

Immediately, Rumour goes through the great cities of Libya, Rumour—no other evil goes more swiftly than she. She flourishes in movement, and acquires strength as she goes; at first she is small out of fear, but soon she raises herself amidst the breezes, and she walks upon the ground as her head hides among the clouds. Mother Earth bore her last, out of anger at the gods, as they say, a sister to Coeus and Enceladus, swift on her feet and with nimble wings. A dreadful, huge monster; there are as many feathers on her body as watchful eyes beneath them (a marvel to report), and as many tongues, as many mouths resound, as many ears prick up. She flies hissing by night through shadows, midway between earth and sky; she does not lower her eyes in delightful sleep. She sits as a watcher by day, either upon the peak of a high roof or on tall towers, and frightens great cities, as tenacious of lies and depravity as a messenger is of truth. She then delights to fill populations with many reports, and relates equally things that occurred and things that did not: how Aeneas, born from Trojan blood, had come, and beautiful Dido deigns to join herself to that man...