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Lovelace Family Papers.

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looked

269 dv

valuable

black as soot ~~seemed~~ ^{looked} no different than his own, but then he wondered ~~what else?~~ ^{was} Weren't they both the Lord's children? ^{crowding and} ~~Vaguely disturbed~~ he obeyed Jared's signal. The spear of Simon's man, however, had been quicker.

Anger

"He killed a dozen of our best," Simon's man shouted ~~and as~~ ^{pushed} his broad, heavy blade ~~went in and through~~ ^{home} and then he snatched out his sword and ~~shook it~~ ^{always Simon's} and led a rush against all enemies near at hand. That was the counsel Simon ~~always~~ ^{to} gave his men.

~~Always attack when your enemies are surprised. and z m e b x t a i n x~~

Taken aback by a defeat they had not believed possible, the Romans tried to draw together but ~~disheartened~~ ^{in the face of} by the overwhelming rush they ~~made~~ ^{made} for the ladders or ~~broke~~ for the walls. But the rush ~~first~~ ^{all} scattered them, then toppled those who ran and ran down those who stood.

only a handful stood

Jared looked down at the dead Black Roman, now additionally ^{a hole to the spot} pierced by many swords and daggers, the terrace was quiet except for grunts and gasps from satisfied defenders. Simon's men, including the Toady, ~~had disappeared.~~ ^{was, a silent disappearing.} There were no shouts until, abruptly, a chorus of ~~them,~~ ^{there} in lament came up from the courtyard and then a man raced from ~~below~~ ^{below} as fast as though on level ground and he got to the terrace breathless, so that at first he ~~got out~~ ^{could say} only two or three words at a time between gasps.

"They broke through!"

"The crack did not hold?" Eben said.

"No! Simon's wall!"

"Simon did not build that strong enough?" a defender said.

"Nor the temple!"

An appalled silence dropped down upon the terrace. If the Temple had not been strong enough it, too, must have been seized. The Romans, then, had taken more than Antonia, more than the

stink - will be
not good to
a cut. O.K. in
appears?

stink

of Simon's men and the foamy came, but not Simon. Eben, not losing sight of the centurions, managed a sidewise glance at ~~the foamy and the other~~ vultures and wondered if there was some stink that ~~they~~ ^{Drew Them} recognized as high hovering, feathered scavengers ~~recognized the~~ stink of carrion ^{Drew}

as the

"He thought he had you," ^{gan} Eben said. "Next time he ~~will~~ ^{would} be so ~~eager~~ ^{careless}. Watch out."

champions are

The ~~two~~ ^{champions} were measuring each other, ~~again~~. Sabinus ~~was~~ withdrawn behind his shieldlike a turtle under its carapace, Jared ~~was~~ circling and half fainting once more. But Sabinus had learned the disadvantages as well as the advantages of better, stronger armor and was not being teased into needless, tiring moves. Heavier armor, moreover, was only a minor disadvantage ^{here} and ~~now~~, probably, was more than offset by Sabinus's possession of the smaller ~~attacks~~ arc whenever Jared circled.

has that your system earlier.

The carapace, seeming not so much to move as to pulse in response ⁱⁿ some distant tremor, was suddenly dangerously close and Jared gave a step, and another. And as ~~though they had been dancing~~ ^{precisely as a} partners, Sabinus thrust in time with Jared's second backward step, and his savagely ~~reaching~~ ^{sank} point ~~sank~~ into Jared's shield.

Jared twisted his ^{shield} wrist to snatch the embedded weapon. But a legionnaire learned early the jerk that loosens, the pluck that frees ~~a blade~~ ^{from} in such a vise and ~~he~~ ^{Sabinus} jerked and plucked, ~~and then~~ they were against circle, feint, thrust, step back, step forward and start all over.

not met him and Jared when they brought back the ~~chief of the ram crew~~ ^{is chief}

Jared began to circle; The Black Roman just might, keeping face to face, show a scrap of shoulder or leg. Sabinus did circle but stayed snug behind his massive shield. Jared feinted, beginning the sweep the Shilohite had completed. The Black Roman set to employ his well tested knowledge. And if Jared had followed through his edge would have blunted on Sabinus's shield and the counterthrust might well have gone home as before. But the sweep barely began when, as though to await a better opening, Jared let his arm go slack.

~~Sabinus was more than a counter-fighter, only answering the slower Palestine edge with the quicker Roman point. The Black Roman thrust so swiftly when Jared relaxed that he was just able to interpose his shield. A less ~~experienced~~ ^{impassive} fighter than Sabinus might have betrayed disappointment, but he ^{only} nodded ^{a curt} approval of an ^{adversary} ~~adversary~~. The nod, however, also said confidently that the end of all this would be in the nodder's favor.~~

^{Legionnaire} The duel would go to a mortal ~~finish~~ ^{end}. Sabinus would use the ~~skills the legions had taught~~ ^{and Domit's}; Jared what ~~he had learned from~~ ^{had taught} Heth, the Brothers and hard practice. Victory for one hung on knowledgeability, superior arms and armor, ^{perhaps,} and above all, on that ~~exactly~~ lightning thrust. For the other, chiefly, on speed. If, despite his recent day and night ~~fighting~~, Jared was still quick enough to escape Sabinus's deadly point, he, himself, might get in the finishing blow. He was armored for quickness. His breast ^{plate} was light, covering only his front. His thin helmet ~~was~~ ^{was} not ~~weighted~~ ^{weighted} by neck flange and cheek plates. His shield weighed less than Sabinus's, by half. He wore no thigh or shin guards.

The spectators for this meeting of champions had drawn into a semi-circle that ~~backed up to~~ ^{curved out from} the parapet. More Romans, ~~had~~ ^{had} popped off ladders and ~~had pushed~~ ^{pushing} in from the adjacent walls, ~~and~~ were elbowing for room ~~among the Antonians, elbowing carefully not to~~

Sabinus was more than just a counterfighter, ^{who waited} ~~waiting~~ for the slower Palestinean edge before he replied with the quicker Roman point, ~~He thrust~~ as Jared relaxed, ~~He~~ thrust so savagely that ~~the~~ ^{Jared} ~~latter~~ was barely able to int rpose his shield. A less impassive fighter would have betrayed chagrin, but Sabinus nodded in curt recognition of an ~~unexpectedly~~ alert adversary. The no, also, however, said confidently that the end of all this would be in the nodder's favor.

The fight was, clearly, going to a mortal end. Sabinus would use the legions' skills and dark Africa's; Jared what Heth, ^{Scarface} the Brothers and hard practice had taught. Victory for one hung on superior techniques, ~~and better~~ arms and armor; above all, perhaps, on that lightening thrust. For the other on, chiefly, vigilance and speed. I f Jared, despite recent days and nights, was still able to avoid Sabinus's deadly point he, himself, might strike the finishing blow.

Jared's circling ~~had~~ brought him near a patch spreading slowly beside the slain Shilohite and he slipped although Eben had hissed a warning, ~~soon enough.~~

He recovered. The slip was less, by half, than it had promised to be in the beginning. But before the Black Roman saw ^{The beginning of} ~~that~~ he had committed himself. His left leg, ^{shot forward} ~~made a long stride,~~ his now horizontal shield covering leg and torso as his right arm thrust.

For the first time Jared, himself, thrust. His point sought a fingerwidth of ~~naked~~ knee only partly protected by the forward edge of Sabinus's shield.

Sabinus was not caught. He pulled back and swung the shield down before the knee. But its weight carried it a little ~~too far~~ to the left and ^{so} ~~that~~ exposed his right arm and shoulder.

These were exposed for ^{a moment only} ~~almost no time at all,~~ but on this one instance the long ~~double~~ Judean edge was suited to the opportunity. Jared turned his blade flat and sliced up and over, and ~~its tip~~ ^{The edge} ~~cut~~ ^{opened} across Sabinus's upper arm.

The cut was not as deep as Kidron nor as long as the Damascus Road but it had severed a sinew ~~or ligament~~ ^{Arise} and the ~~sword~~ could

The recovery

used to reach

Jared remembered H eth saying the very Ark that moses brought out of Egypt stood in the Holy of Holies.

"It stands there no more," he said.

"What?"

Jared told Eben what Heth had said, and the Chaste One, too.

"It surely does not now," Eben said. "If Babylonian pillagers missed it this Roman torch will not."

---x---

~~men, or others not much better."~~

~~that~~ "Well, maybe! Uⁿtil we are through the Dung Gate. But after ~~that~~ ^{that} we ~~need~~ ^{won't} need to go light, ~~won't we?~~"

"In the hills we'll want to run so light that even Numidians and Egyptians can't catch us."

Egyptians and ~~Eben flexed his leg, and shrugged. He wasn't sure, when~~ ^{Even when unburdened, But} ~~it came to Numidians, Jared was more confident, although he, too~~ ^{They could outrun} ~~was bruised and battered.~~ ^{now,}

They got down into the Profane Court and looked around for the priest of the blood stained coat.

"We might help him," Eben said.

"He doesn't need any help ^{That} we could give; not with the whole underground to hide him."

Along the streets where they had walked for rope they ~~now say~~ ^{now say} only a few men and women who, at sight of ~~two so big and~~ ^{them} ~~so armed,~~ hurried into the nearest house, ~~and small wonder.~~ ^{There were not} ~~many others in Jerusalem, so big, so armed, so alarming.~~

They reached the Pool of Siloam. Ahead, the Dung Gate was open, ~~Jared gestured~~ ^{Jared had insisted} and they rolled big stones to brace one of the wings open.

"Somebody ~~just~~ ^{then} might close it," ~~he said,~~ "And ~~we~~ ^{we} might be slow getting out just when we wanted to hurry."

They turned into a likely house, ~~to look~~ for better garments ~~to wear~~ when they had shed their armor but the stink drove them back. Another gave off only the musty stench of rat droppings and they found clean tunics, and better sandals. They would have been glad of a bath, but there was no water. For weapons they ~~decided~~ ^{save the daggers} on a dagger and sword apiece, and their light shields.

"We can cast off all ~~these~~," Jared said, "if we need to run hard."

The street was empty when they came out, and the gate still half open.

"We have things to ourselves," Eben said and they went ~~through the gate~~

surrounded by ~~men~~ ^{swarmed} through the gate and were ~~swarmed~~ by ~~men~~ ^{men} who ~~came~~ from behind the unbraced wing.

Eben reached for his sword, but Jared motioned not to try against so many.

The swarm was of Simon's men . The Toady led it.

"Simon wants you both," the Toady said.

"With so many bearing his invitation," Eben said, "What can we do but accept."

"You can help him."

"As hostages, handed over to Titus?" Jared said.

"Hostages stay alive."

"Well, then," Eben said, "we aren't going to die ~~as~~ soon." (11)

~~as I feared," Eben said.~~

"Take their weapons."

"We ought to bind them."

~~can~~ "And have Simon mock so many, armed, who tie up two who ~~were~~ barehanded?"

"Not just any two! Do you forget how these two treated the Romans?"

"They ~~can~~ ^{could} do ~~nothing~~ ^{anything} now. Will their bare hands turn your spear points? Can they outrun your arrows?"

"When you said no one could catch us outside, you forgot spears and arrows," Eben said.

~~Jared was placidly satisfied.~~

"At least we ~~may~~ ^{will} get to Simon," Jared said.

The swarm formed around the prisoners and they all set off, ~~meeting no enemies,~~ ^{along a walled street} and crossed Tyropoeon Valley ~~at its southern~~ ^{passed} end and ~~crossed~~ the in-city branch of the Damascus Road.

"You'll be travelling this in style tomorrow or next day,"

one of the swarm said to the Toady and burst into laughter.

The Toady scowled in ~~silence~~ ^{uneasy} silence.

"He'll be on a fine horse, like a prince," another said.

shoulders. " You promised to help Amos's women."

