



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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~~smoke of many fires and the drifting dust, a septic compound of all that had spewed corruption on <sup>the city</sup> Jerusalem, for months. It brought to Jared's mind the corruption in men's hearts, the nightmares and passions which had kept Jews, legionnaires, auxiliaries, Idumeans and Simonites at one another's throats so long and so savagely.~~

Jared ~~he~~ turned his face away from the ~~noxious wind~~ <sup>stink</sup> and ground out ~~low~~ hateful words:

"Rise, Mighty One,  
 "Lay thy hand upon the neck of thy enemies,  
 "And thy foot upon the heap of the slain,  
 "Smite.....  
 ".....and let thy sword consume guilty flesh!"

"It is a cursing psalm of ~~the~~ <sup>to his</sup> Sons of Light, ~~Eben whispered.~~ <sup>stet</sup> ~~said~~  
 "I heard it before, when he looked on what had been done in the Temple," ~~Eben said and~~ ~~scribbled~~  
~~Listening, that other time and this time, too, Eben found~~ <sup>kind of</sup>  
~~himself thinking of the Master's message.~~ <sup>thought of a different petition from the Anointed</sup> <sup>The followers</sup> Long ago, the apostles <sup>of The Anointed</sup>  
~~of Jesus~~ had written down all they could recall of his promises, <sup>the</sup>  
 prophecies, parables, and teachings, <sup>writings</sup> These had been supplied,  
 were still being supplied, as guides and helps to those who <sup>now</sup>  
 were preaching his gospel. Not many possessed such guides, but <sup>stet</sup>  
 many had seen <sup>a copy</sup> ~~one~~ long enough to read and memorize. They were  
 called The Sayings ~~of Jesus~~, and it was <sup>of</sup> something from the Sayings  
 that Eben thought ~~of~~ now.

304 A

M. D. M. You can see that we must put this into the Temple scroll.

butyrliness spirit

rain

violence

darkness

hard

rape

passion

furial rape

218  
174

Belosy didn't wish to act, and I believe the old version is clearer than the new one. Slavut

The great highway that came up to Jerusalem from deeded

the north was called the Damascus Road but it did not end at Damascus even though the solid Roman paving went no farther. 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 say the earthquakes which had been shaking it for two hundred years were <sup>well</sup> deserved. Right, it ran to Aleppo which the first Selucid king had renamed Beroea for <sup>his</sup> the Macedonian birthplace ~~he had left to help Alexander conquer the world.~~ Beroea-Aleppo was also notorious ~~because of~~ its unique death penalty for malefactors. It dropped then down a tower onto a featherbed of fiery embers.

The highway did not end even at Antioch or Beroea. Its west wing ran on through bleak Cilicia where Polemon'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 paragraph in history, all the way to Ephesus on the azure Greeian sea where rival shops hawked sorcery's surest incantations and statu<sup>ettes</sup> of Diana <sup>also</sup> ~~equally~~ warranted to cool boils, warm hearts and work <sup>various</sup> ~~many~~ other wonders.

Here in Judea the highway advanced under the shadows of high Scopus and, at Jerusalem's outskirts, squeezed between two knolls. Eastward was the hill of possibly military value. Most Judeans, Samaritans and Galilleans called ~~this Golgotha~~ the Place of the Skull, maintaining that from afar its caves

no Beroea in index is to be seen  
Some of this + Beroea  
next page can be seen later



gates. But the aggression, itself a horrid evil, and its siege and circumvallation so dismayed both Jerusalemites and sojourners that they seemed to have no courage left for the evil in their streets.

After the circumvallation was completed few had even enough courage to try to flee; but of course they they were daunted by the rumor all the brigands spread but especially Simon of the final peril of Roman outposts beyond the circumvallation. These count on making enough to buy their military discharge and life soft the rest of their lives. They expect any of you that they catch to have a belliful of gold or precious stones and if you ~~xxxxxx~~ say you haven't or do not willingly go to stool and void this for your freedom they will cut you open to seek it. For so much bloody booty an outpost risked detection only until he had buried the evidence, small risk under the black cloakx of night. *Beyond Roman outposts lay*

~~Small wonder that so few risked the outposts especially~~ since bleak Judea lay beyond. Most of those who had reverently spent substance, time and strength to attend the Passover had come from gentler homelands than this arid country where they would certainly perish. But if they stayed in Jerusalem then had a roof, at least, <sup>and a chance</sup> ~~xxxxxxxi~~ of water and a crust. Most pitiable of all who had come so far into such a field of fear were the converts. As pious as any Jew-by-race these Jews-by-choice were from everywhere, from Alexandria where the tolerant role of the Ptolomies invited conversion, from Athens where a still florescent philosophical culture encouraged it, from Antioch where the licentious groves of Daphne drove righteous

*I wish I had the rest of this to add to material on Antioch.*

*old  
Vespasian  
agrippa  
checked it  
you care to*

"Even that first time, when she was hardly old enough, I did not go to her. She came to me."

His composure returned and revived vanity and that inspired a thought. Mightn't Titus be diverted from this small portion of his Empire by the last twelve months of violence in Rome? That short time had seen emperors toppled wholesale. Four! Three before Vespasianus! An, one additionally humiliated after death by being tossed down the ignominious Gemonian stairway, the shameful route by which dead-and-done-for criminals were got from the Mamertine prison into the Tiber's tawny, expunging flow.

Agrippa

Moreover, ~~Vespasianus~~ encouraged himself, even if Vespasianus held to his low opinion, he would hardly do anything to hinder Titus's aggression. And any demotion of the tetrarch sitting in Jerusalem might well make Titus's task more difficult.

"I am not just any tetrarch in Palestine!"

What other had grown up in Rome and ~~had~~ been first-named by Vestals, patricians and senators and even by gladiators and superintendants of exclusive baths? Who ~~else~~ had been tutored by Quintillian? Vespasianus had to think better of one who wrote a report in Quintillian's polished prose. And hadn't that tutor of Rome's elite said that Marcus Julius wrote divinely? Moreover he had so much to say that the felicituous prose could be stretched to include the self-serving but no freedman secretary would dare hold back.

Item! The successful unloading of supplies at Jamnia; the Emperor would know this had been possible as much because of Agrippa's calming rule as by Titus's peace. Item! If needed, forty thousand recruits were available in Jamnia; of course in drafting them Titus would have to break his sworn peace, but let Titus worry about that.

*chick  
o v. this was  
think  
from  
was did  
agrippa?  
set  
in  
safe*

*Marcus Julius Agrippa*

Item! The Jamnia school. Agrippa had had a misgiving or two after encouraging Titus to approve the school. But now, as he would point out, it was curbing malcontents from the chronically malcontent Temple. Oh! There was plenty to report in the exquisite prose taught by Quintillian.

One bit, however, would not be slipped in. Why upset Vespasianus by boasting that his son's most guarded secret was unguarded? The bit had just reached Agrippa but though it contradicted what everyone was saying openly -- Titus, his generals, many leading Judeans -- he did not doubt it. It came from the one person he never doubted.

Jerusalem was, in truth, to be besieged!

Agrippa knew even the exact time. Titus would invest when the Passover had <sup>packed</sup> ~~filled~~ the Holy City with a reverent mob from all over the world, when un-disciplined hosts <sup>would make?</sup> made an organized defense impossible, <sup>when they were devoured</sup> and devoured Jerusalem's food, <sup>Then</sup> Titus would attack, destroy, capture, and kill or scatter this stubborn people so that they would never again be a trouble to Rome. And to Berenice! Undisciplined Jerusalemites had burned her palace in ungrateful resentment against the City's Idumean rulers. So now let disaster fall--upon the Holy City, the holier Temple! Upon thousands who would be slain or sent into a captivity worse than Babylon's.

All this would befall provided, of course, that he had been told the truth. Well, he had! He squinted complacently toward invisible Rome.

"Vespasianus, I have a spy in your son's very bed.

He looked to see that wax and taper were handy for his signet ring when he had finished. They were. And with tongue figuratively as well as literally in cheek he began to write:

Best of Emperors, thank you for all you have done  
for me, if you and your army are well I am well  
also...

He wrote with swift assurance and no need of the spatula.  
He was, he felt, sounding exactly the right felicituous, Quintillian  
note.

192  
162  
159

talking to himself,

more and more into ~~secret~~ communion with the only other person he trusted absolutely.

Berenice was back now. She had tried to endure her unpolished Cilician for his revenues from forests which walled Egypt and his goat herds which canopied half of Arabia's tented nomads but she had not, in the end, been able to endure what he offered in place of Agrippa's palaces, <sup>his</sup> storm-battered mountains ~~and~~ strongholds half in ruins since Pompey passed that way. She had, however, no sooner deserted Polemon than she had taken up with Titus as once, briefly, she had taken up with his father.

So, here was Agrippa again, alone, ~~and~~ talking to himself, nibbled by guilt and trying to think a way out of his trouble.

Why guilt nibbled <sup>Agrippa</sup> ~~he~~ never acknowledged even to himself; but he freely admitted why he was now troubled. His report must ~~face up~~ <sup>DEAD</sup> ~~to~~ a difficulty far more formidable than merely slipping in an ~~urgent~~ or tasty bit of self-serving information. He must, somehow, get in ~~some~~ <sup>an</sup> thing to improve the Emperor's (if the report got that high) opinion of his most important client king in Palestine, an opinion now lowered by two bits of information already in his hands. The dependability of <sup>agrippa's</sup> ~~his~~ own spies satisfied him that ~~at least a~~ hint of his ~~long~~ liason with his sister had <sup>long</sup> ~~been~~ made <sup>known</sup> ~~long~~ since to Vespasian and certainly word had gone forward of his recent approval of her new association with Titus.

"My <sup>of</sup> recent approval!"

The corners of Agrippa's mouth were shaken by a tiny earthquake. He had meant <sup>an</sup> ~~to~~ smile ironically but all he managed was <sup>stammering confession</sup> a ~~rietus~~ confessing his own helplessness in the affair. Berenice had not asked his approval of Titus any more than ~~she had~~ of her

193  
169

--170--

formally  
marriages. He had, it is true, ~~publicly~~ announced all three as though he had arranged them, which would have been his right; ~~but~~ but at bottom she had suited her own pleasure. At bottom she had always suited her own pleasure.

"Even that first time, when she was barely old enough for that sort of thing I did not go to her; she came to me."

She had gone to Titus while admitting that she did not love him. She believed in pleasure but laughed at the love ~~great~~ Solomon had sung about.

"The day she went to Titus she admitted that I gave her more pleasure."

This, she had explained, was because their skills had inter-developed over the years and also, and here she had given a little chuckle, because of a, well, a titillation that came from doing what was forbidden by every law, code, rule and precept, or almost every one.

Agrippa nodded. He, also, understood forbidden gratification. Then his mouth turned sullen.

"Forbidden by whom?"

~~Some say that~~ Canting common men might call it forbidden, but men and women like himself needed to keep their blood pure. Egypt recognized this and Egypt's priesthood, unlike Jerusalem's, approved.

Agrippa "But Rome never has, and especially Vespasian's prudish kind of Roman."

Agrippa's mouth grew exasperated. Hypocrites! Rome did not disapprove a man's love for a man or a boy. Growing up in Rome he had heard that even great Augustus, in boyhood (it was only a rumor but who could forget such a rumor?) had accommodated his greater uncle, Julius.

wealth <sup>from</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>most</sup> ~~educated~~ <sup>supreme</sup> ~~gods~~  
been first-named by patricians, senators, equestrians? Who else had been tutored by Quintilian? Who else could claim an emperor for a friend? Had not that odd (but certainly not as some said, idiot) Claudius called him friend and thanked him publicly for adroitly arbitrating a controversy raised by Jerusalemites? Had not that adroitness helped eccentric Claudius to reign a full dozen years?

"Let Vespasian wait until he has reigned so long?"

Moreover, Agrippa's thought ran on, was he not a great-grandson of Herod the Great, intimate of Caesar Augustus? ~~And son of a later Herod whose death, from a strange belly pain, had sent two loyal tetrarchs into sackcloth?~~

Agrippa made up his mind. To surely soften Vespasian he need only compose in the persuasive rhetoric, <sup>the</sup> ~~and~~ polished prose in which Quintilian had trained him? Had not Quintilian himself said that Marcus Julius, although not a poet, wrote poetry?

His report must, of course, be only a report but so much could be reported that there would be ample space to demonstrate a prose so felicitous, <sup>as well as informative</sup> that any freedman-secretary must take it straight to Vespasian for his pleasure.

Item! Titus's war. Titus must, naturally, be left to tell his own story. But the unloading that day of bulging supply ships sure to please in Rome could be noted. Item! Jabneel, where the ships had been unladen, ~~Jabneel~~ <sup>auxiliary</sup> could muster forty thousand able-bodied ~~men~~ for Titus's auxiliaries. To muster them Titus would, of course, have to ignore his own sworn peace but let Titus worry about that. Item! The school at Jabneel. Some time before good rabbis had been allowed to establish it. Now, <sup>happily</sup> it was acting as a curb on malcontents from the chronically malcontent Temple. These

*All old  
Jared's  
Agrippa  
chapter  
took over*

been pressed into work."

"Unloading the cargoes? But that would keep me until dark."

"You won't be. I'll show you a way out of Jabneel you'll never be seen by Cotta's gang."

Jared pulled thoughtfully at a cheek.

"What did he say to save that fellow from a broken head?"

"I didn't catch it all. The Romans have been around so long that they and Judeans have concocted a language mixture both understand. But this time I caught mainly retarius. It could be Cotta was ordering the three not to spoil such a good retarius."

A retarius, Jared remembered, went almost naked and with only a net and trident into a Roman gladiatorial contest against an armed and armored enemy.

"Fix up that one's ankle and he'd be just the man."

"Lately," Amos said, nodding, "I have been hearing that Titus is to build a compound for the best prisoners and by next summer hopes to send back to Rome enough to supply fighting men for a spectacle celebrating victory here in Palestine."

"He hasn't won his victory yet."

"The Romans say they never lose."

\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-  
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Twice each year, oftener if a crisis arose, the sundry provincial representatives of Rome's vast Empire reported on matters of weight relating to their territories. Each knew that what he sped off by swift courier and swifter ship probably would not get past the sticky fingers of imperial freedmen-secretaries. These had won such influence under successive Caesars that

*left to Empire*

hereditary nobles of Rome were grumbling they would have been better off born slaves. But there was always a chance a report might reach the Emperor himself. So, procounseles, governors, procurators, client kings, tetrarchs, toparchs and what not all tried to include some bit so urgent, or spicy, that the most bumptious freedman would not risk holding it back. Thus the writer would win a momentary notice on the highest level. Preferment had resulted from a lot less.

Marcus Julius Agrippa II, pudgier than he should have been at forty-two, lonely, suspicious, nibbled by secret guilt,--and about to begin his own report -- was talking to himself.

"I must know exactly how to say everything before I make even the first scratch." *he said.*

A newly pointed stylus, its reverse end widely spatulated for erasure, lay with a wax tablet on his study table. He found Roman wax more to his liking than the more Hebrew papyrus, leather, parchment or copper. He had been reared and tutored in Rome, a privilege and honor he often mentioned.

"I must know exactly."

The habit of talking to himself -- counselling, dreaming -- had grown in his sister's absences. They had always been closer than, he hoped, anyone save themselves knew, and when she was away he grew lonely for a confidant.

During her last absence, with her third husband, King Polemon, in bleak Cilicia, Agrippa had edged over into middleage where self-doubt, feeding on other worries, increases. Habit had become addiction. Sure that any proxy confidant would betray him, to ~~tempt~~ spies of the Temple, of Titus or of Rome, he had fallen

more and more into secret communion with the only other person he trusted absolutely.

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The corners of his mouth lifted derisively. A thought!

Perhaps he was troubling unnecessarily over this report. mightn't Vespasian be too much occupied to concern himself about anything save major affairs of state. These would be crowding after the violent events of the last bloody year in which emperors had been tossed about like dice.

Four, in so short a time! First, after Nero's ~~king~~ <sup>cruel</sup> reign and craven demise, Galba had come to the purple but had been almost immediately shorn of it. And in Rome afterward, so a spy reported, it was said that all would have pronounced Galba worthy of empire if he had not been emperor. As a general he had been universally hailed; as Caesar he had been so perverse that the Praetorian Guard had murdered him almost before he had time to warm his throne. Otho, once one of Nero's wildest courtiers, had followed. But enthroned he had become so tame he would not fight for what he had won. Next Vitellius, who had been strong enough to drive Otho to suicide but who, as Emperor, won distinction only for being the biggest glutton ~~even~~ to rule Rome. The Praetorians had slain him, also, tumbling his body down the ignominious Gemonian stairway where dead criminals from the Mamertine Prison were habitually skidded along the quickest route by which a corpse could be got to the Tiber's expunging, tawny flow. Lastly, by recent word, Vespasian. Unlike two of his recent predecessors, Vespasian was holding the capricious Praetorian Guard in check. But would not the difficulties of setting up a stable government leave no time to think about a far-off client king? Even if he did have time would he not be slow to do what was so likely to undermine Titus? Disorder sure to follow the abasement of a tetrarch of Palestine would surely increase Titus's difficulties.

"I am not just any tetrarch of Palestine. I am the chief."

Who else had grown up in Rome and had been first-named by vestals, patricians, senators, equestrians, gladiators and superintendants of exclusive baths? ~~Tutored by Quintilian?~~ Was a great grandson of Herod the Great, intimate of Caesar Augustus? Had been tutored by Quintilian?

The recollection of Quintilian made up Agrippa's mind. To surely soften Vespasian he need only compose in the persuasive rhetoric, the polished prose, which Quintilian had developed. Had not Quintilian himself said that Marcus Julius, although not a poet, wrote poetry?

His report must, of course, be only a report. But so much could be reported that there would be ample space to slip in the self-serving bits in a prose so felicitous that any freedman-secretary would have two good reasons for taking it straight to Vespasian.

Item! Titus's war. Titus must, naturally, be left to tell his own story. But the helpful unloading that very day of needed supply ships, sure to please Vespasian, could be noted. Item! Jabneel. The unloading had been accomplished in one of Agrippa's own cities, and peaceably. Moreover, Jabneel could-might-muster perhaps forty thousand able bodied men for Titus. To <sup>draft</sup> muster them Titus would, of course, have to break his own sworn peace. But let Titus worry about that. Item! The Jabneel School. For a long while Agrippa had regretted allowing it to be established. But now it was curbing malcontents from the chronically malcontent Temple. Persistent rumors that Jerusalem was soon to be besieged were driving many Temple priests to take asylum in Peaceful Jabneel but once there they cried and cried for violence against the rumored

beseigers. But the sober counsel of the School was keeping ~~Jabuel~~  
~~and~~ these crying priests calm, thus demonstrating, as Vespasian  
 undoubtedly would agree, Agrippa's foresight in permitting the  
 school to set up shop. It <sup>em!</sup> At Vespasian's own siege of walled,  
<sup>mountainous</sup> practically impregnable Gemala in Galilee, Agrippa had <sup>heroically</sup> gone <sup>up to</sup> the  
<sup>up</sup> the gates when the fight stalemated and as <sup>the</sup> city's Toparch had  
 urged <sup>surrender</sup> its citizens to yield and had been ~~severely~~ bruised by a  
 rudely slung stone.

