Delenda est Carthago

I too come from Carthage. I was there as the city burned, as Scipio Africanus came in from the sea—a bloody sunset, a fiery night, six hundred years of city sundered blood and rubble. Scipio Africanus came in from the sea, implacable with his legions, came in from the sea implacable with his mission: Carthage must be destroyed, must be rendered void. Rome will have no rivals. The ancient people, heirs of Tyre and of Phoenicia, sold into slavery, those that lived, or buried beneath the rubble. A victory bloody and complete. I was there.

A victory bloody and complete. Carthage must be destroyed. Citizens of Rome turned out in force to cheer the murderous legions home. A three day triumph through the city and Cato vindicated. Carthage is no more. But Rome, what of her, now master of the world? The Senate in its celebration saw a future rich with loot, its last rival gone. Instead it got a hundred years of civil strife, of factions fighting over African entrails. Assassinations, riots and the death of the Republic. I too come from Rome, I was there in its martial glory and its slow civic attrition born of triumph. I was there.

Ron Pretty