

## Civilization 1441

### Chapter 1441: Arrangements Before the Return, A Letter From Ten Thousand Miles Away

"May the Chief Divine protect us! After conquering the Chapala Lake Region and the coastline of Sea Woman City, the population of the Kingdom of the Lake's six counties has reached an astonishing two million! The kingdom I personally established has become a military machine second only to the Alliance in the world, continuously expanding outward, expanding, and expanding again!..."

The sun slanted westward over the Eastern Sea, the red sun setting on the water, casting a vast expanse of red glow across the sky. Xiulote stood in the palace of Hidden Serpent City, gazing westward through a half-open wall window. In this rich, beautiful, and comfortable seaside land, he had lingered too long, so long that everything on the highland seemed distant.

From this end of the Eastern Seaboard, looking toward the western hills. The magnificent Tloquiditlan lay twelve hundred li to the west. And the Qinchongcan Capital of the kingdom was a full two thousand li away!

"Oh Chief Divine! I have been away from the Qinchongcan Capital for four and a half years now!... That military machine I personally built and strengthened has been operating on its own for too long!... But when will I be able to return to the Qinchongcan Capital, return to the towering Palace of Wind, and return to the center of the kingdom's rule?"

At this thought, Xiulote's gaze deepened and his expression grew solemn. The eastward expedition had ended, leaving only the final assembly with the jungle tribes. And Aweit had long prepared the victory rites, waiting for him to return to the center of the Great Alliance, that cage of the Lake Capital City. Once inside, to return to the capital would mean patiently waiting for the prophecy of the fair-skinned ones to come true, waiting for a turning point in the alliance's campaign...

"Chief Divine bear witness! The Great General is out there, disobeying the Royal Decree... Aweit, I obey your royal decree to return to the Lake Capital City, avoiding civil war between the alliance and the kingdom... But my generals may not necessarily follow my orders!..."

"So, this thousand-li of seaside land, this newly established Seaside Alliance... will no longer obediently hand over the inland cities as we previously agreed... Once the alliance of the seaside tribes rises, it will have its own will! And while I am in the Lake Capital City, I will be powerless and helpless!"

Xiulote, expressionless, lowered his eyes. He recalled the pieces he had laid out, pondering what moves still needed finishing touches.

"Zicao, Great Lake, Apal, Qingqiu, four fully empowered military governors, autonomously subduing the land!... The Seaside Alliance unites the Totonac tribes, about to conquer the Maya!... There's also Cloud Serpent Mountain City in the hands of the kingdom, embedded deep within the territory of Tlaxcala's Four States..."

"And beyond the strength of the kingdom... there are the Otomi Tribes' allies, Otapan's City Lord Jiowar, Otomi's Deputy Supreme High Priest Omaltzin... The Colima tribes' allies, the pregnant daughter of the chief, Yilian... The Silver Raven Tribe's allies, the two daughters of the Silver Raven Chieftain..."

At this thought, a flicker passed through Xiulote's eyes. The adorable and obedient Colima "Kitten" was conceived around May. It's now early October, and she's been pregnant for five months... which means if all goes well, his fourth child, the bloodline blending the Mexican Royal Family and the noble chief of Colima, will be born in March next year...

"Hmm... The Seaside Alliance has already sent envoys, agreeing with the jungle Totonac tribes and jungle Zoque tribes that after the autumn harvest, in late November, they will convene at the First Ancient City, in the ancient holy city of the Olmec in the south!"

"This key assembly concerns over two hundred thousand autonomous jungle Totonac tribes, and at least four to five hundred thousand jungle Zoque tribes! Even Source Water City, six hundred li inland from the southeastern head of the Sunrise River, will send a Divine Descendant envoy..."

"And the relationship between the Seaside Alliance and the inland jungle tribes, will it be war or peace?... The entire Southeast Jungle order, who will be its master?... All must be confirmed under the witness of the Olmec ancestors, in this assembly!"

Xiulote stroked his chin, letting his thoughts drift far away.

This assembly's essence was a redefinition of the Southeast Jungle order by the Seaside Alliance. The reconstructed ancient holy city of the ancestors was to replace the Hidden Serpent Holy City's position as the religious center; while the Seaside Alliance, centered around Golden Bay City, was to establish nominal suzerainty over the jungle tribes.