~~Great Vespasian~~ would hardly recall  
 the ~~stone~~, or pruisse however <sup>painful</sup>. But could he forget how the  
 affront to royalty had inspired his soldiers to attack anew? There  
 had been, <sup>of course</sup> he knew, an explanation less flattering to himself. But  
 at the time Vespasian had ~~not paid any attention to~~ the report that  
 humiliation at <sup>being held up by so few</sup> had inspired the legions <sup>to attack anew</sup>  
 and it was unlikely that he would recall ~~that~~ at this late day.

Oh, There was much to write, providing Quintilian's gifted  
 pupil ample room to slip in <sup>whatever bit</sup> what seemed needed. <sup>Just</sup> bit, however,  
 would not be slipped in. <sup>he need to upset Vespasian</sup> Vespasian must not be upset by the  
 revelation that <sup>even</sup> his son's most guarded secrets <sup>complete</sup> were unguarded.

This ~~the~~ bit had <sup>just</sup> reached Agrippa <sup>and</sup> only that day. It was contrary  
 to what everyone was saying publicly--Titus, his generals, even  
 deceived Judean leaders. It was contrary to what Titus's agents  
 were spreading. <sup>and</sup> But Agrippa did not doubt it. It had come from the  
 one other person whom ~~he~~ never doubted. Jerusalem was, in fact, to  
 be beseiged. Exasperated by Judea's stubborn resistance, Titus had  
 resolved to strike at its very heart. Agrippa's <sup>had been told</sup> confident had  
 pinpointed the exact time. Titus would <sup>strike</sup> begin when the Passover had  
 crowded the Holy City with ~~disorganized~~ thousands and thousands  
 come in reverence from all over the world. While these devoured  
 Jerusalem's provisions, soaked up her water, ~~and lawless bands~~  
 made disciplined resistance ~~impossible~~, he would invest, capture,

world. While these hosts devoured Jerusalem's food and drank her water, and while lawless bands abroad in the city made disciplined defense virtually impossible, he would invest, capture, kill -- scatter--so that this stubborn people could never again defy Rome.

If the harsh decision had been revealed earlier Agrippa might have tried to soften it. He had <sup>personal</sup> some influence with Titus, and through Berenice had more. He had tried before, and not only at Gemala, to persuade Vespasian and Titus to deal gently with his subjects. So had Berenice. But a mob had burned Berenice's palace. Some said in spite because their princess was sharing so few of their woes. Agrippa, however, was sure that it had been only another senseless sign of the regrettable, historic resentment against the six century-old Idumeean dynasty.

The burning had hardened Jerusalem's kind ruler. Now let all bow to disaster. The Holy City! Even the holier Temple! Thousands would be slain. Added thousands taken into a captivity more dire than that of Babylon. Thousands of maidens would weep in shame.

All this, provided the report of Titus's secret decision was true. It was true. Agrippa squinted complacently toward faroff Rome.

"Vespasian! I have my spy in your son's very bed!"

For the moment less lonely, Marcus Julius Agrippa, Herod II, Tetrarch of Trachonitis with Abila, and of Batabea, Toparch of Julius, Tiberias and Tarichæa where that rude stone bruise had been sustained, looked to make sure that wax and taper were handy so that, having finished, he might make a warm little puddle and press it with his seal ring, drew the tablet under his hand and, with tongue literally as well as figuratively in cheek, began to

*agrippa*

Twice each year the sundry provincial representatives of Rome's vast Empire reported on matters relating to their territories. Each knew that what was sped off by swiftest courier probably would not get past the sticky fingers of imperial freedman-secretaries. These had won such influence under successive Caesars that hereditary Roman nobles grumbled that they had better been born slaves. But there was always a chance. A report might reach the Emperor himself. So proconsuls, governors, procurators, client kings, tetrarchs, toparchs and what not all tried to send some bit so urgent or spicy that the most bumptious freedman would not risk holding it back. Thus the writer would win a momentary notice on the highest level. Preferment had resulted from a lot less.

Marcus Julius Agrippa II, pudgy, lonely, suspicious, nibbled by secret guilt --and about to begin his own report -- was talking to himself. A newly pointed stylus, its reverse end, widely spatulated for erasures, on his study table beside a wax tablet. lay ~~next to a wax tablet on his study table~~. He found Roman wax more to his liking than Jewish papyrus, parchment or copper. He had been reared and tutored in Rome, a privilege and honor he often mentioned.

"I must know exactly how to say everything before I make even the first scratch."

A thought! The corners of his mouth lifted hopefully. Perhaps he was troubling unnecessarily over this report? Mightn't Vespasianus be too much occupied to concern himself over a distant corner of his Empire? Major affairs of state must be crowding him. Recent events had tossed emperors about like dice. Four in a short year!

First, after Nero's craven demise, Galba had come to the purple but almost at once had been shorn of it. As a general he had been hailed everywhere. As Caesar he had been nothing. The Praetorian Guard had murdered him before he had time to warm the throne. Afterward, a spy had told Agrippa, all Rome had said that Galba would have been worthy of empire if only he had not been made emperor. Otho, once one of Nero's wildest courtiers, had followed. He had sat too tamely on his throne. He would

For all its isolation, the Community knew ~~quite~~ a lot about the legions now in Palestine for almost four years. It knew of their brutal successes in Galilee. It had rejoiced when Jews ~~had~~ offset these a little by recapture<sup>ing</sup> of Masada, a southern stronghold and of the Fortress of Antonia at Jerusalem.

"I know," Jared said, "~~now the legions under Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus, have been beating our people down.~~" commands them.

"~~Under~~ Vespasianus no longer," Heth said. "His son, another Titus, commands all four bloody handed legions and as many auxiliaries. The Fifth is full of wild former pirates. The Tenth claims ~~a record of victories won~~ over a hundred years. The Fifteenth boasts that on the seventh

*of unbroken victories.*

For all its isolation, the Community knew a good deal about the legions invading Palestine for now almost four years. It had mourned their successes in <sup>Galilee</sup> Palestine and had rejoiced when Jews offset these a little by recapturing the southern stronghold, Masada, and the Fortress of Antonia at Jerusalem.

"I have heard," Jared said. "Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus commands them."

"Vespasianus no longer," Heth said. "His son, another Tutus, commands the <sup>whole</sup> bloody handed lot and as many more auxiliaries. The Fifth is full of wild former pirates. The Tenth claims a hundred years of unbroken victories. The Fifteenth boasts that On the seventh

not even fight for what he had won. Next came Vitellius who had been strong enough to force Otho to suicide but who, as Emperor, won only one distinction. He was called the greatest glutton ever to rule Rome. The Praetorians had tumbled his body down the ignominious Gemonian stairway where dead criminals from the Mamertine prison were regularly skidded, the quickest route for a corpse to the Tiber's expunging, tawny flow. Lastly, Vespasian! Unlike recent predecessors, Vespasian was holding the capricious Praetorian Guard in check.

But might not the difficulties of establishing a stable government leave no time to think about a far-off tetrarch. Besides, even if Vespasianus did not have time might he not be slow to do what was so likely to undermine his son. Disorder sure to follow the abasement of a tetrarch would increase Titus's difficulties.

write:

Best of Emperors, thank you for all you have done for me, if you and your army are well, I all well also...

He continued swiftly, but with such confidence that he only once needed the spatulated end of his stylus to smooth out a word that seemed to strike an unfelicituous, non-Quintilian, note.

PART THREE \*  
PART THREE

"I am not just any tetrarch of Palestine. I am the chief."

Who else had grown up in Rome and had been first-named by vestals, patricians, senators, equestrians, gladiators and superintendants of exclusive baths? <sup>Who else</sup> ~~Tiberius~~ <sup>Quintilian</sup> Was a great grandson of Herod the Great, intimate of Caesar Augustus? <sup>Who else</sup> Had been tutored by Quintilian?

The recollection of Quintilian made up Agrippa's mind. To surely soften Vespasian he need only compose in the persuasive, <sup>polished</sup> rhetoric, ~~the polished prose~~ which Quintilian ~~had developed~~. Had not Quintilian himself said that Marcus Julius, although not a poet, wrote poetry?

His report must, of course, be only a report. But so much could be reported that there would be ample space to slip in the self-serving bits ~~in a prose~~ so felicitous, <sup>Expressed</sup> that any freedman-secretary would have ~~two~~ good reasons for taking it straight to Vespasian.

Item: Titus's war. Titus must, naturally, be left to tell his own story. But the helpful unloading <sup>this</sup> ~~that~~ very day of needed supply ships, sure to please Vespasian, could be noted. Item: <sup>Jamnia</sup> ~~Jabneel~~. The unloading had been accomplished in one of Agrippa's own cities, and peaceably. Moreover, <sup>Jamnia</sup> ~~Jabneel~~ could-might-muster <sup>draft</sup> ~~muster~~ perhaps forty thousand able bodied men for Titus. To ~~muster~~ them Titus would, of course, have to break his own sworn peace. But let Titus worry about that. Item: <sup>Jamnia</sup> The ~~Jabneel~~ School. ~~For a long~~ <sup>Sometimes</sup> ~~while~~ Agrippa had ~~regretted~~ allowing it to be established. But now it was curbing malcontents from the chronically malcontent Temple. Persistent rumors that Jerusalem was soon to be besieged were ~~driving~~ many Temple priests to take asylum in ~~Peaceful Jabneel~~ <sup>Jamnia</sup> but once there they ~~cried and cried~~ <sup>clamored</sup> for violence against the rumored

161-A

Swift

He wrote ~~swiftly~~ with such assurance that only once did he need the spatulated end of his stylus. Only a word or two needed to be ~~erased~~ because it struck an infelicitious, unQuintillian, note.

#

~~very heart~~. Agrippa had been told the exact <sup>hour</sup> time. Titus would strike when the Passover crowded the Holy City with <sup>reverent</sup> thousands and thousands come ~~in reverent~~ humility from all over the world. While these hosts devoured Jerusalem's food and <sup>wrecked a</sup> ~~made a~~ disciplined defense ~~impossible~~. Titus would invest, capture, kill and scatter so that this stubborn people would never again defy Rome.

If Agrippa had <sup>known earlier</sup> ~~been warned~~ of the harsh decision ~~earlier~~ he might have tried to soften it. He had tried ~~before~~ to persuade <sup>Joseph</sup> Vespasian to ~~deal gently~~ with Judea. So had Berenice. But a mob had burned Berenice's palace in <sup>another</sup> senseless ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ <sup>sign of the</sup> ungrateful resentment against <sup>their</sup> ~~the Idumean~~ Idumean rulers of ~~Judea~~. So now let all bow to disaster. The Holy City, The holier Temple, <sup>The</sup> Thousands <sup>who</sup> would be slain, <sup>or</sup> thousands more taken into a captivity more dire than that of Babylon, <sup>The</sup> Thousands of maidens <sup>who</sup> would be shamed.

All this, provided, of course, that Agrippa had been told correctly. And he had. He squinted complacently toward faroff Rome.

Vespasian, I have my spy in your son's very bed!

For the moment less lonely, Agrippa looked to make sure that wax and taper were at hand. <sup>so that,</sup> With them he would, having finished, <sup>he</sup> ~~could~~ make a warm little puddle and <sup>for</sup> ~~press~~ it with his seal ring. They were handy, <sup>and</sup> ~~so he drew the tablet under his hand and with tongue~~ literally as well as figuratively in cheek he began to write:

Best of Emperors, thank you for all you ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ have done for me. If you and your army are well, I am well also...."

157-A

The nearest he ever came was when he reminded himself that Berenice was  
never felt a trace of guilt.

Why guilt nibbled, Agrippa never admitted even to himself.  
He came nearest when he <sup>respected Enviously</sup> reminded himself that Berenice never felt a  
<sup>at all</sup> trace of guilt. But now he acknowledged freely that he was troubled  
<sup>about</sup> by the report. It must deal with a problem far greater than merely  
slipping in tidbits of self-serving information. He must, somehow,  
slip in a thing to improve the Emperor's (if the report got that high)  
opinion of his ranking subordinate in Palestine, <sup>That</sup> <sup>was now</sup> an opinion low because  
of two pieces of information already in his hands. The dependability  
of <sup>Agrippa's</sup> ~~his~~ own agents satisfied <sup>him</sup> Agrippa that his liason with his sister <sup>was</sup>  
~~had long been~~ known to Vespasian and certainly word had already gone  
agead of <sup>her</sup> Berenice's new affair with Titus and that this had ~~the~~  
approval of her brother's approval.

196  
164

however

These

beseigers. ~~But~~ the sober school, <sup>was</sup> keeping ~~th~~ <sup>these</sup> ~~er~~ing hotheads calm, <sup>his</sup> demonstrating, as Vespasian undoubtedly would recognize, Agrippa's foresight in permitting the School to set up shop. It ~~em~~! At Agrippa's own siege of walled, mountainous Gemala in Galilee, Agrippa had heroically gone right up to the very gates when the fight stalemated and ~~as the city's~~ Toparch had urged ~~the~~ peaceable surrender and had been severely bruised by a rudely slung stone. Great Vespasian might not recall the ~~painful~~ bruise. But could he forget the affront to royalty which had inspired the legions to attack anew? ~~There had been, of course, a less flattering explanation. But at the time Vespasian had smiled at the story that humiliation had driven his army to take the stubborn little town and it was unlikely that he would recall the canard at this late day. Oh, there was much to write, providing Quintilian's gifted pupil, with ample room for pleasing prose and whatever bits that seemed needed.~~

One bit, however, would not be slipped in. What need to upset Vespasian by ~~the~~ revelation that his son's most guarded secrets were completely unguarded?

~~The~~ bit had just reached Agrippa, ~~and it~~ <sup>JA</sup> was contrary to what Titus's <sup>cut</sup> agents were spreading, to what everyone was saying publicly -- Titus, his generals, even ~~tricked~~ Judean leaders. But Agrippa did not doubt it. It came from the one other person whom he never doubted.

Jerusalem was, in truth, to be besieged. Exasperated by Judea's stubborn resistance, Titus had resolved to strike at its very heart. Agrippa had been told even the ~~exact~~ time. Titus would strike when the Passover had crowded the Holy City with thousands and thousands come in reverence and humility from all over the ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup>.

Disorganized

joined

the Passover had ~~crowded~~ the Holy City with thousands on thousands of those now dispersed over all the world Titus would invest and seize. In the time of the city's greatest strength but also of its greatest weakness he would capture, kill and so scatter, that this stubborn people would never again <sup>trouble</sup> challenge Rome.

Agrippa

If the harsh decision had been revealed earlier, <sup>had supported</sup> Titus might have tried to change it. Although he ~~expected~~ <sup>before</sup> Vespasian and Titus he had tried again and again to persuade them to deal gently with his subjects, and not only at Gamala. So had Berenice. But within the month a mob had burned Berenice's palace; some said in spite against a princess who was sharing so few of their woes. Agrippa was sure it has been, however, that only another sense sign of the historic, regrettable, resentment against the Idumeean dynasty which had sat on David's throne for a century.

But the ~~senseless~~ burning had hardened Agrippa. Now ~~all~~ <sup>let all</sup> Jerusalem ~~must~~ bow to a disaster, brought on by a few. More than a palace would burn. The Holy City might. Perhaps even the holier Temple. Thousands would be slain, ~~as many women would~~ <sup>Thousands of</sup> ~~wail their shame,~~ and added thousands would be taken into a captivity more dire than that of Babylon, <sup>and thousands of wooden would</sup> ~~wail in shame~~

All this, provided the report of Titus's secret decision was true. It was true. Agrippa squinted complacently toward Rome.

"Vespasian! I have a spy in your son's very bed."  
For the moment less lonely,  
Marcus Julius Agrippa, Herod II, Tetrarch of

Trachonitis with Abila, and of Batabia, Toparch of Julius, Tiberias and Tarichea, <sup>which includes gawala</sup> where he had sustained a severe stone

for that sort of thing I did not go to her, she came to me."

She had gone to Titus while admitting that she did not <sup>great</sup> love him. She believed in pleasure but laughed at the love that <sup>she</sup> Solomon ~~she~~ wrote about.

"The day she went to Titus she admitted that I gave her more pleasure."

This, she had explained, was because their skills had interdeveloped over the years, <sup>as</sup> but also because of a, well, a titillation (and here she had given a little chuckle) that came from doing what was forbidden by every law, code, rule and precept.

Agrippa nodded. He, also, understood forbidden gratification. Then his mouth turned sulky.

"Why forbidden?"

*Caution* Common men might ~~carelessly~~ call it forbidden but royalty needed to keep its blood pure. Egypt had recognized this and Egypt's priesthood, unlike that of Jerusalem, had approved.

"But Rome never has, and especially Vespasian's strait-laced kind of Roman."

Agrippa's mouth grew exasperated. ~~Romans were impossible.~~ *Hypocrites! Rome* They did not disapprove of a man's love for a man or a boy. Growing up in Rome he had heard that ~~even~~ great Caesar Augustus in boyhood, it was only a rumor but ~~a rumor often~~ *he had never forgotten,* ~~repeated,~~ had accommodated his uncle, greater Julius Caesar.

*The corners of his mouth turned up derisively.* A thought! Perhaps this report was troubling him unnecessarily. Mightn't Vespasian be too much occupied to concern himself about anything save major affairs of state. These would be crowding him after the ~~Empire's year of bloody~~ *last*

*violent and bloody year*

supplied Egypt with lumber and ~~for~~ his goat herds which <sup>Caucasians</sup> supplied desert tribes <sup>under</sup> with hair tents but she could not endure his storm-battered mountains and his strongholds, half-ruined ever since Pompey, which he offered in place of Agrippa's palaces. She had, however, no sooner deserted Pol,mon than she had taken up with Titus.

So here was Agrippa again, alone and talking to himself, nibbled by guilt and trying to thing a way out of his troubles.

Why guilt nibbled he never acknowledged, even ~~in his~~ <sup>to himself,</sup> own heart, but he frankly admitted <sup>why he was now</sup> his ~~reason for~~ being troubled. His report must face up to a difficulty far more formidable than merely slipping in an urgent bit of self-serving information. He must, ~~however,~~ somehow, get in something to improve (if the report got that high) the Emperor's opinion of his most important client king in <sup>Palestine,</sup> ~~Judea~~, an opinion now impaired by two bits of information already in the royal hands. The dependability of Agrippa's own spies satisfied him that at least a hint of his long liaison with his sister had been fully reported to Vespasian and certainly word had gone forward of his recent approval of her new intrigue with Titus.

"My recent approval!"

The corners of Agrippa's mouth <sup>were shaken by a tiny earthquake</sup> ~~shuddered~~. He <sup>had</sup> meant to smile ironically but all he managed was a p<sup>r</sup>ictus confessing his own helplessness in the affair. Berenice had not asked his approval of Titus any more than she had of her marriages. He had, it is true, publically announced all three as though he had arranged them which would have been his right; but at bottom she had suited her own pleasure. At bottom she had always suited her own pleasure.

"Even that first time, when she was barely old enough

all tried to include some bit of information so urgent that the most bumptious freedman would not dare hold it back. Thus the writer would win at least a momentary notice on the highest level, and preferment had resulted from less.

Marcus Julius Agrippa, Herod II, pudgier that he should have been at forty-two, lonely, suspicious, nibbled by a secret guilt, ~~troubled~~ --and about to begin his own report-- was talking to himself.

"I must know exactly how to say everything before I make even the first mark."

A newly pointed stylus, its reverse end spatulated for erasures, lay with a wax tablet on his study table. ~~Raised and tutored in Rome~~ he found Roman wax more to his liking than papyrus, parchment, leather or copper ~~scrolls~~. *he had been reared and tutored in*

"I must ~~be sure~~ <sup>know exactly</sup> he repeated." *know exactly*

The habit of talking to himself -- counselling, ~~planning~~, encouraging, dreaming -- had grown in his sister's absences. They had always been closer than, he hoped, anyone save themselves knew and when she was away he grew lonely and fretful for a confidant.

