

Civilization 113

Chapter 113 The End of the Year 1482: Under the Protection of the Ancestral God - Part 2

The second layer's dozen or so skulls all belonged to the powerful offspring of demons, supporting the channel for demons to pass into the human world. The third layer featured the skulls of monkeys and gorillas, pooling in mana for the practice of Black Magic... the terrifying apostle of Satan enveloped this land in Black Magic; she is the spokesperson of the Demon on earth!"

When the Fang translator's words reached Bunoru's ears, he automatically translated the indigenous language into his own understanding. He tried to reach for the Silver Cross at his chest, but realized he had already given it to Mpemba Kasi. In the end, all he could do was to fearfully and tremulously draw a cross over his chest.

"Meu Deus! Almighty Lord! Please grant me the strength to defeat evil. I pray to you, pray for your blessing, and make a vow of loyalty. I will definitely return with Divine Power and send all demons back to Hell, and purify all that is unclean with Fire!"

Despite his fear, Bruno moved forward bravely. As he reached the entrance of the Temple, a row of masked Voodoo Warriors appeared before him.

The Voodoo Warriors held sharp iron long knives and wore tight cowhide masks, with only three holes for the eyes and nose, and a pair of enormous cow horns atop the masks. This masked cow-head appearance signified their total commitment to Voodoo; henceforth, devoid of self and family, they would never remove their masks in this lifetime.

Seeing the arrival of the King and the foreigner from afar, a Voodoo Priest came out of the Temple to greet everyone. The Voodoo Priest wore a brightly colored, terrifying red hardwood mask, adorned at the top with a monkey's skull. Behind the mask hung finely braided human hair, draping to the floor in

hundreds of long strands, the materials of which one could not fathom how many people had contributed, dragging slowly on the ground.

In Voodoo belief, the mask is an amplifier of spiritual force, and the skulls and human hair on the mask are decorations possessing natural forces. A mask often accompanies a Voodoo Priest throughout their life unless they become so powerful that they no longer need the mask.

The party entered the grand hall of the Temple, and Bruno saw his Fang translator suddenly tremble violently, the uncontrollable fear evident on his face. Following the translator's gaze, he saw a row of expressionless black men; their complexions bluish, their eyes stiff, and their movements slow and steady, just standing quietly in front of a painting of the Serpent Divine.

"Zumbi! The divine of the python, the mana of resurrection, the resurrected corpse!" the Fang translator whispered tremblingly to Bruno, uttering words he couldn't comprehend.

The Serpent Divine is known by different names in different regions; in West Africa, it is called "Dambala," and in Central Africa's Congo, it is referred to as "Zumbi." It represents a lucky totem, the divine of the python, and it also signifies the mana of resurrection, which is the most famous resurrected corpse in Voodoo culture!

In the future, when slaves from Congo were captured by colonizers and brought to the Caribbean Islands, to North America's Florida, its name gradually evolved into "Zombie," the term for the widely known American zombies.

These resurrected corpses exist in history and reality, commonly understood to be living people in a state of suspended animation. Their spirits have been destroyed by the influence of psychoactive toxins primarily from pufferfish, yet their bodily functions remain intact.

They can comprehend instructions based on past experience, eat, drink, excrete, sleep, and carry on with a normal life, performing slow and steady labor, handling simple, mechanical tasks. As they do not feel fatigue or pain, their bodies age very quickly, and they can typically only be used for ten-plus years before they truly exhaust themselves and die.

Bruno did not understand the concept of resurrected corpses. Thus, his attention was soon captured by the High Priest of Voodoo in the center of the grand hall.

She was an exceptionally old woman, seated on the floor, her head slightly bowed, her face unclear. She wore a simple vestment robe, decorated with an extended python and countless intricate, twisted patterns. Bruno felt that these patterns were very similar to those on the walls of the Temple, probably mosquitoes too.

In front of the High Priest sat a giant Voodoo Box, and in her hands was a Magic Wand made from human bone. The top bore the skull of a previous High Priest who possessed great mana, and the handle was a human femur. She arranged several pale-headed African vervet monkey skulls on a wooden Divination tray, then carefully distinguished the patterns on the skulls under the dim candlelight.

Hearing the footsteps of the newcomers, the Voodoo High Priest lifted her head. Time had taken all vitality from her skin, leaving her looking like a skeleton draped in human skin. Her old skin was deeply wrinkled, her face showing no expression. At this moment, she was using a pair of clear, unperturbed eyes to calmly observe the arrivals.

"Respected High Priest, may Voodoo become one with you." Upon entering the grand hall, the King and the Samurai respectfully bowed their heads to the High Priest. Bruno struggled internally for a moment, then, fearing a glance at the baskets full of monkey skulls in the hall, he too bowed his head to Satan's apostle.

"My children, the Ancestral Spirits protect you!" The Voodoo High Priest curved her lips into a kind smile. She watched the fair-skinned foreigner, taking a careful look at him.

Silence fell in the grand hall of the Temple. The King and the Samurai stood speechless, the Fang translator shook uncontrollably, and also remained silent.

After a while, Paulo woke from the intermittent comas and entered another cold spell. His body shook, his teeth chattered, and he weakly and softly cried out, "Fodesse! Cold, cold, I am so cold!"