Only with both political and religious orders established can the Seaside Alliance turn its attention and fully expand towards the Maya Coast!

"At that time, I will personally host this assembly, meeting with the chieftains of the jungle tribes one by one! By the time everything is sorted out, it should already be late December. Bertade, leading four thousand Imperial Guards, should have arrived at Hidden Serpent City by then!"

"Hmm, the kingdom's overall layout, the Eastern Sea strategy, the Maya Coast campaign, and the response to western explorers... I must clearly hand these over to Bertade! Considering this, it will be mid-January next year..."

"Chief Divine witness! Early next year, I will lead four thousand Imperial Guards on a return journey. Traveling slowly, inspecting various city-states and villages along the way, it should allow me to prolong the journey until March... This way, I can witness Yilian's child's birth firsthand, to know if it's a boy or girl, thereby arranging a further alliance with the chief of Colima... As for Liuyu and Liuyao, whether the sisters can bear my child... I'll work harder, and with a few more months of effort, I should manage at least once!"

For Xiulote, the Lake Capital City was a grand and strong cage. He was not eager to return but wanted to arrange everything outside the cage and strengthen his power as much as possible. Though Aweit was eager to recall him, as long as he did not refuse to return, Aweit would restrain himself, certainly not flipping the table.

Political power struggles always require constant balancing and compromise. And it's particularly true when both sides are evenly matched!

Over the past decade, Aweit and Xiulote have been both mentor and disciple, as well as father-in-law and son-in-law, walking hand in hand on the pinnacle path of power... They have become competent and even outstanding politicians in their high-level political training and will no longer be easily swayed by emotions!

"Chief Divine protect us! Once everything is arranged... I should reach the Lake Capital City by April next year. By then, the grand sacrifice Aweit has prepared for me should be the Spring Plowing Festival!"

"My teacher, my father-in-law, my Divine King... I eagerly anticipate meeting you again!"

As the sunset disappeared, shadows surged from the horizon. Xiulote lowered his gaze, watching the sunset's last glow, remaining silent for a long time until two secretaries lit the oil lamp, prepared a steaming meal, and softly called out.

"Your Highness, it's time to eat!"

Only then did Xiulote open his eyes, turning to look at the charming and graceful sisterly pair. At this moment, he was not hungry in his stomach but was greatly hungry in his heart. It was a thirst for power, and power turned into an aphrodisiac, igniting the fire in his body. And the only thing that could satisfy him was...

"Ah! Your... Your Highness... You should... should eat... your meal... Ah!"

"Hmm. Very well... very delicious!"

The long rainy season of the seaside gradually came to an end, with the storm finally thinning out. Late summer in September passed, tropical flowers rustled and fell, mingling with a light, drifting dance. Early October brought the arrival of autumn, when the cornfields grew bountiful, and the harvest season wasn't far off; everything simply awaited its time.

The few days of early autumn passed in indulgent waiting, until a distant envoy arrived on an East Sea Navy longship. He carried in his arms a letter written seven months ago, traveling across the vast expanse of ten thousand li! Upon reading the letter's end, Xiulote suddenly stood up, staring wide-eyed in disbelief.

"What?! This year? At this moment?!..."

The two secretaries near Xiulote craned their necks curiously. They saw at the letter's end characters they could understand and a sea chart they could not, their eyes full of confusion. They did not know that these brief words contained immense courage and what they would mean for the world!

"May the Chief Divine protect us! Divine blessings upon the kingdom! My highest Majesty, I have heard from the coastal tribes at latitude 60 degrees north about the western island chains you mentioned; everything matches Your Divine Revelation!"

"We will strive to head west, and before this year's ice-bound period sets in, dispatch the first longship to follow the warm ocean currents westward... to attempt to pass through the long western island chains, to reach the prophesied New Continent, even if there is no return!"

Chapter 1442: Scholar's Nautical Diary: The Mountain Giants of the Ancestor Island Chain!

"Chief Divine's protection! This is North latitude 52 degrees, the longitude that Your Majesty mentioned is indeterminable. We are in the middle of a long island chain, on a very long and large island, perhaps the largest in the chain... Standing at a high point on the island, looking north is the vast ocean, and south is also the vast ocean. I feel that the northern ocean's color is lighter, is it because it's colder? Or, is it because to the north of the island there is a high ice-covered Divine Mountain, shimmering with pure white light?..."

