

Titus Andronicus

Proud Rome, proud empire, conqueror of nations! From Tunis to Londonium, the glory that is Rome stretches to civilize the barbarian hordes. Can there be a higher calling than to serve Rome, and fight in her legions, spreading her gods and her culture?

Certainly not to you, Titus Andronicus, conquering hero returning from weary war. "Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion," A traditionalist in every way: appease the gods, follow the rules, fight for your country, and exact your vengeance. You and all your 25 sons fought valiantly for emperor and empire (with 25 sons, you might say your wife died in service as well). You have already lost 21 sons to battle. You return home today "laden with honor's spoils" as both victor and grieving father - bringing the vanquished enemy Tamora, Queen of the Goths, her three sons, as well as your 22nd dead son to bury.

As usual, you return to a tumultuous Rome. An internal crisis is building, with two brothers vying for the emperor's crown. The eldest, Saturninus, while evil and decadent, has legal claim by virtue of his birthright. The younger, Bassianus, prefers the decidedly un-imperial vote of the senate - knowing his intrinsic virtues to be more impressive than his brother's one. To avoid chaos, both brothers agree that they will abide by whatever decision the returning hero Titus provides. Thus do all factions go to greet you and your retinue, a retinue which includes the coffin you must inter...

- I. "Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs
To resalute my country with my tears,
Tears of true joy for my return to Rome
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead
These that survive let Rome reward with love
These that I bring unto their latest home
With burial among their ancestors

An ancient people with roots in OLD Rome
With Italian name inscribed in stately tomb
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars
O sacred receptacle of my joys
My MISSION is complete with this issue
How many sons hast thou of mine in store
That thou wilt never render to me more!"
South on Higuera, from the road of Madonna
Do I proceed, with all of my honor
Then on the left, past chariots wholesale
Lies the tomb where my relatives wail
Once inside, take the very first turn
About 100 yards to the tomb that you yearn

II. **Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years
And led my country's strength successfully
Give me a staff of honor for mine age
And help to set a head on headless Rome**
Rome needs *structure*, laws and order
To protect our growing border
To the senate we should proceed
North to the city with all due speed
For there my decision will be announced
On who should wear the royal crown
Between Saturninus and Bassianus we must decide
For one the course of Rome will guide
With the results of my one-man quorum
I can pass right by the forum
Then, if you will elect by my advice
Crown him to-morro and say, "Long live our emperor!"

III. **Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make
That you create our emperor's eldest son
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect as Titan's rays on earth
And ripen justice in this commonweal**
Yet no sooner do I give my daughter

Than begins a brand new slaughter
For Lavinia by Bassianus is claimed
And my sons do say the same!
Alas, when they convey her hence
They become traitors in every sense
I stab one, he quickly dies
Then to my unholy surprise
My new emperor chooses a new bride
Tamora, Queen of Goths, is by his side!
Next, a fateful hunting expedition
Reveals further acts of sedition
For Bassianus has been freshly slain
And two of my sons are falsely blamed
Gaping wounds spurt dark thick blood
As Bassianus lies face down in mud
(The body count up to three has sped
Not counting my soldier son brought back dead)
Aaron the Moor says their lives I can save
So my own right hand I gladly gave
Yet I am repaid with treason
My hero's blood spilled for no reason
Oh, it is a profane sight
To view the result of Tamora's spite
Time for me to return north to school
To learn techniques of tyrannical rule
With all the books in the library
Surely more knowledge would benefit me
There must be an *art* to giving such pain
To a victorious general with many sons slain

- IV. My sons hath been framed for this traitorous plot
And their severed heads are now all I've got
My life is drowning in ceaseless sorrow
The present's unbearable; look for the 'morro
I still have Lavinia to comfort me
But I have no idea where she might be
Probably mourning her husband, poor widow
Her marriage sunk as if by torpedo
Last seen heading out into the woods

Before Tamora's sons started spreading falsehoods
As the One way your chariot guides
You'll pass landmarks on both sides
The colony of men doth provide slave labor
So glorious Rome can defeat her neighbor
After your alma mater comes into view
The resplendent Roman State beckons you
The ambulatory domiciles will be passed
The next VII/Xth goes by in a blast
Up the hill, past eating implement
Soon you can see grey picket impediment
Park the chariot on a trail amidst the trees
The site will bring all to their knees

- V. The body count's steady, but I feel much worse
My family must be under some kind of curse
Daughter Lavinia suffers a fate worse than death
Her hands were lopped off; blood comes with each breath
She opens her mouth, and drools crimson red
The news will only get worse, I dread
She's been raped, and her tongue cut out
So she can't identify this foul lout
Her stumps gesture wildly to let me know
That for more clues we must quickly go
The evils all started when Tamora came here
Perhaps the answer is quite near
Tamora's lover, Aaron the Moor
Seems to follow this trail of gore
He holds more answers to our family's fate
Chase him east on [X x IV] + I to investigate
His modis operandi is becoming apparent
And to his location is quite relevant
The chariot really should turn north now
The tasc at hand – my solemn vow
To find the villains and make them pay
For their souls you should now pray
I fear even more deaths in the wake of that knave
Do we need more roses to leave on the graves?

