

little private silence were the signal, all at once sounds from the pavilion near the start imperious, melancholy, piercing. The horses rear slender legs, and some of them neigh in answer-faced, the young riders stroke the horses' necks and other them, whispering, "Quiet, quiet, there my beauty my hope..." They begin to form in rank along the starting line. The crowds along the racecourse are like a field of grass and flowers in the wind. The Festival of Spring has begun.

Do you believe? Do you accept the festival of the
joy? No! Then let me describe one morning
In a basement under one of the beautiful palaces
of Omelas, or perhaps in the cellar of some
your own private house there is a room of
darkness, and no window, and light does not
even reach the dark walls, for the
window somewhere above the
darkness is a trap, and
in this dark place a child, small and
in pain, is always crying.