During her last absence, with her third husband, King Polemon, in bleak Cilicia, Agrippa had edged over into middle-age when self-doubt, feeding on other ~~aporia's~~ <sup>worries</sup>, had increased. ~~That was when~~ habit had become addiction. Sure that any proxy confidant would betray him ~~to rivals, or to spies of the Temple,~~ or Titus or Rome, he had fallen more and more into secret communion with the only other person he  ~~dared~~ <sup>id</sup> trust absolutely.

Berenice was back now. She had tried to endure her unpolished Cilician for his revenues from forests which

in which emperors had ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> tossed around like dice  
~~violence.~~

Four ~~emperors~~ in so short a time! First, after Nero's long reign, Galba had come to the ~~throne~~ <sup>purple</sup> but had been immediately ~~toppled~~ <sup>Thrown down</sup>. In Rome now, so a spy reported, it was being said that all would have pronounced Galba worthy of empire if he had not been emperor. As a general he had been hailed but as Caesar he had been so perverse that the Praetorian Guard had murdered him almost before he had had time to warm his throne.

Otho had followed, once one of Nero's wildest courtiers. But, enthroned, he had become so tame that he would not fight for what his sword had won. He had ~~cravenly committed suicide~~. Next Vitellius, who had been strong enough to drive his predecessor to ~~self-destruction~~ <sup>craven suicide</sup> but who as Emperor won note only for being the greatest glutton ever to rule Rome. The Praetorians had slain him, also, then had ~~tumbled~~ <sup>in</sup> his body ~~ignominiously~~ down the ~~fatal~~ <sup>ignominious</sup> Gemonian stairway where dead criminals from the Mamertine prison were habitually ~~thrown~~ <sup>slidged along</sup>. It was the quickest avenue by which a corpse could be got to the Tiber's tawny, expunging flow.

Lastly, by recent word, Vespasian. Unlike ~~two of his~~ <sup>the</sup> recent predecessors, Vespasian was holding the capricious Praetorian Guard in check. But would not the difficulties of setting up a stable government ~~keep~~ <sup>leave</sup> him ~~too busy~~ <sup>in time</sup> to think about a far-off client king? Even if he did have time to ~~think~~ would he not be slow to do anything likely to undermine Titus? To abase ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> chief tetrarch of ~~Palastine~~ <sup>Judea</sup> would be sure to increase Titus's problems.

"I am more than <sup>the</sup> chief tetrarch. <sup>of Palestine</sup> I am the chief."

Who else had grown up in Rome ~~so that there~~ <sup>and</sup> he had

because of perstating rumors that Jerusalem was soon to be beseiged, were taking asylum in peaceful Jabneel yet at the same time were crying for violence against the rumored b,seigers. But the sober counsel of the School was keeping Jabneel calm, thus demonstrating how wisely Agrippa had acted in p,ermitting the School, as Vespassian undoubtedly would agree. It,am! At Vespassian's own bloody siege of ~~Gamala~~, the walled, almost impregnable <sup>gemala</sup> mountain ~~city~~ in Galilee, Agrippa had gone to the ~~city~~ gates when the fight had stal,emated and, as its lawful toparch, had urged the people to yield and while urging had been severely bruised by a slung stone. *you will remember great Vespassian, how that*

"Which affront to royalty <sup>so</sup> had ~~re~~ aroused the legions that they had attacked anew and Gamala had fallen."

Vespassian would hardly <sup>recall</sup> remember a stone bruise, however painful, but <sup>could not forget who</sup> surely he would ~~recall~~ how the Toparch had inspired his soldiers.

Oh, there was much to write and to provide ampl, room for Quintilian's <sup>most gifted</sup> excellent pupil to slip in the bits of ~~information~~ that would make it hard for Vespassian to entertain any safe kindly thoughts.

One bit of information, however, would not be slipped in. This had reached Agrippa only that day. It was contrary to what everyone was saying, Titus, his generals, Judean leaders, contrary also to what Titus' secret agents were spreading, but Agrippa did not doubt it. It had come from the one person, other than himself, whom he never doubted.

Jerusalem was in fact, ~~in truth~~, to be beseiged. Exasperated by Judea's stubborn resistance, Titus had resolved to strike at its very heart. Agrippa's confidant had pin pointed the very <sup>time</sup>

kixaxzWaxx



like this whole  
Resurrection  
4th of July  
of the  
from the  
origin  
of  
I believe these  
to mean long ago when I was  
sunday I cut Eben with his

"May He bar you forever from all the Sons of Light!" the priest of Aaron had said.

Barred from all? Then he should not wear these clothes which said he was one of them, ~~all~~. He stripped down to lion cloth and sandals and ~~start~~<sup>went</sup> away from the buildings from which he was also barred. Beyond the Chaste One's rock he dug up his sword and realized that, even though he had carried a sword only a few months out of his life time he had, in these last hours, felt incomplete without one. He went on westward, slowly, then at a marching gait, and finally in haste. ~~he saw~~

\*\*\*\*\*

<sup>starlight.</sup>  
In the same serene night Eben and Elias waited for a safe time to go over Jericho's wall bulking a hundred paces <sup>away</sup> ahead above a tangle of shrubs, young trees and lofty palms. They had ~~been~~ safely hidden here before ~~the city~~ dawn but had not tried to enter in daylight. Elias, in whom caution was a virtue, had nodded when Eben pointed out ~~a sizeable~~ <sup>the</sup> daylight ~~dangerous~~ risk.

"Even if we get in all right <sup>we might still</sup> there will still be the chance of meeting some Egyptians who were before Jerusalem while Jared and I were on and off Antonia."

Eben ~~he~~ wasn't, he reflected, speaking to make himself out a mighty man of war in Elias's eyes. But Jared and he had played their part in the siege and (without saying a thing of ~~what he~~ himself) ~~that~~ Jared had <sup>would certainly be remembered by many</sup> usually left a remembrance for Romans and ~~auxiliaries~~ Auxiliaries, both. And he had <sup>always</sup> been with Jared, ~~at least~~ guarding his back according to their covenant. So, in Jericho, it wasn't so unlikely that ~~quite a number~~, at any rate a few, would recognize him?

He and Elias had hidden from enemies and the heat of the day among ~~olanders~~ <sup>olive</sup> and willows on what had been a farm although

original copy  
not  
a  
new

moment

himself

Remember

He did not mean to make himself out a mighty man of war,  
but almost every day of the siege <sup>a</sup>  
~~during the siege~~ he and Jared had taken ~~part almost~~  
without saying anything of what he had done,  
~~and~~ Jared had ~~usually~~  
left usually  
Romans and Auxiliaries something to remember, ~~and at~~  
~~least~~ he had always been with Jared, protecting his back, according  
to their covenant, if no more.

He did not mean to make himself out a mighty man of way,  
but throughout the siege he and Jared had taken their part and,  
leaving unsaid what he had done, Jared had ~~usually left~~  
usually left ~~Romans and Auxiliaries~~ a remembrance for Romans and  
auxiliaries and he had been with Jared, protecting his back,  
according to their covenant, if no more.

He did not mean to say he had been a mighty man of war  
but all during the siege he and Jared had taken their part and,  
leaving unsaid what he had done, Jared had usually left Romans  
and Auxiliaries with a remembrance and he had been with Jared,  
protecting his back, according to their covenant, if no more.

wasn't trying to make <sup>out that</sup> ~~Elias think he~~  
He ~~wasn't trying to make Elias think he~~ he had been  
Jared and he  
a mighty man of war, but in the siege ~~he and Jared~~ had played their  
part <sup>and</sup> without mentioning <sup>saying a thing of what</sup> what he had done, Jared had usually left a  
remembrance for ~~some~~ Roman <sup>and</sup> or ~~some~~ Auxiliary <sup>is</sup> and he had, ~~usually~~ <sup>at least</sup> been with  
Jared, protecting his back according to their covenant. So ~~in~~ Jerichom  
~~there~~ <sup>had few</sup> might well be a patrol, or at least <sup>one</sup> some single soldier, who  
would recognize him.

M to M.  
 This follows the <sup>already</sup> copy  
 on page 276 - says had  
 to give you <sup>some</sup> faint copy.  
 Since this seems to be  
 addressed to you perhaps  
 you don't have it. If  
 you have, try it out.

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

He whispered, lest the Simonite swarm should overhear,  
 and Eben nodded. If talk could help, Jared was the one to do it. And  
 talk, it just about had to be. Stripped down to tunic and sandals  
 they couldn't fight.

"If Simon lets me talk," Jared said, "maybe he'll let  
 me get close. If I do, you keep close to me."

<sup>He</sup> Jared had whispered again and Eben felt a mounting ~~xxx~~  
 excitement. He wanted to ask, why stand close? But that might cause  
 a leak to the Simonites. Already the Mouse was edging nearer.

The great highway that came up to Jerusalem from the north was called the Damascus Road but it did not end at Damascus even though the <sup>Jordan</sup> Roman paving 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 say the earthquakes which had been shaking it for two hundred years were <sup>were</sup> deserved, ~~twice~~ ~~over~~. Right, it ran to Aleppo which the first Selucid king had renamed Beroea for the Macedonian birthplace he had left to help Alexander conquer the world. Beroea-Aleppo also was notorious, ~~its~~ <sup>with a</sup> soiled fame resting on ~~its~~ unique death penalty for malefactors. They were dropped down a tower onto a featherbed of fiery embers.

<sup>Sud Ev</sup> But ~~the~~ highway did not ~~stop~~ at Antioch or Beroea. Westward, it ran on ~~end on~~ <sup>westward</sup> through bleak Cilicia where Polemon's goats and forests now were queenless and through many other minor domains whose kings had not bedded a Herodian long enough to earn ~~half~~ a paragraph in history, all the way to Ephesus on the azure Grecian sea where rival shops hawked ~~some~~ <sup>sure incantation</sup> ~~secrets~~ of sorcery and statuettes of Diana, <sup>was</sup> equally warranted to cool boils, warm hearts and work many other wonders.

Here in ~~mid~~-Judea the highway advanced under the shadows 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 called this Golgotha, the place of the skull, Fanciful viewers maintained <sup>ing</sup> that far off its caves and ravines ~~did~~ suggest empty eye

sockets and nose and mouth holes. However, the literal-minded  
 argued <sup>however, the cadavers of</sup> that crucified evildoers had inspired the name ~~because~~  
 their ~~cadavers~~ <sup>of</sup> hung on Golgotha until vultures had left nothing  
 but bones and, most notably, skulls. The west knoll was given  
 over to Bezethan gardens, some <sup>armed against</sup> ~~erecting~~ pillagers with mud or  
 stone walls topped by bristling thorns, or with prickly pear  
 hedges where deadly serpents were liars-in-wait. Here, also,  
 were caves <sup>remade of</sup> ~~that~~ rich men had ~~remade~~ into elaborate tombs sure  
 to be holy resting places since they were so near the Holy City.

Tiptoe on a tower of the <sup>Agrippa</sup> ~~eastern~~ wall, Eben gädmersed  
 a score of whitewashed rectangles among the gardens' April  
 greenery and did not doubt that one of them was (an unforgettable  
 memory) the very sepulchre of which he had been told by his  
 grandfather who had been told by one who <sup>had</sup> actually had been  
 there more than forty years before.

Now in the place where he had been crucified there was a  
 garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre wherein was never man  
 yet laid. There laid they him.

Jared stood tall beside Eben. They had taken a little  
 time from the Temple and had climbed one of the narrow stairs  
 leading up to <sup>one of the</sup> ~~the top of the~~ wall to check on the Roman ~~camp~~ <sup>activity</sup>  
 at Scopus even though they knew that ~~at~~ the very top of the  
 surreptitiously completed Agrippa wall would not let them see  
 so far. Crowding the wall either way from Jared and Eben's tower  
 others looked defiance, all except <sup>one</sup> a small silent cluster, ~~nearby~~.  
 This <sup>had arranged itself around</sup> ~~group was positioned to shield~~ its <sup>leader, a</sup> big, fat-shouldered

bravo

~~leader~~ whose beard seemed so much greasy grain stubble.

Like Eben, Jared was remembering ... the shining points and bright metal that he had seen from the Watch Tower. They were recalled by similar ~~many~~ <sup>tiny bright as shining flashes</sup> figures appearing now on the Damascus Road just before it squeezed between the ~~gardened~~ <sup>two</sup> knoll ~~and bare Belgotha~~. The new figures were, however, ~~many~~ more than one century and they were --Jared stared--elongated.

"Look, Eben! Roman horse, coming straight at us."

"Barely trotting," Eben said, a judge of pace from estimating the meandering of many flocks. "And how the lance points shine!"

By now other watchers had looked ~~and seen~~ and were crowding ~~the wall~~ to see better, all except those around Stubble Beard. He hunched his shoulders and the cluster tightened.

"Now what is Simin up to?" Eben said.

"Those who would kill him increase every day. Whenever a crowd gathers his guards close around him."

"The cronies who sup at his foul table!"

The troop had ridden into the squeeze.

"Egyptians again," Eben said.

"They're the best. Their discipline is called as good as the legions'."

"The officers they escort must rank high to be given the best."

There were three who seemed escorted officers, a

among them was (an unforgettable memory) the very sepulchre of which he had been told by his grandfather who had been told by one who had actually been there more than forty years before.

used  
2/13

Tiptoe on a tower of the outermost wall Eben ~~xxxx~~ made out a score of whitewashed rectangles among the gardens' April greenery and did not doubt that among them was (an unforgettable memory) the very sepulchre of which he had been told by his grandfather who had been told by one who had actually been there more than forty years before.



are back at the Romans a glittering reply.

The shout of Ben could have indicated several things but the many were wrong who wondered if the word should not have been "Sun." Even though the rocks did often have that sunlike glitter no one could have said Ben and meant Shemesh. Somber Ananus, still devoutly maintaining the daily Temple sacrifices, warned that Ben might be a portentuous omen of the ineffable presence of the son of the Lord, showering punishment on Israel for undeniable sins.

"But if it's me everybody is naming, they should name you," Eben said. "You've been banging where I only came close."

"The big Roman catapult has been banging," Jared said.

"The crew chief must have got home."

"I was half afraid Simon would yrail and take him again just to get even with us."

"We saw him beyond the Dung Gate. After that Simon's men couldn't trail very close. I think he made it."

"He never expected you to keep your promise to turn him loose."

"He kept his. If we haven't got the hang of these engines it's our own fault."

"If he's back in charge he can't have been punished for being gone without leave. His story must have persuaded anyone he had to persuade."

"I hope that wasn't Cotta. Cotta's hard. He'd have to be persuaded to believe himself."

"Why shouldn't even Citta believe? On a dark night any

fuzzy Roman might weave and wamble into the wrong camp. The truth would be harder to believe. You and I weren't seen except on the circumvallation. Why should anyone suspect that some of us got enough farther to steal him right under the army's nose?"

Another glittering stone arced down and crashed on Antonia's lower wall and Jared's and Eben's feet carried the tremor of the fortress through all their bodies.

"That one broke something," Jared said.

An excited rumble ran around the terrace but otherwise none of the rudderless defenders seemed to share Jared's alarm. They only shouted, "The stone ..." or "The Son .." and looked at Jared and Eben impatiently.

"They want us to fire back," Jared said, "And it is time. But we've been short. Shall we try the crew chief's rule?"

"He said," Eben recalled, "That if you tip a catapult back a little you get more distance."

"You put one wedge under yours, I'll put two."

"One or the other ought to do it."

Eben wedged, signalled one helper to shift the carriage of his engine just so much with a crowbar and another to put a sandbag over one of the legs. He sighted and nodded. The crowbar seemed to have prized just enough. Jared had readied his own catapult and they lifted stones into the sockets and signalled to knock loose the hooks and the two loaded arms crashed forward and their rocks soared up and away. Jared's

smashed into the hurdle protecting the Tenth's huge engine. Eben's landed among a work gang nearby and scattered them.

"That's close enough," one watcher cried.

"Pour it into them," another cried.

Methodically following the routine the crew chief had taught in payment for his release, Jared and Eben and their helpers pulled and prized the two engines back from where they had recoiled, levelled each, adjusted wedges and sandbags, checked ropes (one can break and lay your face open, the crew chief had said) and for split sockets (you don't want your next stone to crash down on the engine?) inspected the carriages for cracks, cranked the arms back, hooked and loaded them, sighted and signalled to loose the hooks. Two more rocks soared up and away.

Eben's ricocheted into a cart loaded with stuff that went up in a dusty shower.

"Grain!" Eben said. "Some Romans will sup late or, maybe, even have to fast until morning."

Jared's laughed along the bank on which the Tenth had raised its catapult. For a breath nothing happened. Then, slowly, the massive engine tilted on its side.

"They won't get it back up and level and sighted and ready to fire again in a hurry," Jared said.

The watching crowd had grown steadily all afternoon as it became plain that, even when hoisted on a bank, the Roman engine lacked the range to reach the terrace. It was big enough now to raise a deafening paean for Eben and Ben but it went further. Four <sup>such shots</sup> ~~near misses~~ was a portent deserving more.

in bar this is the sort of stuff about the Jews & how they killed - & D took it out

Barring Simon's shifty lot, the watchers were leaderless and like most leaderless men were swayed by every emotion as a field of grain is swayed by every breeze. Hope soared after the smallest triumph. Faces fell after the smallest failure. Now they shouted, danced, beat on shields and breastplates and ~~exulted~~ jibed and jeered at their enemies and, momentarily, exalted Jared and Eben even though, deep inside, they still sniggered at the one for his membership in the starvling Community and at the other for follow his Anointed who could only be another of the twopenny, halfpenny false prophets forever popping up all over Palestine.

The a new breeze blew the mood of jubilation away. Half a cohort marched into sight up onto the circumvallation and, while apprehension grew, crossed it and went down to place something over the moat. The watchers on Antonia were too far off to discern much but they did not need much. Bitter lessons had taught them long before how easily legionnaires could knock a temporary bridge together and lay it and how often, after, they came bulling across.

Apprehension deepened when a ponderous contraption loomed on the circumvallation and legionnaires began to pull it across the bridge. Rome had used the likes of this to breach the walls of half the hill towns of Galillee -- two enormous wooden wheels and between them a horizontal pole, a whole tree trunk, suspended from a huge inverted V and the V braced to support the pole while it swung, swung, against a wall. A

battering ram! Titus was about to batter Antonia!

Next a section of fence (but how could it be a section of fence?) loomed on the circumvallation. Every ram had a hurdle to shield it and its crew in action. A separate apparatus, the hurdle moved, not on wheels but on its own runners. It waited now to be skidded in its turn across the bridge.

Mouhs suddenly sour, eyes now stabbing, the rudderless defenders nodded savagely when one cried what most were thinking.

"If you two and your catapults had not stirred the Romans up they would not be rushing to crumple our wall and lay our breasts bare to their swords and javelins!"

The stone that jarred us must have made a crack so big the Romans have seen and aim to turn it into a breach," Jared said. "We ought to look."

They hurried down to the ground level. The crack in the wall was a fissure that admitted Eben's whole forearm.

"We could build a second wall behind it," Eben said. "Then, even if the Romans ram through, we still will have a defense."

"Better to destroy the ram," Jared said, "And I think we can."

They turned back. The usual suspicious and curious troop, including Simon's toady, had followed and now these got ahead, eager to be harbingers of even calamity, and Simon's toady took the lead.

