



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

Copyright Notice:

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit www.mnhs.org/copyright.

The great highway that came up to Jerusalem from the north was called the Damascus Road but ~~Damascus was not~~ ^{it did not end at} ~~its beginning~~ even though the Roman pavement went no farther. Beyond Damascus ^{it} the highway forked. Left, now a ribbon of dust, it wound on to Antioch a scandalous city where rites ^{celebrating} ~~honoring~~ Apollo made moralists say that the earthquakes which had been shaking it for two hundred years were deserved twice over. Right, it ran on to Aleppo which the first Selucid king had renamed Beroea for the Macedonian birthplace he had left to ^{his} ~~follow~~ world-conquering Alexander. Beroea ^{with the word} ~~at~~ Aleppo ^{also} was also notorious, its soiled fame ^{rested} ~~rested~~ on its unique death penalty for malefactors. They were dropped down a tower onto a feather bed of fiery embers.

But the highway did not stop at Antioch or Beroea. Westward, it ran on and on through bleak Cilicia where Polemon's goats and forests ^{now} ~~now~~ lacked a queen, and through many other minor domains whose kings had not bedded a Herodian long enough to win half a paragraph in history, all the way to Ephesus, that city on the Azure Grecian sea where ^{was dreaded} ~~fear of sorcerers~~ yielded ^{almost a} ~~only to the~~ ^{more} profitable adoration of Diana. ^{Though her} ~~Though her~~ ^{profitably}

Here in mid-Judea the highway advanced under the shadows of high Scopus and ~~then~~, at Jerusalem's outskirts, squeezed between two knolls. ~~The one~~ eastward was the hill of possible military value. Most Judeans, Samaritans and Galilleans called this Golgotha, the place of the skull, ^{fanciful or ways maintained that} ~~and~~ far off its caves and ravines did suggest ~~to the fanciful viewers~~ empty

Ephesus, that city on the azure Grecian sea torn between its adoration of Diana and

where Diana was adored in ~~xxxxxx~~ orgies that surpassed those that Antioch staged for Apollo and sorcerers who soeard both goddess and god had accumulated ~~xxxxxxx~~ an occult library that kept half the world in terror until

Ephesus, that city on the azure Grecian sea ~~xxxxxx~~ whose ~~xxxxxx~~ love of sorcerers was second only to its love of Diana.

Ephesus which ~~xxxxx~~ sorcerers worshipped

Ephesus which ~~xxxxx~~ its cult of sorcerers almost as ~~xxxxxx~~ it adored Diana.

Ephesus which fearer i s cult of sorcerers almost as strongly as it adored

Ephesus where fear of its cult of sorcerers was ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{second only} devotion to ~~xxxxx~~ to its more profitable ~~xxxxxxx~~ of Diana.

Ephesus that city on the azure Grecian sea where fear of sorcerers was ⁽¹²³⁴⁾ ~~second~~ only to a more profitable adoration of Diana.

was beyond him.

He brought the trumpet up. His lips shrank from the frigid, ~~sooth~~ mouthpiece but he drew a deep breath, pressed firmly and blew the rolling notes which for so long had been rousing the Brotherhood to worship and work.

The sound buffeted the cliffs and rebounded eastward. ~~He lowered his trumpet and looked up.~~ Nothing happened until the sound had re-rebounded into the caves from the buildings across the plateau. Then shadowy figures ~~erupted~~ from cave entrances and shouted (this was also a rule) into adjacent caves to stir up laggards. Early Heber waved sheepishly before scrambling with the others to the level ground and, happy to turn attention from his own belatedness, cried praise of the new Awakener's vigilance.

^{Jared}
"Heber never fails us!"

Others, the rule of silence, was not enforced before First Ritual, cried out their own admiration of one who could be counted on to get up even in such frosty weather.

"He blows a mighty trumpet."

"This second time he may crack the very cliffs."

Jared blew a second summons (another rule) and turned and ran -- in that cold he raced -- the others following to the rendezvous in the Community courtyard.

* * * * *

The Fifteen, their slow procession emphasizing less ^{their} sense of dignity than the many years which militated against running even on a cold morning ~~distantly~~ approached the courtyard

6

dream of entering the Scriptorium, rigidly reserved for the Masters. In the Library, however, he read over and over the accumulation of Scrolls--the Law, landed down from Moses; the prophets, the wisest of past generations, and the Writings, tales of holiness, wisdom, duty, sacrifice and love, and countless others.

Walking the short remaining distance with Heber now alongside, Jared licked his lips in unconscious confession of hunger. He was, ~~however,~~ so accustomed to hunger that he could put it out of his mind ~~although~~ ^{but} he sympathized ^{when} ~~with~~ Heber

pick up at old Page 8

Zealots - one of the few mentions
be

The vexillum's movements would alert the Zealots but better that than offer an easy target. Besides, this spreading might take attention away from the hidden six.

On on the scratch three or four Zealots took aim.

"Shields!" Cotta warned.

Shields were not needed. The Zealots' arrows never got away. The six on the ground shot first and one Zealot staggered back and another swayed on his ledge and tumbled down like a stick tossed over a precipice.

The body struck on the north side of the rock's base but neither Cotta nor the vexillum, to their surprise, heard any sound. Distance, and not much distance at that, had wrapped death in a silence as complete as any fall into Aleppo's fiery feather bed. And watching where the zealot fell Cotta at last saw how Masada might be retaken. It would be killing work but welcome because ~~xxxxxxx~~ it would avert a drawnout assault that would leave half of the assaultry party dead or, worse, wounded. Only such a physician as Titus's own gave a wounded man a chance of surviving but who of the rank and file could hope to have Titus's physician.

The north side of the rock's base which the camelrider had said was called the White Promontory rose higher than any other. It was broad enough to support an earth bank such as the legions regularly raised when they had no easier way to lift themselves, ~~xxxxxxx~~ or scaling ladders up to an foe's wall, and this first bank would support a second for pallistas,

all the auxiliaries attached to the Twelfth Legion. "Your best! And your three best troop leaders and their seconds. That wall is full of outgates. A mob could jump us from any one."

"Everybody in Bezetha that is anybody has a garden outside that wall," the Brigadier said, "or an orchard, or grove, or all three, and irrigation ditches run every which way. It's a lousy place for cavalry if we are jumped."

"Titus would like nothing better. We've heard him say a thousand times that if you give defenders a stiff beating at the start you've got a siege half won. Just you make sure you bring the troops to give the beating."

"A running horse'll sink in soft garden ground and trip over irrigation ditches as easy as falling down hill. Who says the Jews'll be the ones to get the stiff beating?"

* * * * *

The great highway that came up to Jerusalem from the north was called the Damascus Road but it did not end at Damascus; only the solid Roman pavement went no further. Beyond Damascus it forked. Left, now a ribbon of dust, it wound on to Antioch, a scandalous city where rites exalting Apollo provoked moralists to argue that the earthquakes which had been shaking it for two hundred years were well deserved. Right it ran on to Aleppo which the first Selicud king had renamed Beroëa for his Macedonian birthplace. Beroëa-Aleppo also was notorious because of its mayor's waggish disposal of malefactors. He had them dropped down a tower onto

Antioch

disposal of malefactors. He had them dropped down a tower onto a featherbed of fiery embers.

The highway did not end even at Beroea or Antioch. It ran westward through bleak Cilicia where Polémon's goats and forests now were queenless and through many other minor domains whose kings had not bedded a Herodian long enough to earn a paragragp in history all the way to Ephesus on the azure Grecian sea, where rival shops hawked sorcerers' surest incantations and statuettes of Diana, both equally warranted to cool boils, warm hearts and work other wonders.

Here in Judea the highway advanced under the shadow of high Scopus and, at Jerusalem's outskirts, squeezed between two knolls. Eastward was the hill of possible military value. Most Judeans, Samaritans and Galilleans, for once agreed, called this Golgotha, The Place of the Skull, because from afar its caves and ravines suggested empty eye sockets and nose and mouth holes. The literal-minded, however, argued that the cadavers of evildoers had inspired the name, since they hung on Golgotha until vultures had stripped them to skulls and other bones. The west knoll was given over to Bezethan gardens dreaded by the Brigadier. These also challenged pillagers with mud or stone walls topped by thorns or prickly pear hedges where serpents were deadly liers-in-wait. Here, too, were caves remade by rich men into fine tombs so near the Holy City that they were sure to be holy resting places.

* * * * *

Need version

Feeling safe himself because the Chaste One had taught him to trust and, perhaps, because the courage of youth is in inverse ratio to experience, Jared looked past the cliffs to the limitless wasteland on the chance that he might descry a distressed traveller. Every Brother looked, another rule, whenever he found himself on the Tower, although probably some looked to relieve monotony.

Jared had never thought life in the Community monotonous, nevertheless the desert was always a welcome sight. He had studied it as he had his scrolls. Of late years he had gone into it often because the Chaste One, remembering his own youthful, gnawing restlessness, had got Jared permission to wander until fatigue, or as near fatigue as his big body could be driven, had subdued wild appetite and restored obedience.

Michael had helped. Jared had found Michael in an Enoch scroll. One of the Writings told how Enoch had been translated into Heaven and had returned telling of angels and other wonders and Michael had been one of the angels, especially set apart to be the guardian of Israel.

"Mighty Michael!" Jared prayed over and over in the desert, "Give me the strength to deal with what I must deal!"

He believed in angels, of course. In his day men believed in much they never saw. But Enoch said he had seen and that made belief easier for Jared. The chief angel was the Angel of the Presence, so wholly one with the Lord that sometimes he spoke for the Lord in the Lord's absence. Others were glorious singing creatures with nothing to do but attend the sun and moon and order the stars. Lesser angels were in charge of fire, the winds, clouds, snow, hail, frost, thunder, lightning, winter, spring, summer, autumn,

angel

Jared was the one in imminent peril.

"Should you be here, Jared. Should you not be up in a safe cave?"

"I .." But Jared could not bring himself to explain that he had come to protect the Chaste One who had protected himself through so many years. He did not need to say it.

"So you came for me, Jared?"

The Chaste One smiled in gratitude.

"Well, then, it is fitting that I try to do something for you who are so much more likely to be carried off, or worse. Let us covenant. You go back to the cliffs and I'll to my Tower." He beamed. "Then I shall be safe, also, from the Overseer's rebuke."

It would be only an almost imperceptible rebuking look, Jared thought. But of course a rebuking look from the Overseer was not the issue. That was to move the Chaste One from the path of the pests who shortly would swarm into sight from the Dead Sea.

"It is a good covenant," Jared said. "Will you go now?"

"You do press when you want something, Jared. From the first day with us, you pressed whenever you wanted anything."

"I am anxious to see you back in the Tower," Jared admitted and added guilefully, "And, of course, afterward I shall still have all the distance back to my cave."

"I am starting, Jared."

The Chaste One beamed again, to say that he was yielding not because of need but because he would not hold out against affectionate urging. He got up slowly because so little

oil remained to lubricate his joints that they would have creaked a painful protest against a quick rise, and put a transparent hand on Jared's shoulder.

"Now go to your own refuge. I need walk only to the Tower."

Jared measured the distance back. He could not leave so much sand and shingle to ~~unattended~~ ^{hurrying} old legs, even though they made it unattended often in more leisurely times, and even though he ought, perhaps, to get off at once.

"Let us go together at least to where the smooth walk begins."

"No farther. You cannot be in sight when the Romans come."

"No farther."

They set off, side by side, and when the Chaste One turned unsteady in the loose going Jared's hand was only affectionate on a thin elbow, and not at all a gesture of tactless, brawny youth.

They reached the Mall.

"And not too soon," the Chaste One said, again sharply penetrating.

Jared listened. The blurred click of hobnails and exasperated complaints as heels slid in shale were unmistakable. He looked.

The first Romans were worming up over the steep Dead S slope.

"And you hear so far off?" he said, embarrassed even though it had been his attentiveness that had kept him from hearing first.

"I was not left by my father with the Brotherhood

M A M

old version

for the lambs might slow me up, and I must get back."

*has Chi
been said?*

He smiled, as usual more with his eyes than with his mouth, and Even grinned back.

"We needn't decide everyting here," Ebeh said, and balanced his staff,

"I'll be off," Heth said. "I'm overdue at Emmaus as it is/" He nodded to Jared. "Ill wait for your messenger."

Jared raised a hand in promise and admiring salute. There went a good man, no matter if the colonists did smile because he was slow in picking up certain of their skills.

daily pall over everything. The Levite tower was concealed but abruptly he thought he saw .. something .. splendidly vaulting.

An Angel of the Clouds? Perhaps even mighty .. He would not

~~let the name take shape. Common sense took over and he knew~~

~~he had only imagined a thing as invisible as the palms and pillar~~

~~pillar of smoke and Rephaim's giants, only the shadow cast by a~~

~~terdy disturbing ^{memories} memory of his walk in the City and Temple.~~



PART TWO



This was the vilest morning that Obal could remember at Netophah. Naturally, any morning was vile after a caravan had spent the night before at the inn. Obal had had to be up and down, down and up, ~~in~~ and the dogs, too, ^{after so many} A few men of every caravan, ^{weeks} their loins aching after so long on the Incense Road, were always tapping hopefully at the women's door. Last night ^{Obal} Jared had hardly slept at all; and it had been cold and ~~the~~ heavy fog had been the next thing to rain ^{to} and besides being sleepy, he was miserable in damp clothing, ^{and} and the dogs were miserable, also, sniffing on wet paws ^{when} as they stretched out ^{to rest from their} ~~after snoring from~~ dusk to dawn, ^{snoring}

The caravan was leaving. Its master was at one side of the courtyard, where Tamar had taken her usual station; ^{he was} thanking her for her hospitality even though he knew ~~she~~ she had charged well for that. His men, kicking their beasts through the great gates, were looking back in unrewarded admiration.