The vast ocean is wide to the north and south, and the long island extends east and west. Shiny icebergs stand on the protruding northern side of the Great Island, while the southern side has a concave, sheltered bay. At this moment, Scholar Mikki stands on the hill by the bay, wearing a hat made of seal skin, wrapped in thick walrus fur. From a distance, he resembles a grayish large "marmot" standing on the hill.

The wind by the sea is strong and cold, carrying icy sand. Scholar Mikki shivers slightly, "Ha-ha'd" his cloth-wrapped hands. A faint white mist flows from his mouth, like the spirits of clouds in myth. He vigorously rubs his palms, hops in place for a moment, before picking up his charcoal pencil to continue writing and drawing on parchment.

Upon closer inspection, this roll of parchment already shows a long island, a large bay, and a northeastern ice mountain range. Besides, on the island there's a mark of a little person, and in the bay, a mark of a longship. The marks of person and ship are very close, almost connected together. But in the final ice mountain, there's a mysterious mark of a leaf, it's unclear what it represents.

"Chief Divine! It's so cold here, really very cold! It's early October now, the Great Island has already had several terrifying snowstorms, with winds strong enough to blow people away! We almost had a longship blown away by the storm... Chief Divine's protection! That longship finally hit the rocks, grounded on the reef, barely staying, but it's not fully repaired yet..."

"The island is covered with strips of white snow, strips of gray barren soil, and strips of dark brown rock... But, there is some green on the island, though rarely seen, yet indeed visible. That green is not tall trees, the island might have no tall trees. It's low shrubs by the river, short grass unknown around the bay, and moss on rocky hills..."

Scholar Mikki pauses, surrounds the bay with a circle, representing the grassy area, perhaps potatoes can be planted? He's uncertain... Then, he stares at the mark of the ship in the bay, blinks his eyes, then turns around, looking towards the twenty-mile-wide natural bay.

In this natural bay, at the moment, there are three kingdom's longships anchored, faintly visible "marmot group" dots on the ships, busy with something unknown. It's either catching fish and shrimp or processing seal and walrus bodies, or reinforcing the storm-damaged ship hull?...

Scholar Mikki doesn't know the answer since these are managed by Fleet Commander Zuwaro. His task is to record geographic hydrology, draw terrain sketches, and write the seafaring journal. Thus, his gaze slightly shifts westward, seeing a small area of low round-top huts, and another busy "marmot group" by the huts. This time, he clearly knows what they are doing.

"Tall Unanga people (Unanga, i.e., Aleut tribe), are relocating their low Barabara huts. In about a month, maybe a bit later, or perhaps a few days earlier? Anyway, certainly in November, the terrifying snow season and freezing period will arrive!... By then, the horrible, horrible cold waves will surge, snowstorms will last day and night! The sea will be completely frozen, thickly incapable to pierce, forget catching fish. And the high Sun God will be shrouded in dense darkness!... Daytime becomes very short, even without seeing the sun. Night becomes very long, sometimes with colorful flying cloud spirits painting mysterious prophetic talismans in the night sky... Truly a terrifying, cold, hungry, and brilliant winter, lasting five long months!..."

Scholar Mikki gazes at the sky, looking at the not-so-bright sun, dazed for a while. He recalls last year's long winter spent in the Far North land, suddenly shivering, as if feeling once again the bone-chilling, toe-freezing, finger-breaking, ear-dropping cold, and smelling the storm, snow, hunger, and death's scent.

"Chief Divine's protection! Chief Divine's protection! He protects us, enduring the longest winter! He grants us light and warmth, also gives us the force to continue heading west!"

Scholar Mikki grasps the pure gold Sun Amulet around his neck, earnestly praying for a moment. In this far remote, cold, and mysterious Far North land, only his heartfelt faith in the Chief Divine can bring him steady courage and determination to continue marching towards the prophecy's end!

After a moment of prayer, Scholar Mikki calms down his emotions, continuing with the unfinished content.

"Hmm... where did I write to? Oh! The Unanga people preparing to migrate entirely to beneath the northern snowy mountain by the sacred spring before freezing arrives, which is at the mark location of the leaves! It's the only place on the whole Long Island where tall trees can be seen. It's said to be blessed by the Goddess of Spring, having a spring that won't freeze in winter, it's the Unanga people's warm winter camp, their source of drinking water during the harsh winter. Oh, they lack firestone, have few trees, usable fuel is scarce..."

