

The temple of me



21 November The Temple of ME This temple is the enshrinement to me. I have been laid to rest here many moons ago. A one walks up to my ancient temple; there is a stone path trimmed with bushes that leads from the sidewalk about 500 feet to the initial steps that you have to take to walk down and even yourself with the floor of my temple. You see a tall circular building with a large porch with a triangular top similar to that of the Pantheon in Tripoli. Upon the entrance to temple one sees the inscription above the door way. The inscription is carved into the stone in Latin, the inscription loosely translates as ' All who gaze upon me, shall give thanks to one another.' And above this message are the Roman Gods and Goddesses looking down upon you as you walk through the entrance way of the temple. You walk through a series of 25 foot tall Corinthian columns holding up the entry way. On the way in you see tapestries that tell of the early demise of myself after a lifetime's work of help others in their times of need. Across from the entrance, unbeknownst to anyone, behind a mysteriously tall block of granite with a rather large bust of myself as though I was dressed like Brutus of the Roman Court. My features, however, are quite young compared to former Roman Senator, is a secret stairwell leading downwards into the catacombs below the temple where my Etruscan terra cotta sarcophagus lays. Up above, in the temple it self, as you look around the curved white granite walls of the Parthenon style temple, you can see tapestries hanging evenly from one another depicting the different stages of my life right up to the moment of my gruesome death at the hands of my own troops due to their betrayal. These tapestries are woven fabrics trimmed in the finest threads that are telling the life story. And above each one of the tapestries there is an a carving in to the temple wall which tells of the time of my life in

which the tapestry is depicting a specific time in my life. Each tapestry runs down the length of the wall. To the left of the entrance along the wall is a set of stairs which leads to what seems to be a stone throne with blue satin banners on each side which are lined in gold. Temple is well crafted and has lasted for many centuries. The architecture of the Ancient Roman temple is well balanced and well crafted out of white granite with a checked black and white granite floor. The musty smell wafts up from the catacombs below the temple through the secret entrance near the rather large bust of me.

However, this smell does not bother the patrons within the temple. But from time to time, it has brought forth adventurers who seek to find the wealth that I had amassed during my time alive. But to the unfortunate fate of some of those particular adventurers, they had not know what type of person I was when I was alive, otherwise they might have been able to pass through the traps laid out in the catacombs. Although, I was once a part of the Roman army under Caesar and member of the Roman Senate, I never thought that fight was the answer. As the right hand man to Julius Caesar, I begged of his to peacefully create his Empire. However, he never really listen to me much. Because for as much non-aggression that I wanted for Caesar to take, his decisions tended to lean opposite and, thus, violence usually ensued. Julius was trying to maintain his stronghold upon the world and for the most he managed to pull it off. However, my temple may have gotten notoriety or fanfare, had my demise not been so untimely. I was jumped by own men under the orders of the Roman Senate, particularly Brutus, the one whom Julius trusted the most. I think at that time it may not have mattered where I was, I probably would have be killed either by men or in the same downfall which took Julius out of power. I was on my way to warn Caesar when my

fate befell me. I was for a short time, the aide to the great Julius Caesar, but that time and relationship was taken away from me brutally, on both ends. I was once worshipped as the Great Uniter, the one who could bridge the realms of the spirit and of man, Julius leaned on me since I seemed to have the ear of the Gods and Goddesses. Though the consensus was that I was a charlatan, a freak, a fraud; I did my best to ignore these harmful words to do my job as aide to Caesar. Works Cited Capitoline Brutus. Bronze Sculpture. Capitaloline Museums, Rome. Artchive. Web. 21 Nov 2011 Etruscan Terra Cotta Sarcophagus. 520 BCE. Photograph. Italian peninsula. Glendale Community College. Web. 21 Nov 2011. Pantheon. c. 1200 AD. Photograph. Rome. Artchive. Web. 21 Nov 2011