"I'd clean forgot Amos's women." Jared rubbed his forehead.

"The City is ^{in such confusion} ~~at such odds and ends~~ that we can get off for Jericho ^{with} ~~and~~ no trouble."

"All right!" ~~Jared squared his shoulders.~~ "Let's go."

"But let's be done with ^{our} ~~so much armor and arms.~~ We don't need to carry all this just going to Jericho."

"We may need it all ^{until we are} past Siloam. As long as ~~we~~ are in the City we could run into Romans or Simon's men or any handit gang."

"But once through the Dung Gate and into the hills and gullies we'll be running, not fighting, and ^{would deter us.} ~~weight won't help.~~"

"In steep hills and deep gullies nobody can catch us, not even Numidians or Egyptians."

Eben wasn't entirely sure when it came to Numidians and Egyptians. He flexed his wounded leg and shrugged shoulders that had been sore for days. Jared's confident air did not lessen although Eben knew that he, too was bruised.

They got down into the Court of the Gentiles and Eben looked around for the priest with the blood stained coat, ^{disappeared.} but he ~~had~~

"I wonder if he needs help?" ^{he could never find him.}

"If a big wound made him limp he'll have hid himself. without the keys he can get along, if the wound was a little one."

Along the streets that ^{where} they had walked searching for rope they now saw only a few feeble men and women and at the sight of two so big and ^{heavily} so armed these fled into the nearest house. ^{of Jared and Eben} They reached the Pool of Siloam. Ah, ^{and} the Dung Gate was

~~open~~ x open

STAY ALL

STAY ALL

Sabinus's
armor less
ST. HAZES

Thrust on arm had The sword

no longer ~~be~~ supported.

Sabinus tried to shift the shield to his right arm, ~~and~~ he did get his right hand and wrist through the arm loop, but when he tried with his left ^{hand to reach} ~~for~~ his dagger he fumbled.

One of Simon's men came up.

"Kill the bugger!"

Jared ^{shoved} ~~showed~~ his shield against the Simonite's mouth.

This enemy had fought to well to be killed by a ^{Simonite} pig, and all the more so since he had been beaten mainly by luck.

Eben slowed ~~by~~ a trifle by the ~~unexp-~~ ^{unexpectedly} sight of blood from a black man that ^{well,} looked pretty much like his own (But aren't ~~we~~ all the Lord's children?) ^{I had} ~~braced~~ before the ^{wounded} ~~sinking~~ Roman and beckoned the centurions.)

But the broad spear of another Simonite reached in from a flank and sank deep and other Simonites rushed at the centurions and the armistice broke into a melee engulfing everyone.

Taken aback by an impossible defeat, and by the sudden rush of enemies, the legionnaires on the terrace tried to draw together, ~~as their discipline had taught.~~ But all save a handful were scattered, and could only run for parapet, ladders and wall. ^{And} ~~but~~ the rush trod the handful underfoot and toppled those who ran.

Jared killed his Simonite and Eben threw another over the parapet but after ~~that~~ that they could only take a stand beside ~~the~~ dead ~~Black Roman.~~ ^{Sabinus}

"At least," Jared said, "We won't let Simonites slash off his head and his parts."

Eben ~~seemed not to hear.~~ He was looking down.

"Now there's a thing," he said.

The corpse, as black as soot in life, was fading to less than black, more, it seemed, ~~of~~ a black gray.

^{other} The Romans did not last long.

is this true?



*answ
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"You ~~two~~ can help him,"

"I ~~suppose~~ as ~~hostages~~ his hostages with Titus?" Eben said.

"Would that be bad? Hostages ^{It's clear} ~~keep their lives~~."

"Well, if we're to be hostages ^{then} we ~~certainly~~ aren't going to lose our lives now," Jared said.

Eben gave Jared a look. He knew that tone, ~~of voice~~. Jared had something in mind.

"Take their weapons," the Toady said.

"We ought to tie them up," one of the swarm said.

"And have Simon laugh at so many, all armed, ^{who} ~~for tying~~ up two ^{with} ~~who had~~ only bare hands?"

"Not any two! Don't forget what this pair did ~~over and over during the siege~~." *Against the Romans!*

"What can they do now? Are their breasts iron ^{to} ~~that will~~ turn back your spears? Can they outrun ^{you} ~~our~~ arrows?"

"When you said no one could catch us outside the Gate," Eben said, "I guess you forgot ^{3 feet of arrows} ~~how smart the Toady is~~."

Jared ~~seemed as confident as ever~~. He shrugged. There was, Eben thought, no one like Jared.

The Toady ^{formed} ~~formed~~ the swarm into a double circle with Jared and Eben in the middle and they all set off. They ^{encountered} ~~met~~ no Romans. *ran into*
The victory celebrations, ^{who despite the necessity for taking the upper city} were still going strong. ~~And~~ the few Jerusalemites they met fled. They crossed Tyropoen Valley at its ^{end where it was} southern, less steep ^{found} part and ~~climbed~~ the ^{then} western slope and passed under an aqueduct and over the in-City branch of the Damascus Road.

"I suppose you'll be travelling this tomorrow or next day," one of the swarm said, and burst into laughter.

The Toady scowled. All the rest ^{roared with laughter.} ~~laughed~~

"If he does, it'll be like a prince, on a horse," another

~~will make the road wide by ...~~
we could jump to "The swarm formed etc"

--337--

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M A
M
would
this be
a
good
cut?

"Not just any two! Do you forget how this pair treated the Romans?"

^{back} "What can they do now? Are their ~~bare~~ breasts iron to turn your spear ^S ~~points~~? Can they outrun your arrows?"

^{we} "When ~~xxx~~ said no one could catch us outside the Gate," Eben said, ^{to Jared,} "We forgot spears and arrows."

Jared shrugged. ~~Jared, Eben thought, never loses heart.~~

The swarm formed ^{into a circle} with Jared and Eben in the middle and they all set off, meeting no Romans ~~and the few Jerusalemites they encountered~~ fled in terror from so many. They crossed Tyropoeon Valley at its southern end which was less steep and climbed the western slope ^{the in-City branch} and passed ~~under xxxxxxxx of~~ the Damascus Road.

"I'll bet you'll be travelling this in style tomorrow or next day," one of the swarm said ~~and~~ ^{Mouse} to the Toady and burst into laughter.

~~The Toady scowled. All the other roared.~~

^{side} "He'll be like a prince, on a fine horse," another said.

~~"An a second will carry what lets him afford the first,"~~ ^{cut?} another said. ~~The Mouse scowled while the others roared.~~

Eben pulled at his nose and looked toward Jared. Such talk was ~~all~~ ⁷ mystery to him, but Jared, although he did not often ~~make~~ joke, usually knew the why and wherefore of every one. ~~understood them.~~

~~"You said yourself that the Boxes for Contributions held a small fortune," Jared said. "And there were the riches of the underground chambers besides."~~

^{whole burst into laughter} The swarm continued to laugh but the Toady continued only ~~to scowl~~, partly in embarrassment, partly, it seemed to Eben, in a kind of guilty ~~bewilderment.~~

They got to the edge of a street leading into the Upper

~~xxxx~~

The Jews had sucked in understanding of it with their milk. An enemy champion was challenging them to send their champion forth, and there could be

~~and there was~~ only one response. So Goliath had challenged. And

David's thousand-year-old reply ~~now~~ ^{every watcher} fired, ~~them all that no one would~~

~~long endure~~ ^{with} the thought that tomorrow it ^{must not} be said ^{of him} that he had not ^{been willing} ~~stood~~

^{Shilohite was most quickly fired.} ~~to stand forth.~~ A big Galilean could endure the thought least. Round shield hiked

midway between eyes and crotch, left foot alternately ahead of and beside

the right, he hitched forward, got near, bellowed and swept his sword around.

The Black Roman, the freed slave Sabinus, had learned ^{stet} ~~in many~~

^{stet} ~~similar encounters~~ how to deal with ^{such a} ~~the~~ sweep. His shield shifted a trifle

and his point thrust straight ahead. The Galilean's ^{Shilohite's} edge clanged harmlessly

and, you might have said, he spat himself.

"No! No!" Eben ^{stet} ~~shot~~ ^{leapt and} forward as the big fellow sank, ~~and sloped~~

~~slowly sidewise~~ but Jared got ahead.

"Not with your leg!" he said, and stepped cautiously. ~~"Did you notice anything?" he said over a shoulder.~~

~~"One of ours slain. That's enough."~~

~~"I think I noticed something more."~~ around the Shilohite's twitching body. ~~To scramble over would~~ ^{have} Jared ~~stopped cautiously around the Galilean. To scramble over~~

~~would have~~ put him at a disadvantage and invited ^{an} attack. The Black Roman

also moved cautiously, and even when they had ^{only the} ~~the~~ empty terrace between them ^{they}

they both continued ~~to measure~~ each other. ^{wary.}

Meanwhile Eben got between Jared and two legionnaires whom the

challenge had allowed over the parapet. Custom was against any other fight-

ing while champions ~~stood~~ ^{would} against each other. And the general armistice ~~was~~ ^{would} continue.

~~extended later~~ until ^{one} champion had fallen and ^{the} two factions' drawn well apart, ~~although a single~~

~~disgruntled adherent of the loser had been known to set off an instant melee.~~

~~The two~~

He was ~~armed and armored~~ ^{equipped} for speed. His longer sword was lighter ^{than the Roman's.} His breastplate ^{had} was only two straps at his back. His helmet was not weighted by neck flange and cheek plates. His shield weighed less than Sabinus's by half. ~~xxxxx~~ No thigh or shin guards slowed his step. 266
rbr

The spectators ~~for this meeting of champions~~ ^{drawn into a silent} had formed a semi-circle that curved out from the parapet. More Romans, popping off ladders and pushing on from adjacent walls, were elbowing for room but carefully not to tip the delicately balanced armistice. Some of Simon's men and the Mouse had appeared.

Eben said to Jared, "He thought he had you. Next time he won't be so careless. Watch out!"

The two were again measuring each other, the Black Roman withdrawn turtlewise under his carapace. Jared circled and feinted to draw his weighted opponent into tiring defensive moves. But heavier armor was only a minor disadvantage. Sabinus had the inside of the circle and travelled the shorter arc. He feinted on his own and thrust again, once more swift. His massive shield advanced like a walking wall and Jared gave one step and then another. The Black Roman thrust once more and once more and his point entered Jared's shield.

Jared tried to twist the embedded sword out of Sabinus's grasp but legionnaires learn early to save a weapon in such a fix and Sabinus saved his and they were again at feint, parry, thrust, circle, ^{step} ^{back} ~~step~~, forward step and start all over.

Jared never thrust. His best chance ~~(His only chance?)~~ ^{most} depended on Sabinus believing that this adversary, like ~~all~~ other Palestinians, had been weaned on and was wedded to the sweeping edge.

Eben, waiting for ~~Jared to~~ ^{Jared to} thrust, ~~began to suspect his~~ ^{saw through Jared's} deception, and marvelled at his cunning.

Jared is the one to do this thing, if either of us can. VZ

--358

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waiting for Sabinus's Thrust,

The watching Romans, ~~also xxx~~ deceived, were sure Jared would lose.

And any minute! ^{bit} Let him slow down just a ~~little~~ and Sabinus will run him through.

~~But~~ many ^{The} hoped Sabinus would take ~~this~~ skillful Jew alive.

What a gladiator he'd make! ^{I'd} You'd bet on him against Gaul, Thracian, Samnite, retiarius or any two andabati.

The legions thought poorly of those gladiators who ~~nearly~~ ^{half} blinded themselves for the extra protection of huge helmets.

Jared's circling brought him near the dead ^{Stalchite} Galilean, and before

Eben could hiss in warning he slipped on the dark patch of blood alongside.

