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Do you want more? Advanced embedding details, examples and help! He's forcing my hands into battle so my arms can bend a bronze bow. -Bronze Bow written by Elizabeth George Speare (author of The Blackbird Pond Witch) from David's Song (2 Samuel 22:35) won the Newbery Medal in 1962. This gripping, action-packed novel tells the twisted story of eighteen-year-old Daniel bar Jamin-a wild, angry young man revenging the death of his father by forcing romans from Israeli soil. Daniel's palpable hatred of the Romans only subsides when the wandering carpenter begins to hear gentle lessons from Jesus of Nasira. A fast-paced, tense, friendship, loyalty, home idea, society live tattoo story . . . And ultimately, Jesus was 224th to Daniel. It's not men. Hate doesn't kill. It only springs up a hundred floors. The only thing stronger than hate is love. A powerful, relevant read in turbulent times. v6.0820 1 A CHILD stopped looking at the sea on the mountain road. He was a tall boy, with very few signs of youth on his weak and stiff body. Eighteen Daniel bar Jamin was a light Galilean, with bold features of his citizens, sun-brown leather, and bright dark eyes darkening with light and rapid rage with fierce patriotism. The Galileans, a proud race, are irreconcilable that Palestine is a conquered nation, refusing to accept the lords as Emperor Tiberius in the distant worlds of Rome. Overlooking the valley, the boy could see the silver-grey terraces of olive trees leaping with sprouting oleander bushes. He recalled that in a brown, mud-roofed town, every mound of dirt, every skull on a stone wall turned into a spring flower. Remember, he was hoarse to the hot midday sun. He was waiting for the two figures to resople between the rocks rolling on both sides of the road. He was confused and restless. Who were these two brave enough to climb the mountain? He was angry because they reminded him of the village. Why was he so determined to follow them when all he wanted for five years was to forget about the other world in the valley? He saw the boy again, up a little bit, then the girl. Some memories ned at him. Brother and sister, it was obvious. They acted in the same way, with a kind of free, swinging easily. He had cheekbones and dark bruised skin. Their voices were sharp in the fresh air. Daniel could see her clearly. She had stopped to grab a cluster of pink linen flowers and she has now stopped, ready on a rock, her face removed, her blonde head covering slid her dark hair back. Look, Joel! She cries, her voice lands prominently on her. How blue is the lake! You can see the tetrarch palace in Tiberias. Daniel's black eyebrows met violently. Now he recognizes the boy. Joel was bar Hezron, the red-haired boy who came to synagogue school, the scribe's son, the rabbi's model, the boy his twin sister always mocked for waiting outside to walk him home. He had a strange name- Malthace. It was five years ago, and Daniel could still feel the pain of seeing him waiting outside school, and his own sister-- we're almost there! The boy's voice rang. She jumped off a rock. The two disappeared and quickly sent pebbles down the road. Daniel moved forward with the attention of an animal following his prey. She reached the top while flushing and gasped, throwing herself on the grass where Joel was waiting. He covered his head, letting the wind pull his hair out. Daniel could see them pointing at each other in the signs below. He couldn't see the valley from where he was crouching, but he knew it well enough. How many times did he sit where those two lived, look at the village of Ketzah, which has a home? Not often in recent years, but at first, before getting used to life in the cave. Sometimes she climbed up and sat here until dark, stretching her eyes to catch the spots of light, dreaming of their dinnerleah and grandmother, wondering if she would see them again. He had never, and he had left remembering and curious-to this day. Joel and his sister didn't scream anymore, they hid the wind. He looked at them, was disappointed and surprised. He needed to hear them. What's more, he didn't have a longing to talk to them. His own people- five years later! She looked at her bare howred feet, goatskin tunic tied around her waist with a thong. What would they think of him? Let's say he puts his freedom at risk for nothing? But I couldn't help myself. It was slowly edged behind the rock like an animal coming out of hiding. Immediately the boy stood up, she was quickly with him. When he sees her, he might know they're on their way. To his amazement, they stood still. He saw Joel's hands tightening; The boy wasn't a coward. Daniel stood on the footpath, his heart pounding. If they run away from him now, he might not be able to take it. He fumbled to the remembered congratulations. He said peace be with you. Joel didn't let his guard loose. Peace, he said briefly; Then what do you want? No harm done, Joel bar Hezron, Daniel said. How do you know me? I heard your sister called you. I'm Daniel Bar Jamin. Joel looked, and the remn of it suddenly revived his face. This Who escaped from the blacksmith? Daniel scowled. No one blamed you,' Joel said quickly. Everyone knows how Amalek treats his men. Daniel said he didn't care about Amalek. Can you tell me about my grandmother and sister? Joel frowned and nodded. I'm afraid I can't. Do you know them, Thace? She was scared and her breathing was still erratic, but she spoke with sincerity like Joel's. There was an old lady who came to the well in the morning. He lives in a house behind Cheesemakers Street. Yes, Daniel said hungrily. She hesitated. They say he has a little girl who never left the house. Still? She said maybe she'd thought about it all the while. I wish he hadn't asked. It would be better not to know. No one saw him, she kept going. But I know you're there. I am sad. I wish I could say more. Daniel hesitated, embarrassed, but he doesn't want to give up. He said it was a boy named Simon. Six or