Tamar had slept ^{she} warm and away from the fog and was glowing, ~~and golden~~ shortly would start ~~her women at the tidying up~~ her women at the tidying up which ^{Any} the caravan ^{departure} had made necessary. A fold of her gray work dress was tucked in at her waist to ^{raise} ~~keep~~ the hem clear of ^{courtyard} dust and muck and her sleeves were pinned back to her shoulders, baring her golden arms.

She was at her station not because she thought to halt any brawl among these caravaneers, ^{then} made edgy by the irritations of long travel. It was for the caravan master to keep his own peace. She ^{stood} was there -- the Innkeeper -- ⁴⁵ like her grandfather, father and someone

X?
 I think has been used in the past
 STEP and

I think has been used in the past

of her clan had stood, since before questing Balkis, to remind depart-
ing guests by her ^{presence} ~~presence~~ of their peculiar obligation to Netophah.

On this last half of the Incense Road / between Akahah and Jerusalem ^{There}
~~there~~ they had found no other Inn, ^{Nowhere in Israel}
~~they would find another~~ and even after that not one which
was Netophah's equal. ~~It was~~ ~~the~~ ~~only~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~its~~
~~kind, place and fact.~~

This added to the suspense of what was going to happen next. I had a hunch that the incident was not simple.

"Jared said it was."

"And when you are done I'll have something ready to eat."

The harmony was all around. He bathed, Tamar made a tray ready, and he looked at it, ^{Tamar had made ready} and laughed and took her into his arms.

He awoke to find himself standing, shouting, shaking, and

Tamar sitting up on the pallet staring in bewilderment.

"You cried out, ^{Jared!} she said. "But at what?"

"At Obal."

When he had said it he did not believe it.

"Obal? Obal would never harm you. ^{I dreamed he had betrayed me}"

"I dreamed he did. Not here. Not now. Somewhere later time."

"But Obal talks of nothing except how he loves you."

"In my dream he betrayed me to an enemy."

When he had said it, ^{Jared} Jared could not be sure, ^{if it} if it. His nightmare had already faded, ^{and fading also} now he could not have said why Obal had betrayed him, or when or where. And the ones to whom he ~~was betrayed~~ had been ^{was} fading, also. ^{only} The dimmest of figures, ^{shape as I wanted} only a thin fog with ~~an~~ something outlined ^{in it} remained. Ervt. Tall. Small mouthed. Commanding. Implacable. It would have been all these if the outline had been sufficiently clear, but ~~the~~ the outline was so dim it merely vaguely suggested these things, ^{and} suggested so vaguely that Jared would not be sure he had ever seen such a man, let alone ~~that~~ that he had known him well enough to now put a name ^{on} to him.

Obal
"Jared said it was."

"Obal wants ~~xxxxxxx~~ you to ~~xxxxxxx~~ forget that ~~he~~ you did not ~~xxxxxxx~~ get a bath instantly, the first time you asked. ~~xxxxx~~"

"Obal wants to welcome anyone you welcome."

"When you have bathed, I'll have something for your hunger."

~~The xxxxxxx~~

The harmony was everywhere. He bathed and looked at the tray Tamar had ~~made~~ ready and took her into his arms.

He awoke. He was standing, shouting, shaking, and Tamar was staring ~~up~~ at him in bewilderment.

"You cried 'Obal!' Jared! 'But why.?"

"I dreamed Obal had betrayed me."

~~When he had said it he did not believe it.~~

Obal? "Obal would never betray you."

"I dreamed he did. Not here. Not now. Somewhere else and later."

"Obal would die for you."

"I dreamed he betrayed me to an enemy."

When Jared made the accusation, ~~but he~~ ^{did not believe I} was less and less sure.

The nightmare was ~~already fading~~, ^{So} fading, also, were the why, when and where. And the one to whom he had been betrayed was ~~now only~~ ^a the dimmest of shapes, ^{outlined in} a thin fog, with an ~~unrecognizable something~~ outlined in it. Erect. With a small mouth. Commanding. Implacable. ~~All~~ these if the outline had been clear. But it was so dim that it ~~doubted~~ only suggested these things. And so vaguely that Jared ~~wouldxxxxxxx~~ he had ever even seen such an one, let alone known him well enough to now put a name on him.

(144)

Well," she said, "We have had this long. Come inside. Your bath will be ready before you are,"

He cupped his hands under her elbows and lifted her until her feet swung clear and shook her to make her less sober.

"Obal will say you waste water."

"When will you start for Jerusalem?"

"Titus is still only planning. The legions are camped on Scopus and the Mount of Olives. No closer. I do not need to start today."

"For once you need not hurry away."

He bathed, the harmony all about, and one of the women brought in a tray of food. He took Tamar into his arms.

When he awoke he was standing, shouting and shaking and Tamar was staring in bewilderment.

"You cried out," she said, "but at what."

"At Obal!"

~~He said it, but~~ when he had said it he could not believe it.

"Obal? Obal would never harm you."

"I dreamed ~~that~~ he did. Not here. Not now. Some later time."

"But Obal?"

"Obal!"

"Obal talks of nothing except how he loves you."

"In my dream he ~~had an enemy to me.~~ *betrayed me to an enemy*"

"What enemy?"

Jared could not say. He had already grown unsure of his nightmare because already it was fading. Now he could not have said why Obal had betrayed him and the one to whom he had been betrayed

"You cried out!" Tamar said. "But at what?"

"At Obal!" He said it although he could not believe it himself.

"Obal? He would never harm you."

"I dreamed he did. Not here. Not now. Some time in the future."

"Not Obal!"

"Obal."

"Obal talks of nothing except how he loves you."

"In my dream he hated me and betrayed me to an enemy."

"What enemy?"

Jared could not say. That soon he had grown unsure because already the dream, after the fashion of dreams, was fading. Now he could not have even said why Obal had betrayed him and the one to whom he had been betrayed was only vaguely tall, wiry and erect, with a vaguely narrow, disciplined mouth. But the whole nightmare of betrayal brought back an awareness of his own discipline and duties. The finger of morning was letting more and more light into the room. He gathered up clothes and weapons.

"I must go."

Tamar was too confused to protest as she had protested before but she hurried into her own attire and pressed against him.

"Come back soon! Tomorrow?"

"Very soon."

Not to risk arousing the others he went out again by the small gate which Tamar's cautious ancestor had built long before and, skirting the mouldering walls, hurried down limestone patches into shadows still heavy in the troughs of the billowing desert.

M. M. You might find a line or two which would further emphasize details.

Marcus Julius Agrippa, Herod II, Tetrarch of Trachonitis with Abila and of Batab, a and Toparch of Julius, Tiberias and Tarichea did come on ~~an~~ a handsome but ambling nag picked by the captain of his guard because it was not too restive for his ill balanced royal body. He was pudgier than he should have been at forty-two and Jared had never heard of a ruler who looked less like one. Tall enough! But so podgy that he sat his horse like a sack of partly baked dough and with a face so bloodless you had to wonder what he fed on. A lonely looking man, too, and so suspicious that his eyes flicked and flicked as though looking for an enemy among his very protectors.

Two more protectors rode before him, and were joined by two of those who had ridden into sight a moment earlier. These four formed ~~xxxxxxx~~ before their master and the other four ~~xxxxxxx~~ behind him, so that Herod II, tetrarch and toparch, rode between two walls that kept the world out.

"Who wouldn't be lonely, barred thus from everybody," Jared said to himself.

Agrippa was, as anyone could see who ^{risks a blow for} ~~dared risk the rebuke~~ of the houseguard by looking close, talking to himself. This was a ~~habit-practice, weakness--~~ that had grown on him in his sister's absences. Together she had been his closest companion, neither minding what conclusions ^{anyone} might be drawn ~~from such closeness~~. Whatever the conclusion it would have been no worse than the truth. ~~But when she was away, and he had no confidant and knew he must suspect whoever offered himself as confidant, he grew lonely.~~

In her last absence, after her marriage to King Polemon in bleak Cilicia, Agrippa had edged into middle age where loneliness and suspicion, ^{Aware} ~~if it had existed earlier, increases. Sure~~ that he

lips were fixed in a small, self-satisfied smile as though to remind ^{one and all} whoever caught it that while he was, undeniably, ^{one his father's side} ~~no~~ more than the grandson of a smalltime Roman money lender, ~~this~~ ^{had been} on his father's side, he was also, ~~no~~ through his grandmother ^{Sister to} descended from a senator, ^{was} and through his mother ^{was} ~~from~~ a Roman knight ^{in daughter} and so, by blood, ^{he was} well entitled to ~~hold~~ his present post of high command.

lips were fixed in a small, self-satisfied smile to remind one and all that while he was, on his father's side, no more than the grandson of a petty Roman moneylender his grandmother had been sister to a senator and his own mother daughter of a and apart from the fact that his father was now Emperor, Roman knight so, by blood, he was well entitled to his present post of high command.

lips were fixed in a small, self-satisfied smile as though to remind ~~all~~ critics that while he was, ^{his grand father had been no} on his father's side, ^{The more than} no more than ^{the} grandson of a petty Roman money lender his grandmother had been a senator's sister and his own mother, ^{the} daughter of a Roman knight so, ^{not counting} ~~apart from the fact~~ that he was the Emperor's son, he was well entitled by blood to his present high command. That he could keep his smile

Titus shifted to find an easier seat. He fitted a little too snugly. He was, in spite of the taxing Palestine campaign, a mite overweight. The family ran to fat. But he was not soft, he could, and had, swim rivers in armor and then led the fight. Dark and medium tall his plump lips were fixed, as usual in a small arrogant smile as though to remind critics that while his grandfather had been no more than a petty Roman moneylender his grandmother had been a senator's sister and his mother a knight's daughter; so, forgetting that he was the Emperor's son, blood alone entitled him to his present high post. That he could keep his smile small suggested that, as leaders must, he had learned to rule his moods. His big nose hooked, Roman style, at least as noticeably as any nose in Judea, his round chin jutted. Hook and jut do not always prove much but in Titus they marked the resolution which had crushed Jallae and impressed the Pharisaic priest-general Josphus who had fought him hard but now was his hostage and partisan. In spite of the risk of a setback in the siege, always possible before a city so

M & M. I like these very much. But perhaps to cut them because they would require identification

uplifted, principally, of course, to direct humble gratitude straight toward heaven but perhaps a little ^{to} ^{and} ^{cross} ^{and} cheeks to the first faint downward striking wrath, all cried exultantly:

center

"We thank Thee, O Lord!"
"Thou who has lifted us,
"Thou who has made plain deep mysteries,
"Thou who has raised Belial against our foes."

Arms swung up to frame uplifted heads.

center

"We thank Thee, O Lord!"
"Thou who hast placed our feet in firm ground
"Thou who keepst thy favored ones forever before Thee,
"Thou who did place the most righteous here."

Silence fell.

It would continue virtually unbroken through the long day. Hereafter no one would speak except from need and then only in his proper turn. ~~xxxxxxx~~

So, silent but still with upswung arms and lifted heads, the Brothers waited until the thin brittle ^{cry} ^{of} ^{the} ^{PTA} ~~voice~~ of the Priest of Aaron ^{came} ~~said~~ again.

"We thank Thee, O Lord!"
"We thank Thee, O Lord!"
"We thank Thee, O Lord."

turned toward the Overseer

The Brothers lowered arms and bowed heads and ^{shivered} ~~gave little~~

~~discreet~~ signs of relief and under their thin garments yearned toward the waxing circle in the sky. Then ~~surprisingly~~ they began to steal glances ^{at} ~~in the direction~~ of the Overseer, ~~seeming~~ ⁱⁿ to gird for something less agreeable than the devout office which they had just ended.

cut

from D's
rejects

The Overseer must have accepted Heber's explanation and was ~~nearly~~ sending him to straighten the stones, rake the dust and clear away the prickly desert litter which was always gathering on the graves. It was a mean job and, as the Overseer doubtless knew, one Heber would dislike. ^{The big young man} ~~He~~ was timid about death. He was also timid about life. Jared sometimes thought that it must have been fear which had brought him into the Community; he greatly valued its security. The Overseer was a wise old man; a just one, too, Jared thought.

see 9a

M & M I'm not sure whether this was
 light in the
 book. But
 it helps to build
 up HEBER

Community. It had helped that he was often allowed to go by himself into the desert. The Chaste One, remembering his own youthful, gnawing restlessness, had won permission for his charge to wander until fatigue, or as near fatigue as his strong body could be driven, had subdued wild appetite, and ~~restored obedience.~~

The angel Michael ^{also} had helped. Jared had found Michael in an Enoch scroll. This told how ^{Cain's eldest son} Enoch had been translated into Heaven but had come back telling of wonders, and especially of Michael ^{who was} ~~who had~~ been set apart as the guardian of Israel.

"Great Michael!" Jared prayed when ~~grappling~~ ^{torment.} with ~~extremity~~ in the desert or elsewhere, ^{"Help me"} "Give me strength."

