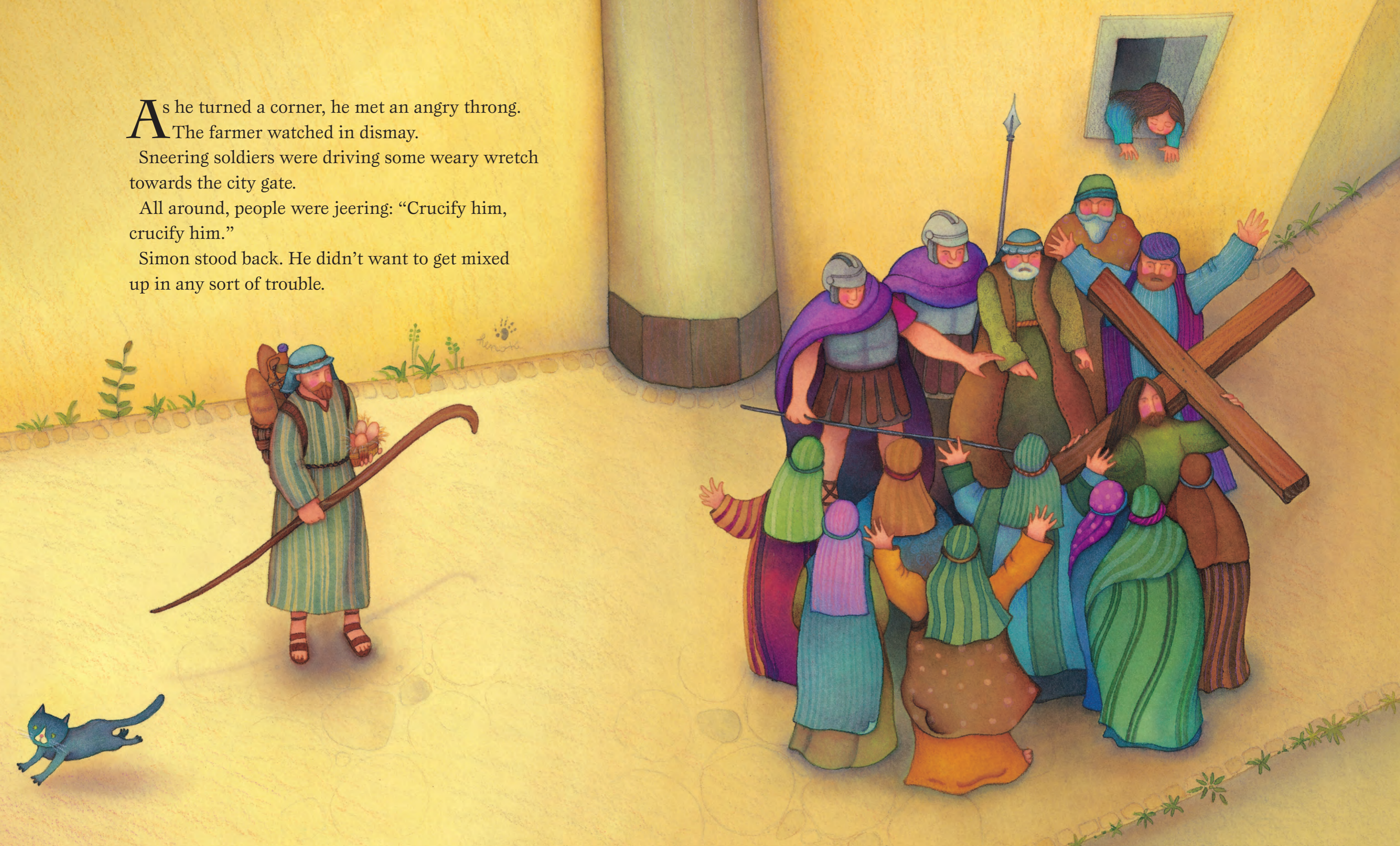



As he turned a corner, he met an angry throng.
The farmer watched in dismay.

Sneering soldiers were driving some weary wretch
towards the city gate.

All around, people were jeering: "Crucify him,
crucify him."

Simon stood back. He didn't want to get mixed
up in any sort of trouble.





But the man already bore the marks of a cruel beating they must have given him, and he could barely stand alone.

The officer looked round and saw the farmer with his pack.

“You!” he said. “You’re strong. Get rid of that stuff on your back and come and carry this cross.”