"Chief Divine bless! I have never been to that sacred spring, and have never seen the great trees on the island. But from the Unanga people's descriptions, it should be the hot springs that both the Alliance and the Kingdom have, right? So, does this desolate island in the far northern cold also have the divinity buried in the earth by the Chief Divine, with the volcanic hot springs bestowed by the Chief Divine? ... Truly! It truly makes me curious! Since proceeding west along this island chain, this is already the fifth large island with hot springs that we have encountered. Almost every large island has towering glaciers and unfrozen hot springs!..."

"Could it be that inside those glaciers, the divinity of fire is hidden? Or is this precisely the Land of Divine Revelation from the Chief Divine, guiding us along a westerly route? ... Ah! Praise to you, Supreme Main God! We will surely follow your Divine Revelation along this chain of hot spring islands to reach the new continent in the West!!..."

At this point, Scholar Mikki grasped the cold amulet again and offered a sincere prayer. He knew that around those hot springs, potatoes could definitely be grown. Then, beside the marking of the tree leaf hot spring, he carefully added the emblem of the Main God before picking up the pen again.

"Chief Divine bears witness! Our large ship has brought firestone for warmth and ample food supplies. The Unanga people warmly welcomed us, very friendly. They eagerly invited us to join their winter camp and stay in their 'Barabara'..."

"Oh, 'Unanga' is how they refer to themselves, and according to the Unanga guides, it means 'truly tall people'! They are indeed tall, generally taller than me by a head... Sometimes I wonder, why are they all

descendants of the Jiao People, yet able to migrate to such distant lands, grow so tall, and tolerate the cold so well?... Could it be that during their migration, they also encountered the favor of the Main God, thus gaining the divinity of growing tall and resisting the cold?..."

"By the way! 'Barabara' is their portable dome-shaped small hut, very low, so low that the tall Unanga can't stand up inside. These huts have frames woven from small trees and shrubs, with some frames having been passed down for dozens of generations, making them the tribe's most precious heritage... Hmm, it's still because the island lacks large trees and even small trees are scarce... As for the hut frame, it is covered with layers of seabird feathers, various fish scales, and thick sea lion and walrus skins... and finally plastered with thick mud..."

"Hmm, I feel their hut-building skills are not bad, but their huts are still inferior to those of the Slavs. Ultimately, it's the shortage of wood and fuel on the island. Every day, I watch them busily collecting dry grass and shrubs for winter fuel. But those things, how could they compare with the firestone we brought?... Thus, each winter's arrival becomes a test of life and death for them, taking away living lives!"

"Under such brutal winter tests, this vast large island has only a little over two hundred Unangas. And this, has been the largest Unanga tribe we have seen all the way here!... It seems that every day of their lives is spent preparing for brutal winters, storing food and fuel, busy from morning till night. And when the dreadful winter comes, they can only huddle in their shelters, clinging to each other day and night, praying for the ancestors' protection, minimizing all activities to endure the long, lightless winter nights!"

"This darkness and cold have persisted for thousands of years, never changing until our arrival! Until we, under the guidance of the Chief Divine, sailed thousands of miles here, bringing the light of the Main God to them! Praise be to the luminous Main God!"

This long record ends with a lengthy praise for the Main God. Then, Scholar Mikki puts down his pen and once again offers a devout prayer. His frostbitten, reddened face is full of the pride of preaching!

Along this journey, the fleet followed the island chain and encountered many small Unanga tribes of dozens to hundreds of people. As long as the fleet gifted these small tribes firestones, gifted them food... these small tribes would put on the Chief Divine amulets without hesitation, chant the Chief Divine's name with them, looking 'excited' and 'praying.' The conversion speed of these far northern small tribes, and their flexible attitudes, completely exceeded Scholar Mikki's expectations. Even throughout the entire fleet, many strong and tall Unanga (Aleut) sailors were recruited, mostly



exchanged from local tribes with food and fuel! In reality, without these Unanga capable of enduring extreme cold, the fleet wouldn't have been able to reach here at all!...

"Chief Divine bless! We sailed westward along the long thousands-mile island chain... finally reaching the largest island seen in early October! After discussing it with Zuwaro, we plan to establish a true supply port here, but I haven't yet decided on the port's name..."