He believed in angels, of course. Like others of his time, he believed in much that he never saw. But Enoch had seen, he said, and for Jared that made belief ~~easy~~ ^{simple.} He believed in many angels. The chief ~~angel~~ ^{was the} Angel of the Presence. He (or perhaps she since with angels it was hard to say) was ~~was~~ wholly one with the Lord ~~that~~ and sometimes spoke for the Lord in the Lord's absence. Other indubitable creatures of glory were singing angels who ~~did nothing~~ but attend the sun and moon and order ^{the} stars. Lesser angels were in charge of fire, the winds, clouds, snow, hail, frost, thunder, lightning, winter, spring, summer, autumn/.

^{might - appearance} Almost any of them, Jared thought gazing over the wasteland, ^{nothing} ~~might appear now.~~ But no great wings blotted out the sky and the only shadows on the billowing sand were cast by shrubs and chips of weathered blue rock. These were scattered ~~far~~ as though once some giant had cracked boulders and ~~gown~~ their shards with mighty arm sweeps. In the distance -- ~~new~~ in shadow ^{or} now gray, sable, lavender, and purple, in sunlight ^{or snow white} now gold, salmon, silver and ~~as white as snow~~ -- the desert billowed past outcroppings of limestone and piled into hillocks (one, perhaps, marking the lost well once revealed to Hagar) until horizon haze made one of desert and sky. But never an angel nor, even, an angel's wing.

angels -
cant see now
the desert again while his bitches black dressed.

The patching was found but long ago
no the desert again while his bitches black dressed.

Jared was relieved that the Overseer had accepted his explanations.

To the south, the cemetery ended at a breakneck ravine which, in the rainy season, was fed by waters from many tributary ravines and for days was brimful with a raging torrent that swept boulders before it on its way to the Salt Sea. ~~It was dry now (or Salt Sea. At~~ ~~such times it was impassible and it was formidable even when dry.~~ ^{ravine} This bounded the Community on the south which on the other sides was enclosed by a low ^{all} ~~low~~ ^{low} wall.

A long walk beyond the ravine Jared could glimpse the Oasis and the roof of the farmer whom Heber had helped. Here stock was pastured ~~and~~ when grass was good and wheat, barley, flax, beans, peas, mandrakes, leeks and garlic were grown. Sometimes, for old appetites, lettuce and melons were raised but not much of the scanty fertile acreage ~~could~~ could be spared for such luxuries.

~~Jared's gaze~~

Jared's gaze came back to the plateau with its rough stone structures, limestone paved courts and low walls. It lay peaceful under the morning sun. Of course, being preservers of the Covenant which the Lord had made with the chosen people, they would be called upon some day to do battle with the Sons of Darkness, but that was in the unforeseeable future. The Community was seldom threatened by Kittim, as enemies were called. Bandits, after a look at scanty provisions, rude dishes, crude tools, worn apparel and frayed sandals, usually left in something like apology, exacting no quittance. Here the Brothers, all goods shared, toiled and worshipped in peace and ...usually....amity.

Jared looked contentedly over the familiar scene//the only home he could remember.

later this word was dropped from the book, I think

We thank thee O God," ^{he chanted as he plunged ahead.}

The ^{was} world dark but desert birds knew the dawn ~~and~~ was coming and soon the sky showed streaks of light. and so did Jared. ~~He chanted as he plunged ahead, "We thank thee O God, we thank thee O God."~~

With the spokes of the wheel of morning ^{was} visible, he flung himself prostrate, and then rose and started plunging ^{forward} again.

He ran, as though he could outrun any danger in this new thrilling friendship but its sweetness stayed with him and he smiled as he ran.

o o o o o

1

194A.

"Even after you came here you offered them peace." Cotta said.
"You sent your prisoner, the Jew Josephus, with your promise of your hand
in security to all who would yield unarmed."

"And accept Roman rule," Titus said. "They had to accept that.
"But almost no one came and no one comes out of the City now."

* * * *

~~Now~~ ~~It was the time of Passover, and~~ The City was full of those who had come to commemorate that long-gone night when their Lord passed over the houses of Israelites but smote the Egyptians. Since then the unforgettable Passover had sustained the People -- in the Wilderness, against Philistines and many ^{enemies,} others, throughout the Captivity and ^{the} Dispersion. Now, once more, the summoned stood reverently whitened and on chosen hilltops the summoning fire flamed again. Once the flame had shone all around but Samaritans had taken to setting misleading fires so now it burned only on ~~a few~~ selected peaks. Often ~~the~~ the summons was carried ~~by messengers.~~ By fire ^{or} ~~and~~ messengers, however, the call had gone out and again in the Month of the Ear thousands on thousands from near and far were crowded into the Holy City.

~~Jared had been sure Eben would be there and he was. His~~

~~straggled through masses~~

The crowds, Jared noted, were even greater than he had found when he came with Heth, but he made his way through them. He was sure Eben would be waiting, and he was. His

M & M.

M & M. at the good way & ~~part~~ in the Passover

28
154

broke out of the darkness, ~~leaped into the moat and up onto the rampart and pelted toward one of the strongpoints, shouting,~~ and Eben relaxed. Jared had been able to handle the ~~two alone.~~ *Entire, alone.*

"Quick!" ~~he~~ ^{Eben} said ~~to his prisoner,~~ his knife ~~giving~~ ^{gave} point to the order. "We'll have to hurry." ~~We~~ ^{we} have to make it alone ourselves."

They ~~got~~ ^{got} out of the moat and crawled a little but then ~~Eben~~ ^{Jared} ~~felt~~ ^{guessed} it safe to stand up and they got along faster ~~and then Jared, as a watchful trot, crossed their trail.~~

"Are you all right?" Eben ~~asked.~~ ^{said}

over
"A sort of slash on one leg." Jared ~~sounded~~ ^{said} irked with himself. "I overstrode when I ~~was~~ ^{tried} trying for his ribs. I never seem to do the thing exactly right. But water and a rag will fix the slash fine. It isn't much." He listened. ~~At one of~~ ^{Behind them} the strong points and then the other, faint alarms, a trumpet, then ^{distant} voices, sounded faintly. They could mean another pursuit.

"Where are our four?"

"Not one showed up."

just what
"I'd have sworn those four would keep their word," Jared ~~said~~ ^{repeated} and abruptly ^{Eben's thought, exactly. Then,} motioned Jared to veer right. "We'll go back by a different path, ~~and let's hurry.~~"

"You think the four are lying in wait to make trouble?"

"Somebody might ^{be.}"

^{the different path}
By a ~~longer~~ route than they had followed toward the ~~circumvallation~~ they came into the shadow cast by Antonia's lofty wall and ahead, at the postern gate, they made out dimly

from
Cramwell
S:don

"If I know the Jews, they groaned and moaned all night when they saw the wall was broken and lost to them."

"I can't figure them," Titus said. "They rejoice over almost nothing. They groan over almost nothing. But when they fight they fight like heroes."

"Below Jerusalem," Cotta said, "I ran into an old fellow. He had been in Jerusalem but ~~was~~red to stay longer. He said ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ hunger was spreading through the whole city."

"Slaughter by one another through the whole city is spreading," Titus said.

I have heard that slaughter by Simon of Giora spreads specially!" Cotta said. "His plunderers even test their swords on the dying and snatch decent covers from the dead. A dozen towns told us. I don't see how, if such calamities happen, the City can hold out long."

"Who can say how long stubborn Jews will hold out."

M O M.
I believe something was
missing from your paper 179.
If so, will you correct it and
return the page to me? I need
believe that - and
may have been
with the issue
I saw
Be kind to
return
M.

"There is no leader," Eben said. "In all the host defending
the City there is no real leader. I know."

Jared said someone must be the leader. Without a leader how
could the host hope to route Titus, and this mob in the gardens hope
to beat the Egyptians?

"I haven't found one leader here, all the while I waited for
you," Eben said. "Simon, yes! But he has followers only because they
believe he is the cunningest about locating plunder. But among the
others there isn't one. Not even among those who have come from far
away, although you would think strangers would stand together."

He nodded. He knew. He had seen. In a Jerusalem so threatened
that it could not survive unless all stood together, Jews from Alex-
andria rebuffed those from Antioch. Nicæa rebuffed Neapolis. Masilia
rebuffed Massana. It was no better nearby. Samaria rebuffed Galilee.
Judea rebuffed Samaria. Jerusalem rebuffed all three.

"If these here would stand together and scatter the Egyptians,"
Jared said, "Titus would see how Jews can fight and might think twice
of his siege."

They were the last in the gardens.

"Who is the leader here?" Jared said.

He and Eben had come to the first of those hidden behind walls,
in ditches, plantings and groves.

"Do men of Shiloh need to be led?"

They found another lot.

"Where do we look for the signal that will send us all
against the Egyptians?"

sure whether this was the fourth, fifth ---tenth day. He and Jared had stood against so many assaults and gone out on so many sorties ^{that} he had lost count. Remembering the ~~se~~ results of these he could, however, nod with some satisfaction. The Romans were less five rams and catapults and not a few legionnaires and horsemen.

He took another slow breath while Jared was ~~bedgering~~ and cajoling

GILBERT

Supercase

35% COTTON

run with hostages into Jerusalem's underground maze. A cunning man, it was said, could hide for a lifetime if necessary in the subterranean tunnels, shafts, ^{and} caves and holes.

* * * * *

Up on Antonia the Jews kept watch. Every terrace had its day and night guard and on the catapult terrace crews lounged beside the readied engines with stones picked for weight and shape and spare parts for every emergency.

Jared and Eben took their turns but ^{they} had time ^{now} for other concerns. Jared found leisure to pray not only at dawn and ^{at} dusk, as he had at the Community, but at other hours when the siege seemed to call for prayer. Usually, he lifted these irregular petitions to great Michael and with his whole heart and strength. ^{And} ~~Sometimes, but not~~ prayerfully, he thought of Tamar, ^{too with increasing longing.}

Eben, waking under the star-bright sky, prayed to his Anointed and thought of his grandfather and of his murdered parents and of the girl they had almost arranged for him to take as wife and he wondered who now was shepherd for the Bethel flock, if the Romans had left any flock in Bethel.

Beyond the circumvallation, sometimes out of sight, the Romans also watched and waited. The legions grumbled but they didn't mind too much; ~~They~~ were not being killed. They drilled, in formations as large as a cohort and as small as a testudo. Details tidied up under the inevitable corporal. Messengers, orderlies, clerks and grooms hurried or loitered according to the urgency of their errands. Optics

The postern guards were reluctant to give up the stuff that made such hot, handy fire, but Jared coaxed and got some.

"I'll pick up some braziers," Eben said. "We don't want to go far for coals when we need one."

black man that unexpectedly looked pretty much like his own
(no paragraph here)

Then he sprang to stand Well but aren't we all the Lord's children?
~~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,~~
~~weren'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 and pushed~~
But the broad spear of another Simonite reached in from a flank and sank
~~his broad blade in and snatched the sword and led a rush against all enemies~~
deep and other Simonites rushed at the centurians and the armistice
~~near at hand.~~
broke into a melee ^{the body and at} engulfing everyone.

Dismayed by a defeat they had not believed possible, the Romans
tried to draw together but in the face of the overwhelming rush they broke
and raced for the ladders. 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,
now pierced by swords and daggers as well as by the spear, seemed to be
turning grey.

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

~~There was silence now on the terrace~~
until a chorus of laments came up from the courtyard and a
man raced up as fast as though on level ground and while everyone
wondered, he got to the terrace, so breathless that at first
he could say only two or three words between gasps.

~~They broke...~~

~~"They broke...through!"~~

~~"The crack did not hold?"~~

~~"Nor Simon's wall! And the Temple...."~~

with a day or two could pass, for it seems to
Remains come might seem to be successful
I worked a way out?
I imagine I worked a way out?
no fighting came on, no ten fellaes
to in order to

"They broke...through!"

The defenders stared at one another in dismay at news which was as unexpected to them as the Black Roman's death had been to their enemies. They crowded around, sure they had heard wrongly and impatient for the right of the story.

"The crack did not hold?" Eben said?

~~Now Simon's wall xxxxxx the Temple xxxxxx~~

~~Impatience changed to appalled silence. If the Temple had been seized, then the Romans had got more than the crack, more than the Court of the Gentiles. More~~

"Now Simon's wall." *And*

~~"Simon did not build that strong enough," a Defender said.~~

~~And the Temple!" xxxxxx~~

"And the Temple...." The messenger ~~said~~, and paused as though choked. *The words would not come.*

The listeners' ~~impatience~~ *were rigid with shock. So* ~~changed to appalled~~ *stillness.* ~~silence. Then~~ *Then* the Romans had got more than the crack, more than the wall!

"You can't mean that the Temple has been seized!"

Jared said.

"Yes, and the sacrifices stopped." *stillness*

Despairing cries broke the silence. The sacrifices had not been stopped in a hundred years. Not since a Selucid king had taken Jerusalem and, to make his royal might remembered, had sent a trampling host through the holy courts. He had never been forgotten. *intense hurt*

"Simon stopped the sacrifices," the messenger said, his breath now easier. "He came saying he wished to worship but all his men hid weapons under their garments."

"The priesthood did not stand against them?" Eben said.

Simonites
"They poured through the Beautiful Gate and slew

tramped into the Court of the Gentiles they saw that, in the end, little would be left. Probably nothing. There were two fires.

