

## Civilization 116

### Chapter 116 The End of 1482 Part 4 - The Blessing of the Ancestral Gods\_5

The swarm of mosquitoes surrounding the High Priest halted neatly, then abruptly changed direction, swarming over the foreign Sacrifices on the Altar. The white skin was almost instantly covered by the black swarm, the insects dancing furiously in the air, drawing fresh blood.

The Voodoo High Priest's vision blurred with illusions as the dance of mosquitoes became a vague tableau. In an infinite hallucination, she saw the white-skinned terror coming from the northwest, aboard huge sailing ships, with roaring weapons capable of spitting fire, cruelly destroying everything along the coast. Then, they landed, greedily snatching the land's Wealth, Gold, Silver, Gemstones, Ivory, and spices.

"Is it so, is it like this?... The white-skinned foreigners will come from over the sea... They bring relentless slaughter and destruction... They plunder the land's riches..."

The mosquitoes sucked the sleeping foreigner's blood at a rate of 40 milliliters per second. The human body contains only about 5000 milliliters of blood; in less than two minutes, the foreigner became a mummy, peaceful and serene, under the mosquitoes' anesthetic toxin. Gradually, the swarm calmed from its frenzy.

"Not enough, not enough, continue, I want to see more!"

The second Sacrifice was brought to the Altar, likewise covered in cuts and soon enveloped in black by the swarm, the sky continuing to whirl with shifting shapes.

Once more, the Voodoo High Priest was engulfed in visions. The white-skinned foreigners occupied the inland towns, then fell one by one to the ancestral Spirits' trials. They retreated awkwardly from the Rainforest, crying out about the land of the Demon, taking away all the Wealth, and also capturing the Ancestral Spirits' Citizens. The Citizens were loaded onto huge sailing ships, heading west. The Spirits of the Ancestors followed onto the ship, sailing towards the unknown West.

"Is it so, is it like this?... The white-skinned foreigners cannot withstand the test of the Ancestral Spirits... They capture the Citizens of the Ancestors... Taking the Spirits of the Ancestors... to the West... Continue!"

Paulo was finally brought to the Altar. He smiled peacefully, happily living with his sister and brother Bruno in his smile, forgetting all past sins. Then the endless swarm descended, giving him eternal rest.

The Voodoo High Priest approached the swarm uncontrollably, she wanted to see a little clearer.

The Citizens of the Ancestor died en route, plunging into the sea until the end of the sailing ships' journey, which was another continent. That land too had warm sunlight, peaceful ponds, and the forever warm Jungle. There, the Ancestors' Citizens were laid down, burdened with shackles and chains, toiling painfully in the fields, while the white men casually severed their limbs and slit their throats. However, before the Citizens of the Ancestors, the Spirits had already set off; they proliferated infinitely among the ponds and then soared toward the far-off lands promised by the Ancestors.

"Is it so, is it like this?... The white men take the Ancestors' Citizens... to a similarly warm land in the West... The Spirits of the Ancestors also spread... Not enough, not enough, I want to see more!"

The Voodoo High Priest finally stepped onto the Altar. The swarm enveloped her densely, like docile pets.

"I have lived through ninety rainy seasons, and my soul will soon return to Voodoo. Let me use my own blood to see clearly the future foretold by the Ancestors..."

The Voodoo High Priest muttered to herself. She shed her Vestment robe, revealing a withered and emaciated body, then unhesitatingly swung the sacrificial Dagger, slicing her upper body until it was drenched in blood.

The swarm hesitated for a moment, then once again became frenzied. They covered the High Priest like pets devouring their owner. Her gaunt body contained even less blood, and in less than half a minute, the Voodoo High Priest fell into visions on the brink of death.

She saw the swarm proliferating endlessly in the Rainforest, then flying deep into the Jungle. Wherever the Spirits of the Ancestors flew, everything was forever changed. Countless yellow-skinned natives fell in unending fever and agony, and the white-skinned foreigners could not stay long in this place.

Only the descendants of the ancestral gods, only those of black skin, can truly take root! They proliferate ceaselessly on this vast land, growing stronger through hardship, and their tribe flourishes more and more until the distant future filled with hope!

"Is that so, is it really so?... The spirit of the ancestral gods forever changed the land under the sun, and the descendants of the ancestral gods struggle to proliferate and grow strong upon it! With the sacrifice of our people's flesh and blood, we exchanged for our rooted land and our prosperous future, this is the protection of the ancestral gods!"

"So it is! The promised land of the ancestral gods lies in the West..."

The Voodoo High Priest mumbled to herself, facing the lands of the West, her face filled with the tranquility and satisfaction of impending death. She smiled, and finally opened her mouth, tasting the spirit of the ancestral gods, and thus she fell according to the prophecy of the ancestral gods, leaving no regrets. Beneath her lay the shriveled corpses of Paulo and the other sailors.

Witnessing the final sacrifice of the Voodoo High Priest, the King was caught in a mix of disbelief and joy.

"The High Priest has gone completely mad! This terrible old woman actually sacrificed herself! She is finally dead!... I will never allow such a High Priest to emerge again, the foreigners are right, the power of a king should not be interfered with by the priesthood! I will convert to the merciful cross-shaped stone heavenly divine!"

Meanwhile, thousands of miles to the West, the morning sun had just risen above Lake Texcoco, illuminating the great city of Tenochtitlan in the midst of the lake. Accompanied respectfully by the Chief Priest Quetzal, an exceptionally aged old man stepped out of the Great Temple, frowning as he looked toward the northwest. Just now, Quetzal had brought him the news of Tizoc's death.

In the distant mountain encampments, Xiulote watched the sunrise to the East and sighed softly.

By now, the Europeans should have reached the Congo, unleashing Pandora's box. The malaria mosquito and Aedes mosquito would come with the fleets of Europeans, flying to the warm and hot rainforests of America, turning the presently populous tropical regions into desolate and dangerous wastelands.

In 1519 when the Spaniards first explored the Amazon River basin, it was a place of lush aquatic plants and teeming populations, where countless tribes relied on the abundant tropical food for survival.

Yet a hundred years later, when English and French explorers came again, it turned into a barren domain deserted of people, with the Indian peoples having disappeared. Two-thirds of the white explorers also died of malaria and yellow fever on their journeys, forcing them to return prematurely.

The malaria mosquito brought certain death with malaria, and the Aedes mosquito carried near-fatal yellow fever and dengue fever. In places these African mosquitoes passed through, the rainforests of America were reshaped, no longer suitable for Indians and whites to inhabit!

From the Brazilian tropical rainforest to the Amazon tropical rainforest, to Venezuela, Colombia in South America, to Panama, Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala in Central America, then to Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and the Caribbean archipelago, and even to Louisiana and Florida in North America!

All places enshrouded by the tropical rainforest, all places where African mosquitoes roamed, malaria, yellow fever, and dengue fever would forever persist in the tropics, never to leave. The yellow-skinned brethren in the rainforests would die powerlessly and in despair, Indians would no longer be able to proliferate and grow, they couldn't even find a foothold.

The tropical rainforests of America would no longer be the home of Indians, nor the land for whites to thrive, they would forever belong to those of black skin! Even three hundred years later, white colonizers could only huddle in the clean towns of the tropics, leaving the fields, forests, and rivers to hundreds of times more black slaves.

The tropics of America would be forever changed, unstoppable by anyone, this, is the protection of the ancestral gods of Black Africa!