"By the way! In the local Unanga Elder's songs, the island chain of Divine Revelation to the 'west' is referred to as the 'Ancestor Island Chain.' Each island on the chain, it is said, is transformed from an ancestor giant who died and sunk into the sea... And this largest island, located in the middle of the entire 'Ancestor Island Chain,' is precisely the place where the greatest ancestor giant of legend died and sunk! And that giant's name was 'Atka,' 'The Real Mountain Giant'!"

Chapter 1443: The Scholar's Nautical Log, The Unangas' First Encounter, and the Kingdom's Divine Land Port!

"Chief Divine bears witness! The dead giants transform into mountains and islands, the remnants of the Divine Blood turn into warm springs... Could this legend of the giants in the Ancestral Islands be the origin of the Unanga people's ancestors, a divinity bestowed upon them by the Chief Divine?..."

The sun emerged from the clouds, illuminating the distant icebergs. Those dazzling rays were always so pure and bright, as if carrying a kind of divinity that people longed for.

"The light of divinity, the light of the Chief Divine!..."

Scholar Miki stood on tiptoe, squinting his eyes, gazing at the dazzling snow-capped mountains at noon, his face full of piety and yearning. His gaze was reluctant to move until his eyes began to tear up from the bright light, then he slowly closed them, silently praying in his heart.

"Praise the Chief Divine! Praise you, the bright and majestic holy glow that guides us forever!..."

The tribes on the Mexican Plateau, be they the Mexica, the Purpecha people, or the Telascallan, all have ancient legends of origin involving the Divine Mountain, and they sincerely revere the white snow-capped mountains. In fact, this tradition of worshipping white mountains seems to be a common trait among the highland peoples, similar to the various Tibetan tribes and those of the Himalayas in the Old Continent.

"Chief Divine bless! This is the fifth Great Island in the Ancestral Island Chain, called the 'Atka' by the Unanga Tribe... Hmm, I've decided, this island shall be named the Fifth Ancestral Island, 'Divine High Mountain Island'! And this continuous snow-capped mountain range ought to be named the Fifth Ancestral Divine Mountain, 'Divine High Mountain'... The hallmark of the Divine High Mountain is three adjacent peaks, with one being extremely tall, making it highly conspicuous for maritime navigation..."

After a moment of prayer, Scholar Miki wiped away his tears, bowed his head to name the tallest snow-capped mountain on the island, and recorded it in the voyage log.

As the expedition fleet traveled along the Far North Coast, heading west, they encountered numerous snowy white mountains along the way. Some were far from the coast, while others were very close, yet all were the most distinctive landmarks during the voyage, visible even across hundreds of miles!

Therefore, when encountering fog at sea or losing direction, the fleet could only stop, pray silently, and wait. Until the fog dissipated and the guiding peak appeared on the distant horizon, just like the Chief Divine's guidance!...

For future voyages and to assist other ships of the Kingdom, Scholar Miki named these islands and snow mountains in order according to the local tribes' names and the sequence of discovery, noting down the characteristics of the snow mountains as the most important references on the sea chart.

"This Fifth Ancestral Island lies about a thousand miles from the First Ancestral Island, 'Divine Land Island' (Unimak). Yet, the thousand-mile voyage took us over a month to sail, covering only 30-40 miles per day on average, making it extremely difficult!..."

"Chief Divine bears witness! Compared to the previous navigation near the 60 degrees north latitude coast, this thousand-mile sea route of the Ancestral Island Chain, though on the warmer southern side and during the warm summer-autumn season, is actually more challenging! And the main difficulties encountered are: firstly, the inability to utilize ocean currents; secondly, constantly changing wind directions... and most prominently, the terrifying, terrifying, terrifying fog!..."

Writing till here, Scholar Miki gazed towards the East, looking at the direction from which the island chain came, with memories in his eyes.

"By late August, the fleet's remaining four longships reached the start of this island chain... After discussing with the local Unanga Tribe, we learned the name of the narrow long island connected to the mainland, 'Unimak', referred to by the Unanga people as 'Vast Land'..."

"Divine Revelation! I'm a bit uncertain whether this is an island or a peninsula connected to the mainland? Nonetheless, as the starting point of the westward island chain, I still named it the First Ancestral Island, 'Divine Land Island'. Because, on this long narrow island, I saw as many as four snowy white peaks! Three peaks on the eastern side, one on the far west. Four snowy peaks lined up in a row, extending into the horizon, such an peculiar and spectacular divine sight!..."