Aaron's butchery seems quite senseless
As we stand amidst this growing necropolis

- VI. **Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?**
Lavinia hangs around the villa
Having suffered the rapists' bacchanalia
Then suddenly I had a brilliant idea
I hoped would be a panacea
This patch of dirt is nice and smooth
A writing stick would make a groove
In Lavinia's mouth a staff she takes
Guided by her stumps, a message she rakes
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain
And in the dirt, name those who caused thy pain
No surprise here – the villains who caused malice
Live with their mom Tamora in the palace
I must afflict both wife and emperor
By shooting arrows, I'll play the torturer
Each arrow has a message wrapped around it's shaft
With truthful accusations and hints of witchcraft
North we must hie, to the emperor's domus
West of the temple, home of the odious
Come, to the Italian palace we'll make our sport
Kinsmen, shoot all your arrows into the court
Then lift a glass to our Goth foes
Masters of Rome; Masters of our woes
- VII. Arrows were shot, and pestered the king
But I decided to add one more thing
I asked a clown to deliver a supplication of mine
But he was hanged for it – the body count's nine
Now my son Lucius leads the Gothic troops
Against Saturninus, Tamora and their Roman dupes
The love that the masses have for my son
Makes the emperor a nervous son-of-a-gun
Of course, Tamora goads him on

“Are you a king, or are you pawn?
Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?”
Like Lady Macbeth, on her husband she’ll spit
His Mission now becomes quite clear
Prevent an attack from one the plebes hold dear
The army is amassing in the north
Time for someone to sally forth
North of the pass you’ll feel all right
When Lucius’ camp comes into sight

VIII. Tamora thinks she has the knack
To stop the invasion in its tracks
South to my domus, to convince me quick
That my load is short a few bricks
She’s bringing her sons, all three in disguise
Thinking I’ll look through a madman’s eyes
She’ll be dressed as Revenge, her sons: Murder and Rape
And believes at this sight I’ll be simply agape!
She convinces her husband that she’ll do the trick
And he bids her fly down CI mighty quick
She’ll Pass several churches on her way here
(The pagan’s never been to a temple, I fear)
On the east side of town, in a park small of size
There they will find a two-part surprise
For once I was general, tall and proud
With pool and atrium, to entertain a small crowd

IX. Tamora did drop by my little chateau
With her two murderous sons in tow
She thinks I fell for her little jest
And will treat her sons as honored guests
But I know that spirits they are not
And now will I complete my plot
My kinsmen now will bind the sons tight
To prevent their cowardly flight
Their mouths are stopped, they cannot stutter
But let them hear what fearful words I utter!

If you want to see how I martyr them
You need access to a new medium
A long way west, upon the sea
An all-new continent brings resolution to thee
No harmony will they find, and *rightly so!*
For misuse of their weapons and libido

X. The body count has increased by four
And it looks to grow some more
At last the inevitable crimson tide
Slowly turneth to my side!
My son Lucius is on his way home
Bringing an army to wreak vengeance on Rome
Yet truly my family does not want Rome to fall
We just want an empire with justice for all
But first it's time to check on my pie
My special recipe doth completely satisfy
This is the feast I bid Tamora to
What she's dining on, she hasn't a clue!
The hospitality is sure to impress
When I entertain both emperor and empress
Is it tears or rage that hath made me blind,
When I look on their deeds, unnatural and unkind?
South one way my chariot speeds
To check the morsels that my soul needs

XI. The body count is soon to climb
For me, this revenge is most sublime
Aaron, for his crimes, will be half-buried alive
He will then starve to death, he cannot survive
If I can outrun the emperor, it will be his death
For my son Lucius will stamp out his last breath
By the time his wickedness took his bride
The count at 3 already did ride
Then at my own gristly domicile
I increased it by 4, in magnificent style
The four-digit domicile must you put together

If at last to peace you can surrender
Then as a final test of your great role
Tell your hosts the final death toll

