves and geographical advantages for conquest.

*Author*

I am not a military planner. Should we say goodbye to one another  
now?

☞ He is shown, by the deities, some men that he had killed. The image is hellish in feeling and not pleasant at all. Yet, Sulla sees it and he retreats to his own preferred image of resting on the throne in that temple.

SVLLA

So! Woman?!

*Author*

Yes, Sulla? What would you like to say? I am listening to you?

SVLLA

I was given some visions of you. That you are from the heavens and the skies. And, that I have acted wrongly toward you. So, please forgive me.

☞ He was shown the white horses from the sky, the golden chariots, all of it. He kneeled down on one knee, he made firm fists, and he so showed a gesture of humility and servitude, even though it did not soften his power or might at all. The gesture itself is enough, even when it is not felt in the heart nor intended, the kneeling itself. Even though his fists remained strong enough that they could have still killed at that split second.

*Author*

... Do you need my help? Are you alright, Sulla?

SVLLA

I have been given, barrels of wine before.

☞ With image of barrels of wine.

*Author*

I wish you well.



☞ He makes a facial expression. His teeth closely shut, his mouth makes a narrow firm smile, he nods his head backwards two times, in acknowledgement of my patronage, as if he puts it in the back of his mind that I had offered him something that perhaps could be of future use, yet it was not a facial expression we would have expected today, or seen today.

*Author*

I wish you well.

SOMEONE

The wind gods, sent her.

☞ Someone a deity says to Sulla about me, even if that might not be true.

☞ He backs, he walks backwards, he remembers having stood outside a white temple, he feels confused and disoriented. Does he know that he is dead? Does he understand? Or is he trapped in an eternal memory where he relives scenes that he has been in? Has he refused to accept, or understand, his own dying? I have seen this often to be the case with the spirits. Sometimes this happens. And sometimes they are swept right into heaven into light. Yet sometimes this happens, that they linger on in memories, relive them as they think of them.

☞ I want him to know that I am here as his support. If he needs me to take his hands and lead him into the light. I envision taking his hands into mine, I let him see myself as Narkael.

SVLLA

I wouldn't punch you in the face if you look at me like that. Given,  
since, you were with the wind gods.

☞ He smiles cunningly, from the sight of myself as Narkael.

*Author*

We have only love to give to you.

SVLLA

Pffstt.

☞ He dismisses what I said, he waves his hand down in a gesture of dismissal, he looks down, and turns away from me, in a complete act of dismissal.

SVLLA

I was made out of iron, once, and forged out of fire. So do not forget that! Ever!

*Author*

.. Yes Sir. I will remember you as Iron and Fire.

SVLLA

It is not for a stupid woman to say.

☞ It is relentless. (interrupted)

SVLLA

The fire gods, were angry at me once. So, they sent me into battle for them. And that time we didn't win! So, it was their anger that did it, not my defeat.

SVLLA

So I rode off on my horse, and said, 'forget them'.

SVLLA

So, if you are a god, or a *godine*.

☞ He awaits what I might ask of him to do, or what curses or requests I might place on him.

*Author*

You are a free man, as far as I am concerned.

☞ And he sees my home and myself here where I am sitting and he dismisses it with boredom by saying "pfftt", he is not impressed with my room.

SVLLA

Yes, because it does not have any weapons there?!

☞ Explaining his dismissal of my room.

SVLLA

So, if she was one with the wind gods, why was she not angry with me?

☞ He says to whatever deities who had lied to him that I am with the wind gods, the Angels perhaps are building defense around me by saying this.

*Author*

Sir, I thank you (interrupted)

SVLLA

Thank me by bringing me a cup of wine.

☞ I was going to finish this and thank him for his time and so forth.

☞ I end this moment and conversation with Sulla the Great Roman Warrior (interrupted)

SVLLA

We were never temple Heroes.

☞ He remembers when he rode a horse in the mountains, he must mean that he was never skilled at battling it out with the gods and being in good liking with them, to dance around the whims and fancies of the gods that ruled their world too.

SVLLA

I was never born for this. I was made a great warrior by circumstances.  
So, do tell them that!

☞ He lets his tongue run along the backs of his teeth, feeling out the rugged edges, he spoke calmly, as if this is a brand new start, putting all our previous squabbles aside, he had patience with me, patience when

he spoke.

*Author*

Thank you for telling me.

SVLLA

And I don't need you to bring me a cup of wine.

*Author*

I would bring it to you, if only I could. If I had some. I would bring it to you.

