



**04/06/2022**

***The show must go on (and end!)***

***About Bassilla, I .Aquileia 710***

**Class II E Bianca Tiberia, Maddalena Signore, Teodoro Sergio, Manfredi Monti, Francesco Amodio**

“Acta est fabula, plaudite!”, in Latin, means: “The show is over, clap!”.

These were the famous words Emperor Augustus Caesar said on his deathbed, but they can be used to describe my story, too. My story begins and ends with theaters: I guess you could say all my life was on the stage. I've always wanted to become a dancer, maybe a Muse, like the ones in ancient greek texts, that always inspire poets, or a mime, like Caesar's Decimus Laberius and Publilius Syrus, or even Syracuse's Sophron, a fellow citizen of Sicily just like me. I thought that maybe one day I could inspire someone, too. So I gave it a shot and tried to train to become a Theatrical Mime. Yeah, I know. Why would I want to put myself in such a disfavored position, being aware that some shady people could use that fact to take advantage of me? It's not like mimes and dancers were that respected. But what can I say? It's always been a very inspiring world to me, and I wasn't willing to give up my dream for anything, or anyone. I wasn't expecting to become a famous performer, all I wanted was to do what I love. So I participated in a dancing contest in Syracuse. To my surprise, I passed! And after that, I started traveling with a theatrical agency to perform all over Sicily. We went everywhere you could imagine: Messina, Agrigentum, Panormus... It was really shocking to discover that, in my humble opinion, I was even better at dancing than I thought! And it was really heartwarming to see how much people loved my performances...At first. Then, something rather...Strange, happened. I started to have a stronger desire. Like Orpheus when he wanted to glance at Eurydice. A desire for more. More praises, more compliments... I started worrying about the number of seats in theaters. I wanted more of them! I wanted more people to see me, to recognize my talent. It wasn't just a dream anymore. And the happiness began to fade away, replaced with constant worry. The perspective of becoming even more known had become so much sweeter, so tempting...So much that I couldn't even enjoy dancing anymore. If I couldn't let the world see what I do, see the message in my performances, then what use am I to the world? I had become so loved because of my dancing, not because of who I was. If I wasn't Basilla, the world renowned dancer, then...Who was I? What would my worth be? These worrisome, intrusive thoughts did nothing but blur my mind, until they took over completely. I guess that's what happens when your dreams also become your work...Right? My mental worries took over my physical needs, too. I had recently received an offer to do an important tour in Taormina, still in Sicily, in the winter, to celebrate the Old theatre's anniversary; it was a great ceremony that could have greatly impacted my career: many big figures would be present, even prefects of Rome. *Rome!* They said that if I managed to impress them, perhaps I could even perform in Marcellus Theatre during the Ludi Florales in April! I felt a shiver flowing down my spine. If I performed in Rome, I would be so known...So many people would know my name. I could fulfill my purpose, my life could have a meaning...Right? I couldn't let this opportunity slip away. Nothing would have mattered if I did. So I trained, trained and trained. I trained every second of my life. Every time I wasn't sleeping, I was working. I just didn't stop, I didn't feel like anything else mattered. There were days where I didn't even eat. My physical needs became secondary. I started doing dangerous trainings to get better. I would sometimes get bruises, or cuts from spinning too much. I would start to get dizzy after every rehearsal. But I didn't care. I couldn't afford to care. Not when I desperately needed to have a reason to go on. There were two shows left for the tour to end...I could do it. After all, they weren't difficult shows: I had done death scenes after mime dances

several times before. At last, the night of the first show came. I hadn't eaten, or drank that day. I performed normally, or at least I thought I did. At the end of the performance, all I saw on people's faces was distress, or worry. Why were they looking at me like that? Without even realising it, I was making the same face. I couldn't bear to see them, any of them. So I went into my dressing room. Suddenly, I started to feel nauseous, my head started spinning. And in the blink of an eye, I fell. When I woke up, I saw an unfamiliar face looking at me. From his mannerisms and looks, he appeared to be a doctor. After a bit of chit-chat about my health, he revealed the shocking truth: my health had severely declined, and in such weather, I could risk getting a fever, or worse, if I kept stressing myself like that. But I didn't want to listen. I was so close...I couldn't let anyone or anything get in my way. Not even my health. And so I kept training for my final show. The day finally came...But I felt my forehead intensely burn, and I couldn't stop sweating. But the show was too close. I started performing, but I was way more imprecise than usual. I just couldn't get the movements right. Then, the death scene came. I gently laid myself on the floor...And the curtains closed. Everyone started clapping, although in a very messy way. It was clear that they didn't like the show. I tried standing up...