He recovered. The slip was less than half of what it had promised to be.

But the Black Roman had ^{already} committed himself. His savage thrust was long, his point driving ahead of his extended right foot, his body leaning so that only enough of his head was above his shield to let him watch for his foe's answer.

For the first time Jared's edge did not sweep. His point shot straight for a finger-width of neck. To defend against a sweep needed only a trifling shift left or right. The stabbing shot, however, forced Sabinus to lift his shield, a more taxing move, although he managed to swing it on the hinge of his arm. Now, however, between thigh plate and boot his bare leg invited and for the first time the slower Jewish edge served as Jared drew his sword back. Blood spurted and Sabinus staggered and his shield dropped and Jared brought his hilt up against the exposed chin and the Black Roman fell.

^{l.e.} "Finish him!" One of Simon's men roared.

Jared ~~noticed~~ ~~Eben~~ ~~to~~ ~~screen~~ ~~this~~ ~~enemy~~ ~~who~~ ~~had~~ ~~fought~~ ~~too~~ ~~well~~

~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~stuck~~ ~~like~~ ~~a~~ ~~pig~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~beaten~~ ~~more~~ ~~by~~ ~~luck~~ ~~than~~ ~~skill~~

Jared slammed his shield against the Simonite's mouth. This enemy had fought too well to be ~~killed~~ ~~xxxx~~ stuck like a pig, and had ~~been~~ beaten more by luck than skill.

Eben ~~was~~ slowed a trifle by the sight of blood from a

M. M. Camp
You think of
something longer and more brutal?
Something longer and more brutal?
A had "kill the hope" but the "bugger"
was used, I think, back in the Overseer
chapter

Added by m
few years
do you approve

One day there was a great shouting because of a report that Titus had been killed. By a stone! Ah, wonderful stone! Titus had indeed been hit. His left arm would be weak the rest of his life. But to prove he had no serious hurt Titus^{he} stood forth and used the occasion to repeat the offer of his hand in security to all who would come out in peace.

A few urged acceptance. They were cut to pieces by fellow Jews. Thereupon Titus, exasperated, signalled to renew the assault and ladders thumped loudly against Antonia and, less noisily, mere echoes of echoes, against far-off sections of the wall, and rams pounded and catapults' heavy fragmented hail mingled with Balearian showers.

Limbering up the fingers of his shield hand Jared looked toward the clusters which had accepted the defense of the parapet. They were properly spaced. He looked toward the warners. They were briskly calling the coming of the first Son although monotony might cause them to overlook a few later ones.

"Come on!" he said ~~xxxxxx~~ and for, it seemed to Eben, the ten thousandth time, they went in to topple Romans from ladders, drive Romans off the parapet, sweep Romans from the terrace. But the Romans returned as though, however often repulsed, their discipline must win. Perhaps, also, they remembered bloody decimations of past legions which had not returned.

He took another slow breath while Jared was badgering and cajoling those needed to cry, "The ^{Son} Cometh!" Not many were willing to perform this safe but unrewarding duty while others would be winning laurels by meeting all comers, perhaps even the black portent, Sabinus. Those who agreed went reluctantly to their posts. And the Sons arced up and all warned on cue, "The Son Cometh!" Pretty soon, fired by the spirit of the game, they were shouting eagerly, then excitedly, then wildly, ~~xxxxxxx~~ "The Son..." "The Son..." "The ~~xxxxxxx~~ Son..."

Sailing off its launching arm, each missile was a scarcely visible blur but arcing up it grew white and glittering, and tumbling down it seemed to expand into a terrible meteor. They did not tumble with any regularity, only according to the degree of skill of the crews at the engines which were scattered apparently higgledy-piggledy but actually placed precisely to do the greatest hurt.

"They never pounded us this ^{hard} ~~far~~ before," Eben said.

"Titus is trying to finish it," Jared said.

"The rams aren't letting the crack in the wall rest either."

"It's holding. But it mightn't, if we hadn't stopped them crowbarring the wall around it, last night."

"I wonder if the Black Roman was the one we stopped?"

"In such a night who could tell?"

"You know one Balerian was there," Eben said and Jared felt his cheek. A stone had torn it and unlike Eben's leg wound the tear was too ragged to knit well, ~~or soon~~. It still leaked coral water under a poultice of the Brothers' salve.

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MA
M
changed because
not all the
defenders are
Jerusalemite.

In a M. Should likely be these instead
of "one of these"?

The City had never faced such an assault as Titus now was pressing. From hour to hour no one could say where Romans would strike along the wall that zig-zagged westward from the Fortress to Herod's palace and eastward to the Golden Gate. There was only one certainty. Antonia and its crack would be hit oftenest. Titus clearly had decided that one of these would offer his most likely passage, to carnage and plunder. But he was flinging confusing skirmishes everywhere and strewing corpses over all the stony plain before the City. Fighting was at such close quarters that sometimes weapons helped less than hands. Men could tear one another when there was not even room to use a dagger. And ~~if a~~ ^{a Jew} Jerusalemite might snatch a Roman sword or dagger and a Roman, a ^{Jew's} Jerusalemite's, and each was surprised to discover that the enemy tool was good.

"We have to give them this much," Romans said. "Their big spear heads go in as easy as a knife into old bread."

"A Roman sword is almost better than our own," the defenders said.

Another surprise in those final days of the siege were the unexpected feasts that relieved ^{the} that gaunt Jerusalemite's hunger. One sortie brought in a herd of horses on which a small host dined with a sauce of mockery which tasted all the richer after a report that Titus had executed the careless owners. Now and then, ^{and} a little less surprising, food cached by defenders who were later killed, fed the living.

He'll never need this, but how it helps us!

Other slain became helpful missiles after the manner of the one thrown from Antonia by his brother.

These are a triple help. First they hurt, a little, the Roman who killed them. Second they hit and hurt another Roman when they are thrown down. Third their spreading blood may make still another Roman slip against our points or edges.

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ladders thumped loudly against Antonia and, less noisily, mere echoes of echoes, against far off sections of the wall, and rams pounded and catapults' heavy fragmented hail mingled with Balearian showers.

Limbering up the fingers of his shield hand Jared looked toward the clusters which had accepted the defense of the parapet. They were properly spaced. He looked toward the warners. They were briskly calling the coming of the first Son although monotony would cause them to overlook a few later ones.

"Come on!" he said and for, it seemed to Eben, the ten thousandth time, they went in to topple Romans from ladders, drive Romans off the parapet, sweep Romans from the terrace. But the Romans returned as though, however often repulsed, their discipline must win. Perhaps, also, they remembered bloody decimations of past legions which had not returned.

So turtles kept trying although sometimes less because they were ~~that~~ eager for battle than because turtles behind crowded them. Jared and Eben cleared a space which they knew they must maintain. They, too, were being crowded. The ferocious fighting helped a din that ate up separate sounds; the hoarse shouts, bleak curses, mordant groans, clattering fragmentations, clanging blows. Only the venomous pizzicati of bowstrings seemed always audible, a far away premonitory reverberation, like distant surf, or hard by an impending, vibrant shrillness. And this might have been a planned overture to herald the turtle who now, successfully, lurched off a ladder where a procession of turtles had been toppled, and sprawled over the parapet and onto the terrace.

The defenders drew back. This turtle was as black as soot wherever his flesh showed, between boots and thighguards, on his

Do you suppose they cut?

too much?

instinctively

and

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M. 20 m
Perhaps it
must be
Sweep
but certainly
not
clear.

M to M. 20 m
what their displacement means
of you don't, and
0.7

sloped slowly sidewise but Jared got ahead.

"Did you notice anything?" he said over a shoulder.

"One of ours slain. That's enough."

"I think I noticed something more."

Jared stepped cautiously around the Galillean. To scramble over would have put him at a disadvantage ^{and} ^{ed} inviting an attack. The Black Roman also moved cautiously, and even when they had the empty terrace between them they both continued to measure each other.

Meanwhile Eben got between Jared and two legionnaires whom the challenge had allowed over the parapet. Custom was against any other fighting while champions stood against each other. And the general armistice was extended later until the two factions had drawn well apart although a single disgruntled adherent of the losing ^{losser} had ~~been~~ been known to set off an instant melee.

The two legionnaires motioned that they were there only to serve their man as Eben was serving his and gave a little ground to show good faith, and a little more when someone rushed up to stand with Eben. Eben recognized the arrival and winked a welcome and a cheerful willingness to let bygones be bygones. The newcomer was one of those who had failed to meet him and Jared when they brought back the crew chief.

Jared began to circle. The Black Roman just might, in circling to keep face to face, show a scrap of shoulder or leg. Sabinus did turn but stayed snug behind his big shield. Jared started his sword in the sweep the Galillean had completed and as before the Black Roman set himself to employ his well learned knowledge. And if Jared had followed through his edge would have blunted on Sabinus's shield and Sabinus's counterthrust probably would have gone home. But the sweep had barely begun when, as ~~through~~

9000

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Sabinus's

blunted on Sabinus's shield and his counter thrust would have gone home. But the sweep had hardly begun when, as though to await a better opening, Jared's arm went slack.

Sabinus was more than a counter fighter, using the quick Roman point only to answer the slower Jewish edge. As Jared relaxed, the Black Roman thrust so swiftly that Jared just managed to interpose his shield. A less canny fighter than Sabinus might have betrayed disappointment but he nodded in seeming approval of an agile adversary. The nod also, however, showed an easy confidence that this duel would end in his favor.

There was no doubt that this duel would go on to a mortal end. Sabinus would use all the skills the legions had taught; Jared, what he had got from Heth, the Brothers and long practice. Victory for the Black Roman hung on knowledgeability and superior armor and arms, for Jared on, chiefly, speed. If, in spite of much day and night fighting, he could keep away from his enemy's throats he might, himself get in the finishing blow. His gear would help. His breastplate, covering only his front, was light. His thinner helmet had no heavy neck flange and cheek plates. His shield weighed less by half. He wore no thigh plates or shin guards. His

The audience for this meeting of champions had drawn into a semi-circle with its ends against the parapet. Romans had continued to pop off ladders and to push in from the walls but only a few had been let. The night might make trouble later. Tardily, some of Simon's men and the Mouse had come. Eben wondered if there was a stink that drew these vultures as

What about naming the Brothers who had taught Jared?

you propose and?

M to M. Is there a contradiction here since Sabinus is said to have had the advantage in arms?

Mr. Tubbs: Yes, that word is mouse.

~~Simon's men? They were supposed to be far away and to me add nothing~~

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M & M. Do you like the curvin
stuff? is just for you to change
I don't like stink for a have
fight like this

M & M. Do you like the curvin stuff? is just for you to change

garrison drew the high-hovering, feathered kind.

"He thought he had you off balance," he said to Jared.

"Next time he'll make sure. Watch yourself."

The two were again measuring each other, the Black Roman withdrawn turtlewise under his carapace. Jared circled and feinted to draw his weighted opponent into tiring defensive moves. But heavier armor was only a minor disadvantage. Sabinus had the inside of the circle and travelled the shorter arc. He feinted on his own and thrust again, once more swift. His massive ^{shield} advanced like a walking wall and Jared gave one step and ^{then} another. The Black Roman thrust once more and once more and his point entered Jared's shield.

M & M. Would you like to write like a centurion? Watch yourself

Jared tried to twist the embedded sword out of Sabinus's grasp but legionnaires learn early to save a weapon in such a fix and Sabinus saved his and they were again at feint, parry, thrust, circle, backstep, forward step and start all over.

Jared never thrust. If Sabinus would assume that, like almost everyone in Palestine, this opponent doted on the sweeping edge so much the better.

at tense... Jared knows

Eben, watching when not watching the two legionnaires, decided that he would not be doing half as well if he had taken on the Black Roman.

what he is doing - He

Jared is the one for this, if either of us is that good.

