

Christian Conflict in Roman Times

The Roman officials are doing their weekly checks. Each time they check, they choose randomly selected homes to search. Through the walls, Benedictus Pollux could hear a muffled KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. "Open up!" yelled the annoyed official because the person did not answer the door immediately.

A feminine voice called out, "Coming!" She had not opened the door immediately because it was important to have your house look as good as possible when an official came to search for anything. She opened the door and the official barged in. When they barged in, they saw and picked up a page that had fallen out of a Bible.

When the official saw the page he roared, "WHAT IS THIS?"

Apologetically she replied, "Sir, I am so sorr-"

"Ugh! Guards take her away."

"No! Please!" she shrieked.

"Leave the kids. They are not old enough to have known."

"Noo!" SMACK. She was slapped across the face by the angry official.

"Be quiet you filthy scum."

"Sir," asked one of the guards, "Who will take care of the children? Won't they die without someone to buy them food?"

"Who cares? Let them die. We do not need them. Anyways they look like weaklings."

"Whatever you say, Sir. What shall her punishment be?"

"HMMMMMMMM. You know what, have her sent to be in the next Beast versus Christian fight."

"The next fight is in three days."

“Good, Good. That will be perfect. Put her in prison for the time being.”

The woman pleaded with the guard, “Please, Please. No. Please.”

Benedictus heard the door slam close, and he could hear the woman’s voice becoming distant as they were taking her away.

Benedictus waited until the official and guards were not able to be seen. He crept outside and tried to not draw any attention to himself as he went to the woman’s home. He grabbed her two children and took them to his own house.

When he asked the older of the two what his name was he was. In shock they quietly repeated, "They took her. They took her. They took her.”

Benedictus replied, “I know it is tough, but if you live with me you should be safe. What are your names?”

The older of the two replied, “My name is Titus.”

The other boy replied, “My mom named me Siwius.”

“He is named is Sirius. He has difficulty sounding out his r’s”

“How old are you, two?”

Titus replied, “I am eleven years old.”

Sirius excitedly answered, “I am six yeaws old.”

Titus warily asked, “Why did you take us in, ...?”

“Benedictus, Benedictus Pollox.” the Roma official answered.

“So why did you take us in, The guards left us to die?”

“Okay. Shh. Can you both keep a secret?”

Both of the boys nodded their heads in agreement.

“Follow me.” Benedictus led the boys into his bedroom. He removed a clay tile and showed the boys a bag of Bibles for other Romans seeking for Christ, a Prayer Scroll, and his most expensive pair of sandals.

The boys gasped in synchronization. Sirius said in astonishment, “That is why our mom got awested.”

As Benedictus was putting the tile back on the floor, he responded, “ I know. I hate that I have to condemn my fellow followers of Christ. I will try to get her out.”

Titus asked him, “Can we call you a nickname instead of Benedictus?”

Benedictus replied in a firm strong voice, “No. N O.”

“Okay, Ben.”

“I. SAID. NO.”

Titus said to Sirius, “Since he took us into his house, we have to do chores at this house. We might as well start now.”

Sirius replied, “I do not want to do chowes. I do not want to.”

“We have to.”

“Fine,” He replied mimicry, “We have to.”

“*We* do have to.”



A few weeks later the guards chose Benedict's house as one to check. Benedictus forgot that it was the day when the officials and guards came and checked the houses. They selected his house to be searched. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. “Open up. It is the day of inspection.”

“Coming,” Benedictus replied as he rushed to the door to open it. Just before he got to the door he whispered to the boys, “Hide!”

The guards barged in and looked in each room. When they found the tile removed and they saw the bag of Bibles, the official said to him, “What is this?”

“It is a bag of Bibles, Sir.”

“Do you know that having a Bible in your home is punishable by death?”

“Yes, Sir, I know that.”

“Then why would you have, not one, not two, but a whole bag of Bibles in a secret compartment, which is also illegal.”

“I had the bag of Bibles to give to other people that wanted them. The secret compartment is so you Romans would not find the hidden things.”

“Who have you given a Bible to? Tell me right now!”

“I can not do that, Sir. Matthew 22:21 states, ‘Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God, the things that are God's.’ The information that I would have to tell you is God's so I am obeying this verse by not giving you what is God's.”

“I do not care what the Bible says! If you give me that information and the Bibles, I will pardon you.”

As Benedictus put his hands behind his back he said, “Well, tie me up then. I will never share that information with you.”

“Ugh, I just do not understand you, Christians and a Roman official too! Schedule him for the next Caesar visit to the Colosseum.”

“Yes, Sir. Right away, Sir,” the guard replied.

The guards tied him up and put him in prison to be put into the Colosseum weeks later. They have the Colosseum running almost every day, but because he did not give the official the information, the official said that Benedictus would be put to fight in the Colosseum when Caesar was able to watch. When he was in prison, he heard many people. Some people were groaning because of the pain that they were experiencing and others were crying out for forgiveness to be let out.



Back at the house, the boys came out of their hiding spot.

“Shh. Be quiet,” Titus said to Sirius.

“They took him,” Sirius replied, “THEY TOOK HIM!”

“I know they took him, but we need to be quiet.”

The boys planned to break Benedictus out of prison. They planned to look like they were out to buy from the market, but in reality, they were going to head to the Colosseum, open the cell, and run away. Three days before Caesar visited the Colosseum, the boys left with their plan ready.

“Sirius, come on. We have to leave. Grab your bread. You can eat it on the way to the Colosseum. Remember, if anyone asks, we are going to the market to get fish for our mother that is too sick to buy it for herself,” Titus said hurriedly as he was preparing to leave.

“Yes, I know that. You do not have to keep reminding me about the plan,” Sirius replied.

The duo left Benedictus’s house and went in the direction of the Colosseum. They did not meet anyone on the way that was wondering what two children were doing outside without an adult to supervise them. The boys made it to the Colosseum and blended in with a family. Then the boys sprinted to the right. They knew that they were going in the correct direction because

they stole a map of the Colosseum, so they would not become lost. They found the cell area and had to hide from the guards that would be preparing for the match to start. Once the guards left the boys snuck in and found the cell that Benedictus was in.

“Ben. Ben,” Titus whispered through the food hole.

“Titus?” Benedictus asked surprisingly.

“Yes, It is me and Sirius. We have come to release you.”

Clink. CLANG. The boys unlatched the door of the cell and released Benedictus.

Benedictus ran out of his cell and hugged both boys simultaneously. “Thank you. Thank you! Okay. Now let’s go find your mother.”

They searched the cells, but it was too late. She had been sent to be prey for the starving lions. They were sad, but knew that they had to escape.

They took back roads and went the long way to not be seen. When they made it to their house they found that it was already destroyed in the attempt to find Benedictus. They went into the house and took all of the possessions they could carry. They left for a new town to become shepherds. Benedictus lived a holy life in obedience to God, and he was able to make a profit by selling the sheep. He raised the boys to be strong Christians as their mom would have wanted. He was killed by a wolf at the age of forty-seven years old while he was protecting his sheep.

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