

fabric shop, the same... "Here is Egyptian linen, African cotton, leather from Britannia and furs from Asia Minor."

Then he stepped into the street and ran his hand over the shiny stone pillar. "The marble that made this pillar came from your country, Iliona. So you see, almost everything we have in Rome comes from distant regions that our great city rules."

### DAY XXX

Though my mistress always looks well, I had no idea until today quite how much effort is needed to achieve this.

She called me in to her room after waiting an hour for Psecas, her *ornatrix* who comes to the house each day to do her hair. She was staring into a bronze mirror and applying the finishing touches to her face. She was wearing only an undershirt and called out, "Pass me that clean tunic, Iliona." without taking her eyes away from

the mirror. Lying across the bed was a plain white tunic made of the finest silk I have ever seen.

I couldn't resist running my hands through the fabric as I handed it to her.

However it wasn't her clothing that took the time, but her hair. At first she was patient, but when my work collapsed in a clumsy heap around her shoulders, she flew into a rage, shouting words I have only heard women in the market place use.

But at last she calmed