The legionnaires also admired their champion's opponent.

He would be at least a centurion in any legion.

If Sabinus takes him alive he'll be a gladiator I'll bet on against Thracian, Gaul, Samnite, retiarius or any two andabati.

The legions thought little of those gladiators who wore huge helmets for extra protection at the cost of being nearly

Restore - if you please old way

I feel up the word place for formations

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7
OL

blinded.

Jared's circling brought him near the ^{head} Galilean and before Eben could hiss in warning he slipped on the ^{dark} wet patch of blood alongside. He recovered. The slip was less than half of what it had promised to be. But the Black Roman had committed himself. His savage thrust was long, his point driving ahead of his extended right foot, his body leaning so that only enough of his head was above his shield to let him watch for his foe's answer.

For the first time Jared's edge did not sweep. His point shot straight for a fingerwidth of ^{neck} ~~neck~~. To defend against a sweep needed only a trifling shift left or right. The ~~shabbing~~ ^{shabbing} shot, ^{however,} forced Sabinus ~~to lift his shield, a more taxing move,~~ ^{to lift his shield, a more taxing move,} although he managed it, ^{to} swinging the ~~oblong~~ ^{thrust} on the hinge of his arm. Now, however, his bare leg between thigh plate and boot invited and for the first time the slower Jewish edge served as Jared drew his sword back. Blood spurted and Sabinus staggered and his shield dropped and Jared brought ~~his~~ hilt up against the exposed chin and ^{the Black Roman} Sabinus fell.

OV

"Finish him!" ^{reared} one of Simon's men ~~reared~~.

Jared motioned Eben to screen this enemy who had fought too well to be stuck like a pig and who had been beaten more by luck than ^{skill} ~~expertize~~. As Eben moved, a vagrant thought disturbed him. It was that the blood of this man as black as soot looked in no way different from his own. Well, ~~where~~ ^{where} t they both the Lord's children? The disturbing thought dismissed, he obeyed Jared's signal, but the spear of Simon's man was faster.

"He killed hundreds of our best," Simon's man shouted

M A
M A
for
man

W. S. ... 269 ... the black ...

and pushed his broad blade in and snatched his sword and led a rush against all enemies near at hand. Attack when you surprise! That was always Simon's counsel to his gang.

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Dismayed by a defeat they had not believed possible, (takenaback by an attack they had not expected,) the Romans tried to draw together but in the face of the overwhelming rush they broke and raced for the ladders and the wall. Only a few stood. But the rush scattered them all, then toppled those who ran and ran down those who stood. Simon's men, including the Mouse, were of course disappearing.

Jared stood still, looking down at the dead Black Roman. The body, ~~xxxx~~ now pierced by swords and daggers as well by as/the spear, seemed to be turning grey,

He should have been a Brother, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Jared thought. He ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ bathed and shrouded and should be buried with his head to the ~~xxxx~~ south. In the midst of the ~~cacophony~~, he felt the silence of the Community, the wind over the rough grass of the cemetery ~~the Overseer lay.~~

I added that last paragraph wanting something better to end the incident. I can't seem to easily find a better title for it. Do you?

Mr. Tullis Please return
this, as indicated. It will
run on to another page.
Just number that 273 A.

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torrentially and fell. A moan came from a girl sitting in a broken doorway. She was half naked. Hunger, terror and abuse had aged her but her small, dirty, virginal breasts still showed a trace of the sheen which is the glory of maidens. The scorched remnant of a man's coat was twisted about her bruised waist. She did not look up as the party passed. A wail came from a little boy leaning against a wall. It was that instinctive plea which wretched childhood makes of men but he did not expect to be answered. He did not have even the remnant of a slain man's coat. All his cuts, scabs and bruises, even his shrunken parts were bare. Only hunger moved him and his eyes, ^{rolled} constantly, seeking any discarded morsel, scrap, or crumb.

Torment of things, torment of animals, human torment! The sound of these rose on every hand but louder was the silent thunder of the heart beats of the slain --- Romans, Numidians, Egyptians, Syrians, Arabs, Jews from all Palestine and from all the nations which had sent devout men to the Passover. Their torment, unlike the city's, was ended but the thunder of their stilled hearts was more terrible than all other sounds together, terrible as these were.

Somewhere, Jared remembered, the High Priest Ananus must lay, still unburied.

See 273 A

"Now that the keys to the Temple are thrown away," Eben said, "is there any reason why we should not leave this city?"

"I want to get at Simon," Jared said.

"Simon! His men won't let us into his hideaway. How can we hope to get at Simon?"

"Is he to go free, to scheme his way to safety?"

"The Romans will get him. No matter how he schemes, he is as good as dead right now. But - "and Eben shook Jared's shoulders - "- you have promised to help Amos's women."

Change to Roman to see
This is way it reads before
at chapter 27

Jared rubbed his forehead, "I'd clean forgot."

"The City is in such confusion, ^{right now} that we can get off to Jericho with no trouble, if we hurry."

Jared was still rubbing, "All right."

"But not in all this armor. We don't need the weight."

"We may need it all past Siloam," Jared said, his voice ^{more like his own.} livelier.

The rubbing had ended. "As long as we are in the City we could run into Romans or Simon's men or any bandit gang."

"Well, maybe! Until we are through the Dung Gate. But after that, won't we need to go light?"

"Yes. In the hills we ^{must} run so light that even Numidians and Egyptians can't catch us," Jared said.

Eben flexed his leg. He wasn't sure they could outrun Egyptians and Numidians even when unburdened. But Jared was confident ^{start} as usual.

They reached the Pool of Siloam. Ahead, the Dung Gate was open.

"Someone might shut it just when we want to go out," Jared said, and he and Eben rolled big stones against one wing. Then they started into a likely house but the stench drove them back. The next gave off only the musty, sour smell of rat droppings, ^{and} ~~but~~ inside they found tunics cleaner than their own. For weapons they decided on a dagger and sword apiece and their light shields.

"We can cast off all save the daggers," Jared said, "if we need to run hard."

The street was empty when they came out and the gate still half opened. They walked through and, when an armed and armored gang swarmed out from behind the unbraced half of the gate, Eben reached for his sword but

insert
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He sat in thought for a moment, then poked into his girdle and brought out the paper Amos's messenger had given him.

"We'd better look this over," he said. "We may get there at night. We seem to go over the wall ^{to the} ~~just~~ left of the main gate."

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

as near it as we dare, I suppose. I've never been in Jericho; have you?"

"Yes," said Eben. "Twice." He took the map. "I see where we land," he said. "And then ^{left, then} ~~Then~~ we go ~~xxxx~~ right at the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ second street, then ~~xxxx~~ ~~then~~ left. x again. To the

fourth house, ^{and} I understand ~~it~~. We rap five times. I understand."

"Good," Jared said.

*Ma Tubbs: Return to Page 274
for last paragraph.*

stet
para gaps only

Jared , too, had seen the Mouse and he looked elaborately around --- at the Temple and its fires, at the crest of Kidron---- Beyond Kidron, clouds shadowed the Mount of Olives and, here and there, the dark growth on the Mount was broken by patches of bare rock looking, so far off, like patches of purple grapes.

too late

They skirted Herod's old palace. ^{Miriamne, one} ~~three~~ ~~of three~~ towers built by Herod to defend the palace, it also defended the Jaffa Gate; ^{and the Tower's west wall, against} ~~western face had been incorporated into the western wall of the city.~~ the Gate, was, in fact, part of the City's west wall. The gate looked on Hinnom Valley.

Boxed in by their eight guards, they reached the door of the Tower. Opened, it revealed ~~a~~ ^{dark, narrow, spiraling} ~~stairs~~ ~~At the bottom of the~~

~~The narrow stairway, spiralling up through the center of the tower~~ ~~or At the bottom of the dark, narrow, spiraling stairs,~~ ~~the leader sent four men ahead, motioned Jared and Eben~~ ~~after them, then followed with the rest of the swarm.~~

"If I cough, " Jared said when they were halfway up and unlikely to be overheard either above or below, "seize Simon's dagger. I'll block him on the other side, and when he sees that you can kill him before his men can kill you, he will warn them away and we can get clear."

Eben clicked in admiration. Grab the dagger of Simon, strong as a bull? Get clear? This was Jared's wildest plan.

"No!" Jared said and revised his own scheme. "You seize his beard. There's enough of that to fill ^{your} ~~you~~ big hands. And when you pull, you'll fill his ugly face with red-hot needles. ~~Then~~ I'll seize the dagger."

Eben clicked ^{again} ~~in~~ admiration. ~~Well, he could seize Simon's beard, But how,~~ Great Alexander's trick! Well, he could seize Simon's beard, But how,

~~They skirted Herod's old palace and reached the Tower of Miriamne, one of three towers built by Herod to defend the palace. It also defended the Jaffa Gate and~~

They reached the Tower of Miriamne, ~~xxxx~~ one of the three towers built by Herod to defend his palace. It also defended the Jaffa Gate overlooking Hinnom Valley and at its western ^{face} ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ had been incorporated into the western wall of the ~~City~~: City.

At the bottom of the Tower's dark, narrow, spiraling stairs, the leader sent four men ahead, motioned Jared and Eben ~~to~~ ~~xxxx~~ after them, then followed with the rest of the swarm.

"If I cough," Jared said when they were halfway up and unlikely to be overheard either above or below, "Seize Simon's dagger. I'll block him on the other side, and when he sees that you can kill him before his men can kill you, he will warn them away and we can get clear."

~~Grab the dagger of Simon, strong as a bull?~~ Eben ^{fearful} clicked in admiration. This was Jared's wildest ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ plan.

"No," Jared said and revised his own scheme. "You seize his beard. There's enough of that to fill your big hands. And when you pull, you'll fill his ugly face with red-hot needles. Then I'll seize the dagger."

Eben clicked again. Great Alexander's trick! Well, he could seize Simon's beard. But how,

afterwards, get clear? Even the first open level of the Tower -- if they were lucky enough to find Simon/^{there}---must be ten paces above the ground. Were they to scramble down the wall like lizards? Jump? Or maybe Jared had flying in mind?

But wait! They ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ might bring it off! They just might! ^{and} then would ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ancient Gideon's three hundred, told of in the Book, stand much higher?

"Don't hold your cough too long," Eben said.

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a

~~Just~~
↓

~~They might bring it off. They just might! And then would Gideon's ancient ~~three hundred~~ stand much higher?~~

They spiralled up, and up, and came out, ^{and} luckily ~~they~~ ^{they} were ~~indeed~~ on the lowest terrace.

Across it fat Simon, behind his greasy, grey stubble, ~~was~~ sprawled with a half dozen ^{others} ~~others~~ on scattered rugs. The rugs were needed. The terrace was deep in ^{The} pigeon's droppings, ^{of pigeons,} the ~~terrace's~~ ^{chief} residents ^{of the terrace} for years, until eaten in ^{the} ~~the~~ hungry months of the siege.

The four who had spiralled ahead halted Jared and Eben on the side of the parapet overlooking ^{Hinnon} ~~the city's west wall~~. ^{There} ~~Outside~~ that Titus had established a base for an assault on the Upper City, if it came to that. ^{and} Now, with the rest of the army, the base was relaxing, since the fighting seemed over except for the Upper City, ^{a mere} ~~a brush~~. Camp followers, of all sizes, ^{and} ~~ages and dispositions~~, were helping the base relax.

"There's where we'll wind up, if I get close to Simon," Jared said.

"With a broken neck or leg," Eben said.

"The drop will be shorter ~~and safe~~ if you hang by one hand."

Eben ~~clicked~~. Jared really believed ^{step} such a drop possible. ^{He was tired!} ~~Well, maybe it was, Eben thought.~~

~~The Teedy and the rest of the swarm came out of the stairway and Simon beckoned.~~

"Use spear butts if you need to keep them in line," Teedy ~~said~~ said to the swarm. "Simon wants these two in good shape."