seven years older. It was up to Amalek, too. You have to mean Zealot Simon,' Joel said. Do you know him? I've heard of him. He's got his own shop now. They say you do more work than Amalek. Daniel said you helped me. He is a good man-and has a reputation for being a good patriot. Can you give him a message for me? Can you tell him I'm here? I want him to know. Joel seemed surprised. So you live here? Yes. Alone? Is it safe? They say the mountain is full of robbers. Daniel didn't say anything. Aren't you alone? I don't live alone,' Daniel said. Oh. Joel was surprised. You've never been back to the village? I was dragged into Amalek's shop. I think so. Yes, I'll tell Simon, of course. How long has it been? About five years. Simon will remember me. The girl spoke in a simple voice that matched the look in her eyes. Five years! So your grandmother doesn't know where you've been all this time? Daniel's on the floor, squeezing lips. Can I just say I saw you tomorrow when you came to the well? Daniel looked at him angrily. He had managed to ease his conscience for a long time and did not like being confused again. If you want, he said. Now he felt angry and frustrated with himself. Why did he let himself go after all these years? What did he expect? There was nothing else to stay. He said, You'd better go back, he said, turning away. You shouldn't have come here. Why not? Joel asked, not by looking at the whole alarm. I'm warning you. From now on, stay in the village. He walked away from them. Wait, call Joel. He looked at his sister with a quick question and shook his head. We brought our lunch. Are you going to eat with us? The blood rushed to Daniel's face. He didn't ask for their charity. It's not much, Joel. But we'd like to talk to you some more. Is it possible that this boy made his friendship offer? Gradually, like a cautious animal, Daniel took a few steps back and the grass let itself down. From her wide-striped corset pocket, which was tied around her waist, the girl pulled a neatly wrapped bunch. Joel produced a small bottle that he gave his sister, then sat down and seriously held out his hands. In amazement, Daniel watched as the girl poured some water into her brother's hands. Hand washing before dinner- I haven't thought about it in five years. He couldn't imagine that even the son of a clerk would carry water up the mountain just to obey the law. Then she turned towards him. He saw the question in his eyes, and a slight downsizing and stubborn pride hardened him. He was Jewish, right? He held out his hands and watched drops drip over his blacked-out joints, embarrassed, thinking about how the men in the cave would be hoot if they could see him. The girl opened the package and made three small piles, even stacks, she realized, not skimming herself like her mother did. Then Joel spoke of a blessing and Daniel gave his share, a few olives, a flat little loaf of wheat bread and a small honey cake whose taste language was suddenly remembered from childhood. Daniel felt for the first time that his tight muscles were starting to relax. Their eyes met Joel's, and the two children worked without hostility to each other. Why did you come here? Joel asked, deleting the last crumbs of his jaw. In a way, the food made it easier to talk. Daniel replied. All I wanted was a place where Amalek couldn't catch me. But I couldn't find any caves and I wandered around for three days and then a man found me. He thought about how Rosh found him lying on his face, starving, half frozen, still raw from the final flogging. How could he tell this kid what that night was like? He recalled that horrible moment when he saw the man leaning over, rosh growing one hand, not hitting him, but to help him to his feet, and then, then, how Rosh took him and carried him into the cave like a baby. A robber? Joel questioned me. He's a good man, Daniel said strongly. He took me to live with him. What's this place like? What do you always do? Avi. Wolves, even panthers. Sometimes we hunt as far north as Merom. I work in my own business. I made a forge to work on. Joel seemed impressed. Even the girl was listening with dark eyes as alive as her brother's. Daniel looked at the other boy with curiosity. He was trying to find a distinctive trace of Joel. What's your trade? Asked. Joel said I was still at school. I'm probably going to be a rabbi. So I tried to make sandals. I can make a living with this, but I'm sorry about the guy who has to wear my sandals. Daniel nodded. Of course Joel would be a rabbi. He's always been the smartest kid in school. But even a rabbi has to learn an exchange, like any other. Why did you come today? Asked. No one from the village comes here. She laughed. He said if anyone found out we were coming, we'd say alive. We always planned it, Joel explained. Since we had kids. It was not allowed because it was supposed to be dangerous. It's a holiday, and we decided to come without telling anyone. This was our last chance. We'll leave the village and live in Capernaum. His sister frowned on him. I don't understand why you always have to look so gloomy,' she objected. I think Capernaum's going to be great. Joel's face suddenly seemed to close. His fingers ripped off the tops of the red flowers one after the other. It was clear to Daniel that this was an old argument between them. What more do you want? He wanted Daniel to forget his insistence. A great house to live in, shops, and people, and a school with the best teachers in Galilee! Joel continued to cart over the flowers wildly. Dad said he didn't want to go. It'll only please my mother. My mother once left everything to please her. Living in Ketzah wasn't easy for him. Why wouldn't you come back now that grandpa left his house to him? As long as he has books, it doesn't matter where my father is. Daniel listened, again staying away from the clean, safe world they shared. But all of a sudden, his attention was diverted. He noticed a moving line flashing redly metal in the sunlight, just down the mountain, in the narrow