"The entire Divine Land Island is very long, and we didn't have time to explore it closely. But here, for the first time, we encountered many Unanga people! We also learned for the first time about the hot springs near the mountains of the island chain, and further heard the details of heading west through the Ancestral Island Chain!..."

"Praise the Chief Divine! Praise Your Majesty! Your Majesty's prophecy, like countless times before, truly unfolded before our eyes!... The entire fleet was ecstatic, lighting the firestone for warmth by the sea, roasting the meat of sea beasts, and celebrated with the Unanga Tribe by the hot springs, holding an outdoor feast! Ha! That was indeed a pious yet brilliant night!"

Scholar Miki slightly raised his head, recalling the celebration on the Divine Land Island that night, and couldn't help but reveal a heartfelt joyful smile. As he laughed, he glanced at the figure not far away, showing a few degrees of embarrassed perplexity on his cold-flushed face. He muttered a few words to himself, which would never be recorded in the voyage log.

"Praise the Chief Divine! The women of the Unanga Tribe are tall, sturdy, and fair, almost like those white bears from the Far North land... Chief Divine! Kowa is indeed too tall, making it somewhat difficult for me, having to lay her down... She's incredibly strong, like an experienced female warrior, truly hard to defeat... Perhaps, this is the giant divinity inherited by the Unanga people!..."

Chapter 1444: The Scholar's Nautical Log, The Unangas' First Encounter, and the Kingdom's Divine Land Port!

"Ah! As the Priest of the Chief Divine, I have undoubtedly achieved the ultimate victory, spread the glory of the Chief Divine, and gained a wife to accompany me!... After the grand celebration, Zuvaro decided to leave a longship on Divine Land Island, along with fifty Samurai sailors, to establish the Kingdom's 'Divine Land Port' right next to the hot spring camp of the Unanga Tribe! Many of the smaller Unanga tribes also chose to join us..."

"The exploration fleet continued its journey and had to gradually reduce the number of ships, leaving behind crew members to establish supply ports around the coastal tribes along the way... because we needed to continually concentrate the fleet's firestone and food on the ships heading further west, ensuring at least three months' worth of supplies!..."

"And the crew members left behind would rely on the Kingdom's large ship nets and Bronze weapons and tools to hunt and fish together with the local tribes, cut trees and grass, and gather food and fuel to prepare for the long and harsh winter!..."

Thinking of this, Scholar Miki let out a low sigh. Along the way, there were fewer and fewer Samurai and sailors of Purpecha origin, not even a third of the crew. The remaining two-thirds were sailors and Hunters recruited from various Northern Tribes along the route.

After all, the climate and diet of the Kingdom of the Lake were drastically different from those of the Far North Coast! Except for the particularly strong Kingdom's Warriors, most ordinary Purpecha people found it difficult to adapt, and many became ill and died due to the challenging sea voyages! The exploration fleet had to leave them in port camps, warm huts, and peaceful settlements, allowing them to endure the initial and toughest adaptation trials.

"Bless the Chief Divine! Around 'Divine Land Port,' there were many forests of conifers. Although the trees weren't tall, they were very tough and difficult to cut. The Kingdom's Bronze Axe could easily collect timber, greatly impressing the local Unanga tribe, much like our firestone for warmth!"

"The Unanga tribes were generally small, mostly comprising dozens of people, with few exceeding a hundred, and the largest hardly reaching two hundred. Their tribal structure seemed very simple, without any evident hierarchy or strong tribal consciousness. I believe that their primary daily purpose was to survive, especially through the winter!"

"Therefore, when the Kingdom displayed precise hunting bows, fishing nets on large ships, Bronze tools for logging, warming black coal firestones, and the roaring Copper Cannon, they had no hesitation in joining our settlement, building small Barabara huts with our remaining crew, and quickly starting to believe in the Chief Divine!"

"Praise the Chief Divine! Although their height, appearance, and language differed greatly from ours, His Majesty had a Divine Revelation that they are indeed our lost Jiao People brothers! The differences

among these various tribes, I believe, are God-given Divinity, allowing them to survive the harsh cold of the Far North. Their inclusion, as His Majesty foretold, will greatly expedite and support the exploration fleet in completing this divinely revealed, yet challenging western exploration!"