Jared's look asked Eben if this wasn't proof that they were to be used as hostages.

"Don't hold your cough back too long," Eben said.

The rest of the swarm ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ emerged from the stairway and ~~xxx~~ Simon nodded, and ~~the~~ spear points of ^{the} ~~four~~ ^{guardians} ~~of them~~ piked Jared and Eben ^{forward} and the ~~rest~~ others drifted off to a wineskin. Allowed to halt almost within reach of the dagger in Simon's girdle, Jared opened and closed his fingers in a precise snatch. ~~And~~ both he and Eben took in the positions of the favorites who ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ had stayed close to their leader. They were lolling, stretching and sprawling all around him; most wore swords and daggers, and beside every man lay a javelin or two. Several had slings. The Mouse was hunkering down near Simon, beside some object concealed in an old piece of sackcloth. Simon looked Jared and Eben over gloatingly, and when he spoke they both recognized that he ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ no longer ^{considered them two} ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ whom he must treat circumspectly. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ The use to which he now was able to put them required only their live bodies.

"So you two were running off to Jericho," he said.

The tone and implication made Eben flush, but Jared was to do the talking. He smiled as though at a mild misunderstanding and explained their errand briefly.

Simon obviously knew all about it; Amos's messenger must have been intercepted. He leered at Eben.

"I can see why you might have wanted to go," he said.

"Whatever you risked would have been more than paid off by what Amos's daughter could give you. But him." ~~And~~ he jabbed a taunting thumb toward Jared. "A monk isn't supposed to be interested in that kind of pay."

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

The Mouse had pulled from the sacking a flat piece of metal, as long and wide as his arm and made of coils and tendrils. He looked up and waggled this, as though asking for permission to speak, ^{but when} ~~between~~ Simon scowled he sank back meekly and began to rub it with a

soiled rag.

"I hear, though, that Amos's girl is special,"
Simon said.

Eben felt hot anger. He knew nothing about
~~xxxx~~ Amos ⁷⁵ ~~Johansen's~~ daughter...he had never heard of her until ~~the~~
~~that~~ priestly messenger came --- but that did not mean he was
willing to toss her virtue around in/^{this} ~~xxx~~ company. Trying not to
speak, he fixed his eyes on the Mouse and his worried rubbing.

"Why go clear to Jericho?" Simon said. "I can give you
the pick of a dozen girls right here. Girls like a big strong yellow-
head like you. And then you'd be on hand ~~xx~~ for when I need you. And
I'm going to need you!"

Eben now did speak, though not in answer. The Mouse
had polished one end of his metal and Eben, ^{appalled} ~~horrified~~, saw
what it was. A piece hacked off the great golden vine he had ^{often} seen
above the entrance to the Holy of Holies. He could not mistake that
glory.

"May Jesus, the Anointed, forgive you!" he said.

Simon sat erect in astonishment. He stared ^{then} with bulging
eyes. "Don't tell me you belong to that lot!" ~~he~~ roared with laughter.

^{he said} "Now I've got two bellyaches! One from this ^{monk} ~~monk~~. One from you and
your ~~An~~ointed. Dead these forty years!"

"He is not dead," Eben said. This talk could not be left
to ~~ared~~. "He is risen."

"Crazy as a bat!" Simon said and spat, then motioned
his cronies to look at Jared. "And this one, ^{even} ~~is~~ crazier. A celibate!"
He made the word obscene. "A fool who never downs a woman!"


~~"One of those celibatees down on the Dead Sea,"~~ someone
said.

"Near Netophah, where the Inn is!"

"He is one of the gang that lives on the Dead Sea
on the way to Masada," someone said.

"Near Netophah where the Inn is," another man ^{said,} added.

"It probably won't be there long," Simon said. "Titus
is planning to pull Masada to pieces as soon as he finishes here . He'll
be going through ~~Masada~~ Netophah."



~~That~~ ^{probably won't} ~~Ann Inn~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ²⁸¹ may be there now but it

won't be for long," Simon said. "I hear that Titus is planning to pull Masada to pieces as soon as he finishes here." He'll be going through "Netophah!"

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Netophah! The drive to Masada would pass through Netophah! Such a wave of fear and love swept over Jared that for a moment he did not stand on the terrace of the Tower of Miriamne but in Netophah's Inn. Then his horrified thoughts raced on to the Community. The Legions ^{spared} ~~had missed~~ it on their earlier march to Masada ~~but~~ but they ~~hardly~~ ^{And} would another time. ~~And~~ how few of the Brothers knew how to protect themselves, let alone the scrolls, the ~~sacred~~ writings. His heart cried "The Scrolls! The Scrolls! He was rent with guilt because he had thought first of Netophah's Inn"

Simon's next words confirmed his fears,

"Don't think they will miss your community this time," the bandit chief said. "Titus is going to clean out all such spots. He doesn't like them, especially not that one. That's the report my men bring back."

Now there was ~~no~~ time for guilty probing. Jared had a new reason for quitting Jerusalem, more urgent even than Amos's wife and daughter."

~~Simon jeered.~~ "What do you say to that?" ^{Simon said.}

Jared coughed.

M & M. 2 to my by cutting it out
sentence "His heart etc."
but wasn't sure

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~~XXXX~~ none for staying except the last, meaningless part of the Templeless City.) Jared could scarcely wait for the right moment to cough. His impatience ~~could have been~~ ^{ISSUES} rage at his ~~seeming~~ ^{real} helplessness and Simon misread it.

"Keep your shirt on," ^{when} ~~he~~ ^{I. mm} said. "Titus will treat you well enough, once you can't go around stirring up trouble."

Risking a ~~stap~~ ^{step} forward, Jared groaned.

"What did you say?"

"I say, God destroy you!"

The ~~Toady~~ ^{Man} had shifted and the cronies would never be less able to interfere.

Jared coughed.

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Eben swooped. One javelin tried to trip him but he rammed the butt back against it's owner's mouth. Then he seized greasy ~~stubble~~ and hauled and Simon, eyes spurting tears, shot erect, roaring, but helpless from pain; and Jared snatched the dagger and pushed its point into Simon's throat.

The ~~Toady~~ ^{Man} ~~had dropped~~ ^{hugged} his treasure ~~to crouch,~~ ^{and crouched} arms

~~around head and neck,~~ against a tangle of feet as the cronies tried at once to rise, pick up weapons and surge forward.

"Don't make me cut his throat," Jared said.

Eben, his ~~own~~ ^{own} arms locked ~~around~~ ^{around} Simon's, had got behind his victim and now both hands hauled at the ~~greasy gray~~ stubble.

~~The cronies and the swarm added up to eighteen but all could not, they saw,~~ kill these two before the dagger slid from ^{Simon's} ear to ear.

"Wait! All of you!"

Exquisite pain made Simon mumble, but the ~~eighteen~~ ^{eighteen} understood and wavered.

"Back to the parapet," Jared said. He was whispering again

The Simonites stared ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ dazedly.
They could not, they saw, kill these two before the dagger slid
from Simon's ^{throat,} ear to ear.

"Wait! All of you!" Exquisite pain made Simon
mumble but ~~xxx~~ his men understood and wavered.

"Back ^{up} to the parapet," Jared said. "e was whispering
againx"

~~undecided~~ 282 A

and that seemed to ~~make~~ Simon's gang more ~~undecided~~ than if he had shouted.

Hauling on the stubble, with Simon tight against his breast, Eben retreated and Sgony bulged Simon's eyes ^{which} as he continued to plead caution.

"Look out mostly for javelins," Jared said. "They may get off a stone or so, but javelins are quickest."

He glanced down at the drop that would be long even if they hung by one hand.

"It looks soft," he said and offered ^{his last advice.} a last piece of advice. "Land loose and roll. Then run faster than you ever ran before." ^{like a fox and start shouting} for the security Titus offered ^{start} to all who came unarmed. ^{his voice was grindingly hoarse.} "Titus may seize Miriamne," Simon said. "But some of us will get away. And one day ^{we} they'll catch up with you."

They were showing ^{now} above the parapet and the relaxing legionnaires, auxiliaries, orderlies, and ~~giggling~~ camp followers were staring up at the three heads, two looking down, one ~~staring~~ --glaring--skyward. Cotta was staring. "When you land," Jared said, "start shouting for the security." "You've caught up with us now," Eben said, and drove the white-hot needles deeper, and Simon went limp. "Are we going to cut his throat?"

"Oh, shove him," Jared said. "Hard!"

"I ~~hate~~ hate, myself, to kill ^{an} ~~even~~ ^{unarmed man} Simon," Eben said.

He opened his hands and planted a foot against Simon's pain-wracked bottom and Simon stumbled, staggered, reeled and kicked up a cloud of pigeon dust.

^{Behind} ~~Behind~~ the dust's brief cover, Jared and Eben squirted over

Knowns have never been indicated to be so close before. Down with the sword and the spear. In the end, they are the same. Simon's last advice. Like a fox and start shouting. Start. His voice was grindingly hoarse. We. Now. An unarmed man. Even Simon.

~~the~~

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the parapet, hung ^{each} by one hand, looked for the softest spot, ~~below,~~
looked again to see that the other was as well off as he could be,
then dropped, as faces appeared above ~~the~~ and javelins lanced down.

All missed and the two landed, rolled, scrambled up and
raced beyond the marksmen now increasingly thick at all the
parapets of ~~all~~ Miriamne's terraces.

Max Tubbs —

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
H A R T F O U R

The ~~page~~ page will end here as
~~as the next page begins~~
a new part.

and 284 will be a
new page. Start it
with

F O U R

in large
initials in
center of
page.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

E
B
E
C

Mrs. Tubbs, start a new page with this. M.L.
It begins one of the big parts into which the book is divided.
PART FOUR

F O U R

~~F O U R~~

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254 papers left
b. 20.

Eben shouted on landing but not for the security of Titus, only in triumph. He was caught up in one of those ^{TAKE} luminous moments which, ~~once~~ ^{forever} or twice, may ~~glorify~~ glorify a man's youth. This one, recalled when old, would make him big in grandsons' eyes. He had, he felt, indeed won a place up with Gideon's three hundred, or almost that lofty. He did not, at first, even think to shout for so small a prize as Titus's security.

Handwritten notes:
M...
S...
H...

Handwritten: having thrown away their daggers

Jared, however, was roaring in the jargon which had evolved out of the Legions' years in Palestine.

"The hand of Titus in security! Titus promised. I claim security!"

Eben came out of the vision which had floated him up almost level with Gideon's men and raised his own proper shout. He hoped that Jared had dropped Simon's dagger. Titus had said come unarmed.

"A Roman hand in security for the hand that pulled the beard of Simon!"

He glanced up to see if Simon was watching and Simon was, ^{the tower of} ~~his~~ And on the upper levels of Miriamne Simon's followers craned very up for Eben to see their faces but he opening. They were too high ~~to hear xxxxx well~~ but every could imagine they were all thoroughly soured. ~~face seemed soured by the sight of Jared and Eben away and alive.~~

"Titus promised!" Jared said again, but now was enveloped in billowing laughter.

And the mirth-filled camp women were looking so precisely that Eben glanced down at Jared and himself, and then blushed. The drop, roll, and scramble had torn off their tunics, ^{and loic cloths.} Barring sandals they were as naked as at birth. But, no mistake about it, Jared had dropped the dagger.

Handwritten: The Primus Pilus

"Now, now!" Cotta ~~said~~ ^{cast} off aloofness to laugh with everyone else, "Isn't this carrying things too far? Even for two who

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drop from the sky like gods!"

A
"Fxxxxxx hand!" Jared said again.

"Who ~~among us~~ has a hand worthy of such gods?" a buxom camp follower said.

"Mine may not be, but here it is and welcome," a ~~second~~ ¹ said. "And more, if he'll take it."

