



But poor Aurelius didn't feel very happy. He was a worried man.

'How can I ever pay the magician all that money?' he thought. 'I'll have to sell everything that I own. And, even then, I won't have enough. Perhaps I can pay him a little every year.'

He had five hundred pounds, and he went to see the magician with this money.

'Here's all my money,' he said. 'I'll pay you the rest but, please, give me two or three years.'

'But *I* did what I promised to do. And *you* promised to pay me a thousand pounds,' shouted the magician angrily.

'Yes, I know. You kept your promise but I can't pay you,' Aurelius answered unhappily.

'Well, have you seen your lady? Does she love you now?' asked the magician when he saw Aurelius's sad face.

'No, she doesn't,' said Aurelius. Her husband loves her very much but he told her to keep her promise. He sent her to me but I sent her back to him. She loves her husband and she looked so unhappy. I didn't want to hurt her.'

The magician was pleased to hear this. He said, 'My dear brother, you've done the right thing. And now I'll do the right thing too. I won't take your money.'

And he said goodbye, got on his horse, and rode away.



The franklin finished his story and then asked the pilgrims a question.

'My friends, now you must tell me something. Which of those three men seemed the best to you? Aurelius? Arveragus? Or the magician?'