Coming out into one of Herod's great courts, Eben

s aid, "Oh, oh! Here's stubblebeard."

Simon and toady, ringed by watchdogs, were approaching. No one could be sure when he was safe with Simon and Jared and Eben drew together even though, since their successful raid and the rout of the six they had felt that the churlish, blackbrowed brigand seemed, now and then, to measure them as a pair with whom he might like to be on better terms.

Simon stopped, so near that with another step he could have embraced or buffeted but he only looked beyond to the dismayed mob staring off at the clumsy ram which rope teams and many men with crowbars were beginning to pull and heave across the treeless, rocky terrain between moat and fortress.

"I'll, myself, see to building a second wall behind the crack," Simon said. "But can't somebody burn or topple or somehow stop the ram? If it rams through thenx all of us will be rammed, second wall or no wall."

His rudderless audience had brightened at the promise but drooped at the warning and while so many were blown here and there Jared beckoned Eben and this time they got off the terrace without trailing a suspicious, curious troop.

"The first thing is to find ropes," Jared said.

Eben had to laugh. What new will, plan is he working on now?

\* \* \* \* \*

They had time to search. The ram, hauled and prized

along on jolting wheels (they were ten-sided) would be a while getting into position before Antonia but ropes were a short walk away. The Lower City still contained almost everything except food if you knew where to look. A handful of stubborn owners continued to guard a few shops but many stood deserted and open, littered and dust covered but offering more than enough to anyone willing to walk the ravaged streets risking looters or worse.

Jared and Eben passed a scattering of walkers and some who looked like looters but did not try their luck against two who were plainly able to take care of themselves and finally came to the Street of the Ropemakers and Jared found what he was after and on a spindle made of his big crotched forefinger and thumb and thick forearm would as much as he required, winding, told Eben how younger Brothers had got into inaccessible caves of the cliffs at the Community.

"We used to fix ourselves in a rope and have others lower us from the cliff tops. There was hardly a cave we didn't get into. Here! I'll show you how we fixed the rope."

Now Eben did not much want to laugh. As he took a hasty lesson in roping down a cliff -- or a wall -- he grew breathless. If he understood <sup>this</sup> ~~Jared's~~ latest plan, and he feared that he was beginning to, Jared had seldom come up with a wilder.

"I guess I know how to get into the rope," he said.

"If you're sure let's get back. The others must help and they'll have to be shown how."

They jogged again through ravaged streets past more nervous walkers and others who looked like looters or worse

and back in Antonia the suspicious and curious, having missed them, crowded close especially Simon's toady furtively determined not to be eluded again. The suspicious and curious wanted sensation. Crowding close also were many of the merely rudderless seeking whatever comfort might be sucked from two so confident or, at least, making so confident a show. Jared looked them all over, toady, suspicious, curious and rudderless.

"I'd trade them all for a double handful of Brothers," he said to Eben but, as confidently as though they all had been disciplined, dependable Brothers, he explained what must be done; and because the doing was a nut none knew how to crack all listened, their cantankerous Judean egoism for the moment meek enough.

Jared singled out twenty and of these picked two.

"You two," he said, "Take these ropes and nine men each and go down to the first terrace. Practice lowering -- but not just dropping -- a weight equal to any of you outside the wall and pulling it back up."

As the twenty set off he singled out six more.

"You two," he said, "Find poles half again as long as yourselves and thicker than quarterstaves." He sent the next two for braziers full of good, glowing charcoal. He told the last pair to get sulphur, pitch and bitumen. "The guards at the postern gate have what you're after or, if the don't, they'll show you how to knead a mixture that will stick to the ends of the poles. When all six of you have everything wait on the first terrace."

Original

He motioned to a swarm on his left.

"Take slings if you can use a sling but you don't need to use them like lefthanded Benjaminites. But if not slings then darts or bows and arrows. And wait on the first terrace."

He turned to many men on his right including some of Simon's men and pointed out one who was not.

"Keep watch over the parapet here. A signal will be given from the first terrace, As soon as the ram is where we want it. When it comes start all these others shooting at every Roman anywhere near the ram." The look turned on all the others was full of inspiring confidence. "You can keep every Roman in sight too busy to do any harmful shooting back, can't you?"

They seem to be only half a cohort and we can keep that few dodging and ducking and not half try," one said. Others fingered sword hilts as though, given the choice, they would prefer to meet the Romans head on. Simon's men looked for Simon's shrug and then like the others braced boldly.

"Have plenty of stones," Jared said. "The stones will help most," and with Eben hurried down to the first terrace.

Eben, now sure that he grasped Jared's intention, grew more breathless.

"Won't the Romans open up on you and me with everything, and maybe Balaeric slingers, too, and stop us nearly before we start?"

"The rope business will surprise them and give us time.

Besides, so many stones and darts and arrows showering down will spoil even the aim of Balearic slingers."

"They'd better!"

On the first terrace Jared chose a man to signal.

"Just give me the sign when," he said.

A listening slinger broke in.

"You two've certainly taken the easy piece for your own! You'll be going down and back up too fast to be hit and when you're not the hurdle will shield you. But those of us who shoot from the parapet will be so many roosting chickens."

"Even if you were, the Romans wouldn't find you easy to hit. When they come out from behind their shields to shoot they'll come into a shower that will turn them upside down," Jared said.

"And it won't be a shower of raindrops," Eben said.

The ram was still out of range but a centurion was signalling the cohort to march at alert and, as many as could, to keep behind the hurdle.

"It won't be long now," Eben said.

He got into his rope and Jared got into his and made an adjustment on Eben's and both hunkered down under the parapet and Jared gesticulated everybody to keep back out of sight.

"We won't be long making a finish, either," Eben said. "Maybe the Romans won't even let two such ripe bunches of grapes hang long enough to make starts."

"Two roosting chickens," Jared said.

Good -> little that

M & M,

"Talk away," the grumbling slinger said, "Talk away. But at the parapet we'll be the targets."

Jared shifted for a softer spot on the tile floor.

"Take it easy," the grumbler said. "Take it easy. A pity the rest of won't be able to."

The hip-hop of ten-sided wheels became audible. Eben started up to look but Jared pulled him back and again motioned the others down. All along the parapet, however, helmets and bare heads inched up. So, after a little did Eben's and so, finally, did Jared's.

The cumbersome, hip-hopping ram was ~~xxxx~~ now close to the fortress. The broad convex hurdle had been skidded into its proper place as a shield. A hole in its center allowed the ram's snout, like a blind eye, to ogle the inviting crack in Antonia's wall and on the terrace they could now see that the snout was capped with iron and could count the crosspieces pegged to the ram's underside, handholds to swing the snout at its target. The bulk of the cohort marched in columns of twos on either side, the centurion leading, a trumpeteer at his heels. The ram's crew kept to the shelter of the hurdle.

Half a hundred Balgaric slingers were dispersed on on the flanks. The dark fulfillment of fifteen hundred years of interbreeding between the aborigines of their islands and colonizing Boetians, Rhodians and other Greeks and Phoenicians and Carthaginians, they had spaced themselves to give their throwing arms full play. A thousand years earlier ancestors of their had been friendly neighbors of ancestors of these Judeans but now each slinger dangled two leather things joined to a

short wide leather piece big enough to hold a stone half the size of a fist and concentrated on a work-a-day calculation of the range. Occasionally, teased by a glint or movement on the parapet, one felt into his breast. A cache of stones there was handier than in the most carefully folded girdle.

The centurion raised an arm. On an instrument twice as long as himself but curved into a hump the trumpeteer blew an ascending sharp do-sol-do which sped out of the bell-shaped mouth over his left shoulder. Obedient shields instantly rose against missiles from on high.

"I wouldn't call that music," Eben said. "But every man minded it."

"Trumpets get the legions up in the morning, order them all day in camp or on the march and send them to bed."

"This one will not keep wooden wheels from breaking down on these rocks and on ground as hard as rocks. But if the wheels don't break that engine will be in place in no time."

"Those wheels are of seasoned wood. They'll stand up. But seasoned wood burns better than green; a lot better."

The centurion's arm went up again and the trumpeteer blew a series of more closely spaced notes and the war engine, hurdle and troops, halted. The ram was nearly in position. A few more pulls on the rope and a few more heaves with crowbars and it would be.

Jared nodded to Eben and then to the captains of the two nines. They looked back and their teams tightened handholds

and all around the terrace, now that waiting was ending, excitement built up. Eyes challenged brightening eyes, quiet breathing changed as though the breathers had leaped into icy water. The grumbler looked at Jared querulously. Why don't you get to your work so we can get to ours? Jared and Eben picked up their poles with their kneaded wads. All around fingers closed on slings, and fitted stones into short, broad straps, bowmen notched arrows and spearmen looked testingly along slender shafts.

Jared signalled to the one who was to alert the upper terrace and he and Eben touched great wads to the brazier coals and pitch blazed, sulphur smoked, spat and flamed and they were slid over the parapet almost too quickly by the rope-teams and the whole terrace shouted mightily, like Gideon's three hundredm and slingers, bowmen and spearmen breached the parapet and showered the Romans who scattered but reformed when the Centurion<sup>a</sup> gestured furiously and the trumpet~~xxx~~ pealed.

Down level with the hurdle Jared and Eben set sandals~~xxx~~ against Antonia's wall and shoved and sailed out. Eben found an unsteady, sloping stance on the hurdle and, more for balance than to do damage, swung now blazing pole, and the flaming mass on the end fell apart and started half a dozen fires. Jared, lowered too far by his ill-practiced team, touched the ground among Romans still confused so that he had a safe instant in which to thrust his Greek fire against a wheel of the raom. The stuff stuck, burning furiously, and up on the terrace the captain of his nine aghast at having dropped him into danger, ordered him pulled up. The other captain took that as a signal to pull Eben, also. By now, with their centurion roaring and the trumpeteer

blowing ceaselessly, legionnaires everywhere were coming out from behind shields to fly spears and arrows and the plump, rising, bunches of grapes. Farther off the Balearic half hundred were whirling slings. But from both terraces the shower of stones, arrows and javelins rained thick and on the ground few were willing to take the time needed to aim accurately. Eben was struck by two or three hurriedly cast stones and an arrow that did not go through the leather backside of his breastplate. Jared was splattered with a few stones, but none strongly thrown, and one slowly rising arrow struck him but barely scratched. Then they both were back on their terrace.

Eben looked around. Jared was unhurt, so was he except for bruises. He turned approvingly to the many who had maintained the saving shower but who now were running short of missiles. He realized that he was still, as he had been for most of the last half hour or so, breathless. Rope, poles, Greek fire, the drop down and the haul back up, all had been too near for comfort now that he had time to think. You could just as well as not be a Roman prisoner or worse.

"I'll never call that one of our best," he said.

"We were lucky," Jared said. "We surprised them even more than I'd counted on. But look at that hurdle burn. And that wheel. That's really seasoned wood for burning."

"They'll need to make a new wheel or forget this ram."

"You can count on them to start a new..." Jared began, but then broke off to grunt, "Ogh-h-h!" and Eben flung him to the terrace floor and followed.

Just back of where they had stood the grumbling slinger was triumphant as he pulled off his helmet and eyed its new scar. Down below and away a Balaeric slinger gazed up in disappointment.

"Didn't I say we'd be the ones to get it?" the grumbler shouted.

Jared and Eben helped each other up.

"We were closer targets when we were down on the ropes," Eben said.

"But not better,"

Around them bowmen were checking almost empty arrow cases, slingers were reaching for their last stones and spearmen were looking ruefully down at their shafts scattered all around the ram.

"We've lost our best, unless those Romans don't pick up what they can have for nothing," one said.

The blazing wheel collapsed and ~~xxxxx~~ the blind snout of the ram suddenly rooted into the earth. The blazing hurdle gave way and fell alongside.

"Antonia is safe until they do a lot of repair work," Jared said.

"The repairs ought to take some time, but look! They've already got to work on the fires."

Romans were throwing sand wherever they saw flames.

Then Cotta came, on horseback, gold and silver cuirass gleaming under his great crimson cloak which floated away from brass huckles at either shoulder. He put his shield between himself and the terraces and by a few gestures and ~~an~~ a few orders in a voice so low that it was inaudible up on the terraces, he created organized activity out of the half confusion to which the centurion had reduced momentary **chees**. He formed something like a **t<sub>e</sub>studo** to protect the rope crews, a shield over each crewman, and the crippled ram began to hip-hop away on its one good wheel and skid on a runner that, somehow, Cotta had materialized. Out of range of the fortress the ram halted while two horses, also conjured up by Cotta, was hitched to the carriage. Thereafter the retreat was swift.

"At least we made them some trouble," Eben said.

"We've given Simon time to build his wall."

Moving forward for a last look at the still smoking field of victory, Eben bumped into Simon's *toady*. *man*

"Why do you stick like a burr," he said. "We aren't running away. Go up to Simon. He'll want to know how everything went down here. He wasn't anywhere around to see for himself."

"He should have been with Eben and me," Jared said.

\* \* \* \* \*

one of the few retreaters to zealots - was out a minute

Hate Romans

around."

Simon has zealots galore," Eben said. "And you've been in Palestine <sup>enough to</sup> so long you must have heard of Zealots. They <sup>are</sup> ~~were~~ almost born with daggers in their hands. And Jared can hit a man at twenty paces or <sup>better</sup> ~~more~~ and I used a knife before I ~~could~~ <sup>walk</sup> walk."

<sup>Even if you doubt</sup>  
"You don't have to believe all that," Jared said. "But don't let yourself be tempted. <sup>u</sup> Move ahead. I'd like to keep you in sight as long as I can."

ditto

The Roman obediently moved farther ahead, Jared's small round shield ~~nicely~~ tilted to slide off sword ~~point~~ <sup>tip</sup> or ~~edge~~ <sup>edge</sup>.

The six were continuing forward.

<sup>Rocky</sup> "Let's rush the two on the left," Jared said. "That's rough ground between them and the others. If we are quick we'll ~~ought to~~ finish the two before the four can bother <sup>us</sup> much. Then <sup>they'll</sup> ~~would be~~ <sup>we</sup> four and one limping to <sup>our</sup> three if the Roman doesn't just talk a good fight."

Eben had to laugh. That's Jared. Everything by plan.  
Well! Plans of his ~~had~~ worked before. But where <sup>will</sup> we be if this one doesn't?

"All right," he said. "The left pair. But you keep on my left. My shield will <sup>help you</sup> be more help ~~to you~~ there."

Maybe, like the murderers of the nine deserters, the Simonites did not trust one another. Maybe, having practiced <sup>helpless</sup> seldom except on unarmed householders of Jerusalem, they <sup>and already were known to be able to help themselves.</sup> hesitated against ~~these~~ two who were armed. Maybe they had not been persuaded that a Jew, <sup>always</sup> above all, took the bold way. Maybe they had never heard Josephus's dictum. In any event the sudden

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so much parleying had aroused the postern guard inside and the door was opened a crack and one guard peeked out.

"Is that you, Jared?" So you really made it!"

"We made it," Jared said. †

"With the help of a lot of wine," Eben said cheerfully.

"Wine?" the guard asked. "What do you mean by that."

"Let us get in, and our Roman in a safe place, and we'll tell you," Jared said. "But be prepared for a long story."

---x---

*beck*

looked up with the sharp curiosity of isolation, and their gaze brightened at this unexpected appearance, almost irruption, of so strapping and engaging a young man. One was mending a dress, one was slicing carrots (thin slices, she had only four) into a pot suspended over a snugly small hearth fire, the third balanced on her lap a small hand mill and, staring abstractedly, all but stopped grinding the wheat in it, the wooden handle of the small round upper stone turning more and more slowly as Jared crossed the room.

A work table and a few stools stood around and against one wall a wide chest waited for whatever could not be stowed elsewhere. Rolled pallets, taken down for sleeping, were rammed among the rafters. Two lamps squatted in opposite wall niches. One was lighted, its trimmed wick beaming vibrantly above the pinched pottery neck that held it clear of its beaten oil. It was ~~light~~ because, if the hearth grew cold, a new fire would be otherwise hard to come by. A cluster of sturdy white daisies, another brave beam, flourished in a small bowl on the chest. A ~~single~~ single window overlooked the courtyard. A second door stood in the far wall.

Obal crossed and rapped, fat knuckles making the barely audible tattoo of one hesitant about approaching even an easy master. A voice said, "Come!"

Obal entered but Jared, still uneasy about too readily responding to a strange woman of the world outside, was stung to further resistance by the summons.

Come? Well, now! Come indeed! Need all instantly leap to her beck and call?

But his testiness was washed away by a surging pleasure in the voice which had said "Come!"

*Saw - I beck - This was cut with my approval with you may think it build up background*

worriedly

of sword blades, and he put his own case <sup>aside to wish</sup> ~~out of mind and wondered~~  
<sup>the</sup> why he had <sup>not</sup> ~~agreed~~ to let Jared run alone, and handle <sup>The Sabres.</sup> ~~those two~~  
 alone.

Then a single, hard-breathing runner leaped into the moat and ~~out 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.

"Move!" Eben said to his prisoner, <sup>a knife prick given</sup> ~~who at least understood~~  
<sup>prick</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>gave point to</sup> ~~prick~~ that ~~emphasized~~ the order. "e'll make it ~~even though~~  
~~we go alone ourselves."~~

He <sup>and</sup> ~~made~~ the prisoner <sup>crawl</sup> crawl for a little <sup>farther</sup> but then they ~~came to shadows so deep~~ <sup>Eben</sup> he felt safe in standing up and then <sup>watchfully</sup> they came on Jared, ~~knocking~~ a trot,

"Are you all right?" Eben asked.

"A <sup>small</sup> ~~little~~ slash on one <sup>leg.</sup> ~~ear~~. I overstrode when I was reaching for his ribs," ~~Jared said.~~ "I never seem to do the thing exactly right. But water and a rag will fix the slash fine." He listened. Faint alarms and shouts came from ~~behind them~~ behind them but no sound that seemed to spell pursuit. "But where are our four."

Eben explained.

"I'd have sworn those four would keep their pledge," Jared said and <sup>gestured</sup> ~~gestured~~ to make Eben slow down. More slowly they advanced while Jared peered ahead. "Let's veer off," he said. "Let's get back by a different path than he used when we left

hard  
Eben, his knife/against his prisoner's back, got safely over and into the shadows of the moat, the sound of Jared's flight, and the sentries' pursuit fading.

He had come to the agreed on place but no four met him. No single helper, either.

pricked  
Eben ~~pricked~~ his prisoner and

Eben got down and pricked his prisoner to make him get down and the sentries came back and raced toward their strongpoints

Eben

Eben, his knife hard against his prisoner, got safely over and into the shadows of the moat, the sound of Jared's flight, and his pursuers, fading. He heard a different sound, the high, clear ring of sword on sword and half believed himself when he told himself that Jared would certainly be able to handle those sentries.

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The Overseer halted, perching on one leg while a finger raked at a speck of grit between sole and sandal of the foot in air, then trotted ahead purposefully under the expressionless inspection of the Centurion.

"Give me just a jiffy and I'll make that starveling stork tell all we want to know," the Optio said.

Violence, the Centurion was fully aware, often got the quickest results, but rarely from a Jew. Violence was more likelt to make this little man obdurate.

"I'll do the talking. <sup>Stop</sup> ~~Halt~~ now until we get a closer look at the buildings."

Flat on his roof, with the reeds and branchtops a safe mask, Jared could only glimpse the Romans but he never lost at least partial sight of them and he wondered at the halt.

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"Century. HALT!" The Optio roared the command, then added softly to the nearest file, "Permitted to talk! Pass the word. But talk low, not to roll you know who."