Women, legionnaires, auxiliaries, artificers, orderlies, clerks, a Corporal --there was always a corporal--held out hands then snatched them back, as though none was worthy; and with arms bashfully behind backs tried to name one whose hand would be worthy.

"The hand of Titus, certainly!"

"But Titus is busy with a guest from Rome!"

"Then of Alexander, who commands after Titus!"

"Alexander is sick with the Jewish complaint!"

"Then one of the generals of the Legions!"

"Woul, a Legion general be worthy?"

calling the roll of the generals.
They had a fine time ~~hunting for a worthy name.~~

Then the laughter died. In dead silence one of the names put forward in jest was repeated in hushed warning. It sent the camp women fluttering toward their huts, hurried orderlies off on their missions, hustled clerks back to their tablets. It squared the shoulders of the Corporal and even Cotta seemed inclined to act as though, somehow, he had just happened to be caught in this whooping rabble.

A lane opened through the silence and along the lane, in a ~~litter~~ ^{litter} made downy by cushions, a delicate chestnut-haired beauty in bright silks was borne by eight black bearers whose matched strides made their burden seem to float. Left of the litter, on a ~~xxxxxxx~~

MAM
OV

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punchy

fat, docile mount, rode a ~~fat~~ bald man whose dandified toga could have come, and only lately, ~~only~~ from Rome. On the right, astride a prancing stallion, rode Titus, commander of the army, now making ready for the last assault on the Holy City.

Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus, because of his guest and his confidence in the safety of his camp, wore dress armor. This was less reliable against a Jewish assassin than his battle-dented gear but it was splendidly inlaid with silver and gold. His tunic was spotless white. The scarf above the collar of his cuirass was white also. ^{and} His crimson cloak, big enough to sleep in, floated free. His small fixed smile was at once a tolerant permission to the lately whooping rabble to have their fun and an aloof warning against too much.

"Cover that pair!" Cotta hissed, and the Corporal grabbed the handiest loin cloths, shoved their despoiled owners deep into the crowd and rushed to make Jared and Eben decent for the Commander-in-chief's ~~pretty~~ lady.

Such modesty caused the chestnut-haired figurine to murmur in amusement, ~~to~~ Titus. It would have been hard to guess her age within ten years but there was no doubt about her charm, ^{the} ~~That~~ ^{of the Herodian} ~~lighted~~ Princess Berenice. That lighted every male eye. ~~The Herodian Princess Berenice~~. In the game of love her score was unabashedly better than that of most men. Thrice wed, twice widowed, she had lately deserted a third husband. Before she had reached a marriageable age and then between husbands she had been, after the ancient practice of Egypt's royal house, her brother's consort. Now, with his approval, she was the mistress of Titus, eleven years her junior.

"She helped our people at first, until our hotheads tried

Mrs. M. Smith cutting some lines. all tied in a pink strip.

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to burn her palace," Jared said, "Perhaps, in some way, she may help us."

"Not likely," Eben said. He remembered a story from his grandfather of when Paul, a follower of The Anointed, had been tried in Caesarea. This princess, sitting with her brother, had judged charges and evidence and had done nothing. Yet Paul was a Jew of Jews.

Enjoying Jared's and Eben's near-nakedness, the Princess began to laugh. When Titus sucked his lip at her brazenness and did not join her ^{and} she looked toward the bald dandy inviting him to share the fun.

"I guess Fancy Toga is the visitor from Rome," Eben said.

Jared, ^{was} trying to decide how best to address the giver of security, ^{spit} ^{stut} nodded absently.

"I'll call him Caesar," he said. "He likes everyone to think he is almost co-emperor with his father." He stepped toward Titus, his dark face showing none of his feeling against the man who had spread black woe through Galilee, Samaria and Judea.

"Hail, Caesar!" he said, loudly respectful. "You, right hand in security, Caesar. We claim your pledge to all who quit the City unarmed." ^{and shook their hands briskly. He was usually tolerant with}

"You have my pledge," Titus said. ^{He was usually tolerant with those who came ~~unarmed~~ unarmed out of Jerusalem, for they ~~rather than resentful of the implication~~ eased his task. ~~that he might not keep his word. But~~ Then he looked sharply.}

"~~But~~ I know you. Your names? "

Eben swallowed. Their names, at least Jared's, would identify them. The defenders had shouted "Jared!" often enough.

Jared drew erect, a proud member of the Community before a Son of Darkness.

"I am Jared of the Salt Sea Brotherhood," he said. ~~xxx~~
Eben followed suit. "I am Eben, a Bethel Benjaminite."

M. M. O. R.

Mrs. T. J. H.

Jared! Eben! Titus studied them. This long, somber, black-eyed petitioner and his big, broad companion who looked sunny-hearted as well as sunny-haired had not, of course, alone sustained the stubborn defense of the Fortress, But they had stood in the forefront, so his spies said, and one, the somber one, had killed Sabinus. The pair had given rise to many stories. His army, he knew, called them demi-gods. But Soldiers were quick to see demi-gods among their enemies; it magnified their own performances. Titus admitted, however, that they looked like fighters.

M & M

covered to have been ~~slashed~~ night hours for example. ~~for example, it would give us some cuts early~~

M & M. Let's consider the main & read's stanza & don't think of interesting ways to balance the unbalanced, four

xixx
thixx/xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

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Jared! Eben! Titus studied them.

~~blinded~~

This long, somber, ~~shaven~~ petitioner and this big, broad companion who looked sunny-hearted as well as sunny-haired had not, of course, alone ~~sustained~~ the stubborn defense of the Fortress. But, his they had stood in the forefront, his spies ^{had} said, too often to count and one (the somber one, it was said) had killed Sabinus. ~~Thus~~ his army, he knew, called them demi-gods. ~~But for~~

The pair had given rise to many stories.

Soldiers were quick to see demi-gods among their enemies. ~~It magnified their own performances. The pair had given rise to endless~~

~~stories.~~ He admitted, however, that they looked like fighters.

"I ought to crucify you both," he said.

Fancy Toga had dismounted to walk around Jared and Eben, ^{inspecting} as though they were horses, ~~there for inspection.~~

"A prize pair," he said.

He ~~had~~ spoke~~d~~ in his own language but Jared understood and was ^{quickly} suspicious. ~~Titus did not seem to hear. He addressed Jared.~~

"Do you deserve my hand?" Titus said. "Exactly how did you come to quit the City?"

Jared told him, ~~as briefly as possible and withholding the name of the~~ Darkness farther than he must ~~xxxxxxx~~ (the town in which Amos's wife and daughter awaited rescue. But he told of the bearding of Simon in detail since that might win Eben special consideration.

The Princess, listening, smiled ^{brily} on admiration on the ~~young~~ handsome, indubitable hero and because she was Berenice her smile was inviting.

"A prize pair," Fancy Toga said again.

"We'll let them prove how much of a prize," Titus said. He had intercepted Berenice's smile. He ~~nodded to Cotta and rode away~~ looked ^{sharply} ~~staringly~~ at Cotta, ~~and~~ nodded, and rode away

with Fancy Toga. Berenice followed, trailing a second smile.

Jared looked intently at the Primus Pilus whom he remembered from the glimpse he had had at Jamnia. Then he had admired, although reluctantly, the tall, erect, ~~wide~~ confident ~~head~~ ^{figure} but now he was repelled by ^a the narrow face with ~~its~~ waxy complexion, piercing eyes, and ~~wide~~ thin, red lips.

Cotta returned his gaze, then beckoned and the Corporal, acting smartly, closed a squad of legionnaires around Jared and Eben.

"What is this?" Jared said. "Didn't we receive the hand of Titus in security?"

Cotta spoke deliberately. "Security does not run as far as you seem to want to go. It reaches to the Compound. After that, who knows?"

Jared and Eben looked across broad Hinnom Valley where the walls of a big log compound rose. They had seen it many times from Jerusalem. Prisoners, ~~xxxxxxx~~ reports said, were penned there until sold to slavers or until they were sent.....

Jared turned on Cotta in cold fury.

"Then the hand of Titus means only that we are to fight in some arena?"

"Titus's guest is from the Emperor, himself. Rome is pressed for gladiators for her next great spectacle."

"Then Titus lies."

Merien: for the following scene, there are two versions. You choose which one you like best and tell me which ~~one~~ you cross out. ^{This is} ~~Here is~~ the newer one. The old one makes Cotto a more sympathetic character so ~~the newer one. M.~~ you may want to read book to the end before you decide. M

"Then Titus lies."

NOTE: Titus: Type this message to Merien
it's just as with them, here, and ~~the part~~
ps. do it with part of the story

he knew about through his spies.

Jared! Eben! Titus studied them; ~~^~~ This long, somber, black-eyed petitioner and ~~his~~ this big sunny-haired boy ~~wasxxxxxxxpair~~ ^{had stood} had not, of course, alone sustained the stubborn defense of the Fortress. But they had stood in the foreground, ~~his xxxxxxxx~~ ^{spies} ~~during the stubborn defense of the fortress. So his spies said.~~ And one, the somber one, had killed Sabinus. His army, ~~he~~ ^{But} knew, called them demigods. Soldiers were quick to see demi-gods among their enemies; it magnified their own performances. Titus admitted, however, that ~~xxxxx~~ they ~~xxxx~~ looked like fighters.

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with Fancy Toga. Berenice followed, trailing a second smile.

Cotta beckoned and the Corporal, acting smartly under the eyes of ~~azCenturionx~~ Centurion, closed a squad of legionnaires around Jared and Eben.

"What is this?" Jared said. He had recognized the Roman of his nightmares, and now felt a new reason for being repelled. "Didn't we receive the hand of Titus in security?" *Platz populated*

"Security does not run as far as you seem to want to go," Cotta spoke deliberately *(in the Roman-Jewish mishmash.)* ~~zzkzx~~ "It reaches to the Compound, but after that, who knows?"

Jared and Eben looked westward across Hinnom as they had often looked from Antonia to the Compound's log walls. Prisoners taken in the aggression, reports said, were penned there until sold to slavers or until sent elsewhere for a more special use.

(Remembering what the special use was said to be,) Jared turned on Cotta in ~~anger~~ *cold fury*

"Then the hand of Titus means only that we be enslaved or fight in some arena?"

"Titus's guest is from the Emperor, himself. Rome is pressed for gladiators for her next great spectacle." ~~287A~~

Then "So Titus's pledge is only a lie?" *lies*

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Titus's encampments seldom heard him called a liar, not openly, at any rate. Those who heard now shifted and sidled off, not to be caught in the punishment sure to follow.

Cotta, his face flushing, gestured to the Corporal.

For less than an instant the latter hesitated. This Jared was, perhaps, ~~was, for sure,~~ no demi-god. An, a mortal was liable to be ~~punished.~~ *punishment.*

But Jared had been a portent in the fighting and the Corporal could not instantly punish such a man for an impulsive outcry. Still, ~~he~~ *Still,* ~~he~~ *he* was about to obey when Cotta gestured angrily ~~again.~~

again

and the Corporal, fearful for himself, added weight to the sword hilt, which he slammed across Jared's mouth. *OR* "Take them across," Cotta said.

some were fit for an arena, even the Circus. Most of them turned in excitement to the arrivals who had to have late news. But those who had served Simon cried in derision.

"Look!" one said. "Now this great pair are as low as any of us."

"Get us on our way," Eben said. "Some of these ~~here~~ make me sick."

"We mayn't have much time," Jared made his swollen mouth say.

He had seen how many were fit to be gladiators. A consignment with Fancy Toga in charge ^{was} probably ^{already waiting} ready. And, no doubt, transports ^{chained} also at Caesarea. The chosen ones might be started off any day, ^{welded neck} fitted with ~~xxxxxxx~~ rings ^{chained} and on ^{the} way to Rome.

