

## Civilization 106

### Chapter 106: The End of 1482 - Explorer's Pillar\_3

If the tribal Elder had not lied, then there would be a powerful indigenous Kingdom here, far from comparable to the loose, weak tribes of the Gold Coast.

Bruno took over the leaf, a type of plant leaf he had never seen before. He sniffed the elongated leaf, which bore a special fragrance. He looked around, and saw many natives wearing grass skirts woven from this kind of leaf. But when he finally opened the leaf with great expectations, inside were small clumps of baked mosquito cakes!

Bruno felt extremely disgusted in his heart. He rewrapped the leaf and stored it away, but his face carried a radiant smile. Since the other party possessed sufficient military force, there was a foundation for friendship between them.

The meeting ended in a friendly and sincere atmosphere, then they bid each other reluctant goodbyes, with the native warriors clustering around the village Elder, warmly sending off the large ship and the pale-skinned foreigners as they left.

Once aboard the ship, Bruno reported the results of the first meeting to Captain Diogo Cao. Hearing that there was actually a powerful indigenous kingdom here, everyone was exceedingly surprised.

Captain Diogo Cao fell into contemplation. Now the fleet consisted of only one hundred and fifty sailors and soldiers, plus a few missionaries. If there really was a powerful kingdom upstream, and any rash sailor sparked a conflict with them, the exploration fleet would surely face heavy losses. After some thought, the captain decided not to take any more risks and to complete the more important matters first.

"Fleet, return to course, back to the Rivermouth!"

As the flagship raised the "follow, return journey" signal flags, the fleet turned around smoothly on the wide river, heading back west towards the Rivermouth.

"Damn it! Disgusting black natives, the heretics who deserve the Hell of Fire!"

Bruno, with a look of disgust on his face, took out the leaf parcel given to him by the village Elder, and was about to throw it into the river. But then he noticed the peculiar shape of the leaves. The scholars from the Sintra Palace seemed to be collecting new plant specimens? And it seemed they were offering quite a generous price for them.

Bruno thought for a moment, then unwrapped the leaf, threw the mosquito cakes into the river, and neatly folded the skirt leaf before stuffing it into his pocket. He did not notice that ever since he had kept the leaf on his person, the mosquitoes that had been following him on the way back were noticeably fewer by ninety percent.

"Hey, brother Bruno, wasn't that village Elder wearing a gold headband? I saw something twinkling from the ship." Paulo's eyes shone with longing, as he approached to inquire.

"Forget about it, there are said to be ten thousand spear-wielding warriors here, just a few hundred of them would finish us off. Tenho saudades! Not just a gold headband, he also had gold armlets!" Bruno replied seriously at first, then also became mired in the despair of unfulfilled desire.

"Fodesse! Ten thousand warriors?! Fodesse! Pah, what lies of the devil! The Kingdom at most has thirty thousand troops of varying quality, and he says there's at least a third of a Kingdom here?" Paulo's eyes widened as he exclaimed loudly, clearly disbelieving.

At that time, the Kingdom of Portugal had a population of one point five million, and with a ratio of 1:50 of soldiers to population, that amounted to no more than thirty thousand troops. The cavalry would also consume many times more food supplies than the infantry.

Bruno shrugged; in fact, he didn't believe it either, but the captain had already ordered the return. The two could only stare at the receding village, lost in the melancholy of Portuguese men.

After another day's return journey, the fleet reached the Rivermouth where the Congo River flows into the South Atlantic. Captain Diogo Cao found a suitable harbor next to the Rivermouth, and the fleet anchored there.

Then, the sailors began to land and set up Encampment, and Captain Diogo Cao, dressed in noble's attire, stood solemnly. Because today was a special day.

Captain Diogo Cao found a spot on the Highland near the river. He ordered the sailors to bring a *padrão* by boat, an explorers' stone pillar that had been prepared in advance. At the top of the pillar was a cross representing the Lord, below which was the shield emblem symbolizing the Portuguese Royal Family, and further down was the inscription carved only yesterday.

"Under the grace of the Almighty Lord, sponsored by the great King Joao II of Portugal and Algarve, on August 28, 1482, noble son Diogo Cao discovered the Congo River and its associated watersheds for the first time. He offered this rich land and its people to the great Kingdom of Portugal, and the Royal Family has the Lord's promised absolute right to this land! This right is indubitable! May blessings embrace King Afonso V of the Divine Kingdom! Pray for us!"

This pillar symbolized Portugal's first discovery and possession of this land. As for the original owners of this land? The weak indigenous kingdoms were not recognized by the civilized nations of Europe. To the Western world, this place was merely a land with no master!

When the darkness deepened and the bonfires were lit, the over one hundred sailors and soldiers from all seven ships gathered together. The accompanying priests lit candles for prayer. Today was a special day, commemorating the one-year embrace of the Divine Kingdom by the late King Afonso V.

The sailors didn't really care about the King or the commemoration. But ultimately, it was the nobility sons loyal to the King who truly controlled the fleet. So everyone, in formal dress, following the guidance of the priests, began to pray for the King and for themselves.

"Sacred Saint Afonso,

My revered, great King,

Please pray for us!

The glorious Trinity in heaven.

"

"Under the light of the Almighty Lord,

Grant me a lively faith,

Sagacious thoughts for all people, things, and matters.

I offer you my sincere dedication,