

## Civilization 105

### Chapter 105 -The End of 1482 - Explorer's Pillar 2

"Let him shoot!" Captain Diogo Cao had come over at some point. Perhaps, although his eyes were on the sea, his ears never missed a sound on the ship.

Bruno obediently withdrew his hand. Paulo was momentarily startled, glanced at the captain's imposing face, his hand trembling slightly, then he still pulled the trigger.

Driven by the trigger, the metal hook pressed the match cord into the flash pan, igniting the black gunpowder instantly. A thunderous roar ensued, and a lead bullet was shot out at an initial speed of 200 meters per second, its kinetic energy rapidly transforming into thermal energy due to air resistance, and in less than a second, the scorching bullet struck the ground nearly ten meters away from the indigenous Samurai, sending up a splash of mud.

"Nice shooting!"

The captain nodded, the shooting deviation at nearly two hundred meters distance not exceeding ten meters, he truly was an elite musketeer. Due to the lack of rifling, early matchlock guns could only maintain accuracy within a hundred meters. Beyond this range, effective lethality could only depend on the likelihood of mass firing.

Startled by the loud sound and seeing the splashed mud, the indigenous Samurai instinctively dodged backward. He sprinted two steps and hid behind a tree, waiting for several more seconds without hearing another roaring attack.

Then he rose from behind the tree, facing the big ship on the river, waving his long spear and Wooden Shield, roaring angrily and helplessly. On the deck of the sailboat were the neatly dressed noble captain and the cruel sailors holding matchlock guns and daggers.

This scene was so symbolic! Under the witness of the Congo River, a new era had descended! The same scene would reoccur in Angola, in South Africa, in Zimbabwe, in Mozambique, in Mombasa, in Somaliland, and then beyond Africa, along the Red Sea coast, reaching India, crossing Sri Lanka, arriving at the Spice Islands, crossing the Strait of Malacca, reaching the Philippines, Taiwan, and finally, Japan and China.

When future generations open the world map, tracing the important sea routes, they will see a series of Western names of mountains, islands, straits, ports, and colonies, perhaps with a sigh for those past explorations and conquests!

Under the onslaught of European exploration ships and warships, America would be ruthlessly destroyed, and the colonizers would take away everything from America. And Africa would be cruelly plundered, stopped outside the Rainforest by tropical diseases.

On the corpses of American civilizations' infants and the flesh of African civilizations' children, young European civilization was growing rapidly, at a pace ten times that of the past millennium, evolving into a giant capable of defeating everything.

They would have larger ships, superior guns, mounting various large cannons on their boats to seek the world's wealth. Then they would strengthen their forces even more, establish a more efficient killing system, until they could mount cannons at the doorsteps of all Asian nations.

The final European giants occupied the entire world, bringing wars that destroyed each other, like heading toward the twilight described in Northern European mythology. Everything followed an ancient cycle, moving towards a fate already prophesized!

If no one changed, all of Xiulote's "memories" would still be replayed. History, like the Congo River, surged turbulently, carrying the irresistible currents of the era, sweeping towards the future of different races, and thus determining five hundred years of rise and fall!

Watching the indigenous warrior roaring angrily at the sailboat and the matchlock guns, Captain Diogo Cao furrowed his brow.

"Not afraid of the big boat, nor the matchlock guns? Good quality iron weapons, strong fighting desire, this is a professional warrior. With such vast freshwater resources... there must be a large tribe with a legacy nearby!"

"Boatswain! Keep a good watch on the sailors, no unauthorized landings! Until we figure out the strength of the indigenous tribes here, put away your thuggish attitudes!"

Diogo Cao's commanding gaze swept across the sailors, resting sharply on Paulo's fierce face until the latter lowered his head, then continued to inspect his vassals. Everyone obediently bowed their heads. The signal officer raised the flags, signaling to other ships in the fleet, "Careful, stand guard."

The fleet patrolled upstream for a day, everyone spent another day on the ship, until they saw the first village. Following the fleet, dozens of tribal warriors had gathered along the riverbank, and there were six or seven feather-wearing indigenous Samurais as well.

Diogo Cao sent Bruno and a local translator to present glass beads as gifts to the Elder, who reciprocated with feathers and some food.

This area also belonged to the Niger-Congo language family; the local translator spoke the Fong language of this language family, while this tribe spoke a form of the Congo language. The Elder of the Fong village called the Priest, and the translator was able to communicate with the Priest, then both sides conveyed messages to each other.

Bruno eyed the Elder's golden bracelets and headdress with an uncontrollable desire. But seeing the dozens of iron-spear warriors behind the Elder and hearing the translator's reply, he had to suppress his longing.

"This is the land ruled by the Heavenly Divine-protected Mwenet Congo, the Great Chief possesses hundreds of tribal villages, and the twelve Priesthood of Voodoo listens to the Heavenly Divine's orders, with hundreds of warriors guarding the Heavenly Divine's realm! Foreigners, I accept your friendship and return the Heavenly Divine's greetings."

As he spoke, the village Elder handed over a large piece of skirt wrapped in tree leaves. These leaves resembled those of the palm trees in southern China, very tough in texture.