"If we break for Jericho," he said, "It ought to be ^{soon} tonight."

"Well, do we dig under, climb over, or break through?" Eben ^{said, trying to} ~~said~~ to make nothing of walls twice as tall as he was, and four times as thick, ~~great logs doubled.~~ ^{There was no more time for talk.}

Prisoners were pressing ⁱⁿ all around, many, many, and all the latest news from stricken Jerusalem. ~~wanting/news.~~ One, a leathery little man, bore himself with such spirit that he easily found elbowroom. Not old, although graying, not ^{either,} young, he looked indestructible. Down each leathery cheek a gully -- no mere wrinkle--cut from the corner of ^{each} ~~an~~ eye past his mouth which was less a mouth than a seam. He asked no questions but kept an ear ~~cocked~~ unmistakably cocked.

Garments were rent when Jared and Eben told off ~~the~~ ^{temples} destruction and men moaned over Ananus's death and turned hard looks on the Simonites. But they ^{drew together} ~~xxxxxxx~~ and gave back looks ^{Equally} just as hard.

"Those Judases would betray even The Anointed," Eben said, giving Simon's ~~followers~~ ^{followers} the name of one who, his generation of Christians had been told, had ~~betrayed~~ ^{betrayed} The Anointed to his enemies

~~They~~ ^{They} Messiah into enemy hands.

m/ time factor, almost impossible. The day we get out with Sabius! Those my change

"Eben!" he said. "We heard from Simon that the Romans will strike against Masada and the Community and perhaps other places."

"And I believe him," Eben said. "Titus will want no pocket of ~~us~~ Jews left to surprise his soldiers after the Upper City falls."

"And that may fall soon. Oh, Simon must have food hidden and of course he knows where to find water. But his best men ~~fighters~~ will leave because the Temple has been destroyed and they will not wish to ~~help~~ ^{just} fight/to help bandits keep their loot."

"~~No,~~ he won't be able to hold out long," Eben said.

"That is what troubles me," Jared said. "I must warn ~~the Community. Our~~
the Community. Our

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^{ended}
"I guess I ~~can~~,^{can}" Eben said. But inwardly he shied away from the errand. Two women all the way to Jamnia! An^d one a girl! Ten lambs would handle easier. You couldn't bounce your staff off a girl when she skittered ~~off~~^{away}, as a girl would.

"I'll be back before you're much past Jerusalem," Jared said. "Keep north! On the ~~road~~^{by-road} that leads through the Valley of Sorek. I'll find you."

"I'll be watching," Eben said. "But first you've got to get us out of this pen."

~~Jared got up.~~ "I'll walk around; ~~At least a few others want to get out of this place as much as we do.~~ Maybe I'll hear something that will help."
Handwritten notes: "I will," Jared said. He sprang up. See insert. Jared said. here see insert 295.

A knee bumped Eben's shoulder as he sat alone, against the wall, with the sea of prisoners washing around him, and he looked up and saw the leathery, little indestructible man who had listened silently to the story of Jerusalem's disasters.

The little man stooped and drew a fish in the dust and brushed it quickly away, ~~looking at Eben with bright eyes.~~
~~Eben looked at him earnestly.~~

~~as quickly~~
 the dust and ~~at once~~ brushed it away.

~~Who is for the Master?" he said softly.~~ ^{Asked} ^{Said}

~~Eben did not show that he had heard.~~

^{56w}
 "In this packed pen," ~~he~~ ^{she} said, "a man's standing place
 is his seat, so ^{won't you} let us sit down." ^{TP} The little man ~~and~~
~~they~~ ^{both} sat down ^{beside him} and they looked
~~and Eben scrawled an oval between his feet.~~

^{into each other's faces}
~~The two men looked into each other's faces, they were~~
~~rigid with controlled emotion.~~ ^{stet} ^{emotion} | ~~The older one said, "You have~~
~~picked a hot place. There is shade yonder."~~ ~~And he rose, and~~
~~Eben followed him to a spot where they were out of earshot of~~
~~the others.~~

"How did you know?" Eben ~~asked.~~ ^{said}

"I knew when you were called Eben. I ~~had~~ ^{have} heard of Eben."

"And who are you, brother?"

"I am Elias. I was a follower of Peter."

"Peter baptised my grandfather," Eben said, ^{his face shone,}
 shining. "It was on the Day of Tongues. My grandfather had
 come to Jerusalem that day, with some hides."

"The day the Holy Spirit descended!"

^{wasn't even born then}
 "It ~~was long before I was born~~ but he often told me about
 it," Eben ~~said.~~ ^{stet} "I am of ^{Bethel} ~~Bethel~~ and you, brother?"

~~A sense of joyful new strength flooded them both.~~

~~"Where do you come from Brother?" Eben asked.~~

"I have ~~only~~ lately come from Rome." ^{TP} "I did." ^{TP} "Rome"

"From Rome?" ^{did you know Peter?} "Rome must put a man in fear for his life if

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the temple to

Today, "Eben said"

you were willing to leave it for Palestine under Roman aggression."

"We are not ~~any~~ safer in Rome, ^{much} but I left ~~only~~ because I was given a mission. I bring a Writing for James who ^{is known in Rome} was named to ~~us~~ as our leader in Jerusalem."

"The brother of the anointed is dead."

"So I have learned. But someone else will be in his place."

"Our people put off choosing for fear the new leader would also be persecuted," Eben said

Jared came striding through the crowds of prisoners and as he sat down, Eben explained ~~for~~ him to Elias.

"He is not one of us but you can trust him."

Jared sank to the ground beside them. His sober face told of a fruitless errand. "This is Elias," Eben said. "Nothing at all?" Eben said.

"Nothing much."

Jared sank to the ground beside them. "This is Elias," Eben said. "He is one of my belief."

The leathery little man touched hand to head and heart and smiled.

"An, are you also of Bethel?" Jared said.

"Elias is from Rome," Eben said. "He knew Peter, one of those who walked with the Anointed."

"One of the very first," Elias said proudly.

"I have heard of Peter," Jared said.

"An, do you know the Romans crucified him?" Elias said sorrowfully.

Word of the

Both Jared and Eben nodded. Peter's execution had long since reached Judea, where ^{Peter's} bitter followers had broadcast the crime to strengthen resistance against the Romans which had committed it. TP Eben explained the little man's mission to Jared.

"Where can I take my Writing now?" Elias said. "Perhaps

"Only on a cohort?" Eben said.

"Do you know the Compound says the best of us will be off any day for Rome to supply a spectacle for the Emperor Vespasian? I myself am in little danger. They do not know how strong I am. But you two!" He shook his head.

"I heard that while I walked around," Jared said.

Elias bent his head and his voice, coming from close to his chest, was faint.

"The Simonites," he said, "plot a break tonight. They have weakened the north wall, they plot a break this very night."

Jared and Eben exchanged looks and Jared's black eyes gleamed and Eben's candid face broke into a wide smile.

"Isn't it about time we ate?" Jared said leaping up. "While I walked I learned that what passes for the big meal of the day is given out about now. I'm hungry. Come on." He leaned up and slapped him on the back. "Keep close to us, little man. The chance of getting you to Amos and to Bethel, both, is all of a sudden a lot better."

3165

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~~Eben explained the little man's mission to Jared.~~

~~"Perhaps to another of our centers?" Elias said. "Ephesus, Alexandria, Antioch?"~~

~~He braced ~~as though~~ for further travel. He had already carried his Writing, often through encircling enemies, all the way from Rome, a succession of ~~narrowing~~ ^{harrowing} voyages from port to port--Neapolis, Syracuse, Knossus, Rhodes, Salamis and then on a long slide south, Tripolis, Sidon, Tyre, Caesaria. And near Jerusalem, which he had thought the end, he had learned James was dead and the city be sieged. Then he, himself had been captured.~~

~~Noting the little man's ^{braced south for} stout readiness to accept further hardships, Eben and Jared ^{looked at each other with} shared their admiration of such undiminished resolution.~~

~~"Perhaps Amos might advise you," Jared said and explained the school at Jamnia.~~

~~"Jared and I should be there soon. ~~Why not~~ come with us," Eben said. He was ~~deeply~~ pleased by Jared's interest.~~

~~"You probably couldn't do better," Jared said.~~

~~Elias looked ~~oddly~~ doubtful.~~

~~"What is your Writing?" Jared said. ^{To him}~~

~~To him, because of his Scrolls, all writings were ^{of interest.} interesting.~~

~~"I am forbidden to say, except to one like James."~~

~~"Where do you keep it?"~~

~~Jared wondered where any writing could be kept on Elias's nearly naked body.~~

~~Elias looked around ^{guardedly} and ~~whispered~~ ^{and whispered}.~~

~~hid it "Near Bethel. There I learned that the siege had encircled~~

Eben looked at the little man in admiration.

Eben remembered how the little man had stood with cocked ear, but so unobtrusively as to seem

Eben recalled how ~~xxxxxxx~~ ^{Elias} had stood with ear cocked, and realized now that ~~xxxxxxx~~ ^{so} little a man, ~~xxx~~ very likely, would also be ~~so~~ unobtrusive that he would manage to overhear the schemes of Simon's men and they never notice him.

Eben recalled how Elias has stood with cocked ear, and told him self that so slight a little man very likely would be able to overhear the schemes of Simon's men and they never notice him.

Eben recalled how Elias had stood with cocked ear and ~~with sharp admiration~~ realized that so little and slight a man very likely would also be able to overhear Simon's men and they never notice. He looked at Jared and ~~xxxxxxx~~ ^{Jared's black eyes gleamed} to express his own increased estimate

~~Eben recalled how Elias had stood with cocked ear.~~

Eben recalled how Elias had stood with ear cocked, and how realized ~~now~~ how unobtrusive ~~the xxxxxxxx~~ ^{also,} had also been. ^{He} Such an eavesdropper ~~could~~ might easily have overheard Simon's men, ^{without any of them} They never would have noticed so slight an eaves dropper. ^{Even noticing}

"I begin to understand," he said, "how you ~~managed to~~ keep out of the hands of ~~your~~ ^{clear of all} enemies so long after leaving Rome."

He looked at Jared, ^{and} Jared's glack eyes were gleaming with his own increased admiration, ~~of the little man and Jared~~ leaped up. ^{approved}

"We know," Eben said. He did not feel as carefree as he sounded.

"Do you know that the talk in the Compound is that the strongest of us will be ~~started very soon~~^{sent to} for Rome to be gladiators. Probably not me. They think I am old, and they do not know how strong I am. But certainly, ~~you two.~~^{both of}" He shook his head. ~~and~~
"They say the consignment may be started within two days."

"While I was walking around," Jared said, "I heard ~~talk~~ that a transport would sail soon."

~~After a pause,~~^{after a pause,} Elias bent his ~~head~~^{head} so that his voice, coming from close to his chest, was very faint. "Simon's men have weakened the north wall. They plot a break-out tomorrow night."

Jared looked at Eben ~~and~~^{and} Eben looked at Jared. The darkness on Jared's face lifted and on Eben's candid countenance a broad smile spread. ~~Eben leaned toward Elias.~~

"Now I begin to see how you kept so long clear of enemies after Rome," he said

~~Eben~~^{He} remembered how unobtrusive the little man had been in the crowd, standing silent with one ear cocked, ~~and~~^{and} he leaned toward him.

"Now I begin to see how you kept so long clear of enemies ~~after~~^{on the way from} Rome," he said.

Jared's eyes were gleaming as he leaped up

Jared rose, his eyes ~~gleaming~~^{shining}. "Isn't it," he said, "almost time to ~~eat?~~^{eat?}"

"While I was walking," he said, "I also learned that the chief meal of each day is given out about now.

"Come on. We'll need all our strength." He patted Elias's bony shoulder.