"A legionnaire threw a torch into the Holy of Holies to start the second."

A few Romans, harried by a centurion, were carrying water to the legionnaire's fire but its smoke did not abate in the five storied building whose first floor held what Israel most revered. Furniture needing repair or refurnishing chiefly filled the other ~~rooms~~ and fed the flames.

briskly

M to M. Is it all right to have the author make this explanation? Can you devise any other way?

The helpful centurion was a puzzle that Jared and Eben solved later. The Roman leaders had debated firing the Temple and Titus, supported by Tiberius Alexander and Sextus Cerealis, had held that they must not revenge themselves on an inanimate thing which was also so noble a work that it would add to the prestige of whatever future governor ruled Jerusalem. The centurion had tried to extinguish the fire hoping for Titus's favor or to escape his anger. ~~wrath~~ *wrath*.

Simon's fire, licking through the ^{lower} buildings around the Court of Israel, burned with no one trying to stop it although other Romans, in disciplined columns, ~~but with a fearful centurion,~~ were ~~knxkx~~ near by in the Lower City.

No priests were in sight and almost no citizens. The priests who had not been slain by Simon had joined still resisting remnants in the Upper City. The citizens who were non-fighters, half dead of hunger, were hiding to escape Roman capture ~~or worse.~~

Jared and Eben stood watching almost alone. The ^{heroic} defenders of Antonia, with nothing to defend, had straggled off, ^{some} ~~a few~~ to Simon ^{at the} ~~or some~~ Upper City remnant but most to the open country. There, at least, they could run and ^{stet} ~~hope~~ to hide from any danger.

"I want to look around here," Jared said. But whatever *inspection*

M to M. Would you check last 3+4 from end.

"There are no better hiding places than right here in the City and the Temple," Jared said. "Besides, I want to look."

Eben thought he understood. After standing so long ready for fighting and sorties he, too, welcomed a free moment in which he could examine some of the details of the disaster which had befallen Jerusalem. But it was not allowed. ~~Whatever inspection~~ they might have begun was interrupted by ^{the} sight of a middle-aged priest, tall and stout and seeming stouter in his swinging ^{white} linen coat and wide white trousers who had run stiffly under the colonnade.

"He's making for the stairs up here," Eben said. "Now why?"

The priest reached the roof and they saw that a fifth color had been added to his girdle with its radiant white, crimson, blue-purple and red-purple, the colors of the sanctuary. A dull stain ^{had} spread over the other ^{four} colors and along the ^{left side} ~~middle~~ of his smoke-grimed coat. A ~~great~~ ring full of worn keys seemed too heavy for his right arm.

Without any sign ^{of noticing} that the colonnade had other occupants, he ^{limped} ~~limped~~ to the parapet and looked back at the burning Temple and then forward at Bezetha's burned vineyards and scorched sepulchres and down at the intervening ^{slingers} rocky plain where horsemen were racing, ~~slingers~~ were tippling, crewmen, enjoying idleness after so much work, were sprawling over rams and catapults, legionnaires were gazing up with awe at the cracked wall they had taken and everyone was roaring in relief that, for a little while at least, this long fight had broken off.

"I'd have thought they'd ^{would} be raging because so many ^{of them} were

M & M
Restor. of
40-520
fit

thrown down from here when the fighting everywhere should have been called off," Eben said.

"They probably don't know yet," Jared said. "Until someone recognizes a friend how can a few more dead make any difference when there are so many dead all around?"

The priest looked mournfully a last time at the smoking Temple, then raised his face to the sky and lifted his heavy ring of keys ~~and~~ as though sweeping a handful of incense on an altar. He did not seem to see Jared and Eben even now.

"Master of Heaven!" he cried. "Here are the keys thou didst entrust to us! We have proved unworthy custodians!" He drew his arm back, wincing, and flung the keys with a mighty fling and Jared and Eben, their eyes clouding unexpectedly, could not have said in which direction or how far. ^{they went} Then he ^{the priest turned blindly} turned to the stairs and stepped down out of sight.

Eben slowly inhaled and exhaled and realized that, unconsciously, he had ^{known he} been so sure he was seeing a great thing ~~for~~ ^{was} that he had not breathed until the thing finished. Jared ~~seemed~~ hardly to have noticed. His grim mouth said his thought ^{was elsewhere,} had been elsewhere.

~~Eben said~~ "Is there any reason," Eben said, "why ~~now~~ we shouldn't ^{leave} get out of this City?"

"I want to get ^{at} to Simon," Jared said. ~~and~~ ~~xxx~~

"Simon! His men won't let us into his hideaway. How ^{we have to} can you think of getting ^{out} to Simon ^{himself?}"

"Is he to go free? [?] Is he to scheme his way to safety without being called on for payment?"

~~Someone~~ ^{The Roman} will get ~~to~~ him. No matter how he schemes ^{is} is as good as dead right now. But--" and Eben shook Jared's ~~shoulders~~ ^{shoulders}. "You have ^e promised to help Amos's women."

Jared was silent and grim.

In silence they descended to the Court of the Gentiles and Eben looked around for the priest with the blood-stained coat but he had disappeared.

They went on to the streets where they had walked, searching for rope. The air ~~was rancid with smoke and the streets were empty and~~ was rancid with smoke ~~and the streets were empty and~~

Rising out of the wide desolation came the sounds of

Beyond Kidron, clouds shadowed the Mount of Olives. Here and there, the dark growth on the Mount was broken by patches of bare rock looking, so far off, like distant pleasant patches of purple grapes.

Down in the ~~city~~ Holy City

In silence, they descended to the Court of the Gentiles and Eben looked around for the priest with the blood-stained coat but he had disappeared. TP They went on to the

~~streets~~ streets where they had walked, searching for rope. ~~the~~ The air over the Holy City was rancid with smoke and ~~the~~

~~the~~ the stench of war and famine, war and famine. ~~Across its~~ ~~lay~~ the lordly, the priestly, the devout, the hypocrites, the rich, the poor lay dead. Somewhere, Jared remembered, the High Priest Ananus must lay, killed ~~unburied~~ unburied.

and still ~~the~~ The bricks of toppled buildings blocked the streets.

Rising out of the wide desolation came the sounds of a great city in mortal agony. TP Sounds of tormented things: crack of pavement, rending of beams, crash of wall, drip of water, crackle of fire. P Sounds of tormented animals: howl of dog, squeal of rat, squall of cat, whine of jackal, snarl of leopard, some fleeing death. In emptiness.

some come from safe hills to forage. ~~the~~

TP Sounds of human torment, too. ^{desperate} A/shout came from a man on crutches, who stood confounded by a heap of stones. It was barely knee high. He tried to tumble the enormous pile with one crutch, failed, cursed torrentially and fell. A moan came from a girl sitting in a broken doorway. She was half naked. Hunger, terror and ~~abuse~~ ^{abuse} had aged her but her small, dirty, virginal breasts still showed ~~the~~ trace of ~~the~~ sheen which is the glory of

H. A. K.

274 A

M & M. I substituted "Palestine" because I could not name all the divisions. Can you do better find out? Maybe say Palestine is not correct.

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 ~~all~~ men but he did not ~~really~~ expect to be ~~answered~~ ^{answered. He} did not have even the remnant of a slain man's coat. All his ^{cuts,} ~~cuts,~~ scabs and bruises, even his shrunken parts were bare. Only hunger moved him and ~~that~~ ~~could~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ his eyes ~~moved~~ ^{moved} constantly seeking any discarded morsel, scrap, ~~shred~~ 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, Egypotians, Syrian, Arabs, ^{Jews from all Palestine and} Samaritans, Galileans, Judeans, from all the nations ^{which} ~~who~~ 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~~ all other ^{pleas} sounds together, terrible as these were. ^{stet.} Somewhere, Jared remembered, the High Priest Ananus ~~must lay,~~ ^{stet} ~~killed by Simon and still unburied.~~ ^{all except} ^{"Killed by Simon"}

"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."

staring up comfortably at the Fortress which now would cost no more
340--
lives.

The priest turned a last mournful look on the smoking Temple, they lifted his heavy ring of keys skyward as though they had been incense. Even now he ^{did} did not acknowledge Jared and Eben.

"Master of Heaven!" he cried. "Here are the keys thou didst entrust to us. We have proved unworthy custodians." ^{he} drew his arm back and ^{he} plunged the keys and Jared and Eben, their eyes unexpectedly clouded, could not have said in which direction or how far. Then ^{he} limped to the stairs and down, out of sight.

Sure that he was seeing a great thing, Eben had scarcely breathed. Jared's grim mouth said his thoughts had been elsewhere. "If the keys to the Temple are thrown away," Eben said. "What can be left? There is no reason why we shouldn't leave this City."

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

"Simon? His crew won't so much as let us into his hideaway. How can you ^{we} hope to get at Simon?"

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

"Someone will get ^{The Romans} to him, sooner or later. No matter how he schemes he is as good as dead, right now. But .." Eben shook Jared's shoulders. "You have promised to help Amos's women."

Jared rubbed his forehead slowly.

"I'd clean forgot."

"The City is at such odds and ends we can get off to Jericho with no trouble, ^{if we're 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 livelier. The rubbing had ended. "We could run into Romans, or Simon's ^{Supporter} 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'll ~~want to~~ 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 ~~now.~~ as usual.

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

~~Along the streets where they had walked searching for rope, they now saw only a few feeble men and women, who fled at sight of two so big and so heavily armed.~~

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. 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~~ ^{and}, when an armed and armoured gang swarmed out from behind the unbraced half of the gate, Eben reached for his sword but Jared motioned not to fight so many. The swarm was of Simon's men.

~~"Maybe you'll get to Simon after all," Eben said.~~

The Mouse wove his way toward them, looking anxious.

275

to go

"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 ^{but} and ^{inside} they found tunics cleaner than their own and not sweat-stained. Feeling almost as though they had bathed they picked up their weapons they had decided ^{upon} ~~on and left~~ a dagger and a sword ~~piece and their light shields.~~

"The gate will be open," Eben said. "Romans would never work as they would have to to move those stones."

"No Roman will do any hard work today."

The Gate was open and they walked through and when an armed and armored gang swarmed out from behind the unbraced half of the gate ^{but} and Eben reached for his sword ^{but} Jared motioned not to fight so many. The swarm was of Simon's men and the ~~Toady~~ ^{leader} led it.

Mom
The Mouse
is not
fighting
the pc.

"Maybe you'll ~~get~~ ^{go} to Simon after all," Eben ~~xxxxxxxx~~ said and chuckled. ~~The Mouse~~ ^{The Mouse} wove his way toward them looking anxious.

276 B

"Simon wants you both," ^{he} the Toady said.

"He didn't need to send so many with his invitation," Jared said. ~~The~~ "Why does he want us?" Eben said.

"You can help him,"

"As hostages with Titus?" ~~Eben~~ said.

"Would that be bad? Hostages stay alive."

"Well, if we're to be hostages we certainly aren't going to lose our lives very soon," Jared said.

Eben knew the tone. Jared had something in mind.

"Take their weapons," ~~the Toady~~ ^{Jared} said. ~~the leader~~ ^{Jared and Eben yielded} said, and ~~we ought to bind them,~~ ^{one of the swarm} said. ~~said.~~

"And have Simon laugh at so many, armed, who tied up two with only bare hands? ~~as only two?~~"

Mom
not
clean

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

"What can ~~they~~ they do now? Are their breasts iron to turn back your spears? Can they outrun your arrows?"

"When we said no one could catch us outside the Gate," Eben said to Jared, "we forgot spears and arrows."

Jared shrugged.

The swarm formed into a circle with Jared and Eben in the middle and they all set off, meeting no Romans. They crossed Tyropoeon Valley at its southern end which was less steep and climbed the western slope and passed the ~~in-City~~ in-City branch of the Damascus Road.

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

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

The whole swarm laughed but the Mouse still scowled, 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 City and one man, still laughing, pointed off to the Temple. A great cloud of smoke billowed there.

"Can ~~the~~ the sacrifices have begun again?" he said, making another joke.

"Can Ananus have risen from the dead and set his priests to work?" another said.

The whole swarm rocked with mirth.

Jared looked at Eben in bitter silence.

M to M. I made a big cut here which I explained on the original version which I'll send you.

277

old versions + old papers. Notice my notes on some.

City. ~~The Toady~~ would have hurried along but some of the swarm were not willing. One ^{man} still laughing, pointed off to the Temple. A great cloud of smoke billowed there.

"Can the sacrifices have begun again?" he said ~~and~~ ~~laughed~~ ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~made~~ ~~another~~ ~~joke~~.
^{making}

"Can Ananus have risen from the dead and set his priests to work?" another said, ~~and~~ ~~laughed~~ ~~aloud~~.

The whole swarm laughed, ~~and~~ ~~ro~~ ~~cked~~ ~~with~~ ~~mirth~~.

Jared looked at them all as though, once more having leisure to survey Jerusalem's terrible disaster, he saw in these men one explanation of it. His gaze turned to Eben in bitter communion.

"I know!" Eben said. "A man ~~cannot~~ can't decide whether he ought to be sick or ^{to} weep, or ^{to} kill ^{those who are} whoever is to blame for all of it."

~~Jared's black gaze~~

Jared looked at Eben in bitter silence.
or

Jared's black gaze turned to Eben in bitter communion.