The ~~Optio~~ seldom resisted the temptation to give, on his own, a little more than regulations warranted, but he ~~always~~ tried also for something to stave off any reprimand for overstepping his authority. <sup>Here</sup> ~~Thus~~ <sup>Took post</sup> he ~~posted~~ <sup>left</sup> himself smartly an orthodox pace behind and to the left of the Centurion in ostentatious acceptance of the latter's rank.

He was not reprimanded. A tic jerked the ~~face of his~~ <sup>Centurion's face</sup> superior, but then the Centurion turned back to the approaching Overseer, face again expressionless.

The Overseer had slowed to a walk, making time to measure this pair whom he must mollify. ~~In his hours~~ in the world outside he had been at pains to have the various officers of a legion identified, and <sup>had</sup> the identification came in very handy now.

The Overseer halted, poising on one leg while a finger raked after a speck of grit between sole and sandal of the foot in air, then trotted on purposefully.

The expressionless Centurion watched him come.

"I could make that starvling stork

60

handy now.

The Centurion was what Palestine had come to dread and hate, a personification of grim Roman might, ~~one of the leaders~~ of the invaders who, although differently from a Jew, considered themselves also a chosen people, and better than anyone else.

Not precisely better fighters (although they freely boasted that they were, ~~equal to two or three of any other race~~ <sup>not withstanding that</sup> even though Jews had smashed the Twelfth Legion a few years before; indeed that defeat had brought on the aggression).

Philosophers

Not precisely wiser, shrewder, bigger, not better mathematicians, merchants, builders, philosophers, or rhetoricians than any one else. The Greeks were better philosophers and, with Persians and Egyptians, better mathematicians. Somewhere, your Roman would not have bothered to deny, there were others better in other specialties. It was in the larger sense that Romans were, simply, <sup>excell.</sup> better. Rome ruled the world. The corollary was obvious. A Roman was better. Q.E.D. as a better Greek Mathematician had said.

The Overseer needed only a step to measure the Optio. This was a vain, ~~maxxxxxxxx~~ rabid animal, he decided as he came up and bent in a slight bow that included both men. His words, however, were <sup>aimed</sup> aimed at the Centurion alone.

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683

the whole Brotherhood had shouted it.

"I shall not come back," he said.

Tamar pulled away. <sup>W Then</sup> "Why did you come here?" <sup>and</sup> she <sup>and</sup> asked, <sup>and pulled her</sup>

"I had to tell you. <sup>(1)</sup> ~~It was right that I should tell you.~~"

She turned around. She was fighting, he could see, for control. <sup>and</sup> After a moment, she shook back her showering hair in a gesture he remembered.

"Jared," she said ~~in a low tone~~, "if you will come back, there will never be anyone but you."

This was as close as he would ever come to knowing what had passed between herself and Cotta or what might pass. It did not matter. Tamar, Tamar! he thought. Do not humble yourself. ~~You have given me joy that I will carry to my death--if it is to be death.~~

He reached out and touched her hair.

<sup>Dressed</sup> "I must <sup>go</sup> be ~~to you as one who has died~~," he said, and he put on his corselet and <sup>went out</sup> turned to the door. She did not speak again, nor look around.

O-O-O

Riding the dead Numidian's horse toward the Community, Jared looked ~~off~~ over the billowing sands, and felt their inconstancy, now a hill and now a valley, now here and now

559  
654

there, never the same when you looked again, as they had been when you looked before.

He had been like that, ~~he thought~~. Well, that was over. ~~He knew now to what he must be true.~~

6/08  
 but one century. I <sup>need</sup> ~~will use~~ that to escort the prisoners back to Jerusalem. Except for Jared, they are not worth much, but Titus will be pleased to see Jared and I shall be pleased to deliver him, safe and sound, and see him put into a neck-ring ready for Rome."

~~"To Masada, Primus Pilus!"~~ Celsus <sup>saluted, but said nothing</sup> said.

Cotta did not like the <sup>Silence</sup> ~~tone~~. It reinforced a ~~recent,~~ <sup>Pilus</sup> ~~but~~ strengthening conviction, that this Primus Prior would be worthless in a higher rank.

~~"Round up the prisoners,"~~ he said to the Centurion whose ~~hundred would go back to Rome.~~ ~~"And take special care of our~~ ~~prize."~~

He looked up at the sky. The sun, ~~which had been~~ capricious all afternoon, had vanished completely soon after Cotta saw his shadow. The low-hanging clouds seemed heavy with rain.

~~"You are in for bad weather,"~~ he said to Celsus. ~~"Make~~ ~~camp on the first good site that leaves you clear of this smoke~~ ~~and smell."~~

o-o-o

<sup>Metaphor</sup> ~~Well away from the smoking Community,~~ heading up toward Beth-basi, Cotta tried to rid himself of a nagging distaste.

What did it matter that a poverty-stricken lot of monks had been <sup>wiped out &</sup> scattered, killed and captured and their ancient, white-haired leader slain? He had Jared. Titus would be delighted and Tamar

looked toward Tamar's quarters. "

toward Tamar's room.

"Whoever hurts her is my enemy," he said. "And yours, too, I know. But here you and I can have no enemies <sup>||</sup> of our own."

\* \* \*

Stretched out behind reeds and branchtops Jared bit his lip through to stop a shout of horror. The Overseer was surely dead; ~~such~~ <sup>the</sup> an old man would never live after ~~such a~~ <sup>that</sup> blow. He coiled to leap down ~~and take revenge,~~ and he was sure he could reach the slayer. But his mind, working on <sup>an older</sup> a level it ~~had never attained~~ <sup>There</sup> before, held him back. ~~The Overseer's death would end the violence.~~ Only one Roman had stuck like a mad dog and none of the others were following his example. But if he ~~reached~~ and killed the Overseer's slayer the others would turn on the whole Community. On the Chaste One! There was no telling where killing would end. Some day he might, ~~by hurling~~ himself on many Kittim, ~~do good~~ but not now. He licked his salty smarting lip.

Str<sup>u</sup>tched out behind reeds and branchtops, Jared bit his lip through to stop a shout of horror. <sup>and fury</sup> The Overseer must be dead; ~~the old man would never live after~~ <sup>Such a</sup> that blow. He coiled to leap down, <sup>and fly</sup> ~~sure that he could reach~~ the slayer. But his mind, <sup>Suddenly, motivated by violence,</sup> ~~working on a more mature level than ever before~~ held him back. Only one Roman had killed and the ~~others~~ <sup>rest</sup> were not following his cue. But if he killed the ~~Overseer's~~ slayer the others would turn on the whole Community. On The Chaste One! <sup>There</sup> ~~There was no telling~~ where the killing would end? <sup>?</sup> Some day he would hurl himself on the Kittim but not now. He licked his smarting, salty lip.

~~Stretched out~~  
~~Hunkered~~

MDR  
note an  
interesting thought

Hunkered down behind reeds and branchtops, Jared bit his ~~lip~~<sup>lip</sup> through to stop a shout of horror. <sup>He coiled</sup> ~~His impulse~~ was to leap down and <sup>take</sup> ~~vengeance~~ on the Community, and he was sure he could reach the <sup>slayer</sup> ~~Overseer's~~ slayer. But his mind, working on a level it had never before attained, <sup>held him back</sup> ~~held him back~~. Only the Overseer had been struck down and it was quite plain that his death would end the violence. But <sup>however</sup> if he <sup>slayer</sup> ~~struck~~ down the Overseer's killer the same <sup>vengeful</sup> ~~vengeful~~ spirit which had driven him <sup>would take their own revenge</sup> ~~would turn~~ the Romans on the whole Community. Then there would be no telling where the killing would end. A day might come when, by hurling himself on many Kittim, he might do good but not now. He licked his salty, smarting lip.

The Overseer too surely slain; such an old man would have survived such a blow

he had had to deal only with the few wives of married Brothers <sup>He</sup> ~~that Jared had almost never been called to stand before any woman, and since the Roman Aggression none.~~ Moreover, this inn mistress was a ~~total stranger and~~ of the world outside and, <sup>possibly</sup> ~~if Heber knew what he was talking about,~~ young. Jared had never been called to stand before a strange, young, woman of the world outside. Nevertheless he would not admit ~~any such~~ <sup>panic?</sup> ~~extreme as panic.~~ He was only takenaback. This unexpected summons allowed no time to think.

"Come! Come! Here we do not keep the mistress waiting."

"Well!" Jared checked a sharp reply ~~and tried to think.~~

Is this mistress to say come and a Brother rush to obey?

But at once he rebuked himself.

Now! Now! You may not be stiffnecked in the Community. All the less should you be stiffnecked here.

"I have, <sup>here</sup> ~~in the stable,~~ all the little that I need," he said slowly, still trying to think. "The stall and manger <sup>and food</sup> and pieces of sackcloth..." <sup>and my horse kindly brought me water.</sup>

"Here the mistress is the law."

~~Jared shrugged.~~

"Within a stranger's gate the stranger's law is the law of the guest," <sup>Jared</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>shrugged and</sup> said and ~~stopped trying to think,~~ <sup>and</sup>

\*\*\*\*\*

~~He~~ followed the waddling Obal into an all-purpose room where he had to duck under strings of garlic bulbs and dried figs suspended from rafters and where three middle-aged women

Pick up 87A

"But I did not say ~~Come~~ to the Priest of Aaron, explained to your Centurion. You heard. The Priest of Aaron is at prayer. No one breaks in upon the Priest of Aaron at prayer."

The Optio's ~~snarling~~ temper, frayed by the ~~snarl~~ malicious obstinacy of this old bugger <sup>bugger</sup> and by the sly attempts of his own men <sup>slyly</sup> to delay his work and so discredit him with the Centurion

The Optio's temper had been frayed by the malicious obstinacy of this old bugger and by the sly attempts of his men <sup>own slyly</sup> to delay his work and discredit him with the Centurion and now it broke. A little while before he had ~~pictured~~ thought of the satisfaction of ~~bringing~~ <sup>swinging</sup> his spear shaft ~~against~~ helmets and old heads. now, driven by unceasing rage he swung. He told himself afterward that he had aimed only at a bony old arm. The shaft fell, however, on an old ~~base~~ pate <sup>with a sound</sup> and the sound was, almost, the sound of one of the blows <sup>That cracks</sup> he had aimed at the jars.

Stretched out behind reeds and branch tops, Jared bit through his lip, and pulled up his knees <sup>for</sup> in a furious, horrified ~~start~~ to rush against the murderer but his reason, strengthened by this act of violence, held him back. The Overseer must have been slain by the blow. But if he killed the slayer, everyone in the Community would be slain. The Chaste One would be slain and the slaying might not even end there. He sank back behind his cover. Some day he would stand against these Kittim but not now. He sucked his bleeding lip.

~~Where the Overseer had fallen~~ a few Brothers sidled near <sup>The fallen Overseer</sup> and bent over, and one ~~wailed~~ <sup>began to wail.</sup>

The Optio stood before his twenty.

"Fall IN."

The Priest of Aaron hadn't shown up but now, there was no one to tell him to show up and anyway ~~it didn't matter~~. The Centurion had said make the old coot show everything and he had <sup>nothing</sup> and nothing of any danger had been uncovered. The Century could start back for the Saturnalia in plenty of time.

The twenty had fallen in but all were looking at the

27-A

*Passive*

We can go down into that hole against all odds!  
Even against slings and arrows! An. Back up and no  
trouble at all!

~~The Centurion nodded to his Optio.~~

"Column right! MARCH!" the Second bawled.

~~Conspicuously~~ the century wheeled and the lead file  
led away over slippery sand. The Centurion got alongside the lead  
file and nodded again.

*Ho!*

"Route Step! ~~March~~ the Optio bawled and again free to  
gossip, to mutter grievances or to try to frighten one another  
with lurid exaggerations of lurking perils the column snaked  
over sand & loose gravel. Shortly the ~~route~~ <sup>with</sup> grew steeper and  
they had to dig heels in. ~~Next~~ they came to where storms had  
tossed ashore clots of asphaltum to melt in the sun and dry and  
harden ~~into chunks~~ <sup>the chunks were</sup> half sand and stones and so full of brutal  
edges that whoever stumbled rose with bleeding palms or knees,  
or worse. The Optio cursed the stumblers and glared ~~sup~~  
ahead.

~~"Getting back up to that burying ground will cost as~~  
~~many cuts and scrapes. And afterward ten thousand may swarm out~~  
~~of those buildings."~~

*shook, apprehensively eyeing the*

The century pounded along close to the ~~strangely blue,~~  
strangely oily water, ~~again showing the whites of their eyes.~~ The  
Centurion might not need an order from Titus. His own whim might  
prompt him and legion law allowed them no course except to obey.  
And who could tell? This lake might not <sup>even</sup> begin to float a man in  
armour and full pack ~~and with his hands bound.~~

~~The Centurion was not of the~~  
~~Vespasian's~~

The Optio, also, had been remembering Vespasian's <sup>3 words,</sup>  
~~promise. Threat?~~ How he would like to order a bound legionnaire  
flung into the <sup>this</sup> Dead Sea! And serve the fellow right if he sank  
for good! He swung his spear at a <sup>salty chunk</sup> ~~salty crust~~ and thought how  
easily the blow would have cracked any head in the Community  
they were approaching.

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From his ~~view~~ <sup>Self</sup> ~~eyrie~~ <sup>Own</sup> Jared was surprised to see the ~~distant~~ legionnaires turn ~~toward~~ the ~~Dead~~ Sea. ~~A~~ day would ~~come~~ when he would know enough to be surprised if a commander sent troops through a ravine when an alternate, less dangerous ~~route~~ <sup>with</sup> was open. Now, ~~in~~ <sup>he was</sup> ~~experience~~ made him ~~so~~ <sup>confidently</sup> sure that the Romans were foolish to march so much farther than they needed. ~~But~~ then, looking away from the column, he was filled with consternation.

R Across the rocky terrain of the Community the Chaste One, nebulously white in the sunlight, was emerging from the Mall. He had not kept to the security of his <sup>Tower</sup> ~~room~~, as all who ~~remained behind had been admonished~~. He was aiming for his favorite rock.

As soon as Jared had been strong enough he had wrestled that gift of a torrential downpour to the north wall where it would catch the ~~late~~ <sup>the</sup> afternoon breeze which ~~came~~ ~~unfailingly~~ out of the west. Broad enough to provide a seat, soft enough (after the Chaste One had folded his robe) and with a tilt comfortable to old shoulders, the warm rock was ~~now~~ calling the Chaste One to snug away and cozily meditate until ~~a~~ <sup>sharper</sup> ~~the first coolness~~ ~~of the~~ ~~evening~~ afternoon had passed. Then, ~~as usual~~, he would stroll back to his now welcome shelter in the Tower before the coolness became too much for old bones. He

34

"Lst my"

trotted complacently toward the expressionless Centurion.

"Give me a jiffy and I'll make that starvling stork tell <sup>what</sup> ~~we~~ we need to know," the Optio said.

Violence, the Centurion had <sup>e</sup>larned, seldom got ~~good~~ results from a Jew. <sup>It</sup>Violence was likely to turn turn this little man as stubborn as any ass.

"I'll talk with him," he ~~said~~ and, briefly, thought of Jews with admiration. They were smart. They got a <sup>hand</sup> sign almost before you finished it and when you added words they were likely to get way ahead of you.

The Centurion had the words. ~~The~~ Romans had picked up Jewish words here and there and Jews had picked up Roman words and usually both had started with a little Greek. The end product was a mishmash but it served surprisingly well even though, the Centurion reflected, a Jew's first mouthful made you want to laugh in his face, ~~as he was sure he would want to~~ laugh in the face of this little freak.

"I'll talk with him," h repeated. "Helt the Century."

Flat on his roof, Jared could only glimpse the Romans through reeds and branchtops although he never lost some sight of them and now he admired the precision with which they now came to a stop on sand and rock.

"Century! HALT!" the Optio ~~had~~ roared, then ~~added~~ <sup>the Optio added to</sup> an undertone to the nearest file, "Permitted to talk. Pass the word. But talk low so you don't roil you know who."

He could seldom resist the temptation to <sup>add</sup> give, on his own, <sup>a little something extra</sup> a bit more than regulations permitted. But he always tried also for something to stave off a reprimand for overstepping his authority. Now he took post smartly behind and to the Centurion's left in ostentatious acceptance of the latter's rank. He was not reprimanded. A tic jerked the Centurion's cheek but then, again



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expressionless, he <sup>awaited</sup> turned toward the approaching Overseer.

The Overseer came <sup>(forward deliberately)</sup> on at a walk to give <sup>himself</sup> him time to measure this pair whom he must mollify and saw that the Centurion was what his <sup>own</sup> people had learned to dread, and A personification of Roman might, a leader of hated invaders who, although differently than <sup>also</sup> Jews, looked on themselves also as a chosen people.

~~Better than any <sup>our work</sup> others no matter how you cared to look) at it. Not, precisely, better fighters. Jews had smashed the Twelfth Legion a few years back and, indeed, that defeat had brought on the aggression. Not, precisely, wiser, shrewder. Not better builders, philosophers, or mathematicians. The Greeks were better philosophers and ~~with~~ the Persians and Egyptians, better mathematicians. Somewhere, your Roman would not bother to deny, others were <sup>usually</sup> better in other specialities. It was in the larger sense that Romans were always better, Rome ruled the world? So, obviously, a Roman was better.~~

Should  
not  
cut?

~~measured him and he needed only the last~~  
The Overseer/needed only another step or so to measure the Optio. A jackal! ~~But~~ vicious and, he decided as he bent in a slight bow which included both men, far more dangerous than the Centurion. His greeting was aimed at the Centurion alone. He had been at pains to <sup>learn to identify Roman</sup> have the officers of the legions identified and now this identification came in handy.

not like the

Brotherhood

~~"In the nam of the Priest of Aaron who guides this Community I bid you welcome. I regret that our land like our possessions is too worthless to interest a Roman."~~

P. de uh 50 d

welcome, he said.

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lack of expression.

"I ~~believe~~ <sup>think over</sup> this little stork is telling the truth, as nearly as a Jew will tell a Roman," he said to the Optio.

"You'll trust <sup>him</sup> ~~one of these~~?"

"Well, make him show everything. Take twenty men. I'll be here if you need me. But you won't. We'll ~~get~~ <sup>be</sup> started back in less time than we take now talking."

~~As the Optio turned on his heel to choose his twenty, the Centurion's face showed expression for the first time. He frowned, remembering something, and beckoned two soldiers.~~

~~"Yesterday the pair of you practiced like babe-new recruits. We have a little time. Get over there and do it right."~~

~~The <sup>two</sup> pair shared a look they dared not show the~~

~~Centurion. Their comrades snickered, sniggered.~~

~~The <sup>two</sup> Optio slapped his spear butt across the meager <sup>buttocks</sup> ~~arsa~~ of the Overseer, and the detail set off, the Optio covertly elated.~~

~~This was exactly what he liked. He was in full authority. He need wait for no one, only carry out his mission. Success also would be his alone.~~

~~The pair ordered to practice found a hard patch of sand.~~

~~"Keep up there, you old bugger," the Optio said. His spank ~~this time~~ was harder although his tone continued playful.~~

~~The two legionnaires squared away while their relaxed comrades pulled long faces in mock sompathy. ~~But~~ for distant Jared the performance which followed was a revelation.~~

So that is how professionals do it!