...

I couldn't.

Panic.

I started trying to twitch my arms. Why wasn't I moving?! I needed to get up. I needed to dance, to go to Rome!

Rome...

I started dreaming about the capital. Suddenly, I had just entered the city walls. I was walking, laughing with my theatre agency...We were talking about our performance. Flowers were blooming: it was spring. We visited the city centre: the beautiful Pantheon, all the way to the Flavian Amphitheatre. Then, while getting closer to the theatre, we saw Tiber Island getting bigger and bigger: it was beautiful! Then, the temple of Janus, and Marcellus Theatre. I started performing: everyone was so happy, so excited. We all got a standing ovation.

I was happy.

Suddenly, I got pulled back to reality.

Or something similar to that.

I could feel myself getting ready to go at any moment, the burning sensation getting stronger and stronger.

My eyes were half opened, and I was in my co-stars's arms, with the doctor standing on our right.

"Are we...Going h-home?" I mumbled.

But the world suddenly started to lose its light.

And my world went pitch black.

...

"Put your soul at rest, Bassilla, no one's immortal. Rest in peace".

...

After Bassilla's death, she received as many honors as when she was alive. Her body was buried in a theatre, in a place sacred to the Muses. Even if she didn't change a nation, or found an empire like Augustus, the loneliness in their deaths remains the same. If only she could see that her efforts haven't been forgotten.

## **Drawings**

***Maja Rabrenovic, Anja Cevriz, Maja Ignjatovic, Jelena Skipina, Milena Vujacic***



Inscriptions regarding the doctors and final comment

Inscription n.3

### ***Thomas Karol Grasso, Francesco Scatena, Nicola Arcá***

Dorotheos was a doctor, who lived in Alexandria of Egypt in the late hellenistic period. He had died in Focide, but then he was buried in a mountainous area around the city of Tithorea; His grave was made out of white marble decorated by a pediment. The inscription was marked on his tomb and it talks about his wisdom and about how he has been taught by his own homeland; it also says that he travelled much until he met his death in Tithorea.

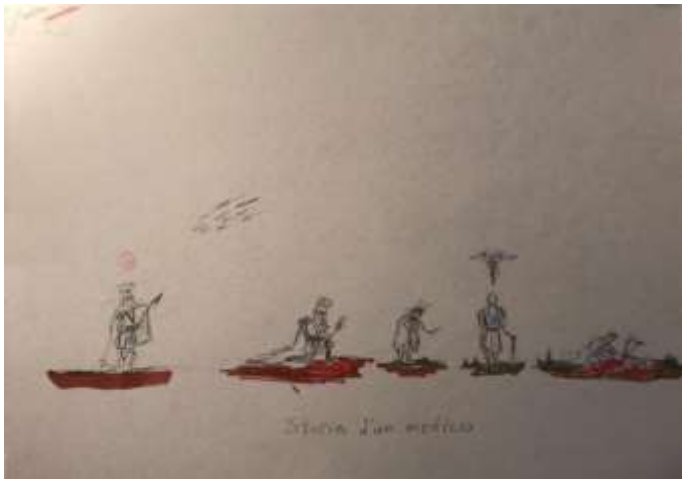
### **Inscription n.4**

#### ***Thomas Karol Grasso, Francesco Scatena, Nicola Arcá***

Antiochos Soter was a doctor who lived in the second/third century AD. His grave was made out of marble and on it, there's a representation of a man. The inscription says that he travelled much for work and by doing so, he managed to know the minds of many people and to save many others from terrible illnesses, but despite being helpful to the people, he got poisoned and died in the land of Taso. Then the inscription reports the doctor's parents and all of the people he desired to thank.

### **Story of a medic**

#### ***Luca Albano, Tommaso Croppo***



*Author: Maja Rabrenovic; story of a medic*

As the snowflakes fell from high above the sky, Bithynos, the sharp blade shaking in his hands, stood near the lake's shores. Allied archers, each of their bows loaded with an arrow, had the firmmost of grips on their weapons; some throwing tantrums due to the cold wintery climate of the body of water, many questioning the true arrival of their enemies and the wisdom in tactical displacement of their commander. Not at all far away, in a tent just short of a stadium of distance, Pescennius Niger observed, next to some of his loyalmost lieutenants. One second, then another, then another, each one ticking in the mind of Bithynos, each one nearing him more and more towards destiny.

