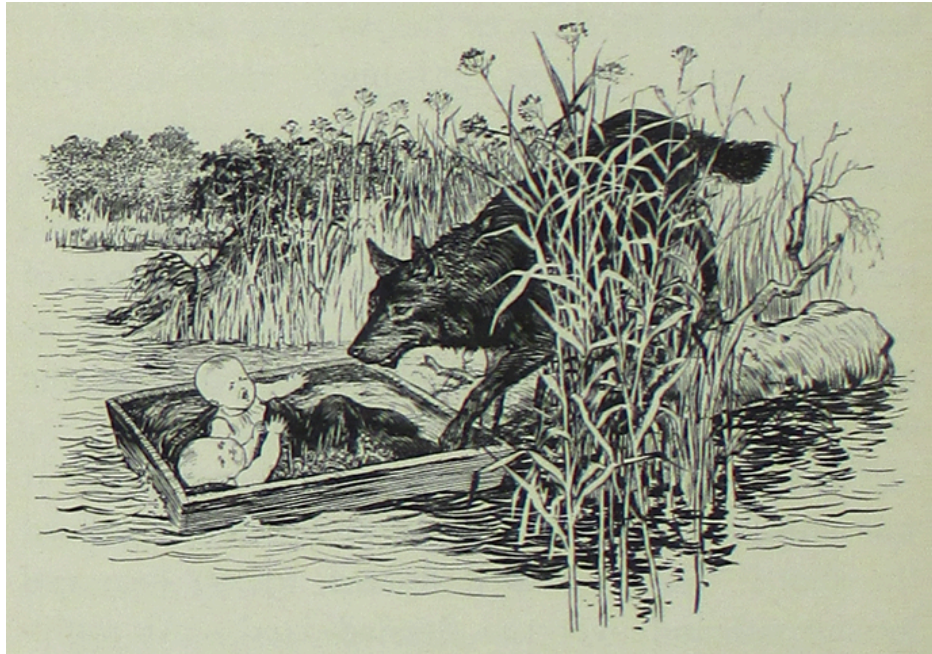


# ROMULUS AND REMUS

## THE STORY OF THE WOLF CHILDREN



This is the story of how Rome was founded by the Wolf-children, Romulus and Remus.

When Troy was burnt, one of its princes escaped with men and ships. They sailed away to Italy, where also there were Greek cities and Latin cities. One of the Latin cities was called The Long White Town. Twelve Kings ruled the city, all descended from the Prince of Troy. At last two Princes were left – one good and one bad. The good Prince was really King, but one day his bad brother said: "Let us divide what our father left us."

"Very well," said the elder brother. "You can rule the city and keep the treasures brought from Troy. I shall rule the country. My daughter, Silvia, has two little boys. They can rule when I die."

Now the wicked Prince got soldiers, put Silvia in prison and left his brother only a little bit of land. "What shall we do with the two little boys?" said a soldier.

"Throw them into the River Tiber," said the wicked King.

The soldier put the children into a basket and went down to the river. "The river is rising," he said, "the tide is coming in. When it is high, the water will drown these babies in a few minutes."

The water rose very gently and rocked the basket like a cradle. When the tide went out, gently it took the basket with it, and left it on the river bank, where fig trees and pine trees and oak trees grew. Under a fig tree the basket rested. The children slept. An old woodpecker sitting high on a branch said: "Two nice little birds. I must find some berries for them."

A big grey wolf came through the woods and saw them. Her little wolf cubs had died. "Oh, two nice new cubs," she said. She took them home to her cave and cared for them.

A shepherd often saw the woodpecker going into the wolf's cave, and saw the wolf very busy. He watched. When the wolf was out in the woods, he stole into the cave and saw the two little boys. He knew who they were. Everybody had heard the story of the little boy's being thrown into the Tiber. The shepherd was very sorry for the poor little babes. He took them home to his wife, who was glad to see such fine little boys.

"What names shall we give them?"

"Let us call them Romulus and Remus."

The cattle of the wicked King roamed often near the shepherd's hut. Sometimes when they were older, the Romulus and Remus took care of these cattle. Further north the good King had cows and sheep. Once a fight arose between the shepherds of the bad King and the shepherds of his brother. During the fight, Remus was taken prisoner. He was brought to his grandfather.

"Who are you?" said the good King.

Remus said that he did not know. He told his grandfather the story of the woodpecker and the wolf, and said that the shepherd still had the basket. "You are Silvia's sons," said the old King. So they sent for Romulus, and brought him to the king.

When Romulus and Remus grew up they became soldiers. They went down to the Long White City, killed the wicked King, and set their mother free. Their grandfather was now the only ruler. The brothers went north and found the Tiber flowed along the base of seven hills: "Here we shall build our city."

Romulus marked a very big square on the ground, got a snow white ox, and ploughed a furrow. "We shall here build the walls of our city," he said. They built very strong walls, leaving openings for gates.

One day, when the walls were still quite low, Remus laughed at them. He really wanted the city on another hill. He was rather cross. "The walls of a city," he said, "should be much higher. An enemy can leap over them like this."

As he spoke he jumped over the wall in the midst of the workmen. "And we shall drive them back," said an angry workman. "Back like this," and he accidentally struck him down dead.

Romulus was very sorry. Now he had to build the city alone. The people called it Rome. Rome became the greatest city of the world, and Romulus was its first King.