*Part comes next page  
has been transferred to  
next page*

37  
A

Optio

The Overseer turned and chose his twenty and ~~55~~ they

~~They~~

~~They~~ set off, ~~and~~ following the Overseer, ~~who had received the Centurion's orders to~~

~~to show these men the premises. He~~

~~Optio~~ The Overseer was covertly

elated. This was exactly what he liked. "He was in full authority, Success would be his alone."

*Edited*

He slapped his spear butt across the meagre buttocks of the Overseer., and shortly he slapped it again. who turned outraged eyes and the Optio slapped again.

"Keep up there, old bugger," he said/ His spank this time was harder although his tone was playful

proved that. But ~~xxxxxxx~~ were they any braver than  
Jews? He doubted it;

32-A  
50

~~London morning. 22 52, 53, 53A and preceding~~  
~~pages of "First draft"~~  
--53--

Nearing the Mall the Optio <sup>he spoke to the nearest</sup> ~~elbowed the nearest~~ soldier. <sup>and next to him</sup>

"Work fast ~~now~~! Then we'll get back to ~~Cassere~~ <sup>start or is name</sup> for the ~~whole~~ Saturnalia and I'll see that <sup>nobody</sup> ~~none~~ of your wine is watered until you've <sup>all</sup> had time to get ~~really~~ sozzled; if you want getting sozzled instead of girls."

The soldier <sup>and</sup> elbowed the next man.

"Pass it along. ~~If we~~ <sup>and</sup> hustle ~~then~~ we can make the camp <sup>party</sup> ~~just up~~, and have our pick of wine or women."

~~The word passed and the twenty began to step as though starting a morning march.~~

The ~~practicing~~ pair were ~~going at it~~ <sup>practicing</sup> hammer and tongs.

With swords, then jagers, then spears, And now and then a pause for what Jared <sup>Dad's</sup> ~~surmised~~ must be ~~an~~ a critique. But not a long one. Not under the once more expressionless <sup>stare</sup> eye of ~~their~~ Centurion. <sup>from his left lookout</sup>

The ~~twenty~~ halted on the Mall and now Jared <sup>could catch</sup> caught more than glimpses and <sup>was</sup> ~~what he saw~~ filled him with helpless rage. The Overseer was being spanked in a leisurely rhythm. Watching Brothers would say later that the Optio was striking in time with each word of each question and that the blows were savage even though the Optio's grin said all this was only good natured fun.

The Optio and the twenty had ~~come~~ <sup>group was</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>was raised</sup> the east side of <sup>alongside</sup> the Mall, to a number of big jars, ~~fresh from the kiln~~ and a shining pink and gray from long firing. Each was a third as tall as a man. All were flat bottomed for steadiness and with <sup>and</sup> collared necks <sup>filled</sup> ~~in~~ which <sup>was that made</sup> covers were fitted to make them nearly water tight.

"If these were a little bigger," the Optio said, "They

Swords. Spears. Daggers. Offense. Defense. And now and then a  
pause

37A  
~~5~~

could hide a man. What are they for and why are they here?"

"They are just ~~for~~ ~~storing~~," the Overseer said. ~~His~~  
buttocks were bruised but ~~he~~ gave no sign of pain except that  
his voice trembled. He held his meager body straighter than usual.  
"They are newly from our pottery. This is the handiest place to  
keep them until needed, <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ grain, or ~~olives~~ or anything."

and there'll be no delay."

"The plan and order can wait. Let's get closer."

The Centurion turned to his men, gossiping among themselves about what might be up and what enemy might leap at them across the ravine.

"Now hear!" the Centurion commanded.

The ranks braced.

"There are two ways over this ditch. Scramble across or go around by the shore of this lake <sup>water</sup> called the Dead Sea."

The men grew tense. They knew about the Dead Sea, the Salt Sea, because of a ~~promise~~ <sup>something</sup>, or threat, Vespasian had made on hearing of it. <sup>was rumored to have said</sup>

We'll bind a soldier and toss him in with armor and full pack and see if this water really will float so much weight.

They looked at their Centurion warily. Titus might have ordered the test that his father had only talked about. They relaxed when he only went on with the estimate of the situation which was routine legion procedure.

"I certainly won't take you ~~up~~ <sup>down and</sup> up a gorge. Even a few <sup>Jews,</sup> hidden <sup>over the</sup> across, could make trouble <sup>for you</sup> with you in a hole and them over you. No! We'll follow the shore. Then, any fight will be on the level. Probably in that graveyard. <sup>if that is a graveyard.</sup> Those stones will cover us as much as our enemies.

"Now look beyond the graveyard ~~and~~ that tower. Enemies might jump us there. Be ready!" He stared all around. "Questions?"

There were <sup>none</sup> no questions but the Century welcomed permission <sup>as</sup> to talk and talk it did, ~~with~~ confidence ~~growing~~ ~~zankzafxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ that they could carry out any order, as the Brothers up in the caves had been that they could stand up to any assault.

"We could go down into that gorge against any Jews."

"Even against many with slings. We could go down and get out."

*This is your own idea... made of... white is the eye*

*it's... talent*

~~Before the building on the east side of~~

~~the mall~~ No Brother was visible on the Mall but all along the buildings ~~is the east side~~ and the workshops on the west a number of big jars were ranged, fresh from the kiln and <sup>a</sup>shining pink and gray from long firing. Each was nearly half as tall as a man, flat-bottomed for steadiness, <sup>and</sup> with a collared neck in which a cover fitted ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> closely enough to be nearly water-tight.

"If these were any bigger," the Optio said, "They could hide a man. What are they for and why are they here?"

~~"They are for storing," the Overseer said. "They are just from our pottery, and this seems the best place to keep them until they are needed."~~

was

The Optio ~~spanked~~ <sup>struck a jar</sup> one with his spear, nodded at the ~~dull, musical~~ chime, struck again ~~suddenly with all his strength~~ and it broke. Pleased to have found the right ~~strength of blow to~~ break so big a jar he struck ~~and struck~~ until all were shattered. Then ~~laughing~~, he ~~told~~ <sup>said</sup> two men to check the courtyard and pointed at the Lower.

"What is <sup>up</sup> there?"

"At the top, a single room, <sup>and</sup> A Brother ~~lives in it~~ who, ~~is,~~ along with the Priest of Aaron, <sup>is</sup> our oldest. He is of such purity that his thoughts are always heavenward and he is too frail to harm anyone."

"Look him over," <sup>The optio</sup> Festus told two more men. "If he is as <sup>the</sup> ~~this~~ old bugger says, hurry back. If not, you know what to do."

He jerked a thumb toward the kitchen.

"That is empty, <sup>but in a little</sup> ~~it is too early~~ for the cooks <sup>will</sup> to be about our evening meal. Just ahead <sup>is</sup> of a council room, empty also, <sup>and</sup> ~~Beyond~~ is another room with only benches and tables where a few are writing."

They had been looking around what  
some of the soldiers were doing. What did

The Optio sent two more men.  
~~They were looking around what~~

"At the end of the Mall is the dyers' shop, ~~but~~ also empty," the Overseer said. "Against it is our Meeting Hall but no one is in that. Behind the Hall is a pantry holding only a <sup>bishes</sup> ~~some~~ ~~crocker~~ ~~but~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~empty~~, ~~too~~."

"Look into them ~~all~~," the Optio said to two more men.

"There is also a workshop, a laundry and the stable."

"Look!" the Optio said to two more men.

He had ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> sent off half his <sup>detail</sup> ~~force~~ and spanking the Overseer on ahead he led the <sup>remainder</sup> ~~others~~ ~~along~~ ~~the~~ ~~Mall~~.

"Where are these you call Brothers?"

"Each has his own <sup>room</sup> ~~cubicla~~. <sup>All</sup> ~~Some~~ are in them, at meditations, or reading ~~the~~ ~~Book~~ or composing commentaries on what they have read, <sup>or have been thinking</sup> ~~or~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~thinking~~."

The Optio was ~~sure~~ <sup>Draded</sup> he ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~need~~ ~~to~~ ~~ask~~ ~~what~~ ~~the~~ ~~Book~~ ~~was~~, or the commentaries. <sup>were</sup> Besides, he wanted to hurry. ~~Checking~~ ~~back~~ he was uneasy about the <sup>pace at</sup> ~~speed~~ ~~with~~ ~~which~~ ~~the~~ ~~assigned~~ legionnaires had moved off. <sup>would not</sup> They ~~would~~ have moved faster for the Centurion, ~~he~~ ~~felt~~.

<sup>Bring out</sup> "Run the whole batch of ~~your~~ Brothers out, <sup>Let's</sup> ~~I~~ ~~want~~ ~~to~~ see this ~~whole~~ precious lot so full of prayers and so on."

~~The~~ ~~Optio~~ ~~turned~~ ~~and~~ ~~obeyed~~, but he moved slowly, too. The spanking might ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~responsible~~, the Optio conceded, but it might also be because this old bugger was ~~a~~ ~~dog~~. <sup>Obstinate.</sup>

He hefted his spear. He meant to <sup>perform</sup> ~~complete~~ this mission perfectly. Yet, when he returned ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~Centurion~~, would ~~any~~ credit ~~be~~ ~~given~~? Not any! He would have made ~~a~~ ~~complete~~ ~~success~~ but ~~that~~ ~~face~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Centurion~~ would not approve, by so much as a tic. <sup>The Centurion</sup> "Point them west," he would say, "Or we won't reach Caesarea in time."

give any

39A 52

plank  
P. 110  
to the  
for me

and in pain

The Overseer turned ~~and~~ to obey but ~~he~~ moved slowly. The ~~spanking~~ <sup>and</sup> might be responsible, the Optio ~~conceded~~, <sup>was sure the</sup> but this old bugger might also be ~~just~~ plain obstinate. <sup>was trying to hold up the mission that the Centurion had ordered</sup> It would be just like a Jew. He hefted his spear. He meant to ~~carry out this mission~~ <sup>do what he had been told to do</sup> perfectly. ~~Yet, he thought resentfully,~~ <sup>But even so</sup> when he returned would the Centurion give him any credit? ~~Not any!~~ That ~~impassive~~ face would not show approval by so much as a tic. "Start them west," the Centurion would say, "Or we'll never get to Caeseria in time," <sup>in</sup> His tone would practically accuse the Optio of having taken so long that he ~~had lost~~ <sup>had lost</sup> the century, any ~~likelihood~~ <sup>likelihood</sup> of getting to the wine before it was ~~mainly~~ <sup>watered</sup> water. Taken so long! Who ~~in the name~~ of every god everywhere could have taken less? The Optio swung his spear like a club, eyeing the helmets, <sup>of the detail</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>Why he wondered</sup> wondering why he shouldn't crack the heads of the nearest of these men who ~~would~~ <sup>were slowing</sup> slow him up, if they dared, ~~and the old bugger's,~~ <sup>to do</sup>

start  
all

The Brothers began to appear. The Optio had never seen a lot so creaking, ~~white-headed, white-bearded, wrinkled, dull-fleshed,~~ stooped and skin-and-bones. Although there was one <sup>with a</sup> whose pale-ivory face so suggested a venerable <sup>priest</sup> priest of Ceres that the Optio unconsciously lowered his spear.

40

much to say

Century

The

As though the Optio had taken so long ~~that~~ <sup>he</sup> had lost any real chance of ~~reaching~~ <sup>getting to</sup> ~~Cassarea~~ <sup>before it</sup> before the wine was mainly water!

~~Not~~ taken so long? Who in the name of every god everywhere would have taken less?

The Optio swung his spear like a staff, ~~eyeing~~ <sup>eyeing</sup> the nearest helmets and wondering why he should not crack the heads of some of these men who were, or would if given a chance, slow ~~up~~ <sup>him</sup> up ~~whenever they thought they dared.~~

The Brothers began to appear. ~~He was certain he had never seen~~ <sup>a crew</sup> ~~so creaking, so white-headed, wrinkled, dull-fleshed, stooped, skin-and-bones, a crew.~~ There was one who looked a bit better, with a ~~face~~ <sup>face</sup> of pale old ivory ~~that so much suggested~~ <sup>that</sup> a venerable priest of Ceres that for an instant the Optio ~~unconsciously lowered his spear.~~

The Overseer returned, and made a --something-- like the --something-- he had made to the Centurion. Not a bow, although passing for a bow, . But the Optio was certain it was not as respectful. ~~It was hardly~~ <sup>was not</sup> respectful at all, he ~~decided~~ <sup>decided</sup> and hefted his spear ~~again.~~ <sup>again</sup>

"Are they all here?"

"All," the Overseer said and the Optio noted an ~~attention~~ <sup>attention</sup> of any "Sir."

"You're <sup>sure</sup> sure this is all?"

"~~Every~~ <sup>Every</sup> cubicle, as well as every room has been inspected. Your men will tell you there are no more."

As if, the Optio ~~admitted~~ <sup>thought</sup> to himself, He could safely count on his men.

~~But~~ <sup>Where's</sup> They let your Priest of Aaron ~~step forward.~~

The Overseer shuddered, ~~once more.~~

"But I did not



43

"Well, he asked for it. Right on the noggin. But that was his own fault. I meant to <sup>bang</sup> crack his <sup>back</sup> ~~arm~~. But he didn't dodge. He'll never have another chance to disobey a Roman."

"You mean you killed the ~~little~~ old man?"

"~~Believe me,~~ <sup>it</sup> it was his own fault. If he'd dodged he'd just have got a lesson. And if he <sup>hadn't had</sup> didn't have a head like an eggshell it probably wouldn't even have been busted."

"Well," the Centurion said, "Get them moving." He looked away across the desert and then back to the Mall where Brothers were carrying the Overseer away. "Get them moving or we'll never make the Saturnalia before they water the wine."

"Fall IN!" the Optio bellowed, almost choking on the two words. Hadn't he know how it would be? "For-w-a-r-d MARCH."

This time the Century did not <sup>hesd</sup> go cautiously around by the Salt Sea Shore. It headed northwest and on its left, to <sup>far</sup> far to show much detail, a line of ~~rocked~~ cliffs rose.

"We don't want to get into ~~that~~," the Centurion said.

"Half RIGHT!" the Optio said. "Route Step, HO!" His voice was under better control but it almost <sup>choked</sup> ~~went bad~~ again <sup>his anger</sup> when he heard the Century beginning to gossip. He knew what they would talk about. Oh, he knew. But then he had an idea of how to start them singing a different tune. He whispered to the nearest man.

"Titus has doubled out of his own pocket all that the legion paid in all year. There'll be unwatered wine, and <sup>here it is</sup> women galore. Pass the word."

The man had been looking back toward the Mall but now he looked at the Optio, grinned and passed the word.

The Centurion was what Palestine had come to dread and despise, a personification of ~~the~~ Roman might, a leader of hated invaders who, although differently ~~from~~ <sup>than</sup> Jews, looked on themselves also as a chosen people, <sup>no better</sup> better than anyone else, <sup>how you could look at it.</sup>

Not precisely better fighters, (although they boasted that they were, notwithstanding that Jews had smashed the Twelfth Legion a few years back; indeed that defeat had brought on the aggression).

Not precisely wiser, shrewder, <sup>nor</sup> better merchants, builders, rhetoricians, philosophers or mathematicians. The Greeks were better philosophers and with Persians and Egyptians, better mathematicians. Somewhere, your Roman would not have bothered to deny, ~~there were others~~ <sup>were</sup> better in other specialities. It was in the larger sense that Romans, ~~simply~~, excelled. Rome ruled the world! <sup>So,</sup> The corollary was obvious. A Roman was better. Q.E.D. ~~as a better Greek mathematician had said.~~

The Overseer needed only <sup>another</sup> a step to measure the Optio. <sup>dangerous Jackal</sup> A vain rabi, animal, he decided as he bent in a slight bow that included both men. His words, however, were aimed at the Centurion alone.

insert

"In the name of the Priest of Aaron who guides this Community ~~of Brothers~~ I bid you welcome, and I regret that our land like our possessions are too worthless to interest a Roman."

"Why does so poor a place interest your Community?"

<sup>We do not desire Essen</sup>  
"where we live does not matter. Our aim is only to spend ~~all of~~ every day honoring the Lord and offering ourselves to the truth."

"This is all, every day?"

"And every night, seeking the key to the Lord's eternal mercies."

which led away from  
Jared got to a narrow canal joining up with the

aqueduct, which brought water from the hills, ran along it to  
~~the rim of a cistern into which the canal emptied and at the~~  
~~western edge of the Community~~ <sup>came</sup> to a stable, <sup>and</sup> smelling mustily  
~~but pleasantly~~ of donkeys, goats and sheep sometimes kept  
there.

He took off his robe, climbed to the westward sloping  
roof and lay down in ~~his~~ loincloth and sandals, the robe folded  
to save knees and elbows from the dried mud and asphaltum. <sup>He folded the robe and laid it under his head</sup> He was  
ready for any run <sup>if he had to</sup> but meanwhile he looked, with  
only his eyes visible above the ridgepole and these only from behind a  
fringe of reeds and branchtops, he looked away.

He was violating the discipline, which <sup>the censor</sup> ~~got~~ <sup>has told him to be</sup> that every  
order from any of the Fifteen must <sup>be</sup> strictly obeyed. He ought  
to be by now nearly to the cliffs. But this century! That is  
leader, who had reconnoitered from across the ravine! Were  
these as formidable as gossip ~~had~~ <sup>made</sup> all Romans out to be? They  
Jared could not resist a desire to see for himself at closehand.  
Romans were, certainly, ruthless. Their record in Palestine  
proved that. <sup>And</sup> But were legionnaires truly all conquering? He had  
been admonished never to compare himself vaingloriously with  
any other man but he could not help wondering how many in this  
oncoming troop were better than himself.

Suddenly he remembered a Pharisee <sup>famous for</sup> of fame because of

But were they any braver than Jews? He ~~remembered~~ remembered a/ting the

would he take time to do  
that? think this character  
himself, certainly

off, and an  
think of

useful

AME

Stave

These

famous for

and there'll be no delay."

"It's time I let the century in on this!"

*9th* The <sup>centurion</sup> ~~century~~ turned back to the men, <sup>who were</sup> gossiping cautiously about what enemy might leap at them across the ravine. *among themselves*

"Now hear!"

The <sup>rank</sup> column stiffened.

"There are two ways over this ditch. Scramble down and up. *T* Go along the shore of this water called the Salt Sea." *see attached page*

The men showed the whites of their eyes. They knew of this salt sea. Vespasian had had a wild idea about it and Titus might have ordered what his father had only talked about. Vespasian had said:

*(1)* We could toss in a soldier in armor and full pack and his hands bound. We'd soon see then that ~~xxxxxxx~~ will ~~or~~ won't float. *(1)*

~~xxxxxx~~ The whites rolled ~~back~~ out of sight when the centurion went on to give an estimate of the situation, routine legion procedure.

"I certainly won't take you down and up. You'd be easy pickings for just a few waiting where they'd do the most good. We'll follow the shore. Any trouble then'll be on the level. Probably in that <sup>burying ground</sup> ~~graveyard~~, if it is a <sup>burying ground</sup> ~~graveyard~~. The stones will help us as much as the other fellow."

The relieved column chuckled to indicate that they welcomed a crack at the other fellow on level ground.

"Now look beyond the stones to that tower. The other fellow might jump us there. Be ready!"

The centurion chuckled, <sup>at the</sup> ~~to indicate how~~ ridiculous ~~that~~ thought ~~was~~ that they wouldn't be ready. They damned well better be!

"Questions?"

The men had no questions but they welcomed ~~the~~ permission to talk and talk they did, <sup>with all the</sup> ~~so~~ confidently <sup>of</sup> ~~as~~ the young Brothers had ~~talked~~ up in the caves.