Then it was screams, yells, the noise of a thousand and one horses, right off the bat, it was fear and confusion, yet determination and comprehension of the now obvious situation. Clinging each one against the other, Candidus' horses bogged down any counterattack; but a storm of arrows was flying, covering half of the blue welkin, and right as shots went up, the vital fluids of soldiers and animals alike flew down in a river of blood, forming a hellish scape of death and panic. Bithynos himself avoided the cavalry charges, remaining in line, keeping discipline, one after the other he slayed hordes, right next to his comrades and fellow fighters for the cause of the new emperor Niger. But a bitter truth hid under the veil of certain victory; the appearance of Pescennius on the battleground had an effect, no doubt, but it was too little, too late. The tides had shifted and now Niger and his own were the ones on the run. One step, then another, then another, but it didn't pay, the fresh wound on his leg made escape unlikely at best and Candidus' were



quick and reckless. No hope remained, as Bithynos, captured and abducted by the enemy, saw with his own eyes the true face of defeat. After being brought to Rome as a slave, he became a "libertus" and was able to return to his hometown: Nicaea. So Bithynos spent his last minutes, supine and sick, on a stretcher. Afterwards, he completed his studies as a doctor, learning as much as possible about the complex and cryptic world of medicine. At that moment he remembered sleepless nights spent from one camp to another, trying to save as many lives as possible. Sometimes he couldn't, and that was a great pain for him. Like that time, when a wounded enemy found himself standing before him, begging for help. He knew he shouldn't have. He knew he would risk it. He knew it could be found out. But he also knew that, since he embarked on this new path, his contempt and hatred of people, in this case the enemy, had vanished. Then, now pervaded by a sense of compassion and benevolence, he let himself go and, in the dark, carried the bruised man to a safe point. Duilius, that was his name. He had fought in many other battles, often escaping death; this was one of those times. At any rate, Duilius had been hit by an arrow, now soaking in his own, viscous blood. There wasn't much that Bithynos could do, yet, he braved impossible odds. Those of Duilius were minutes of agony, pain and sorrow; he, exhausted, lost himself more and more to despair. Bithynos, once realized nothing, not one action, could be done, communicated to the now hopeless man, his teeth grinding in majestic regret, the inevitable fate, knocking at the door. Duilius plucked up the courage to accepted such. During the last moments of the latter's life, the two told their stories, Bithynos saw the true colors of the unlucky ones he slayed, the battle hardened soldier he once fought against, was nothing short than a simple family man, an ordinary person, likewise undistinguishable to anyone else. Upon these revelations, Duilius closed his eyes and let himself be taken by the cold, yet welcoming, grip of death. Heart broken, the man of medicine returned to the present, knowing that his own clock was now ticking to its final hour. He inhaled, then exhaled alas, and slept; the breath of life, now lost to wind.

## Drawings

*Maja Rabrenovic, Anja Cevriz, Maja Ignjatovic, Jelena Skipina, Milena Vujacic*



## Art of the Trevi and Minimheos

*Zeynep Ilgin Gozler, Zuhai Yokush, Azra Doga Fidan, Beyzanur Dologlu*

### -Art of the Trevi-

Quite long ago, around the time that Roma was still an Empire, the glorious Trevi Fountain is amazed the people who crossed the street as today. Wealthy and well-known's were talking and babbling about the fountain with a proud smile on their money washed faces. Some were saying that their wished come true while the other ones shouting out that it was bullshit.

As a beautiful daughter of an elite family, Alibiade, was also aware of the legendary of Trevi Fountain. Expected from her she had all she wants; Shiny palace with a lot of servants that serves her, designed dresses, perfect education—even if its hard in that time. Or you thought so, Alibiade didn't want any of it. She was always against classics, it bored and uncomfortable her to her vains. Weirdly, she would always be proud about how people look at her with disgusted faces. "She became like this cause she didn't have a mother" "It was her father's fault" they say. It was true at some point cause she didn't see her father after mother's death. They were at the same place, eating the same foods, knowing the same view and people but her father was putting an effort for not to see the daughter of his who looked like the identical of his wife.

