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I know we don't know people actually call in the first few centuries of Rome, but at least one author can do is try to minimize how much the characters sound like the people of the year the book was written. And I certainly can't compliment research or historical accuracy. Barry Sadler seems to care about ancient battles and Asian philosophy, and that's about it. Everything else comes off as a little slipshod, using little more than a half-remembered history class anecdote or a perfunctory flip through an encyclopedia. All these problems I would leave with a cheesy humorous 2 to 3 stars read, were not in reality that Sadler seems to be a huge bigot. Looking through the comments, I found it interesting how many pulp enthusiasts bring sexism and racism, only to kind of pick it up with apologies, would be saying it was just a sign of times. Not. That's stupid. He was a huge racist at the time of this book writing, and he's an even bigger racist now. And it's all in the most cliched terms popular with macho writers of the era. There is heavy orientalism everywhere, because the only Asian in the story, of course, teaches him martial arts. The sections featuring the yellow man seem suitable with all the boys in the 70s and 80s who loved to exotic everything from the Far East, or the East, so probably prefer. I imagine a lot of crappy tea sets and wall scrolls purchased in China city, a dog-eared copy of the Shogun book, and some cheap replicas of terracotta soldiers. It sounds strange to a guy who served in Vietnam, but I think he mostly liked prostitutes. Also, the only black character in the whole story is the kind of stereotype I expected from an African character written in 1870, not 1970. The black character, Shumala, literally remembers about raping and sacrificing a white blonde girl and sacrificing her for his dark gods. And what's sad is that they still have more personality than any woman in the story. The women of casca have two being whores and being raped, often both. Only one woman in the whole story she enters into a relationship is met when debating or not he should let her rape bandits, and decide to intervene especially because she has beautiful legs. In general, I don't even say her name, especially by referring to her as a woman, probably because Sadler keeps forgetting her name. So I don't really feel compelled to read more of these, and I don't think it's okay to just ignore all the problematic elements. There are tons of adventure stories, many of them preceding Sadler's work, which are not horribly bigoted, so there is no excuse for muddling through Sadler's appalling views. This book is like trying to watch a movie while an old racist gives his views on every actor who is not a white man. It's not like sadler even came from a certain point of view, with a thesis that you could argue with, just off-handed, lazy stereotypes trashing the entire novel. There are better ways to get the pulp fixed. Unless you're just a fan of vintage racism. For those who are curious what quotes really got to me, I found myself highlighting provocative passages as I read for my book club. I sorted them below by categories:On people of other races:He nevertheless saw something in the Legionnaire that told him to leave quite well in peace, so that the helmet did not have the pleasure of whipping his ass. But the yellow man was something else - and playing fair. Watching him, Casca complained about himself in his normal way, if that big black bastard hits me in the food line again, I'm going to rip out that piece of oversized leather he's so proud of and shove it down his throat. Like a beast in the desert or jungle, Jubala looked and waited. Patience was a necessary virtue for survival in his tribal lands. He waited and prepared. He made sacrifices to his gods, to those terrible beings of the night and the jungle. Two days earlier, when he was allowed to go out, he cornered a young blonde prostitute no more than 14 years old... He felt a sour of pleasure run over him as he relived the moment that after he took his pleasure of it and she put at his feet whining and bleeding she looked up through the tears with striped eyes and asked for the denarius he promised. Jubala felt a sexual shear run over him as he remembered picking her off the floor of her dingy room of the Tiber and covering her mouth with his hand while he took the knife and slowly slipped it into her stomach, savoring her pain and death spasms as he drew the blade up slowly, ever so slowly, arch her back so her intestines spilled on the floor. He sacrificed himself to his gods, and in the ritual of his people he ripped out his still beating heart and ate it while she was still trembling... Okay, he thought, okay. Damn, Casca thought, that is trying to work on my mind. I got news for you, boy. That doesn't play with me. Meanwhile, Jubala looked at everything that was said, and his heart was as black as his face. One day he promised, one day, a white dog... Jubala stood, hands and feet head up. He was full of pride... Like a wild beast from the land where it was sired... the essence of primitive force. It's not fun, man. I wish I hadn't let my old man make me feel in Israel. I wouldn't be here right now trying to blow up a bunch of lunatics. On the subject of women:After the salome made him he wasn't about to leave anything like the feelings hurt Sporus interfered with getting his some of that good Armenian. That delicious thing had one of the most beautiful... The night officer said I could take off- and now I find you two taking him out. Well, right now, young soldier, you're going to pay for messing with my woman-- and then I'm going to slice her ears off so she won't ever listen to someone else's. The senior deputy pinched her ass and whispered in her ear, later? Rheeza nodded and rubbed her baked breasts along her arm. After all, a girl needed a protector. The nine heads of Hydrai, that woman's tongue could cause these Greek goats to give cheese instead of milk. If he wasn't bigger than me, I'd give him a sound and give him a gentle beating. He hit on him. I wonder if I could convince her to handle the robbery? He laughed out loud at the thought. The helmet had his hands full with it. You're the first friend I've had in 55 years. That's not a small thing. Go home, my friend, and do your kindness and beat your wife. Minitre was at the dock, waving his goodbyes, pleased with himself. After all, he participated in a great adventure. Even better, he took the helmet advice and beat the hell out of his wife with a stout rod. Surprisingly, instead of counterattacking, she had instantly become gentle and eager to please him. Rome has exhausted itself like a big whore with blood and slaughter. Not that he was against some things, it would be a healthy little ass slapped in the heat of passion when he was well mounted in the saddle. They were pathetic. They had no idea at all what it took to get him excited. If Salome were still alive, he could have made a fortune teaching these high-class whores how to use his equipment.Little Crysos died well enough for you. He didn't tell me anything. But I still had the satisfaction of using him as a woman. In your name I told him I was doing it, and he screamed like a woman. The crowd went mad. Several women culminated in their excitement and tried to throw themselves into the arena below. On the subject of his muscles: He was glad to have these extra pounds of muscular beef-up. The helmet was a solid knot of muscles and tendons. After all, I'm a pretty healthy piece of beef, and you'd be in real trouble if they sold me pounds. Laughing, he gently touched Minitre's shoulder. Looks like he liked the man's show... Hard... His carcass well scared from many fights ... heavy-muscle ... Confident. He headed east to the Forum, hiding his muscular drawing more than one interested from the Roman ladies,she spilled her seed in the bellies of faceless women as if trying to find something that could not be..... wife of a senator. She gave him fifty gold denarii for one night. He had a breath of garlic, but beautiful legs. The sounds of her breakup were like a woman – or a horse – in pain, like... On the issue of strange expressions for historical fiction: Their commander has lately had a cockroach in his ass, and the general consensus was that the old bastard was arguing for a promotion; he had the troops constantly, facing maneuvers and closing the drill for. The helmet didn't mind. That old man had as much compassion and a sense of humor as a viper with hemorrhoids. The Tenth Legion had a reputation for kicking your ass and killing, a well-deserved reputation. He got all the rejections... troublemakers and criminals. Damn top management... I don't know what I'm doing. The helmet didn't have what you might call the standard friend-friend relationship with the patrician class. What the hell is this about? Is that all you can do? Can't you say anything? ... More... More

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