Little Clues

- ii. found at cemetery, leads to Structure store

In peace and honor, rest you here, my sons
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep
In peace and honor rest you here, my sons!
Not all will rest at this shore of Styx
Titus and sons have a score to fix
Religiously they ask a sacrifice
Tamora's eldest son will suffice
To this her son is marked, and die he must
To appease the groaning shadows that are dust
The sons of Titus perform their Roman rites
Their enemy's limbs are lopped to their delight
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky
Now must haste must be made in order to meet
The Roman tribunes gathered on the street
For in the structures of the senate, Rome does wait
For you, dear Titus, to determine her fate
Up to the marsh without delay
North and east you will foray
On Higuera only one way can you go
When you reach the correct corner, you'll instantly know
The outdoor portico is the perfect place
To decide who's "tops" in the emperor's race



in crackler

- v. *take pic holding sign if available...*
Found at tree, leads to Chapel of Roses

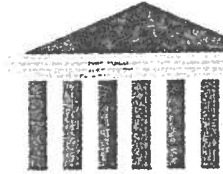
This tongue is solid evidence
My daughter was subjected to inhumane violence
Unfortunately now tucked in permanent silence
She cannot name the miscreants!
I cannot help but think Tamora's involved
And seeing Lavinia, I am now resolved:
To have vengeance upon those who ravished her
That they will suffer I do ensure
What evil schemes are the Goths hatching now?
Is Aaron the Moor involved somehow?
Turn your chariot left on Camino for more clues
The palace midwife brings clandestine news
Seems Tamora has delivered a son
But Saturninus her husband is not the one!
Because his skin is a different shade
Nurse "Nana" has taken the bastard babe
To Aaron, to see what "Dad" will say
For this infant, we should now pray
Travelling north past Ansel the Saint
You'll soon see a fountain to make you faint
Walk near this Cleopatra pyramid
For it's there more specific news is hid
From the safety of mother's womb
Heaven shield him from the tomb



*cut a in
device
planted
green
dino*

vi. found at Chapel of Roses, leads to Mastanuono

Sadness lies next to this fount
Seven now stands the body count
Aaron did commit this homicide
The identity of his son to hide
A grisly stabbing through bone and skin
Better notify next of kin
After nurse, the midwife met her fate
The body count reaches up to eight
Only the infant survived the slaughter
Return to the worries of your daughter
Rumor has it you've gone quite nuts
On the street you mutter and strut
Aaron laughs at what's come to pass
"What a thing it is to be an ass!"



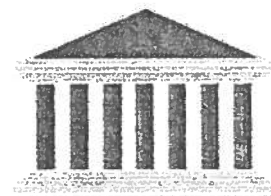
Cut, in fingers
✓
brown cat

With Lavinia's help, step one does as planned
She writes without the help of any hand
Your chariot now steers north on a multi-laned route
A glass of red might help your pursuit
The castle amidst a Vineyard lies
A turret to guard against the spies
Stay along its stuccoed walls
Your slings and arrows Saturninus to gall
A view of the oaks lets you know you're near
But don't go in – your head needs to be clear.

vi. found at Mastanuono, leads to San Miguel

**"Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery
Suddenly I heard a child cry underneath a wall"**

Go see where blessing fortune can make one glow
Sweet pleasure has an exit all its own
Where the path was long at the old church
Lucius is curious' and so he will search
And now what explains that last he is found
He's caught by the innocent path, a crowd
Of the one they called Lucius so recent
For surely they would protect the blood
And now where the wall path' shows the scene
Dismissing the crowd and going to the scene



in brain - plant also
brain is
bi's
spy for

xi. found at Lou & Shenley's in pizza, leads HOME

Now you have more pressing concerns
Than trying to avoid oven burns
For you must avoid Saturninus' wrath
So take your chariot down a southern path
Stay on this lovely ocean drive
Till at the plebeians' studio you arrive



planted
cow ?

SONG: *In Ancient Rome, when love was king
When boy stabs girl, here's what they sing...*
When you bake someone's eyes in a big pizza pie
That's Andronicus!
If on entrails you dine with a big glass of wine
That's Andronicus!
Bells will ring, there's a spleen, what a scene, and you'll sing
Eat-a-fella!
Hack off limbs, kind of grim, can't be prim like your fey
Emporer-a
If you slice their venule to improve the gene pool
That's Andronicus!
Stewing hearts with orange so that's you'll have revenge
You're with us!
If you serve homicide so revenge you can guide
That's Andronicus!
Dish out blood by the spoon by the light of the moon
That's amore!