lane of the road. Legionnaires. When he was seen, black hatred churned him out. He spit violently from his habit. The duo's shocking attention was shaken back to him and they followed his wild gaze, leaning towards the line of action. Romans! He pulled Joel. Daniel likes the way you say that word. He spit again to measure well. You hate them too,' Joel said, his voice hoarse. Daniel closed his teeth with a familiar vow. I curse the air they breathe, he mingles. I envy you,' Joel said. You're free here. No one's free, daniel said. As the land was cursed by the Romans. But at least you don't have to look at them. There's a castle in Capernaum. I'm going to have to watch them all the time, walking the streets. Oh, Joel! She protested. Do they have to bother us? Does it bother us? Disturb!! The boy's voice stopped. I think even a girl can see it. She almost burst into tears because of her brother's contempt. But what good is it to always make yourself miserable? The Romans won't be here forever. We know that, we know that. Next. You talk like my father! But he's right! Jews have gotten worse before. There have always been conquerors and there has always been salvation, Joel. Joel wasn't listening. It caught Daniel's attention and the two children were examining each other, each asking a quiet question. Malthace jumped to his feet, this time he realized well enough that he was the one who was excluded. He said he wasn't going to break my vacation by those soldiers. We climbed this far and you barely looked at what we came to see. Joel came back benignly. He said we saw something we never expected. Daniel. He threw his head away. What about the places we talked about? The flat where Joshua marches against kings? Joel shaded his eyes, trembled his direction. Just below it the village hugged the rocky slope, the dark block of the synagogue clustering was clearly visible among flat-roofed houses. Around gray-green olive groves and fresh, clear green areas of grain taped with purple iris and glowing yellow daffodils circle. To the south lay the dense blue lake. To the north, beyond the hills, through the glowing, misty green of the valley, Jordan's silver thread extends to the glowing little jewel of Lake Merom. Suddenly brave, Daniel stood up. There, he pointed. On that plain. Horses and chariots drawn against him, and a lot of men like the sands of the coast. Joshua fell on them and drove them all the way to the Big Sea. He saw surprises in their faces. They thought he was an ignorant savage. She already did. That's something he knew. Five years ago, that first morning, when he was warm and fed and asleep, Rosh brought him here, and he stood with an arm on his shoulders, and he pointed to the plain in the far, and he told him how a few brave men dared to oppose a great army and won a great victory for Israel. Here, in the clear sunlight, Daniel Bar Jamin, an orphan, a runaway slave, had found something to live for. He said all the mighty ones, remembering Rosh's words. Joshua, Gideon, David, they all fought on Galilee soil. No one can resist them. That's how it's going to be again. yes, I breathed Joel. That's how it's going to be again. God will send us another David. His eyes were shining, as if he could see the shadow of a large army moving lying on the far plain. You mean Christ? Malthace cried. Joel, do you remember? We always thought we'd see him here. I was sure,' Joel said. I knew if we could climb here, that day would come. I believed so much, it occurred to me that I could make it happen. Well, so am I. We'd be the one going down the mountain and telling them. And all He was going to quit his jobs in the village and follow him. Do all children have such wild imaginations? Joel was instantly sober. Christ is not imagination. That's the truth. Promised. But I'm pushing our eyes in every cloud far away, and I think we'll be the first. Joel cried, so passionately, that the other two were spafraid. Let's just say it's childish. That's why I don't want to go to capernaum. But it could take years! No, it has to be soon. It's not what we imagined, Tacia. I thought you'd come up with a lot of big angels. Now I know that men, real men, must be educated, armed and ready. There are men like that, Daniel said, holding their eyes in the distant hills. Without looking, he felt the other boy's muscles get stuck. I know, Joel answered. Excitement spread from one child to another. The question was answered. Malthace looked at her brother, stunned by something he couldn't understand. He said, We have to start back now. We should be home for dinner. I'm going to walk a road with you, Daniel proposed. He thought he wanted to see them safely all the way to the main road. They started going down the steep slope of the mountain. When they left the summit behind, the breeze was out, the golden sun hung above them, and not a leaf moved near the road. They weren't talking now. Daniel could see Joel still simmering with hidden thoughts. He suspected that this holiday for the girl would turn out the way he had hoped. As for him, he was already wishing they had never come. He was satisfied here, working for Rosh without thinking too much, shutting down things he didn't want to remember, and he feeds his hate for the next hour. He'd never had a friend of his own, and he never thought about wanting a friend. Why didn't he allow it well enough? Malthace was impatient now. His conscience was probably starting to bother him. But Joel lingered, deliberately trying to stay behind. His sister was distracted by a pile of herr flowers just ahead, and half of her breath spoke. When I got here, he said there was something else I was hoping for. I heard rosh, the lawman, lived on the mountain. I was hoping I'd be lucky enough to see him. Why? He's a hero to every kid in school. But no one's ever seen him before. Did you see that? Daniel hesitated. Yes, he did. Joel stopped at the footpath, saying he was cautious. What would I give you?! Are Are

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