SEE next

page
2 places
marked
X11

marked - 2
XXX

1000 m. very cut because of the Simon was explained by letter.

This is an old version

all carry what

"And a second will ~~be loaded with~~ ^{carry what} makes him able to afford the first," another said.

Eben looked toward Jared. The talk was all mystery to him. Jared, however, ~~usually~~ ^{often} knew ~~every~~ ^{such} why and wherefore and he knew now.

Eben was the one who told Jared this

"Those Boxes for Contributions," he said. "And ~~the~~ ^{the greater} treasure ^{! This toady} underground. ~~Someone~~ has become rich. But will the Romans let him ride away?"

The swarm continued to laugh and the ~~Toady~~ ^{toady}, it seemed to Eben, to scowl in a kind of guilt.

They got to the edge of a street leading into the Upper City, and the ~~Toady~~ ^{toady} would have hurried but one of the swarm stopped, ~~still laughing~~, and pointed up to the Temple.

"Have the sacrifices ~~begun~~ ^{begun} again?" he said.

The smoke cloud was billowing higher than ever.

"~~Can~~ ^{Had} Anenus ~~have~~ risen from the dead, and found priests to kill, bleed, dismember and burn again?" another said.

The laughter of the swarm grew a little forced.

Jared looked ~~at~~ ^{at} Eben in a bitter silence which accused these ~~laughers~~ ^{laughing} of having ~~helped~~ ^{helped} bring on the whole disaster.

"I know," Eben said. "I could weep. But ~~you~~ ^{we} are going to get to Simon. ~~Can't you think of~~ ^{How} a way to make him pay?"

M to M. all such things I cut because altho he gets to Simon he makes no effort to kill him, and how does he kill him. Their objective must be to get to Jericho. As for above, Eben had told Jared about the Boxes etc. But perhaps the part about "how become rich" etc. should be ~~put~~ ^{put} back in!

~~Simon~~
~~the~~
~~men~~
mention

said. "He came saying he would worship, but under their garments ~~and~~ his men had hidden weapons. And when the Beautiful Gate was opened to them they slew Ananus and every other priest, ~~and~~ The course at sacrifice"

The Beautiful Gate

"The Boxes for Contributions are in the Court of the Women, just beyond" Eben said. "They often hold a fortune."

"Simon passed by the Boxes and went to the greater fortune in the underground vaults. But first he set the Temple on fire."

A different silence fell, the choked silence of panic.

"Ananus and his priests slain!" Someone said. "The sacrifices ended. The Temple burning! What is left?"

"Let's make sure," Jared said.

On the collonade roof along which Romans had tramped into the Profane Court they saw that, in the end, little was likely to be left. There were two fires.

"A legionnaire threw a torch into the Holy of Holies just to pass the time," the guard said.

Lucas 339

Several legionnaires, harried by a Centurion whose rank put him far above a corporal's work, were carrying water to the second fire but its smoke was thick at the windows of the five storied building whose first floor held what Israel most revered. Furniture awaiting repair or refinishing chiefly filled the other four and fed the flames.

Jared and Eben learned later that Titus and his generals had debated firing the Temple and Titus, supported by Tiberias Alexander and Sextus Cerealis had argued that they should not revenge themselves on a thing inanimate but so noble that it would add lustre to whatever governor ruled Jerusalem in the future. The centurion was trying to put out the fire ~~in~~ in a bid for Titus's ~~favor~~

~~Thaxazkaxx~~

Revered is Simon's name? He had gone to the underground vaults but first

340

F4 words

The other fire, Simon's, was licking through the lower buildings ^{enclosing} ~~around~~ the Court of Israel, and no one was trying to quench it. No priests were in sight, ~~and almost no citizens.~~ Some ~~priests,~~ having escaped Simon's slaughter, had joined resisting ^{remnants} ~~remnants~~ in the Upper City. ~~Some~~ citizens, non-fighters and half dead of hunger, were hiding to escape Roman capture or worse.

Jared and Eben watched almost alone. The ~~entire~~ defenders of Antonia, with nothing to defend, had straggled off, a few to Simon, others to various Upper City remnants, but most to ~~the~~ open country, where they could ~~hide~~ easily hide, ~~from any danger.~~

"There are better hiding places here in the City, and what's ^{is} left of the Temple," Jared said. "Besides, I want to look."

After being so long limited to the Fortress, Eben, too, wanted to ^a ~~more~~ closely ^{look at} ~~survey~~ the disaster befallen Jerusalem. But ~~this was not to be.~~ Whatever survey they ^{was} might have had was interrupted ~~by~~ a tall, stout, middle-aged priest, seeming stouter in his swinging white linen coat and loose white trousers, ~~who~~ ran ~~swiftly~~ under the colonnade. A great ring of big keys seemed to ^{be} heavy for his right arm.

"He's coming up the stairs!" Eben said. "^{How} I wonder why?"

The priest ~~climbed~~, came out on the roof and they saw that a fifth color had been added to the Sanctuary four ^{white}, crimson, blue-purple and red-purple ^{of} his girdle. A dull stain spread over ~~the~~ girdle and along the left side of his smoke-grimed coat, ^{and} He ~~had~~ ^{limped} ~~been~~ wounded. ^{from the} That ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~stained~~ ^{stained} this blood.

Without acknowledging the colonnade's other occupants he ~~limped to the parapet~~ and looked down ^{from the parapet} on burned Bezetha and ~~at~~ the ^{on both sides of the circumvallation} intervening Romans, who were beginning to celebrate ^{variously} the end of the long fighting. Horsemen were racing, slingers were paying off bets, clerks and orderlies were tippling, crewmen were ~~sprawling~~ ^{lagging} lazily about ~~their~~ new idle catapults and rams, legionnaires were

The Toady is called the ~~Maule~~
secretary else in
revised version, ~~276~~

page 5
p. 201

"When

"~~When~~ we do get to Simon, leave the talking to me," Jared said.

He had whispered ^{last} and that surprised Eben. The Simonite swarm certainly ^{should not be} could have overheard, and no harm done. But then it came to him, another surprise and a tardy one, that in the last days on Antonia they both had often whispered. Jared was whispering from habit!

On Antonia Eben had not been conscious of the whispering. At that time he would have insisted that their voices had been normal. Away from the pressures and apprehensions of the siege, however, he remembered the ^{true} two sound level and wondered if they had whispered in ^{The} hope that strength not wasted on words would help them against the Romans.

"Talk!" he said. "I'm not half the talker you are."

If talk could help, Jared was the one to do it. And talk it just about had to be. Stripped down to tunics and sandals they couldn't fight.

"If Simon ^{lets} does let me talk," Jared said, "Maybe he'll let me get close. If ^{I do} he does, you keep close to me."

Jared had whispered again ^{and} this time Eben felt only a mounting excitement. He wanted to ask why stand close? but that might cause a leak to the Simonites. Already the ^{Maule} Toady was edging nearer.

Jared, too, had seen the ^{Maule} Toady and he looked elaborately around --at the Temple and its fires, at the ~~crest~~ of Kidron-- everywhere.

277

Beyond Kidron, clouds shadowed the Mount of Olives and, that far away, the shadows suggested purple patches of grapes. Over Jerusalem the m^ophitis of war, ~~hung like a fog~~ of famine, defeat and death --hung like a fog. Unseen there, ~~lay the lordly,~~ lay the lordly, the priestly, the devout, the good, the evil, the rich, ^{The} the poor. There, ~~knzKzKz~~

old pages for revision

MS T
begin here

277
345
30

At the

the High Priest Ananus lay, slain by Simon and still unburied. Out of ~~the~~ total destruction came the sounds of a great city's last agony.

Sounds of tormented things! Crack of pavement and beams, crash of walls, eroding drip ^{in flames} of ~~water~~, crackle, ~~of fire~~.

Sounds of tormented things! Howl of dog, squeal of rat, squawl of cat, whine of jackal, snarl of leopard, ~~howl of hyena~~, some fleeing death, some come from safe hills to ^{Among Garren} ~~storage~~ ~~in~~ ~~dangers~~ ~~as~~ ~~barrens~~.

Sounds of tormented ^{man} ~~human~~kind! A shout came from a man in crutches, ^{who} ~~he~~ stood ^{confounded by} ~~before~~ an impassable heap of stones. It was almost ^{half} knee-high. He tried to tumble the enormous pile with ~~the end of~~ ~~his~~ crutch, failed, cursed torrentially and fell. A moan came from a half naked girl, aged by terror, hunger and abuse but with small, dirty, ~~virginal~~ breasts that still held a trace of the sheen which is the glory of maidens. She crouched in a doorway and keened into her hands as though to muffle her ^{despair} ~~evil~~ ~~plight~~ from ^{observation} ~~the world~~. A boy wailed, ^{where} ~~an~~ ~~instinctive~~ ~~plea~~ ~~to~~ ~~man~~ he was propped against a door, wretchedly ^{worse than} ~~sure~~ the world had abandoned him. He was ~~not~~ ~~even~~ half naked. Every scab, bruise, cut, ^{seen} ~~his~~ shrunken parts, were bare ~~for all to see~~. Only hunger moved him and hunger moved only his eyes seeking any discarded morsel, ~~scrap, shred, crumb or even bit.~~

Torment of things, of animals, of mankind! The sounds were loud on every side but louder was the silent thunder of the heartbeats of the slain -- Romans, Numidians, Egyptians, Syrians, Arabs, Samaritans, Galilleans, Judeans ~~from every nation under Heavens~~. Their torment, unlike the City's, was long ended but the thunder of their stilled hearts was more terrible than all, all, other sounds together, terrible though these were.

to Jared

"Simon has been at the bottom of all this," Jared said.

"If only I can get to him!"

"I'll keep close," Eben said.

They skirted Herod's old palace. One of three towers built by Herod to defend the palace, Miriamne also defended the Jaffa Gate and ~~the~~ ^{The Tower's wall} outer wall, against the Gate, was, in fact, part of the City's western wall. The gate looked on Hinnom valley.

At the bottom of the Tower's dark, narrow, spiralling stairs, the ^{Mane} Tedy sent four men ahead, motioned Jared and Eben after them, then followed with the rest of the swarm.

M to M.

I always think of
Tedy, because in
old version M to M was
not the leader ever.
and it doesn't fit in
with his later
characteristics. He
was a Stumb Beal
man when, however, Swain
did lead.

The four who had spiralled ahead halted Jared and Eben on the side of the parapet overlooking Hinnom Valley

They spiralled up, up and came out. They were, Eben saw, on the lowest terrace. More, the tower

They reached the Tower of Miriamne. It formed a corner of Herod's old palace, and the corner had been incorporated into the western wall of the City, to form a barbican taller than the

They reached the Tower of Miriamne. It stood against one of the most western buildings that made up Herod's Palace and

They reached the Tower of Miriamne. It was one of three towers which Herod had built to defend his great palace and, had been incorporated into a part of the western wall to defend the great gate overlooking Hinnom Valley.

They skirted Herod's old great palace. Miriamne was one of three towers guarding the palace, but it guarded, also, the Jaffa gate

One of three towers, ^{built by Herod to} defending the palace, Miriamne also defended the Jaffa Gate overlooking Hinnom Valley and at its western face had been incorporated into the western wall of the city.

~~"Simon has been at the bottom of all this," Jared said.~~

~~"I'll keep close," Eben said.~~

~~They reached the Tower of Piriamne and its lightless, narrow, spiral stairs. The Toady sent four men ahead, the motioned Jared and Eben. He climbed last with the rest of the swarm.~~

"If we get close enough," Jared said, halfway up with no one near enough to overhear, above or below, "I'll cough and you seize his dagger. I'll get between him and ^{the others} his cronies and with you able to kill him before they can kill us, he'll shout them off and we can get clear."

Grab ^{the} dagger ^{of} Simon, strong as a bull? Get clear?

Eben clicked his tongue. 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 big hands. And when you pull you'll fill his ugly face with red-hot needles. I'll seize his dagger (for any ^{cronies} ^{aren't} ~~isn't~~ who ~~isn't~~ shouted off.")

Eben clicked in admiration. Great Alexander's trick! Well, he could seize Simon's beard. And the needles ^{it drove into} that filled Simon's ugly face would not be red- but white hot. But how, afterward, to get clear? Scramble down the wall like ~~the~~ lizards? Jump? Or ^{maybe} ~~did~~ Jared ^{had} ~~have~~ flying in mind! The lowest terrace of Miriamne was ten paces above the ground. Also, mightn't they find Simon on the top terrace?

But wait! Eben remembered Josephus's Jew. Bold! Violent! Never giving up! Well, Jared's plan was bold. And it could hardly miss being violent. And only Jared, who never ^{even} thought of giving up would think ~~grabbing~~ ^{that} Simon's beard and dagger were enough to hold off Simon's ^{cronies} cronies.

and Efan)
~~across the terrace~~ and halted them so close to ~~Simon~~ that the dagger
Simon's
thrust into ~~his~~ girdle that Jared's fingers, opened and closed in
an unconscious practice snatch. The Toady, who had taken up a cloth wrapped
something, was finding a seat on one of the rugs between Simon and his
other cronies. They all wore swords, daggers, two or three javelins
apiece, and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ slings were tucked into the girdles of
some.

3 + 8 - 12

~~They~~ ^{scruffed} both took in the positions of the cronies as the Toady ~~crossed~~ through the dried, dusty droppings and bent beside Simon and then turned and, in his turn, beckoned.

