

# Twitterati Romani

President Trump's decision to rule the world via his twitter account is causing considerable consternation, and no wonder. Anyone in power who writes down his thoughts without thinking could be a serious liability. But of course we have been here before. As with so many facets of our society it was the Romans who led the way. And so it is with Twitter. A large cache of Roman twitter accounts has recently been unearthed in the bowels (where better?) of the Vatican library.

[@juliuscaesarbighead](#)

We invade England tomorrow. Looking forward to my first full English. Good riddance to Gaul and the croissant. No fit breakfast for a leader of men. I'm a three sausage man.

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Terrible Channel crossing. The whole invasion force sick as parrots, whatever they are. Never again! Will dig a tunnel between Dover and Calais for the return. Easy peasy!

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Have requisitioned 30 000 slaves with shovels to start work on tunnel ASAP. I reckon two weeks topside to finish the job.

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Londinium a big disappointment. Not much more than a swamp, really. Will never trust TripAdvisor again. Their CEO is for the lions when I get back to Rome, trust me.

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Arrived Colchester. Very warm welcome from lots of lovely Essex girls wearing very little. Troops very impressed. They like it here after all.

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Have not yet found a house here with central heating, indoor toilet or a bathroom. So primitive. And the roofs are made of straw. Quite ridiculous. Don't mention potholes! Even Jupiter would blanch.

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Just heard! Planning permission for channel tunnel refused lest the work disturb a colony of rare newts at Dover. Also no hard hats for slaves. I don't believe it.

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30 000 slaves no longer needed. Ordered them to jump off Beachy Head. Can't afford to show my sentimental side, can I?

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Have got a big X in my diary next to the Ides of March. Can't remember why, but will soon find out, as it's next Friday.

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Long conversation on Friday in the Senate with Brutus. Lovely guy! Would trust him with my life.

[@juliuscaesarbighead](#)

Et tu, Brute! What's that sticking in my chest?

[@Agrippina.mrs.nasty](#)

My husband, the Emperor Claudius, is a boring old fart, so have decided to poison him. Just nipping round to Boots for a bottle of arsenic before they close. Job done.

[@iClaudius, ildiot](#)

Breakfast tea tasted a bit funny this morning. Probably the cheap teabags from Lidl. My dear wife, Agrippina, always keen to save a few denarii. How would I cope without her?

[@iClaudius, ildiot](#)

Feeling very queasy. Think I will go upstairs and lie down. Don't tell Agrippina. She will only fuss and worry and she looks so nice in her new black dress with veil. Wonder why she bought that?

[@Agrippina.mrs.nasty](#)

Sorted! My dear son Nero can now become Emperor. No better person, - compassionate, humane, driven by a selfless sense of duty to the Empire. And he plays the fiddle so beautifully.

[@noxiousnero](#)

My mother is becoming a real pain. Always interfering when I am enjoying myself beheading a few friends at dinner. And why should I practise the violin five hours a day just to please her. But I have a cunning plan!

[@Agrippina.mrs.nasty](#)

My dear son, Nero, has invited me to go for a sail on his brand new yacht. Such a thoughtful boy. Very much looking forward to some sea air.

[@Agrippina.mrs.nasty](#)

Set sail from Misenum. Unfortunately Nero couldn't come with me. He has to carry out some executions in the Forum. He leads such a busy life.

[@Agrippina.mrs.nasty](#)

Funny thing! When we reached the open sea the yacht suddenly fell apart and we were all pitched into the water. Had to swim for my life.

[@Agrippina.mrs. nasty](#)

As I crawled up the beach found Nero waiting and looking very puzzled and not very pleased to see me. Weird or what?

[@noxiousnero](#)

Best laid plans and all that.... But not to worry, there is always plan B.

[@Hadrian.readymix](#)

Too many illegal immigrants coming over the border from Scotland. Will put a stop to that by building a wall. And the Scots will pay for it.

Happy and safe tweeting!