SVLLA

Look, I would take you gracefully by your arm, and show you around!  
As you had come to see me.

☞ A sudden surprising change, he is loving and tender like a father. He wears a loose-fitting sleeveless shirt and a red mantle that is long and sways in the gust of wind. I had no business in seeking contact with him. What good have I done, besides exposing some of his private thoughts, the rugged back of his teeth, his affection for wine.

ANGEL

Now that he thinks you are one of the wind gods, he will be nice to you.

☞ Angel beams happily toward me.

*Author*

But, ..! I am not!

ANGEL

It doesn't matter what you are.

GOD

We just didn't want him to be angry at you anymore.

☞ God concernedly says to me.

*Author*

So, lies are ok in this case? Oh, ok.

SOMEONE

Sulla knows that he was died. So, now he thinks of you as a demigod too!

☞ God or other deity says to me.

*Author*

Is he ok? Is he alright? Will he be fine now? I want him to be ok.

SVLLA

I would have paid, *more than a few coins for you!*

☞ Kindly, not crushingly.

☞ I see him. He stands outdoors by a platform of perfectly flat stone or marble panels, right in front of an entrance to a temple or other prominent building with several columns in a row in front of the entrance. He has sandals, the brown lacing wrap and interlace across the full length of his calves. He is a tall man. He doesn't look like your typical Roman or Italian stereotype with black hair and dark eyes. His hair is brown, his eyes a lighter colour.

SULLA WAS DESCRIBED AS BEING BLONDE, BLUE-EYED, AND HAD A WHITE FACE COVERED WITH RED MARKS. AN ANCIENT HISTORIAN WROTE THAT SULLA FELT THAT "HIS GOLDEN HEAD OF HAIR GAVE HIM A SINGULAR APPEARANCE".

SVLLA

The fire gods didn't like me either. *That is why they made me fail, at that passing.*

*Author*

I never disliked you Sir.

*Author*

I was only, a visitor, a guest from the north and from the future.

SVLLA

So? Why do they bring to me a woman?

*Author*

In the future, women can hold jobs too.

SVLLA

What is the meaning of this?

☞ Then he feels out the rugged backs of his teeth again with his tongue.

SVLLA

Enough!

☞ And he holds his right hand in front of him on a rigid arm, the palm of the hand facing forward with the fingers up, it is clearly a stop sign, and he turns his head away. Enough. Let us leave him alone, this great Marshal of times Ago.

☞ Let him rest in peace, he with his memories, with his thoughts, emotions, with all and any of him that he still holds intact in his mind that has lingered. As God made human bodies fatal, he made their souls eternal. He was never deleted, never wiped out. There are no waves that can wash upon his shores and delete the memory of who he was, his footsteps, his many doings, the man who he was, it is all still there, intact.

☞ He now looks at me again, and I am scared. He has a look that would make me die on an instant. I would crumple and fall dead on the spot, I would shrivel like a piece of paper that then decomposes. They don't make men like that anymore.

SVLLA

You don't need to crumple, just sit down.

SVLLA

What fire, or thunder god, sent you to me, and why was he angry?

*Author*

I am not, sent to you by any god?

SVLLA

So? She speaks truth!

☞ He stands up from where he was sitting on the throne, I wondered, hesitated, whether I should reveal to him against the Angel's wishes that I was not sent to him from a god.

☞ There is no way to say goodbye to a man like this. There is no courteous greeting or summing up, like I have tried. You just leave him and hope that he forgets you.

☞ Should we do another one? Which one should we do?

SVLLA

Do Lethargus.

LETHARGUS WAS A LATIN WORD MEANING DROWSINESS, SLEEPINESS, LETHARGY, COMA. IT DOES NOT APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN A PERSONAL NAME, UNLESS SOMEONE WAS PERHAPS GIVEN IT AS A PETNAME.

*Author*

Who was that? Was that someone?

SVLLA

He was my favorite villain, once.

☞ He smiles, his fists against his hips.

My sincerest thanks to all the gentlemen and lady who took part in these conversations.

Be sure to find more books and channelings by Narkael. These same and more other Romans will be contacted again in future channeling books.

**This has been a preview of the book  
The Romans Channeled  
by Narkael**

Who had leopard skins thrown over a chair and why? Did Nero start the great fire of Rome? Did Julius Caesar really love Cleopatra, or something else? What were the wind gods like? Also three more chapters with Sulla Felix, and lots more.

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