The business ends of the spears of four of the swarm pinked Jared and Eben and the others drifted off to a wineskin. ~~Jared~~ ^{within reach} allowed to halt ~~near Simon~~ the ~~girdle~~ dagger shoved into Simon's girdle ~~that~~ Jared's fingers opened and closed in a practice snatch. The Toady, who had picked up something wrapped in an old rag, was sitting down between Simon and ^{The rest.} ~~his cronies~~. The cronies, lolling, sprawling, stretched out, ^{Most of them} all wore swords and daggers, and ^{beside every one} ~~beside~~ ^{a javelin lay} ~~beside~~ ^{beside} slings were tucked into the girdles of two or three ~~but slings~~.

~~They~~ ^{Man} both took in the positions of the cronies while The Toady scruffed through the dried, dusty pigeon droppings and bent ^{Spun} beside Simon and then ~~beckoned~~ and, in his turn, beckoned.

The points of the spears of four of the swarm pinked Jared and Eben and the 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 practice snatch. ^{Man} The Toady, who had picked up a heavy thing concealed in an old piece of sack~~ing~~, ^{cloth} was hunkering down near Simon. The rest were lolling, sprawling, and stretching out. Most of them wore swords and daggers, and beside every man lay a javelin or two. Several had slings.

put that belt

The four who had climbed ahead halted Jared and Eben where
the parapet ^{directly} overlooked the City's western wall. Titus had ^{outside that} set up a
~~camp outside the wall, xxxxxxxxxx~~ as a base for an assault on the Upper
City, if it came to that. Now, with the rest of the Roman army, the ~~base~~
~~camp was~~ relaxing ^{the base was} because the real fighting ^{seemed} over and ^{except for in the} only the
minor ^{a minor} problem of the Upper City remained. ~~The camp~~ was being cheerfully
helped by a number of camp followers, all ages, sizes and appetites.

^{of} The four who had climbed ahead halted Jared and Eben ^{on the side} where
the parapet ⁱⁿ directly overlooked the City's western wall. Outside
that Titus had established a base for an assault on the Upper City,
if it came to that. Now, with the rest of the army, the base was
relaxing since the fighting ^{seemed} over except for the Upper City,
a minor difficulty. It was being helped ^{It's} by its camp followers, of
all ages, sizes and dispositions, ^{were} helping the

base relax ✓

off to Jericho," Simon
"So you two were running ~~away~~ ~~Simon said~~ said.

The tone and implication made Eben flush ~~resentfully~~, but Jared was to do the talking. Jared smiled, ~~easily~~, as though ~~to say~~ at a ~~trivial~~ ^{trivial} misunderstanding, easily set to rights.

"I can see why you might have wanted to go," Simon said, ^{was addressed to Eben.}
"Whatever ~~risk~~ ^{risks might} you ~~took~~ would have been more than paid back by what Amos's daughter could give you. But you," he eyed Jared, "aren't supposed to be interested in that kind of pay."

Jared's smile became a little forced but he maintained it, and looked around the terrace. ^{from}

The Toady had ^{pulled the Sackling from a flat} ~~sat down~~ with a piece of metal, very dirty, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~wide~~ ^{and} long/as his arm and made up of coils and tendrils. He waggled this, not so much to ~~adjust~~ ^{fit} it ~~to~~ his lap as for permission to speak, but when Simon scowled he began rubbing it with a ~~soiled~~ ^{The} rag.

"I hear Amos's daughter is special," ^{Simon} ~~Amos~~ said.

Beyond Jared's brief mentions, Eben knew nothing of Amos's daughter but ~~he~~ knew her name ought not to be tossed around here. However, ^{he and Jared} ~~they~~ had agreed, Jared was to do the talking.

"I can get you a fine girl ^{right here, he} and you won't need to leave Jerusalem, ^{Simon said} ~~and~~ ^{And} ~~you~~ go ~~clearly~~ ^{clearly} to Jericho," ~~Amos~~ ^{Amos} said. ~~I can give you your pick of a dozen. Girls like a big strong ~~brandy~~ yellowhead, stout enough to wrestle them down. And then you'd be on hand for when I need you. And I'm going to need you."~~ ^{I can give you your pick of a dozen. Girls like a big strong ~~brandy~~ yellowhead, stout enough to wrestle them down. And then you'd be on hand for when I need you. And I'm going to need you."}

Eben ~~simply~~ ^{now did speak} though not in answer. The Toady had cleaned ~~on~~ ^{the} end of his metal and ~~now~~ Eben was sure ~~he knew~~ ^{he had seen} what it was, A piece hacked off the great golden vine, ~~at~~ ^{the} ~~entrance~~ ^{entrance} of the Holy of Holies. He ~~told himself~~ ^{he told himself} he could not mistake the ~~often seen~~ ^{often seen} tendrils.

"May Jeph's pardon!" he said.

Simon's explosive grunt was part surprise, part contempt.

"Don't tell

279 A

and the leader scuffed back through the dung, and with the point of his spear prodded Jared toward the waiting and watching Simon, motioning Eben to walk alongside.

As they advanced, they both took in the positions of the various cronies. They were lolling, sprawling and stretching out. Most of them wore swords and daggers, and beside every man lay a javeline or two. Several had slings. The Mouse was hunkering down near Simon, beside some heavy thing concealed in an old piece of sackcloth. ~~Jared~~ Allowed to halt ^{almost} ~~almost~~ within reach of the dagger in Simon's girdle, Jared opened and closed his fingers in a practise snatch. ^P Simon looked them over gloatingly.

"So you two were running off to 'ericho," ^{he} Simon said.

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

^P Simon obviously knew all about it. ~~Had~~ Amos's messenger must have been intercepted. He ~~addressed himself to~~ ^{looked at} Eben.

^P "I can see why you might have wanted to go," he said. "Whatever you risked ^{would} might have been more than paid back by ^{what} Amos's daughter could give you. ^P ~~But you,~~ ^{Eben pressed his lips,} he eyed Jared. "aren't supposed to be interested in that kind of pay."

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

"I hear ^{through that} Amos's daughter is special," Simon said.

Beyond Jared's brief ~~mentions~~ mentions, ^{or} Eben knew nothing of Simon's daughter but he knew her name ou ght not to be tossed around here. ^{He felt} ~~but says~~ ~~no continued~~ ~~silence~~

or

Even felt hot anger. He ~~did not care two pennies~~ ^{knew nothing} about

called a transient threat toward Jared, "his motherhood" who in "Dax" let me tell a woman

279A
Simon obviously knew all about it. Had Amos's messenger must have been intercepted. He looked at Eben.

Simon
But here
Eben pressed his lips
That was
realized
what
or use

to
the
company

hit story redinked
eaten O.V.

Amos's

the daughter of Amos.--- he had never heard about her until Johanan 's(?)
message came --- but that did not mean he was willing to toss her
virtue around ^{in the company} with anyone like Simon. He continued silent.

Back
has

"Girls like you golden boys," Simon ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
said. "So why hunt as far as ^{9 miles} 'ericho? I can find girls for you here. ^{And}
Then you'd be on hand for when I need you. And I'm going to need you."

Back
has

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

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

Simon, at first astonished, then grunted in contempt.

Simon sat erect in astonishment. ^{He stood} "Don't tell me you
belong to that lot?" he said. Now

Trying not to speak, he
fixed his eyes on
it mouse and his
worried nobles.
Smiling with
his

280 A

glory which had filled his gaze so often.

^{the anointed for god}
"May Jesus, pardon!" he said.

Simon's grunt was part surprise but more contempt.

"Don't tell me you're one of that bunch!" he said. "Now I've got two bellyaches. One from this monk. One from you and your Anointed dead these forty years."

"He is not dead!" Eben said.

T his talk could not be left to Jared.

"He is risen!"

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

He was no longer eyeing Jared and Eben as two with whom he would like to be on better terms. The use which he now was able to put them required only their live bodies.

"One of the celibates down on the Dead Sea, near Netophah?" a crony said. ^{Simon said} "Sardone said" ^{near Netophah where the Dead Sea is!}

"Not for long, near Netophah," Simon said. "Titus will go after Masada as soon as he finishes here. And on the way he'll surely finish the Salt Sea monks and probably Netophah, too."

Netophah! The Community! Love and fear and loyalty transported Jared from the Tower of Miriamne. He was, first, in Netophah's inn and then among the Brothers. He must reach Tamar before the legions did and he must protect the Community. And the Acrolls! His heart cried, The Scrolls! The Scrolls! And shame swept him that he had thought first of anything else.

"Don't hope they'll pass by your Community," Simon said.

"I have spies. Titus is going to wipe it out."

With two new reasons for getting clear of Jerusalem, (and

Man. 25 thru his history ok?

Man. 25 and old version

cut?

They skirted Herod's old palace. One of three towers ^{built} ~~that~~

Herod ~~had~~ built to defend his palace, Miriamne also defended the Jaffa Gate and ~~at~~ its western face, ~~had been incorporated into the western~~

~~wall~~ adjoining the gate, ~~was~~ in fact a part of the ~~western~~

City's western wall.

They skirted Herod's ancient palace. One of three towers built by Herod to defend his palace, Miriamne also defended the Jaffa Gate and its outer wall, adjoining the Gate, was in fact part of the City's western wall.

At the bottom of the Tower's narrow, dark, spiralling stairs, The Toady sent four men ahead, motioned to Jared and Eben, then followed with the rest of the swarm.

and the leader scuffed back through the dung, and with the point of his spear prodded Jared toward the waiting and watching Simon, motioning Eben to walk alongside. *As they advanced,*

various They both took in the positions of the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ cronies. Allowed to halt almost within reach of the dagger

practise in Simon's girdle, Jared opened and closed his fingers in a ~~practise~~ snatch. The Mouse was hunkering down near Simon, beside *some* heavy thing concealed in an old piece of sack cloth. The rest were lolling, sprawling and stretching out. Most of them wore swords and daggers, and beside every man lay a javelin or two. Several had slings.

"So you two were running off to Jericho," Simon 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 looked them over gloatingly while his companions continued to lounge on their rugs, each handy to his own sword, dagger or spear. Two wore slings and at their waists carried pouches of stones. The guards waited.

"So you two were running ~~xxxx~~ off to Jericho," Simon said.

The tone and implications made Eben flush but Jared was to do the talking. ~~xxxxx~~ He smiled as though at a mild misunderstanding and explained their errand briefly. A matter of several ~~days~~ days.

Handwritten notes:
- Why 9x
- had
- Simon
- worried
- mistakes
- of
- how
- to
- Tell
- Jordan
- could
- be
- it
- had
- out
- had
- said
- change
- in
- Mark
- What
- had
- said
- to
- Eben
- and
- Simon
- on
- days
- one
- day
- book
- etc.

P 12

~~Woman with~~ on that
Mama ~~to~~ with small
flocks man
got his eyes and as
puzzled expression
one who was under-
stands her own
or what's
happening

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

Cotta beckoned and the Corporal, acting smartly, closed a squad of legionaires around Jared and Eben.

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

Cotta spoke deliberately. *P 26*

"Security does not ~~xx~~ run as far as you seem to want to go, ^S It reached to the Compound. After that, who knows?"

Jared and Eben looked across broad Hinnom Vally where the walls, ~~made of pointed logs~~ ^{log} of a big compound rose. They had seen it many times from Jerusalem. Prisoners taken in the aggression, reports said, were penned there until they were sentx --- until sold to slavers or ~~sent to the slave markets~~. Jared turned on Cotta in ~~cold~~ ^{cold} fury.

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

~~Jared looked intently at the famous Pileus which he remembered from the glimpses he had had as James. He had ~~noticed~~ ^{seen} the ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~noticed~~ ^{noticed} the tall, erect, self-confident leader who he did not like. The narrow face with its woaxy complexion, piercing eyes, and arched, thin, red lips.~~

sure for Menan

Legionnaires by hundreds had been punished for less, ~~and~~ The Corporal was about to obey when Cotta gestured again, plainly angry now, ^{and} fearful for himself, The Corporal ~~had never hesitated before at an order and the realization that he had, and the fear of consequences,~~ added weight to the sword hilt that he slammed across Jared's mouth.

"Take them across," Cotta said.

The Corporal ^{obeyed} ~~obeyed~~ in relief. The command had not been, certainly, fo^rgiving, but neither had it been ominous. If he went on minding his P's and q's he might ~~never~~ ^{hear} no more of the incident.

Jared tried to speak again, although with the mouth that the sword hilt had made he could only have mumbled. But Jared got a hand across the bleeding, swelling lips

Captives and guards set across ^{the} a chalky trace that led ~~through~~ through the gentle valley. ^{The feet of} many captives had worn the ^{grass and feet} ~~trace smooth~~ so that Jared ~~could~~ did not need to look where he stepped and was ~~able to~~ ^{able to} mumble, "The Circus Maximus! The Circus Maximus!" over and over as though it had been an incantation or ^{an} exorcism.

It wasn't much less. He knew, as all Jews did, how many race brothers had had to fight in the Circus Maximus against nets and tridents, swords, ^{and} daggers, ^{and} spears, against lions and elephants, ^{and} another Jews. Jews had died there ^{on} fiery crosses. Eben plodded along in sympathetic silence until Jared's mumbling changed.

"Now what are you saying?"

"I didn't cough on the Tower," Jared said, "To land you in the Circus Maximus."