"We wear out boots when we done in a place like this," the

be slung at?" <sup>said</sup> the Optio asked. "Nothing wears out boots like sand. I am paid <sup>ten times more</sup> a lot more than a legionnaire's <sup>pay daily</sup> ~~the~~ coppers ~~a~~ day but how can I buy extra boots on top of clothing, weapons, food, gear, membership in the burial club and the levy for the annual camp bust-out?"

"Finish here ~~fast enough~~ and ~~walk~~ in two nights we'll be back in Caeseres in time for this year's saturnalia," the Centurion said.

The Optio remembers another grievance.

"And what food! Wheat, corn or barley, all more than likely mouldy, and whatever wilted vegetables we come on and a little lard, all <sup>stir</sup> ~~ending~~ up in a soup swines wouldn't grunt over. And for drink, vinegar and water."

"The hoopla at Caeseres will be like nothing ~~this~~ <sup>our</sup> century has ever seen," the Centurion said. "Titus has <sup>the money</sup> increased by half all ~~the money~~ the legions have ~~saved in all~~ <sup>saved for a</sup> the whole year, <sup>for the party</sup> ~~for the party~~ <sup>David got a new year.</sup>

The Optio remembered another greivance.

"Those of us born citizens of Rome are treated no better than auxiliaries who join'd up to gain citizenship. After twentyfive years they ~~can~~ retire with bonus enough to buy a farm in their pick of the provinces. But isn't our enlistment as long? Is our bonus any bigger?"

"We ~~do~~ need to hurry," the Centurion said. "But if we do, and ~~if we~~ get a little way <sup>farther</sup> ~~along~~ today and really hit it up tomorrow and the next day we'll get back before the Master of the Revels begins to water the wine."

"~~Water in the wine!~~ <sup>watering the wine</sup> Of course we'll have to get back before they start ~~that~~. But first let's make sure we aren't stuck too long here. State your plan, give the ~~the~~ order

giving money notes in the

oil remained to lubricate his joints that they would have  
creaked a painful protest against a quick rise, <sup>and</sup> 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~~ <sup>hurrying</sup> old legs, even though  
they <sup>often</sup> made ~~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~~ <sup>smooth</sup> path <sup>smooth</sup> ~~smooth~~  
~~walk begins.~~"

"No farther. You <sup>must not</sup> ~~cannot~~ be in sight when the Romans  
come."

"No farther," <sup>but hurry</sup>

They set off <sup>side by side</sup> and when the Chaste One  
turned unsteady in the loose going Jared's hand <sup>was</sup> only  
affectionate on a thin elbow, and not <sup>a tactless</sup> ~~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 <sup>were</sup> ~~were~~ unmistakable.  
He looked.

The first Romans were <sup>worming</sup> ~~worming~~ up over the steep ~~dead~~  
slope.

"And you hear so far off?" he said, <sup>chagrined</sup> ~~amazed~~ even  
though it had been his attentiveness <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ had kept him from  
hearing first.

"I was not left by my father with the Brotherhood

*was it in my mind  
to put it in  
the margin  
of the  
margin  
of the  
margin*



Jared was the one in imminent peril.

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

"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 <sup>said and</sup> 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 <sup>return</sup> 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 <sup>up</sup> sight from the <sup>salt</sup> Dead Sea, <sup>shore,</sup>

"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 <sup>u</sup> 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 said and~~

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

*Handwritten notes in the left margin:*  
Jared  
Salt  
shore  
return  
up

a surliness which would have contradicted the grin, if it could have been seen. The Promotion List had passed him over twice, and after a few cups of wine he was quick to tell a crony that there was no better second-in-command.

*They may think I am not good enough to be a centurion.*  
But no Optio carries out ~~his~~ orders better. *It was frustrating that.*

*that* His Centurion ~~had~~ never shown any awareness of ~~that~~ lay underneath and this frustrated the Optio. He dared not show surliness openly to his leader, but camp followers and prisoners were always made aware of it, even old ones, and now and then the century.

*see my suggested substitute*  
"Those buildings look empty but they could hide five hundred men," the Centurion said.

"A thousand!" The estimate was made in so soft a voice that the Optio could have argued successfully that it had been an agreement, not a covert correction.

*Peaceful*  
"This is said to be a place of holy men. So even if there are a thousand they can be ~~counted on~~ *trusted* not to fight."

*Peaceful*  
"Get your guard up when you trust a Jew for anything." This correction was plainer; but every Roman had been saying pretty much the same thing ever since the legions arrived in Palestine.

*I know*  
"I have faced them for two years, ~~now,~~ *he went on* the Optio ~~said.~~  
"And a man hasn't fought them who thinks that even the holy-holy ~~won't~~ grab a very chance to come at us with swords, spears, bows and arrows, daggers and, worst of all, slings."

"The ones who call themselves Sons of Benjamin claim to sling stones to a hairsbreadth," the Centurion said in professional approval of excellence.

"Why have we worn out boots to come to this place and

*SEE NOTE - THIS PAGE*

"How many are you?"

"A handful only. But rather such a handful than many striving after the wind."

"And this Priest! Of Aaron, did you say? Why is he the leader?"

"The Lord has <sup>given him great</sup> ~~put into him~~ wisdom <sup>to</sup> ~~to explain the words of the past, the present and the future.~~"

"He alone is so wise?"

"We <sup>obey</sup> ~~submit~~ also ~~to~~ the Fifteen since obedience is ~~the way of salvation.~~"

"You say all that you possess is worthless?"

"Our Brotherhood does not seek wealth, <sup>only</sup> ~~only to be maintained in prayer and worship and for the study of the Law.~~"

"A Brotherhood? What <sup>sort</sup> ~~kind~~ of Brotherhood?"

"What one possesses all possess. What all possess the least possesses."

"And all obey this -- Priest of Aaron?"

"In purity, <sup>to</sup> ~~to prepare the way of the Lord.~~"

"Fetch this Priest of Aaron."

The Overseer shuddered. ~~Bring together~~ <sup>Jack</sup> this grim Roman, probably trailed by this ~~abid~~ <sup>Jack</sup> ~~car?~~ They would throw the leader into total confusion. ~~‡~~

"~~Master!~~ <sup>Master!</sup> The Priest of Aaron has sent me to show you ~~everything, if that is your wish.~~ But he is at prayer. I beg you, let him remain."

"How many Brothers, did you say?"

"The buildings before you are enough for many. But ~~in all of them there are not as many men as you have brought.~~ <sup>They had fewer than</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>coloured</sup> ~~bring~~."

The Centurion looked <sup>across</sup> ~~away to~~ the desolate <sup>front</sup> ~~tumuli~~ and stone markers and on to the desert, always with the same lack

this formation and had taken pains to have it explained. <sup>He sought</sup> ~~It was~~  
the sort of explanation <sup>whenever he could</sup> he often sought because you never could  
~~tell.~~ Sooner or later <sup>Everything</sup> ~~anything~~ might come in handy.

This thing was a basic deployment in which every  
legion was <sup>formed</sup> thoroughly schooled. From it any unit, big or little,  
could quickly evolve into either of two key battle formations. --  
The Testudo, with the front rank's intervals closed, and  
shields raised overhead and interlocked, and rear ranks <sup>also</sup> ~~also~~  
raising and <sup>locked also</sup> ~~locking~~ shields so that all fought under, so to  
speak, a shell. Testudo <sup>was a Roman word meaning</sup> ~~meant~~ turtle. And the Orbis, not an  
exact circle, but <sup>was a Roman word meaning</sup> ~~was~~ circular formation varying according to  
terrain and very fine for attack or defense.

Unless this century ran into trouble it would not need  
either Testudo or Orbis but it was, the Overseer realized  
preparing itself handily. A veteran century, undoubtedly.

The double line began to advance and the Overseer  
came back down on his heels.

"Now indeed you two must get to your security. You  
~~still have time, although barely.~~"

Jared would have <sup>gone on with</sup> accompanied the Chaste One to the  
Tower but ~~now that danger was so near~~ the latter ~~firmly rejected~~  
<sup>refused</sup> ~~any more of~~ even such welcome companionship.

"Go, Jared! Go."

<sup>(11)</sup>  
"And at once," <sup>the Overseer said</sup> ~~the Overseer said~~ "if you keep the  
buildings at your back you'll reach the cliff without any Roman  
sighting you."

Jared <sup>took</sup> trotted off ~~along the wall~~ and the Overseer  
<sup>in pleading</sup> turned to the Chaste One, <sup>who</sup> ~~his~~ a pleading look replacing his  
frown.

The Chaste One reluctantly shifted his own gaze from

Jared and started for his own Tower.

The Overseer preened himself ~~in satisfaction~~ <sup>confidently</sup>. Once  
more he had <sup>got</sup> ~~obtained~~ obedience. He turned toward the Romans.  
Well, who else could so well confront ~~knock off~~ and turn these  
kitties ~~from the~~ <sup>to</sup> the Brits.

74  
824  
826

was aiming for the rock as unconcernedly as though no murdering legglonaires were within leagues. He had probably forgotten all about approaching Kittim.

"No, no!" Jared cried and for the second time that day scrambled down the steep trail and ran -- raced to the courtyard, this time in defiance of any Romans who might debouch onto the plateau and catch him in full view. He finished his run as the Chaste One was settling on his sunny rock and the spurt of sand, <sup>that spurted from his</sup> from skidding sandals caused the ancient ivory <sup>Smile</sup> ~~man~~ to look up in mild question, which changed to pleased recognition.

"Jared! ~~But~~ aren't you supposed to be with the others in the caves?"

If he had not been so aware of the danger to his teacher, friend and mentor, ~~so exposed to a Roman blow~~ Jared <sup>would</sup> might have smiled back.

"~~Am~~ aren't you supposed to be in the Tower?"

"It was blak, Jared. <sup>The year</sup> This warm rock that you placed ~~long ago~~ lets my thoughts flow without hindrance."

Jared looked down, marvelling that so frail a Brother could be so unafraid of peril so imminent. The Chaste One was so frail that any careless, even playful, blow from a Roman sword would have <sup>undone</sup> undone him. Weight seemed to have gone out of him as sin certainly had. Some desert plants mature and then, after blooming, ~~in late~~ age turn pithy and weightless. So had the Chaste One and in his drying wrinkles had multiplied wherever his white beard did not sprout, criss-crossing like the ~~endless~~ maze of tiny cracks in an ancient painting.

The cracks were, in fact, caused more <sup>on</sup> concentration than by any aged aridity. His belived commentaries had for so long been his chief concern that now he was so often lost in them that an ordinary Brother

*In any desert to be stark  
about white, after flowers  
fall off - dry - then what  
the chaste one is doing  
with water - what is  
the point?*

*See my  
substitute  
for the  
rest of  
the  
page*

*Shouldn't that  
cut? See ~~the~~*

than by any aged aridity. His beloved commentaries, ~~so long as~~  
~~his chief concern, now usually~~ so engaged his thoughts that an  
ordinary Brother passed unnoticed. The bond <sup>with</sup> ~~between himself~~  
and Jared, however, was such that the latter was always  
observed and welcomed.

→ "I have a new commentary in mind, Jared," the Chaste  
one said, wriggling into maximum comfort.

Jared wanted to press for a return to the Tower but  
he could not decide how to do this ~~hastily~~ so he only  
repeated the announcement.

"A new commentary?"

"A very small seed yet. But this sun will encourage  
it."

Jared thought he had a tactful lead.

"Where are the others who remained here in the  
Community?"

"In their rooms, ~~I think~~. But the Overseer <sup>is</sup> on a  
last inspection to make sure nothing <sup>has</sup> ~~has~~ been overlooked."

"Do you think he would overlook you being here?"

"Does it matter <sup>where I am?</sup> ~~where I am?~~" The Chaste one seemed  
mildly puzzled. ~~His reactions usually were mild.~~

"It would matter to everyone of us if the Romans  
~~found you and~~ carried you off."

"They could carry me easily enough. But why?"

"They might do worse than carry you off."

"They are more likely to do <sup>than that</sup> worse to you, Jared."

Although the Chaste One's <sup>was</sup> usual <sup>by mild and</sup> manner was mild and  
his speech mildly abstracted, <sup>but</sup> he could be so sharply penetrating  
as to suggest that he was always wisely aware of <sup>far</sup> more than  
casual observers ~~ever~~ suspected. Now his quick question ~~made~~ <sup>suggested</sup>  
~~it plain~~ that Jared, not himself, was being reckless, that  
Jared was the one in imminent peril.

Handwritten notes in the left margin, including "at all" and "I think".

Vertical handwritten notes on the left side of the page, including "Selling" and "EUM TULLI".

\*\*\*\*\*

The Overseer, <sup>paused</sup> ~~trotting, stepping~~ to raise a finger after a pebble, between sole and sandal, then determinedly ~~resuming his trot~~ <sup>brothy</sup> ~~drove~~ <sup>found the expression</sup> ~~near~~ the century.

*The Centurion* ~~at the right of the~~ <sup>uneven line,</sup> ~~first two~~ <sup>watched</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>came on</sup> ~~expressionlessly.~~ <sup>The optio</sup> ~~Festus snorted contemptuously.~~

"If that is all this Community has to send against us I'll have the truth out of him in ~~no time.~~" <sup>no time.</sup> ~~The optio said.~~

"Let me speak, <sup>with him,</sup>" ~~Gotta said.~~ Violence <sup>could</sup> ~~just~~ <sup>possibly</sup> ~~might~~ be the quickest way to make this little man ~~talk.~~ More likely, however, being a Jew, <sup>it would only make him</sup> ~~he would only be~~ ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> obdurate.

*The Centurion suspects*

~~"I can't speak to a Jew without wanting to vomit,"~~

~~Festus said.~~ <sup>But now</sup>

"Halt the century," ~~Gotta said as the Overseer~~ ~~began his last hundred yards.~~ "We will go no closer to the <sup>what turn followers</sup> ~~buildings~~ until we know <sup>his roof top</sup> ~~at least a little more about them.~~"

*wait*

Spread flat on the ~~far side of the~~ Community, with ~~only~~ his forehead and eyes ~~above the roof top and the fringe of reeds~~ and branch tops concealing ~~the,~~ Jared ~~was~~ could catch only <sup>they he never lost at least partial sight of them</sup> glimpses of the Romans, but ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> told him where they were.

*The optio* ~~Festus cocked his chin.~~ <sup>The optio</sup> ~~commanded,~~ <sup>Then</sup>

"Century, HALT!" ~~and then he added to the nearest~~ <sup>legionnaire.</sup> "Permitted to talk, <sup>pass</sup> the word. But keep your voices low. Do not annoy the Centurion."

The Optio seldom could resist the temptation to give, on his own, a little more than his instructions <sup>was</sup> ~~implied~~ but <sup>always</sup> ~~in that event~~ he took care, <sup>to say what something that would</sup> ~~also~~ to soothe his superior, ~~as now, in order not to be reprimanded for assuming~~ too much authority.

*The Centurion wanted*

He was not reprimanded. ~~Gotta,~~ expressionlessly,

6

such a handful than many striving after the wind."

"And this priest -- of Aaron, you say? -- why ~~do you~~ <sup>is he</sup> ~~submit to his leadership?~~"

"Go, has put into his heart wisdom that explains the words of all prophets."

"He alone rules?" <sup>in vain? (U)</sup>

"We submit also to the ~~others of the~~ Fifteen since ~~all proper~~ obedience is the way to salvation."

"You say all that you possess is worthless?"

"~~We are content with bread which sustains us for~~ <sup>(U)</sup> ~~our work and with work which fits us for prayer and worship.~~ <sup>our</sup>

Brotherhood does

~~We do~~ not seek wealth, only to be maintained in faithfulness for prayer and worship and for the study of the law which God has given."

"~~You call this~~ a Brotherhood. What kind of a Brotherhood?"

"~~We share all.~~ What one possesses all possess. What all possess the least possesses entirely."

"And all obey this priest -- of Aaron?"

"In ~~strictest~~ discipline and purity to prepare the way of the Lord."

"Fetch me this priest of Aaron."

The Overseer shuddered. Bring together this <sup>grim</sup> ~~overbearing~~ Roman, probably trailed by <sup>stupid</sup> this cur, and the <sup>7</sup> ~~women~~ <sup>that</sup> the ~~venerable~~ leader <sup>into</sup> who would be in total confusion?

"Master! The Priest of Aaron ~~is one of our oldest.~~ <sup>He</sup> ~~I come to show you everything, in the Community,~~ if that is

63 -67-

your wish. But ~~the Priest of Aaron~~ is at prayer, and I beg you ~~to~~ let him remain."

"How many Brothers, did you say?"

"The buildings before you are many, but in all of them <sup>not</sup> ~~half~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>Lewis</sup> ~~number~~ <sup>The</sup> of men you have brought."

The Centurion ~~Gotta~~ looked from <sup>to</sup> ~~the Overseer~~ to the Community, ~~and~~ the desolate graves <sup>west</sup> ~~east~~ of the Community and to the surrounding desert, always with the same lack of ~~any~~ expression.

"They do not seek riches," he said, <sup>turning to his Optio,</sup> ~~summing up,~~ and ~~now~~ looking at his Optio. "They pray, Day and night. They live in strict discipline sharing all. I believe <sup>you</sup> ~~the~~ old <sup>to</sup> ~~begger~~ has told the truth as much as <sup>an</sup> Jew will to a Roman."

"I trust no Jew," ~~the Optio~~ Faustus said.

"Take twenty men. Make <sup>him</sup> ~~this old man~~ show everything. I shall ~~follow~~ with the others and be <sup>here</sup> ~~at hand~~ if you need help, but you will not. <sup>we'll</sup> ~~This will be finished~~ <sup>here</sup> ~~in~~ less time almost than we take talking about it."

~~The Optio~~ Faustus stepped forward until he stood a half-pace in advance of his centurion. He beckoned the nearest twenty legionnaires and slapped <sup>a spear</sup> ~~the~~ shaft of his pilum across the spare buttocks of the Overseer as a signal to lead the way and the inspecting party set out.

This was the kind of an assignment ~~that~~ the Optio liked. He was in sole authority. He would be required to answer to no one, explain to no one, apologize to no one, justify himself to no one, make excuses to no one, only carry

The Optio counted off his twenty

~~INSERT PAGE 63.~~

6f

the Optio  
the remainder  
of his century  
and beckoned  
two legionnaires  
The  
two drills  
not  
nothing.

The Centurion remembered something, turned to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> remainder of his century and beckoned two legionnaires. "Yesterday, at drill, you <sup>two drills</sup> looked like a pair of baby-new recruits. We ~~seem~~ to have a little time, ~~to spare~~. Get over to one side and practice."

The pair got off by themselves and while their comrades snickered, began a ~~singular performance~~ <sup>with which drew Jared</sup> weapons in hand sword, and spear, ~~and dagger~~. <sup>Discussed admirably.</sup>

Thrust. Long thrust. Short Thrust. Parry. High Parry. Low. Side-step. Half-side step. Back step. Half-back step. Forward. Half step-forward. Always lightly. <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ hips were brought into play, and ~~the~~ shoulders. Turn. Half-turn, right. Left. Twist.