"Keep close to Eben and me," he said, "and we'll ~~all~~^{stay all} get to Bethel, and to Jamnie, too."

* * * * *

~~After ~~xxxxxx~~ sunset all three made showy preparations for sleep against the South wall of the Compound. ~~And~~ ^{then} talked in low voices. Jared's ^{The} plan was simple. ~~Jared had settled on a plan.~~~~

"When Simon's crew crashes the north wall," he said, "the ~~xxxxx~~ noise will draw the guards and we'll get over this south wall ^{without danger} with no one seeing."

"At least we ought to," Eben said.

"It will be easy," Elias said, as though scaling walls were nothing to him.

~~xxxxxxgrowingxdarkness~~ The Simonites were gathering slowly near the north wall, ^{and} but in the gathering darkness the guards did not seem to mark any significance in the changed grouping. The crowd thickened.

"When our time comes," Jared said, "You stand on my shoulders, Eben. That high you'll easily get a hand ^{on} the top of the wall. Then get your lame leg over and dangle an arm down for Elias."

"I'm not heavy," Elias said.

"Watch out for guards on the far side," Jared said.

"They'll also be running toward the crash. But one might look up."

"And as soon as Elias gets a leg over," Eben said, "I'll dangle down an arm for you."

"Don't forget that a man can snag a leg between two logs of this wall," Elias said. "Let's not get hung up there like medals on a legionnaire's breast plate."

~~xxxxx~~ They fell into silence, Over at the now invisible north wall ^{er} over at the north wall which was now cloaked with darkness, a hoarse buzzing grew louder and a slow grinding sound mingled with the buzzing and then an enormous crash drowned out every other sound. Jared put his back against the south wall and locked his fingers to form a stirrup.

"Up!" he said and Eben stepped ^{the} to stirrup and to Jared's shoulders and reached mightily and got to the top of the wall.

Over at the main gate a sentry cried an alarm and a corporal roared and then Roman rage and Simonite curses shrilled bedlam everywhere.

Jared grasped Elias at the knees and hoisted and the indomitable little man kept upright and seized Eben's dangling arm and Eben swung the light weight upward.

"Up!" he said and Eben stepped from ground to stirrup and from stirrup to Jared's shoulders and reached mightily and got the top of the wall.

At the main gate a sentry cried and a corporal shouted. Then Roman rage and Simonite curses made shrill bedlam everywhere.

Jared grasped Elias at the knees and hoisted while the little man strove to keep right side up. Jared was still hoisting when Eben snatched his burden away.

"Now you, Jared," Eben whispered.

A dust cloud billowed over them, carrying the echoes of the crash, as Jared grasped Eben's hand and half walked up the wall until he, too, could get a leg over. Roman rage and Simonite curses swelled louder. The three men squirmed over the wall and hung by their arms like sacks.

"Drop all together," Jared said.

"Ready," Eben said.

"Ready, Elias?" Jared asked. ^{said} "Drop!" "One! Two! THREE!"

"Of course I was ready, but I was short of breath," Elias said, as he ^{scrambled} got to his feet among the heaps of earth which had been piled up in digging the walls' post-holes.

The three ^{slid} shuffled into the night while behind them rose the wild hullabaloo of a general fight. ^{behind the walls continued,}

"The Romans are trying to scoop up everyone who comes out of that hole in the wall, and everyone who comes out is swinging at every shadow," Eben said, and chuckled.

303 X
 enjoy just what is
 enclosed.
 303 A.

OK

OK

end
 here

303B

~~"Now!" Eben whispered down to Jared as a dust cloud~~
~~billowed over them from the north wall, and echoes of the crash~~
~~there followed. "Now you, Jared!" and Jared reared and his~~
~~fingers intertwined with Eben's and his other hand caught Eben's~~
~~wrist and he went hand over hand up Eben's arm, and then to Eben's~~
~~shoulder and to the wall and got a leg over that, and all three~~
~~men draped on the wall like three sacks while Roman rage and the~~
~~defiant curses of Simon's men swelled.~~

"Drop all together!" Jared said.

~~"I'm ready! Are you, Elias?" Eben said, and when no word~~
~~came from Jared's other side, he called, "Elias!" again then let go~~
~~because Jared had scarcely whispered, "Everybody drop."~~

~~"Of course I was ready!" Elias whispered, scrambling to~~
~~his feet, on a heap of earth piled up in digging holes for the logs~~
~~that made up the wall. "I'd just lost my breath, for a mite."~~

~~They slid into the night while a wild hullabaloo rose~~
~~behind them,~~

~~"The Romans must be trying to scoop up everyone coming~~
~~out of the north hole in the Compound wall," Eben said and chuckled.~~

~~"Then they're swinging at a lot of shadows," Elias said,~~
~~short of breath no longer.~~

~~A shadow loomed and Elias butted it just below its middle~~
~~and it fell and became a writing legionnaire.~~

"You're fast, Elias," Eben said.

~~Elias might have replied that one had to be fast to~~
~~survive the long hard way between Rome and Jerusalem but he was~~
~~breathless again.~~

~~Jared bent over the butted Roman and took off his helmet~~
~~and banged the bared head against a rock.~~

"Now we have weapons," he said. "Elias, take his spear, I'll

(in the next page because of
 was said on page 370
 earlier. maybe it would be more appropriate here)

Old Version: The 3 men jumped
 over the wall and
 hung by their arms
 like sacks
 O.V.

O.V.

O.V.

OK

take the sword. Eben , look for the dagger."

They slid once more through the darkness, helped by the crafts which Jared and Eben had improved in the Jerusalem fighting. But Elias showed himself , perhaps, the craftiest of the three. They trotted warily through the night, keeping south of Jerusalem, whose ghostly towers loomed more and more to their left.

The clamor back at the Compound died down and they caught the vast stink of the ^{city,} borne on the night wind; ^{it seemed} a septic brew of the corruption there. Jared stepped up his gait, and little by little the bedlam behind them lessened, and the stink, too. Elias

305

↓
F... love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you--"

It was a puzzle, Eben thought, how to love and bless Romans who murdered one's parents, destroyed the Holy Temple and put Jews into arenas. Still, he must try not to hate them...

Jared stepped up his gait, and little by little the bedlam behind them lessened, and the stink, too. Elias had trouble keeping up, and Eben motioned Jared to go slower. They did not regret the lost time. Elias had bought it when he charged the legionnaire outside the Compound wall.

They saw ahead the low outlines of a little village, asleep on the calm breast of the Mount of Olives. Eben knew it and could not wait to tell Elias.

"Bethany!" he whispered exultantly. "Bethany, Elias!"

"Where the Messiah parted from the Eleven!" Elias ^{stopped, and} knelt on the hard earth.

^{Eben knelt too.} "Where, lifting up his hands, the Anointed blessed them and was carried into heaven," Eben said, and knelt also, in a totality of faith.

Jared waited silently until ^{they} the two rose. Then all hurried on.

274-

306 306

~~"I am glad to have Elias along," Eben said.~~

~~"I will join you long before Jamnia."~~

~~"Where?" "Where will you join me again?" Elias said.~~

~~(1) North of Jerusalem, Jared said. Because the legions might be marching south and, in any case, were not likely to be north of the Holy City.~~

~~"This side of Emmaus. You know Emmaus, Eben. You said you know Emmaus, Eben, on the right road."~~

~~"I, also, know of Emmaus, although I have never seen it," Elias said.~~

306A in

What follower of the Anointed did not know of Emmaus? It belonged to was part of a famous story that Christians told over and over.

Two disciples had been walking to Emmaus after hearing that the Anointed was risen from the grave, and talking of this marvel, had been joined by a stranger who continued to the village and took bread with them. When he broke it, they recognized the Master. He had vanished before their eyes but, most certainly, they had seen him and they returned to Jerusalem to tell the Eleven. Elias, indeed, knew of Emmaus, and Eben, who had stopped there on his way to the siege, had seen it with his own eyes.

~~"Then, Emmaus," Eben said. "But when?"~~

~~"Count this night and one more," Jared said. "We will meet around noon, following the second night, east of Emmaus on the most northern trail. You and I, Eben, picked that trail when we first planned the journey from Jericho to Jamnia."~~



372

305

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.' But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you--"

305
A
M & M
Dan to Chris
Dmitry - Let's
through

But It was a puzzle, Eben thought, how to love and bless Romans who murdered ^{and assaulted} ~~one's parents~~, destroyed the Holy Temple and put Jews into arenas. ~~Still, he must try not to hate them... Perhaps Elias had worked this puzzle out.~~

Jared stepped up his gait, and ^{but} little by little the ^{stintz} ~~bedlam~~ behind them lessened, and the stink, too. Elias had trouble keeping up, and Eben motioned Jared to go slower. ^{Neither} They did not regret ^{the} the lost time. Elias had bought it when he charged the legionnaire ^{outside} outside the Compound wall.

~~They saw ahead~~ ^{off} the low outlines ^{formed} of a ~~little~~ village, asleep on the calm breast of the Mount of Olives. Eben knew it and could not wait to tell Elias. ^{whispered}

"Bethany!" he ~~whispered~~ ^{whispered} ~~exultantly~~. "Bethany, Elias!"

"Where the ~~Messiah~~ ^{He} parted [?] from the Eleven!" Elias knelt on the hard earth.

"Where, lifting up his hands, the Anointed blessed them and was carried into heaven," Eben said, and knelt also, ~~in a~~ ~~totality~~ of faith.

Jared waited ~~silently~~ until the two ^{arose} ~~rose~~. ^{and then} ~~Then all hurried~~

~~on.~~

arose and then
Then all hurried

305 A
~~Now they could talk freely.~~ Jared explained to Elias the errand to Jericho which Eben must undertake alone.

"I will go with him," Elias said ~~quickly~~.

"I will be glad to have you, Brother," Eben said.

After Jericho, when Jared had caught up with them, they all would go to Jamnia, Jared said. ^{h2} But how I leave you!

~~"And in Jamnia," Eben said to Elias, "you can talk with Amos and ask about a good place to take your Writing. And when you have decided, we three can go to Bethel. There will be nothing to stop us. Amos's women will be safe."~~

~~"Unless," Jared said, "the journey from Rome and now this race from the Compound, have taken the strength out of you."~~

~~"All along I had the strength, and I hope to go on having it."~~

Such a Writing as ~~his~~, too great to be kept for Rome alone, must give strength, Eben thought.

"I wish I might read the Writing," Jared said. ~~"I read our own language, of course, and Greek, quite well, and the language of the Romans a little."~~

~~"I must hurry the Writing to wherever it is going," Elias said. "Besides, I am forbidden to let anyone read it except one like James,"~~

~~"Now I must leave you," Jared said. "They had got beyond the outskirts of little Bethany. "Are you sure you can manage, Eben?"~~

375

307 309

Listen for this, after the second night."

Jared whistled a partridge call, not the soft, comforting note with which mother partridges, all summer, had been rounding up their young, but the September warning, short, brittle, sharp.

"When you hear that, it will be either the bird or me. Answer the same way." He embraced Eben, touched head and heart in salute to Elias, and strode southward.

"Wait!" Eben called. "How old is the daughter of Amos?"

"Fifteen, almost sixteen."

"Sixteen! I thought she was just a little thing. She should have a husband. If she had a husband, she wouldn't be making this trouble for us. Why isn't she married?"

Jared was out of sight in the darkness, and his voice came back, disembodied, but clear.

"Why don't you ask her, Eben?"

"I will," Eben called. But after he and Elias had pushed down out of Judea's mountains toward the rich Jordan plain, and Jericho, he changed his mind. He touched Elias's shoulder.

"You ask her, Elias," he said. "A question like that is better asked by someone older."

X X X X

Also it's a good cut. made the matches. Jared was out of sight and sound. > sup's w/ B because Jared's voice came back. W. would you consider ending with But Jared was out of sight and sound.