The Corporal's spear butt ~~was~~ ^{ed} pounding the Compound gate.

"Then get us out of this pen and on the way to Jericho."

An inner guard swung the gate open and ^{at} ~~behind~~ ^{behind} enough prisoners, ^{enough to form} for a small army lounged, sat, napped, gossiped, picked vermin or diced after the Roman fashion. Some were weak, some dying, if ^{ever} Jared and Eben had seen a dying man, but unquestionably ~~some were fit for an arena, even the Circus. All turned in excitement~~

P2

304

take the sword. Eben, look for his dagger.

Handwritten notes:
"Will be in the papers" (circled)
agony

They slid once more through the darkness helped by the crafts
~~craft~~ Eben had learned while protecting his sheep and Jared had
learned in the desert and both had improved in the Jerusalem

fighting. But Elias, now, perhaps, showed himself the craftier of

the three as they drifted, ~~hopped~~ ^{trotted}, scuttled and ~~continued to slide~~ ^{trotted} ~~of~~ ^{while the}
~~hullabaloo~~ ^{hullabaloo} ~~at the Compound~~ ^{at the Compound} ~~and her ghostly towers looming on their~~ ^{and her ghostly towers looming on their}
left, ^{and}

^{Stink} They lost the ~~bealam~~ ^{bealam} back at the Compound but caught the ~~west~~ ^{west}
~~smell~~ ^{smell} of the City, a vast flood of ~~stink~~ ^{some} brought on the night wind,
a septic brew of all that had ~~spewed~~ ^{spewed} corruption there, the

Handwritten notes:
Good idea
but Eben
should say level
of the ground

Handwritten notes:
Put ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~gun~~ ^{gun} ~~into~~ ^{into}
Temple
stair.

Handwritten notes:
Remnants to have
+ Eben place
a trail to the etc.

302

thickened.

"When ~~our~~ ^{stet} time comes," Jared said, "Stand ^{your} on my shoulders, Eben. That high you'll ^{easy} get a hand ~~over~~ ^{on} the top of the wall, ~~then~~ ^{then} get ^{your} and even ~~your~~ ^{your} leg, Then dangle an arm down for Elias."

"I'M not ~~be~~ heavy," Elias said. "Show as little as possible ^{Watch out for guards} on the far side," Jared said. "Guard ^{They'll} there should also be running toward the crash. But on, might look up."

"And ^{and} as soon as I ~~get~~ ^{gets - reports} Elias up," Eben said, "I'll angle down an arm ^{Can you arrange with} for you. ~~But you~~ ^{sure} not to use your ~~hurt~~ shoulder?"

"I'm half goat from climbing around the Community's cliffs and caves," Jared said. "Even a hurt shoulder won't stop me."

was was was

"Don't forget ~~that~~ ^{that} a man can snag a leg between ~~almost~~ ^{Let's not get hung up like} any two logs of this wall," Elias said. ^{medal on a bygone}

Over at the ~~new~~ ^{stet} nearly invisible north wall, a hoarse ^{sound} buzzing grew louder, and grunts and a slow grinding mingled with the ^{and} buzzing, and then an enormous crash drowned every other sound, and Jared put his back against the south wall and ^{locked} ~~locked~~ ^{intertwined} his ^{finger} hands to form a stirrup. ^{at a loss to}

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

At the ~~main~~ ^{stet} gate a sentry cried the alarm and a corporal ^{shrieked} roared and ~~then~~ ^{simonite} Roman rage and the curses of Simon's men mingled ~~shells~~ ^{shells} to make ~~shrill~~ ^{shrill} bedlam. ^{shells would be everywhere}

Jared grasped Elias at the knees and hoisted and the ^{stet} indomitable little ~~man~~ ^{the light} kept uprightly and seized Eben's dangling arm and Eben swung the light weight to the top of the wall. ^{his}

The chief meal of each day

~~that the big meal here 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. ^{All of a sudden} Your chance of getting to ~~both~~ Amos and Bethel is a lot better, ~~all of a sudden.~~"

301 X *****

~~At sunset,~~ ⁹ after eating, Jared walked a little way from his two companions and knelt, ^{facing north toward Paradise and his} ~~He did not speak aloud, but his lips~~ moved.

With the coming of day and night I will enter into His covenant.

"He is one of a Brotherhood which ^{start} always prays at this hour," Eben said. ~~"And at sunrise, too."~~

"I, too, must pray," Elias said. ^{start} "For my writing to be safely delivered. ~~Pray with me, Eben.~~"

^{I will, and I will also pray} "And I'll pray also for a dark night," Eben said.

~~An overcast sky did follow sunset and as the light faded Jared, Eben and Elias all made showy preparations for sleep against the south wall of the Compound, and talked in low voices.~~

"When Simon's crew crash ^{step} the north wall," Jared said, "The noise will draw ~~all~~ ^{and we'll} the guards ~~there and wxxxxxxx~~ get over ~~the~~ this south wall with no one seeing."

~~"At least we ought to," Eben said.~~

~~He spoke more guardedly than usual of one of Jared's tricks. He remembered that they hadn't got beyond the Dung Gate according to plan.~~

^{This part will be easy,} "Elias said. ~~"It's going to be easy,"~~ Elias said.

^{usual} Scaling walls was nothing to him.

The Simonites, ^{wyn} like swarming ^{against} ~~bees~~ again, were crowding the north wall but in the darkness the ~~compound~~ guards did not seem to mark any significance on the changed grouping. The swarm

367-A

301 B.

~~ErieXlyzdxxxx~~

~~Eben remembered how they had not got beyond the Dung Gate and briefly doubtful of Jared's wild plans.~~

I hope so

~~"We certainly ought to," Eben said, briefly doubtful of Jared's wild plans because he remembered that they had not got beyond the Dung Gate.~~

"The wall will be nothing," Elias said.

~~He had had to get over xxxxxxxx walls in a dozen ports.~~

~~In the course of his long journey he had had to get over~~ ^{had included escapes over}

~~xxxxxxx walls of a dozen ports. Wherever Rome ruled, any man thought to be a Christian was suspect and he had sometimes drawn his fish too carelessly, or had brushed them out too slowly.~~ ^{the} ^{hunter Elias} ^{a suspected}

~~The Simonites were swarming against the north wall and in the darkness, the guards noticed no significance in the changed grouping. The swarm~~ ^{garden's slowly}

M to M This was Disnew version had
I think the old one better.

295

Menian

and crucifixion.

When they had told everything at least twice, Jared and Eben found an empty few inches along the wall and sat down to rest with their backs to the logs, and their audience drifted off.

Eben wondered if the dismay that he had tried to laugh away was shared by Jared. It was one thing to fight in freedom; another to be weaponless, penned behind thick walls like a bull for slaughter, and almost sure you were headed for the Circus Maximus.

"I must!" Jared said.

Eben turned, hoping for a plan of escape, however wild, but a different matter had made Jared speak to himself.

295

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

Romans

"And I believe him," Eben said. "Titus will want no pocket of us 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 fighters} And many have joined him, or will. And he'll fight hard until he can surrender on good terms." ^{will leave because the temple has been destroyed, and they will not give up to help} ^{bandits keep their loot!" P "He want}

"I don't think he'll fight for long," Eben said. ^{be able to hold out long,} "Eben said. "That is what troubles me. I must warn the Community and,"

Jared added to be as honest as he could, "Some others." He hesitated. "Eben! Will you fetch Amos's women from Jericho?" ^{out of}

"I guess I can," Eben said. ^{But he tried away from the} ~~He would not be able to fetch Amos's women from Jericho. Two women all the way to Jamnia! And one young! Ten lambs would be easier to handle. You couldn't hardly bounce the end of your staff off a girl to keep her in line.~~ ^{But} ^{tip}

Meia

~~Jerusalem and that James was dead and while P puzzled the Romans came on me. But I ^{had hid} ~~hid~~ the Writing ^{at} ~~first~~ on the edge of Bethel."~~

~~Eben laughed in relief.~~

"Well, that settles everything," ^{Eben} ~~he~~ said. "Bethel is only a little ~~way~~ ^{by east} north of Jamnia. Jared and I have ^{an} ~~errands~~ that will take us to Jamnia. ^{you} ~~But~~ go along with us. We'll get you to Bethel."

~~Elias's expression again was odd.~~

^{you talk as though going to Jamnia and Bethel was easy} "You talk ~~freely~~ ^{of travelling,} ~~he~~ whispered. ^{Eben said} "But ~~do~~ ^{how will you escape the} you know that a whole cohort ~~is~~ ^{isn't much} on guard here?"

"Only one cohort?" ~~Eben~~ ^{isn't much} said.

³⁵⁰ "An ~~do~~ ^{you have next to no time} you know the Compound says the strongest of us ~~may start~~ ^{All the talk in} any day for Rome to be gladiators, ~~at in a spectacle for~~ the Emperor? ~~Probably~~ ^{the Compound is that the strongest of us will be started} not me. I don't look half as strong as I ~~really~~ ^{am} am. But you two for sure."

~~"While I was walking around," Jared said. "I heard ^{talk} ~~of~~ ^{that a} ~~this need for gladiators.~~~~

Elias bent his 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 breakout tonight."

~~Eben's candid face brightened in greater admiration.~~

~~Recalling how Elias had stood silent but with ear cocked he realized belatedly how unobtrusive the little man had been also. Such an eavesdropper might easily have stood unnoticed close to Simon's crew.~~

"Now I begin to see how you kept so long clear of enemies after Rome," ^{Eben} ~~he~~ said, ^{his candid face bright with admiration}

Jared's black eyes were gleaming ~~with his own increased~~ ^{admiration} approval as he ~~leaped~~ ^{leaped} up.

"While I was walking I also learned," ~~he~~ said, "that

Rising he laid his sword in a rock crevice....the Priest of Aaron disliked the ~~sight~~ sight of weapons....and pressed on toward the Watch Tower ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ which topped the complex of small buildings. He hurried toward it picturing what would be going on within the walls. Now, whoever was taking the Overseer's place would be giving out the ~~the~~ day's tasks. Now because of the rule, silence would be settling over the courtyard, over every building, a colonnade, stable, shed, pasture, rocky field. All would be as quiet as the wind-swept graveyard where row on row of Brothers lay, facing the north.

How swiftly Romans could demolish it all. Netophah, too.

I must see her and warn her.

Worry, fatigue and guilt beset him together, now that his journey was ending. But as he drew near the Tower, a smile broke across his ~~kind~~ face. Not far ahead, in the now clear morning light, he saw the Chaste One, propped against his favorite rock, and Jared hurried forward in spite of weary legs.

"Jared." The Chaste One's face glowed. But after they had embraced he said as though they had parted only moments before, "The Commentary goes well but no Commentary is easy and to make this one worthy is almost more than I should attempt. Perhaps Hillel should have done it, or Johanan should do it now."

Urgent as was his errand, Jared took time to reply. He knew his best thought was expected, although the Chaste One's doubt

for review

This Commentary on Will of God was introduced earlier.

~~the~~ they had parted ~~only~~ moments, not months, before. "Jared! My commentary is ~~now~~ well along." Next, however, he ~~almost~~ sighed. "But no commentary is easy and to make this one worthy is almost more than I ~~perhaps~~ should attempt."

Jared took time to reply. The Chaste One did not need encouragement. His ~~expression of doubt~~ was denied by his undeniable ^{expression} ~~air of self-sufficiency and contentment.~~

"I am building the commentary around the first line of the psalm, ^{the chaste one} which inspired me," he said. "It is ~~almost the most~~ beautiful ~~ever written~~ but of course," he added, ~~although his contentment did~~ ^{modestly} ~~no lessen,~~ ^{challenging} ~~in proportion."~~

He recited the line. - -

"With nothing but the will of God shall a man ^{be} concerned," - -)

And went on to recite ~~several more~~, from ~~pure~~ joy in their beauty.

~~"With all the words of his mouth shall he be pleased,~~

~~His shall not desert him, and he shall not be ashamed of his command.~~

"And to the statutes of God shall he look always."

"~~But~~ ^{is} am I the one to attempt ~~so noble~~ a commentary, Jared?"

he said. "Should not Hillel have, or now Johanan?"

Jared continued to take his time. If he said no one else was so fit, the Chaste one would use an hour ^{humble} ~~humbly~~ coaxing himself to do what ^{he believed had been assigned him by Omniscience.} ~~he had been rebolved on from the beginning.~~ If some other ~~greater~~ were suggested the ~~Chaste One~~ would use the same hour, at least, to recite ^{modest} ~~sound~~ reasons why no ~~other~~ greater should be bothered.

Not that a Hillel commentary, if ^{out} ~~that~~ had been possible, or now a Johanan, would not ~~have been~~ better. ~~Ah,~~ far better!

Just that the Chaste One had set his gentle heart on this

delmat

Jared came, after the long night journey, within sight of the buildings crouching above the Salt Sea. The sun was rising over the viscous waters and he flung himself to the ground. It was a moment for an offering of the lips.

With an offering of the lips shall they please Him.

Prostrate, he prayed, his breath ^{spouting} sending the gritty soil ~~xx~~ ^{up in little spurts} then ^{he} hid his sword, out of place here and, moreover, unneeded and strode on, ^{As he came close to the} looking away toward his cave with its dry, briny smell and hoping he would sleep in it again.