First one legionnaire, ~~went through the drill~~ while the other appeared to criticize. ~~Then the other~~ Jared, <sup>ing from his roof, was reminded of</sup> watched, puzzled, until he recalled the Brothers in the pottery kiln. ~~Then all came clear.~~ Practice made perfect. A beginning potter was slow, <sup>and</sup> clumsy and turned out bad products, <sup>discs as for.</sup> But in the end he was fast, deft, and his product was faultless. It was the same with these legionnaires. <sup>He</sup>

~~The two legionnaires reversed roles.~~ Jared wondered if <sup>Lack of such practice had kept his</sup> his father had not returned because he had not practiced enough. <sup>father from returning.</sup>

The Optio ~~had stepped a pace in advance of the century and~~ beckoned the ~~best~~ twenty men, and slapped the butt of his spear across the spare buttocks of the Overseer to lead on, <sup>and</sup> The inspecting party set out.

<sup>Exactly his</sup> This was an assignment ~~much~~ to the Optio's liking. He was on authority. He would be required to answer, <sup>to</sup> ~~to one,~~ explain to <sup>to</sup> ~~no one,~~ justify himself, ~~to no one,~~ make excuses to no one, only carry

~~65~~  
65

But he burned

out his mission, sharing the glory with no one. And, as always in such a position, he was filled with a determination to be swift as well as perfect in performance. He must impress not only the one who had given the mission but the ones he would direct in its performance.

"Quick Step!" he commanded and spanked the Overseer again. "Trot along there, <sup>old slow</sup> ~~old Jew,~~" and when the Overseer increased his pace the Optio added, to the man nearest him, "The rest of the cohort will capture Masada tomorrow. If we work ~~are~~ fast in our work here, we can <sup>get back to Caesarea</sup> ~~rejoin~~ the cohort in time to share in the assault, and in whatever booty is seized, and there may be great booty," The Optio added, "Great booty. Pass the word."

The

"The Optio says that if we hurry here we <sup>can</sup> ~~should~~ rejoin the cohort in time to share in much booty at Masada," the man said to the next, and <sup>he would run through the lines and fight</sup> ~~he said it to the next~~ and the ~~cheer~~ <sup>probable</sup> prospect ~~was~~ <sup>was an camp women used</sup> ~~and ran through the entire twenty~~ and all quick-stepped ~~to~~ <sup>to the</sup> ~~Optio~~ <sup>Optio</sup> and came to the wall, and the mall and the buildings just

~~INSERT PAGE 4--A.~~

as Jared and the Chaste One had.

<sup>now</sup> Nearer now on his roof top, Jared could catch more than glimpses <sup>He</sup> ~~of the Romans,~~ <sup>disliked everything that he saw and</sup> He was sure no Roman could glimpse him but he wondered what they could see, especially the <sup>commander</sup> ~~one~~ who seemed to be in command of this group of twenty or so.

lack of expression.

*little*

"I believe this ~~old~~ stork is telling the truth, as much as any Jew will, <sup>free to</sup> ~~to~~ a Roman," he said to the Optio.

"Trust no Jew!"

*was.*

I suppose so. ~~So~~ take twenty men and make him show you everything. I'll be ~~back~~ here if you need help. But you won't. We'll be finished and on our way in less time than we take talking about it."

As the Optio ~~turned~~ <sup>turned on his heel</sup> spun to ~~pick~~ <sup>choose</sup> his twenty, the

Centurion's face showed ~~an~~ expression for the first time. He

*had remembered*

*Something*

~~licked his lips, remembering something, and beckoned two of the legionnaires who had not been called out by the Optio.~~

"Yesterday, <sup>the pair of you</sup> you two drilled like ~~a pair of~~ baby-new recruits. We have a little time. Get over <sup>there</sup> to ~~one side~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ and practice."

~~The pair gave each other the look they dared not turn on their officer and stepped away to a ~~xxxxxxx~~ level, hard patch of ground and while their comrades grinned more and more broadly began a performance that drew Jared's distant admiration. This, for sure, was the practice that had made nearly perfect.~~

~~Thrust. Long thrust. Short thrust. Parry. High parry. Low. Sidestep. Halstep. Backstep. Hal. back. Half forward.~~

~~Always exactly. An hips brought into play. An shoulders.~~

~~Turn. Halfturn. Right. Left. Twist. Attack. Defend.~~

52  
1  
shared  
The pair ~~gave each other~~ the look they dared not turn on their officer and their comrades snickered.

The Optio slapped ~~the butt of his spear~~ across the <sup>meager ~~buttocks~~</sup> of the Overseer and the party of inspection <sup>set off,</sup> the Optio <sup>leading and covering elites</sup> ahead, where he could hide his elation. This was <sup>that</sup> exactly the assignment <sup>he liked.</sup> He was in full authority, He would be required to <sup>take</sup> ~~take~~ directions from no one, only carry out his mission. The <sup>also</sup> ~~glor~~ of success would be his alone.

The pair ordered to practice <sup>found hard</sup> ~~get to a~~ level hard patch of sand ~~and squared off.~~

"Quick step!" the Optio said. "Trot along there, old stork." <sup>His</sup> He spanked the Overseer again. <sup>this time, although Jared</sup> It was <sup>more than a spank</sup> ~~more than a spank~~ <sup>was</sup> this time. It was a savage blow.

The two legionnaires, <sup>squared away for</sup> ~~left behind,~~ <sup>while</sup> ~~gave a performance~~ which set their comrades <sup>flushed off to take their zone of</sup> to grinning more and more broadly, ~~but which drew Jared's distant admiration.~~ This was, for sure, <sup>at the pair was a revelation. So true is</sup> the sort of thing that made for perfection.

practice  
Thrust. Long thrust, Short thrust. Parry, High parry. Low. Sidestep, Half sidestep, Backstep, Half. Forward, Half-forward.

<sup>Thought inwardly</sup>  
And always, <sup>with beautiful exactness,</sup> ~~with hips brought smoothly into play,~~ and shoulders.

Turn, Halfturn, Right, Left, Twist. ~~First and in~~ <sup>had to</sup> ~~ragix~~ offense, then defense, and now and then a pause for what <sup>was</sup> Jared <sup>not</sup> surprised was criticism. But not a long pause, under the <sup>over</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>won</sup> expressionless watch of the Centurion.

Then practice with daggers, then with spears, while <sup>Comrades</sup> ~~the remainder of the century~~ <sup>gave</sup> ~~lounged and,~~ <sup>unhelpful advice as cheers</sup> until the Centurion looked them into silence, ~~cheered.~~

Nearly at the mall, the Optio <sup>elbow</sup> ~~said to the soldier at~~ his elbow, "Work fast. Then we <sup>will get</sup> ~~can be~~ back in Caesarea ~~in~~ for the saturnalia, and if we make it, I'll see that none of your wine is watered until you've all had time to get sozzled," <sup>if you</sup> ~~if you~~ <sup>sozzled</sup> ~~sozzled~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~will~~

58-54

X X X X

as Jared and the Chasta One had.

all along

Not one Brother was visible in the Mall, but close to the wall of the buildings on the east side, and of workshops and a cistern on the west, a number of big jars were ranged,

fresh from

Each was half as tall as a tall man, flat-bottomed for steadiness, with a colored neck in which a cover ~~xxx~~ fitted closely enough to be nearly water-tight. There were a dozen or so of them, ~~rose pink and gray in color and with surfaces~~ shining because of firing.

"If these were much bigger," Festus said, "They could hide a man. What are they for and why are they here?"

"They are here because they have just come from the pottery where they were fired to make them hard and resist water," the Overseer said, "and this is the best place to keep them until they are needed. They are used for storing grain."

The Overseer rapped one with ~~his~~ his pium, noted the dull but musical chime of it, rapped it harder, and harder and it broke. He laughed and told two men to check the courtyard and return promptly and then pointed to the Tower.

"What is there?"

"A single room. A brother lives in it who is, along with the Priest of Aaron, one of the oldest in the Community. He is of such purity that his thoughts are always heavenward and he is too frail to hurt anyone."

"Look him over," Festus told two more men. "If he

As though pleased to have found ~~space~~ The blow that would break a jar, he ~~struck~~ struck it, all was shattered.





46

Two Spaces [

Watching from his rocky eyrie Jared was surprised to see the distant legionnaires turn <sup>away</sup> toward the Dead Sea. A day would come when he would know enough ~~about armies and ambushes~~ to be surprised if a commander sent troops through a ravine <sup>when</sup> ~~provided~~ an alternate, level, less dangerous road was at hand. Now, <sup>inexperience</sup> ~~however, his~~ ignorance made him look upon the shortest road as the best and he was <sup>scarcely</sup> ~~sure~~ the Romans were foolish to ~~be~~ marching so much farther than <sup>they</sup> ~~was~~ needed.

~~Regret followed surprise. Since the century was taking the long way around the Overseer had hurried everyone to the caves too soon. If Jared reflected, more delay had been permitted he might have found some way to do something about the Scrolls. But then, looking away from the <sup>column</sup> ~~receding~~ Romans, he was filled with a consternation, ~~having nothing to do with the Scrolls.~~~~

~~The Chaste One aroused it. Across the rocky terrain, the Chaste One, nebulously white in the sunlight, was emerging from the hall. He had not kept to the security of his room as all who remained behind had been admonished. He was, ~~Jared~~ realized with dismay, turning westward above the buildings of the Brotherhood. He was aiming for his favorite <sup>Rock</sup> ~~nook~~ <sup>The long ago flow</sup> ~~on the~~ north side of the wall enclosing the courtyard.~~

~~One point in the north wall <sup>when</sup> was the first to catch <sup>had teeth that to</sup>~~

speciality.

But it was Rome who ruled the world, ~~or at any rate~~  
~~every region worth ruling.~~ The conclusion was inescapable.

A Roman was better than anyone else. Q.E.D., as ~~the~~ <sup>Euclid,</sup>  
a better Greek, ~~Mathematician,~~ <sup>had</sup> said. ✓

The Overseer ~~reasoned this out and took the measure~~  
~~of the Centurion Gotta while covering the first half of the~~  
~~last hundred steps and he did not need <sup>needed</sup> five of the last fifty~~  
~~to take the measure of the Optio.~~ <sup>a step or two</sup> A vain, spiteful ~~little~~ man <sup>and</sup>  
~~little even though he stood almost as tall as the Centurion. A~~  
~~cur of a man.~~

~~Then~~ <sup>Then</sup> ~~the Overseer made a slight~~ <sup>with what</sup> ~~something which~~  
passed for a bow that included both, ~~but~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~however~~ <sup>was</sup>  
aimed at the Centurion, ~~alone.~~

"Master! In the name of the Priest of Aaron who, ~~alone,~~  
guides this Community of Brothers, I bid you <sup>and</sup> welcome ~~but~~ I  
~~regret that our~~ <sup>land. Like our</sup> ~~possessions are too worthless to interest a~~  
Roman."

"Why then does so poor a ~~piece~~ <sup>place</sup> of Palestine interest  
~~your Priest of Aaron and the Brethren he guides?~~ <sup>their community!</sup>"

"Where we live does not matter. Our only aim is to  
spend ~~our~~ <sup>all of each</sup> days honoring God and offering ourselves to the  
truth."

"This is all, <sup>every</sup> all day?"

"~~All day~~ <sup>every</sup> and all night seeking the key to the Lord's  
eternal mercies."

"How many are you?"

"A handful only, ~~swelling in quietness.~~ But rather



*Bugger*

is as this old ~~boss~~ says, ~~leave him and~~ hurry back. If he is not, you know what to do."

He ~~looked at the Overseer,~~ *turned a thumb toward the kitchen*

*"That is empty"*  
~~"The kitchen is to the east of the Tower, but~~  
~~empty,"~~ *for the cooks to be about*  
the Overseer said. "It is too early to begin our ~~evening~~

~~meal.~~ Just ahead is a council room, empty also. East of the council room is another with benches and tables where a few are writing on scrolls."

*(u)* The Optio sent two more men. ~~"The kitchen, council room, if everything satisfies you leave all as you find it. If not, do what seems best. If you need help, cry out."~~

*also empty*  
~~"At the end of the mall is a dyer's shop but no one is~~  
~~in it,"~~ the Overseer said. ~~"Almost~~ <sup>2</sup> ~~against it is our great~~  
~~Meeting Hall but no one is in that. Behind the Meeting Hall~~  
~~is a pantry holding only some crockery, and that is empty,~~  
~~too."~~

*then all*  
"Look into ~~these three~~ rooms," the Optio said to two more men.

~~"There is also a workshop, a laundry and the stable,"~~  
~~the Overseer said.~~

"Look," the Optio said to two more men. *spanking*  
He had now sent off half his force and ~~marshalling~~  
~~the rest he prodded the Overseer,~~ *he let the rest* along the mall.

"Where are these you call Brothers?"  
*Sank his head*  
~~"Here and there, we have cubicles, and <sup>3</sup> ~~then~~ Brothers~~  
are in them, at meditations, or reading from the Book, or composing commentaries on what they have read."

*Sank no relevance in*  
The Optio ~~would not take time to hear~~ what Book was being read, or what the commentaries were, ~~that was his~~ *and besides he*



white-haired, wrinkled, dull-fleshed, stooped, skin-and-bones  
 crew. There was one with a face ~~like~~ <sup>as</sup> pale old ivory and a  
 snowy, soft beard, <sup>so much</sup> suggesting some venerable priest of Ceres <sup>That</sup>  
~~and a repose which made the Optio unconsciously~~ <sup>how</sup> his  
 pilum ~~span~~ <sup>span</sup> |

The Overseer returned and made a -- something --  
 similar to the ~~earlier~~ -- something -- he had made on first  
 approaching the century. Not a bow <sup>although</sup> but ~~passin~~ <sup>passion</sup> for a bow but  
~~although it did not, certainly,~~ <sup>I would for the respectful observance due to</sup> have such subservience as a ~~man~~  
~~a Roman from any from Jew.~~ bow should have expressed when made by a Jew to a Roman. The  
 Optio, in fact, was <sup>however</sup> almost sure <sup>was</sup> that it ~~did~~ <sup>was</sup> not have ~~even~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~deferential~~  
~~much as the earlier~~ -- something -- <sup>afforded</sup> ~~had had~~ <sup>and he</sup> and his anger  
~~mounted. Less was required for him than for Gotta.~~ <sup>He himself found himself battling; he span again</sup>

"Are they all here?" he demanded, bringing ~~the~~  
~~weapons~~ <sup>weapons</sup> ~~ready~~ <sup>ready</sup> to the ready. <sup>The Optio's notes</sup>

"All!" the Overseer replied and, noting the absence  
 of "Master!" ~~the Optio grew angrier.~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~

"There are not many. Are you sure <sup>all are here</sup> they are all?"

"Your men <sup>will</sup> inspected every cubicle, <sup>will</sup> They will tell  
 you there are no more."

"They let this one you call the Priest of Aaron  
 step forward."

"But I ~~id~~ <sup>id</sup> not say 'come' to the Priest of  
 Aaron," ~~the Overseer protested.~~ "I explained to your centurion,  
~~if your presence,~~ <sup>you know</sup> that the Priest of Aaron is at prayer. I may  
 not break in upon the ~~prayers of the Priest of Aaron,~~ <sup>at prayer</sup>"

The <sup>wood</sup> anger which had been mounting in the Optio boiled  
 over and he struck as he had pictured himself striking, ~~at~~  
 his own men, anyone near enough, ~~to raise his wood.~~



agglutinativa  
adhesiva

S. Pueli

he would

When a man possesses a sense of true leadership he can, having performed a mission, <sup>he can</sup> face his superior without any uneasy, guilty, feeling that, <sup>having reported, he that coming on and on</sup> ~~having reported, he should go on~~ saying ~~or doing~~ something, anything. <sup>But</sup> Having a sense of leadership, <sup>The officer should</sup> ~~Feustus would have been satisfied~~ that there was <sup>known</sup> ~~nothing~~ <sup>nothing</sup> to be added to his simple, ~~brief~~ report. But he lacked, the sense of leadership. He was ~~guilty~~ aware that he was ~~concealing~~, <sup>secret</sup> a circumstance, not a major <sup>secret</sup> circumstance, indeed a very minor one, <sup>He has himself told it</sup> ~~merely the falling of a stubborn old fool,~~ nothing at all to indicate that he had not, <sup>fully</sup> ~~fully~~ carried out his mission, ~~fully~~.

Nevertheless <sup>great</sup> guilt ~~seeped~~ through him and when Cotta turned to ~~gaze~~ expressionlessly toward the twenty and the Optio, <sup>turning</sup> ~~looking~~ there also, <sup>in their faces a</sup> ~~saw~~ <sup>repeated</sup> ~~for continuing~~ ~~the~~ <sup>although</sup> unspoken ~~what good did it do to bash that fussy old beggar~~ he felt that he must tell his side of the story before Cotta ~~got~~ <sup>got to the Centurion with them</sup> ~~from one of the twenty~~ <sup>version</sup> ~~a version unfavorable~~ -- and it was sure to be unfavorable ~~to their leader who had struck the blow.~~ He pushed out his lower lip to minimize what he was going to say.

The <sup>beggar</sup> ~~old beggar~~ <sup>guided</sup> ~~who came to us~~ to bring out <sup>his previous</sup> ~~the~~ Priest of Aaron. He said he could not break in upon the ~~prayers~~ <sup>prayers</sup> of the Priest of Aaron, so I clubbed him to teach <sup>taught</sup> him not to disobey a Roman."

The Centurion ~~Cotta's~~ gaze turned, <sup>back</sup> from the twenty. It was as expressionless as ever.

"I layed the butt of a <sup>span</sup> ~~pilum~~ where it would do the most good.

The Centurion <sup>face said nothing</sup> ~~Cotta~~ continued expressionless.

"I aimed at his shoulder but he tried to duck and he caught it on the noggin."

~~The Centurio's face said nothing.~~

"He won't disobey a Roman again?"

"You killed the little old man?"

"Well, when we left he didn't get up."

The Centurion turned expressionlessly ~~from~~ to the drab buildings, the graveyard, and then to the western desert beyond which Caesarea lay, distant, unseen, and full of wine.

"Well! Get <sup>them</sup> the Century moving, <sup>what, or</sup> it may be that we <sup>may not</sup> will still reach ~~Titus's~~ <sup>the Saturnalia</sup> party in time."

"Fall in!" The optio gave the command in a choked voice. For-w-a-r-d, MARCH!"  
Hadn't he known how it would be? ~~Forward March!~~

This time the Century did not need to go cautiously around by the Dead Sea shore. It headed almost north, ~~the~~ ~~graveyard behind~~ and on its left, too far off to be seen in much detail, a line of pocked cliffs.

"Give them Route Step," the Centurion ~~ordered.~~ <sup>Said</sup>

"R-o-u-t-e STEP!" The Optio <sup>word</sup> ~~said,~~ his voice more under control, <sup>as</sup> but he boiled inwardly ~~when he heard some of the~~ <sup>begin</sup> ~~twenty~~ talking. He knew what they were saying. But he ~~told~~ <sup>also</sup> ~~himself that he knew, Oh, he knew, how to make legions legionnaires~~ <sup>Thought of</sup> ~~change their tune to one he liked better.~~ <sup>Some thing he was sure would stop them talking on the</sup>

~~Saturnalia and that would be better all around~~  
He had taken his proper position at the rear of the column and in hardly more than a whisper he told the nearest man that ~~if they kept up a good pace they would reach Caesarea for the~~ ~~start of the annual shindig. Maybe even before the King of the~~ ~~Revels ~~and~~ sees everyone is drunk enough to order water in the~~ ~~wine. An, Titus has ~~made~~ ~~added~~ as much out of~~ ~~his own pocket as all the rest of us have paid in over the whole~~ ~~year.~~ <sup>all they have ever had</sup> ~~year.~~ The wine + women would be unlimited.

"Pon the word," he said, and the nearest man, ~~after barely hesitating turned, and straightened and pushed it~~