Her wife had a skin like dust, big cherry lips and dark green eyes. She was out of this world. She was a refugee in Rome which is trying to make money by selling the arts that her uncle paint. Her uncle was the only one she had in life so she worked hard

One day Minimheos who is a doctor of asia minor after having carried out his routine and having done the bloodletting discovers for a new cure he found that all the continent he traveled and all the people he met weren't worth his hard work. All they did was making conflicts about who is the superior race, who have more treasure. His passion about medicine died like a bird which was deserted by its pack. He was losing his hope about humanity. Right before he decided he'd return his hometown he came across with a huge forest. Magical yet frightening. He felt like he was born to be here so he told himself that now or never. He walked

green Pooman. Expected from her she had all she wants; shiny palace with a lot of servants that serves her, designed dresses, perfect education—even if its hard in that time. Or you thought so, Alibiade didn't want any of it. She was always against classics, it bored and uncomfortable her to her vains. Weirdly, she would always be proud about how people look at her with disgusted faces. "She became like this cause she didn't have a mother" "It was her father's fault" they say. It was true at some point cause she didn't see her father after mother's death. They were at the same place, eating the same foods, knowing the same view and people but her father was putting an effort for not to see the daughter of his who looked like the identical of his wife.

Her wife had a skin like dust, big cherry lips and dark green eyes. She was out of this world. She was a refugee in Rome which is trying to make money by selling the arts that her uncle paint. Her uncle was the only one she had in life so she worked hard for the two of them. While working in Trevi she met with Alibiade's father but their love is an another story.

Alibiade was fascinated with her uncle's paintings since she was little. It was everywhere in the house, there was no change for you to didn't saw them. Alibiade would think that she have a connection with Trevi because of her parents's story and her uncle's drawings. She couldn't get to there until she turned 18 it was one of her father's rule. Luckily she turned 18 this hot summer and decided to visit the fountain. She was so excited, she put on her favorite colorful dress and she went out for her dream. For the first time she saw the outside of the environment of far aways, she was fidgeting inside the road is in her mind. some days she spend all her time looking at the place of trevi from the drawings. And she was going to make her biggest wish come true, her heartbeats were fasting and fasting while getting to the fountain. Every detail of fountain was shining in her eyes. It was more like a dream than reality. She stood there for hours it was near the sun hiding and the time was near to go. The last thing to do she picked her newest coin from her purse, beautiful as her eyes, she sit on the near of the center of water-pool. Closed her eyes and wished for a love like her parents. Even if she had problems with her father she loved him from the heart and had a knowledge of how he and her mom was very much in love with each other. As she threw the money water splashed with a light sound. She opened her eyes while smiling and right that moment there was a poor man sitting and painting her. Very simple beauty and dirty clothes but he was happy you could saw in his eyes. It was love at first sight, it was destiny she thought. She ran to him and get on her knees. Asked with happiness "Would you marry me?" he gasped but smile right after, showed the paint. It was her but with a latter on the right side and the last sentence was "It was a love at first sight."

They lived to the very end with happiness and died by age while holding hands...

who is the superior race, who have more treasure. His passion about medicine died like a bird which was deserted by its pack. He was losing his hope about humanity. Right before he decided he'd return his hometown he came across with a huge forest. Magical yet frightening. He felt like he was born to be here so he told himself that now or never. He walked and walked through the woods, he was exhausted yet determined. He always trust his gut feeling but he was getting desperate to see a sign from the gods or even from a human being. He collapsed against the pillow like bushes just before he passed out. He dreamed about a peaceful empire where the medical rights was human rights also not only royals but all of the commeners were equal.

When he tried to open his eyes to ground himself he grimaced with a sharp pain. He heard footsteps and whispers but he couldnt understood the language. He immediately think that he needed to find his medical tools.

Eventually he managed to open his eyes and he was astonished by the sight of the womens who are using medicine. He tried to ask but the words didn't came out. They were still in the woods but now he was lying on a fluffy mattress. He felt his eyes started to fill with tears. He stuttered and tumbled over his words. Even though he wasn't a part of the upper class the womans treated his wounds. He was glad that he trusted his gut feeling. If he hadn't came across with these group of women who studies medicine he would be dead by now. With gratitude and determination he left for his home. Sice he got his hopes and passions back he studied medicine for decades.

## Drawings

*Jelena Stamenkovic, Andrej Mitrić, Maša Milašinović*



«BE IN GOOD SPIRITS, BASSILLA!»



NO PLACE LIKE HOME



«BE IN GOOD SPIRITS, BASSILLA, NOBODY IS IMMORTAL!»