~~Among the medley of buildings, as he came near, the Meeting Hall and the library stood out and the latter especially drew him toward its precious collection. Both bulked over the communal kitchen, washplace, granary, kiln, storerooms, cisterns, all that the Brothers had ^{have} absolutely built to ^{enable} ~~survive~~ ^{maintain} themselves in this bleak place, where they had worshipped so many years that, east of the ^{Motley} buildings, ^{Rough} the the ^{hardy} crude stones ^{Brothers} at the tumuli of ~~more~~ than ~~xx~~ a thousand dead Brothers made a gray, knee-high forest.~~

*awaiting the day ^{or} which would
They would enter Paradise
Entrance into eternal, blissful Paradise*

Jared went on into the main courtyard and through it, in search of a jar and water. He ~~must purify himself~~ ^{must purify himself} must take a lustral bath before mingling with the others. He ~~evaded~~ ^{observed} the rule of silence and even ~~glances~~ ^{glances} which came at him from all sides. ~~xxxxxxx~~

Without ~~breaking~~ ^{breaking} The Discipline, ~~the~~ ^{the} Brothers managed to communicate by eyes and eyebrows, shrugs, ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{xxxxxx} swift gestures

Jared -- has returned -- ~~is~~ ^{is} wounded -- ~~but~~ ^{but} still seems fit -- ~~seems~~ ^{seems} tired -- ~~who~~ ^{who} never was tired - is thinner --- thin? Gaunt. -- ~~looks~~ ^{looks} hungry --- hungry? Famished! --- and worried ~~Worried?~~ ^{Worried?} Haunted!

With his jar of water, he went to his own cave, greeted by a familiar dry briny smell. He had often been grateful for its isolation. It would be good to sleep in it again.

mingling to the others. He spoke only to ~~xxxxxxx~~ ^{a novice, not Heber,} a novice, not Heber, but the first he met, using a calm official tone.

"Brother, will you say to the Priest of Aaron that I have urgent need to speak with him?"

"I will tell him, Keeper of the Acrolls," The Brother's eyes were bright with the encounter.

"I ~~will~~ ^{am} going now to bathe. But I will come then as soon as he can see me."

"I will let you know," The novice raced away.

When he returned, bearing food and fresh white garments Jared was asleep in his cave. The novice sat at the entrance, waiting. After all his message was only that the Priest of Arron could see no one until evening. He was at prayer.

300 299 new numbering

x x x x

Journey Thru Darkness

Jared came, after a ~~long night~~ ^{Journey Thru Darkness} journey, in sight of the buildings crouching beside the Salt Sea. The sun was just rising over the oily waters and he flung himself to the ground. It was a moment for an offering of the lips. *He flung himself to the ground.*

With an offering of the lips shall they please him.

Miniature
~~Prostrate~~, he prayed, his breath spurning the gritty soil into ~~slain~~ whirlpools; then he hid his sword, out of place here, and, moreover, ~~unneded~~, and ~~strode~~ ^{went} on, as he came ~~close~~ ^{looming} the Meeting Hall and the library with its precious rolls ~~took on proportions~~ ^{looming above} ~~more~~ in accord with the communal kitchen, washplace, granary, kiln, ~~stererooms~~ ^{many generations} and cisterns, the medley bravely built by the Brothers to maintain ~~themselves~~ ^{The Brotherhood} on this bleak plateau. ~~Still nearer~~, and to the east, the rough headstones commemorating a thousand dead and gone Brothers made a gray, knee-high forest ~~from~~ ^{out of} which the cemeteryful would one day ~~xxxxx~~ ^{rise and go} into their eternal, blissful Paradise.

"The Romans will never pass this," he said, ~~aloud~~. "On the way to Masada they will ~~certainly~~ ^{feel they must} destroy a place so likely to be turned into a stronghold ~~by~~ ^{for} enemies left over from the siege."

And the Scrolls! All ~~the~~ ^{that} Community had gathered would ~~have~~ ^{feed A} no value to the Romans ~~except to feed~~ a fire to finish their work of destruction.

~~Worry began to add to the fatigue of the of the journey.~~
But as he drew still nearer ~~a rare broad smile spread across his~~ ^{his words lifted} mouth. In the ~~now clear~~ ^{Sandy} sunlight the Chaste One was propped against his favorite rock. Jared hurried ~~forward~~. Reverence alone would have hurried him, but love also made him swift.

"Jared!" the Chaste one said, ~~no more and no less surprised~~ ^{as though} than if they had parted moments, not months before. "Jared! Now my commentary is well along."

Jared came, after a journey through darkness, in sight of the ^{Community} buildings crouching beside the Salt Sea. The sun was just rising over the oily waters and ~~he flung himself to the ground~~. In the stillness of the morning he could hear, at a distance, ~~waters and in the stillness of dawn he could hear the chant of the Brothers in the still distant courtyard.~~

^{across} Sea. The ~~sky~~ ^{sky eastern sky huey a} ~~was like a multicolored cloak.~~ ^{morning} and in the stillness he could hear faintly the chant of the Brothers. He ^{lifted his voice} ~~and~~ ^{own voice,} and when the chant ended he cried as the others would be doing, "We thank thee oh Lord!" ^{and} ~~and~~ ~~he~~ flung himself to the ground. Had he ever been away? Was the fighting only a dream?

The watch tower of the Scriptorium dominated the buildings silhouetted against the landscape and Jared found himself hurrying toward it. Now, whoever was taking his place ~~and~~ the Overseer's was giving out the morning tasks. Now the day's silence would be settling over the barren, rocky ~~etony~~ place. the coolness, the moisture of dawn.....a bird's call, not common...

The watch tower of the Scriptorium ^{high} loomed among the ^{toward it} He hurried toward the ^{on this bleak plateau} complex of buildings so bravely built, ~~by~~ ^{gone} Brothers and the watch tower of the Scriptorium with its precious scrolls loomed above everything. ^{and} ^{Free} as he was, he ~~demied~~ ^{visualized} what ^{was going on} Jared's mind leaped to his duty of saving them from the Romans. ^{rejected that} He was very glad he had come to save them from Roman torches.

In the early sunlight the Chaste One was propped against his favorite rock. Jared hurried toward him. Reverence alone would have hurried him, but love also made him swift.

"Jared," the Chaste One said as though

encouragement. The doubt he expressed was denied by his ^{lik} ~~undeniable~~
of undeniable
~~expressions of~~ contentment. But Jared could see he had set
his gentle heart on this deed for the glory of the Lord, and wild
horses would not have pulled him away from it.

"A commentary by Hillel would have been by Hillel,"
Jared said at last. "One by Johanan, only by Johanan. Neither would
be your commentary."

The Chase One nodded at this undeniable truth and
closed his eyes. His lips moved, shaping, revising, building his
work. He would go on now until the cooling wind ~~had~~ warned him back
to his own tower.

The Fifteen must be warned.

I must see and tell her.

Behind him a young Brother was calling and he turned. If a Brother made that much noise he must have permission and must be heard.

"Jared! There is a meeting of the Many. After the evening meal. I am to tell all. But whoever expected you?"

Now Jared managed to put Tamar from his mind. He must tell the Fifteen, especially the Priest of Aaron, not only of the reported Roman coming but of a plan for hiding the Scrolls when the Romans came.

But the Priest of Aaron was at prayer. He would continue at prayer until the meeting of the Many.

And Jared was abruptly sure the meeting would concern itself with a matter or matters of great, st moment. He looked for Heber who sometimes managed to know what he should not know; did ~~xx~~ not find him and rebuked himself for having thought of breaking the silence for his selfish need. Then he felt easy because for a little he now was free to do what he had all along yearned to do.

The sun's last rays were brightening the library when he entered. The Attendant smiled sunnily, but this was because the Keeper had returned safely, not because his task had grown any ~~less~~ monotonous.

Heber apart? This was a kind of separation imposed only for a most serious sin. Heber was not under the usual cloud. What then. ~~xxxx?~~

Jared was ending his own prayer when it came to him that the urgent summons to the meeting of The Many that would follow the evening meal must have to do with Heber. What could Heber have done this time? He glanced around, looking for some pantomime which might supply the answer. Before he could discover any the summons came to go in for supper.

The Fifteen seated themselves first, then the Masters, then the ^{Bakers} ~~ens~~, ~~xxxxxx~~ brought in loaves and wine and after the Priest of Aaron had blessed them all, they broke their day-long silence to praise and then eat and sip. Next, cooks brought each a bowl of broth, not much thickened by a few vegetables, and more bread.

Heber had not been given the bread and wine, or the bowl.

He sat on a stool in the rear of the room, his high held head ^{drooping head} and ^{staring} fixed brown gaze ^{registering} ~~reflecting~~ both defiance and humility. When the

bowls had been sopped dry the Priest of Aaron went to the podium and the tables were pushed out of the way and the ^{rest} others of the Fifteen went to benches along the wall. ~~all~~ The others stood; all except Heber, still on his lowly stool. ^{were and were}

Candles were lit, but not many. ~~Of late, much light hurt~~ the eyes of the Priest of Aaron. Since light was good, this puzzled the Brothers. Nevertheless, as ^{many} ~~all~~ had observed, when more than a few small candles were used ^{for light}, the Priest of Aaron complained ^{that} ~~each~~ ^{of an encircling} ~~all~~ were surrounded by a nimbus which caused pain to his eyes. ^{as before} After the first complaint one Brother recalled that his grandfather had gone blind after a similar, painful experience.

As erect on his podium as he could manage, his head tilted

Food caught
Shrimp to
Charm not written
face. Then he
kept his eyes
blackly on the

10

"Quickly, Jared! Do what has been ^{laid} ~~laid~~ upon you."

Jared advanced on Heber, still ~~erouched on his~~ the lonely stool of the accused. Tradition required that the one who cursed stop just short should ~~stand seven~~ of the one to be cursed and count to seven, a number of power, ^{and} then ~~at once~~ begin the cursing in traditional phrases ^{set down} ~~prescribed~~ in the earliest days of the Community.

Jared stopped short of Heber ^{but} ~~and~~ ^{not} ~~did~~ count to seven, ~~but~~ ^{number} No ~~number~~ could have given any feeling of ~~righteous~~ ~~power~~. He turned to the Fifteen, and then, in ultimate confession, toward the Priest of Aaron, ^{grew} guilt ~~now~~ plain in his stricken face, ^{and he held out his} ~~and~~ dropping shoulders and ~~in his~~ ~~uplifted~~, suppliant hands, held palms forward as though to expose his secret.

The Priest of Aaron comprehended ~~at last~~ and drew back in astounded disbelief.

"You, Jared?"

"I."

"Not you, Jared?"

"I." The ^{his} suppliant hands fell as a murmur swelled among the Many, louder than the ^{sigh} moan Heber had evoked, and different. To shock, ~~to~~ surprise, pity and envy was added anger against what ~~they must hold~~ ^{they must hold to be betrayal} ~~to be~~, in one so high as the Keeper of the Scrolls, ~~betrayal~~.

8/10/10

The Priest of Aaron spoke again, his voice now harsh with condemnation.

"You have broken the v ow, Jared!"

"I have broken it."

"You!"

"I!"

The old man grasped his throat.

"This comes of permitting you to fight against the Romans!"

"Before the fighting I broke the vow."

"Y ou are ~~even~~ worse than Heber."

"I am worse. I cannot curse him.

~~No longer astounded and disbelieving,~~ the Priest of Aaron's
~~face~~ lips set so that ~~his~~ around his mouth the fine hairs of his
 came = o. alive. That they seemed to
 white beard ~~fermented~~, foamed and he straightened in righteous
 mercilessness.

"Indeed you shall not." He flung his right hand high. "But
 I shall. First you, faithless Jared. Then this other."

He began slowly, ~~and solemnly~~ intoning his words in
 ceremonial solemnity.

"Accursed may you stand forever, Jared."

~~Not until~~ the first formal words of the Community's long
 excommunication ~~had~~ died away ^{and} ~~the~~ the Many respond as all earlier
 generations had, ~~responded~~.

"Amen." The chorus, ^{bleeding into} ~~of the Many,~~ a single ~~voice~~ voice, rolled
 up to the roof ~~and echoed~~.

"Accursed may you stand in all your guilty workd."

"Amen." The single voice ~~now~~ rolled and echoed.

~~Page of 386 A~~

386-4

the Lord
He

p 12

"May ~~God~~ make a specter of you, and ~~send you to destruction.~~"

"Amen."

May He send you to destruction! (C)

~~"May the mercy shown you be according to the darkness of your works."~~

"Amen."

"May you suffer in eternal pits of darkness."

"Amen."

"May all your prayers fall back from heaven like heavy stones!"

"Amen."

"May ~~God~~ refuse to pardon your iniquities!"

"Amen."

"May his angry countenance be lifted upon you in vengeance!"

"Amen."

He bar you forever from all the sons of

Light
~~"May you receive no peace from the mouths of all who stand in the Light!"~~

"Amen."

"May the fire of ~~God's~~ *his* judgment burn you to eternal damnation!"

"Amen."

"May all the corruption of your broken covenant cleave to you!"

"Amen!"

~~"May mercy be shown you only according to the darkness of your works."~~
~~"May God bar you forever from all the Sons of Light!"~~

"Amen."

~~The last unforgiving chorus echoed from the high ceiling of the Assembly Hall and died away, and the Brotherhood sat in~~

Mr Tubbs, make this the last curse!

Mr Tubbs, please turn

STET