Writing this, Scholar Miki touched his chin and glanced a few steps away at his wife, Galwa, sitting on a stone weaving something. She was also the first Unanga woman he converted.

"Galwa, it's so cold, what are you doing?"

"Yes? Ong?"

Upon hearing this, Polar Bear Galwa blinked, somewhat confused, looking at her husband, Scholar Miki.

The Unanga Tribe spoke an Eskimo-Aleut language, with very simple linguistic structures. They had only three vowels and a dozen consonants, and often used the same monosyllabic word to express different meanings. Here, "Ong" meant "man, husband." It is worth mentioning that the tribe was clearly polygamous, allowing taller and stronger men to father more offspring, promoting greater tribal survival prospects.

"I mean...um... come here!..."

Scholar Miki beckoned, and Galwa stood up and walked over to him, gazing down at her husband.

Having once been the strongest woman in the Unanga Tribe, Galwa stood over 1.8 meters tall, with strong, powerful arms capable of wrestling with young bears barehanded. Next to her, Scholar Miki was barely 1.6 meters, visibly smaller. Together, they looked like a polar bear accompanying a prairie dog.

"Ong Ong?"

Polar Bear Galwa blinked her simple, jet-black eyes, looking at her husband, though short and frail, yet the tribal leader.

According to Unanga tradition, as a symbol of two tribes merging, the strongest woman would pair with the most formidable man. She didn't understand where her husband's strength lay, but commanding so many strong warriors surely meant he was powerful! She heard he could defeat an adult polar bear with that roaring golden Magic Artifact. Yet, she could only defeat a sub-adult young bear with her bare hands... Ah! The gap between her and her husband was indeed vast!

"Hmm, Galwa... What is that in your hand?"

"Asx! Grass cloth!"

Using simple Navajo along with gestures, Polar Bear Galwa could understand. She smiled, toothily, and wrapped the woven grass cloth around Scholar Miki's exposed neck, instantly warming it considerably.

"Uh?... Galwa... very good!..."

Scholar Miki paused, touched the grassy "scarf" around his neck, and blinked. Polar Bear Galwa also smiled happily, blinking back. She even thought of reaching out to lift her husband as she used to carry pinewood home when in a good mood.

As Unanga people in the Far North lacked cotton fabric, they could only keep warm with various animal furs and "grass cloth" woven from long grass. Though she was tall and burly, Galwa's hands were dexterous, capable of arranging bird traps and weaving daily-use "grass tools." After spending a month closely with Galwa, Scholar Miki became familiar with these Unanga characteristics. His purpose for calling Galwa over was...

"Galwa, bring me my Bronze box..."

"Box?..."

"Yes! Bless the Chief Divine! The most important one!"

"Oh! Here! What's this, Ong?..."

Polar Bear Galwa nodded, easily pulling out a tightly sealed Bronze box with one hand from the pouch behind her. The box was hefty and thick, coated with expensive natural rubber to make it waterproof.

Scholar Miki took it with both hands, carefully opened the lid, removed the protective thick cotton cloth, and revealed the tightly rolled parchment shimmering in the polar sunlight, dazzling his eyes!

"Bless the Chief Divine! This is the most precious Wealth, the fleet's Nautical Records! Written by my own hand, 'Divine Revelation Nautical Diary'!"

Chapter 1445: Scholar's Nautical Journal – Dense Fog and Storms, the Difficult Exploration of the Aleutian Islands

"Chief Divine bless us! At the end of August, we left behind over 50 Samurai sailors and a longship at the starting point of the western island chain to construct the Divine Land Port. More than 70 people from the Unanga Tribe also joined us. We selected about 10 able-bodied Unanga men to replace the last batch of Prepetcha sailors. Almost all the sailors of the entire fleet came from the Northern Tribes..."

"The leader in charge of Divine Land Port is Tecos Warrior Luo Heishi. Like many brave and battle-hardened Tecos Warriors, he received the surname 'Luo' conferred by Your Majesty. His physique is indeed strong enough to adapt well to the harsh northern climate, no wonder he hails from the Barbarian Children in the mountains!..."

October is considered early autumn in the Aleutian Islands; the season of the biggest fogs in summer has passed, making it a suitable time for navigation. The Northern sun hangs close in the sky, noticeably larger than in the South, for reasons unknown.

Scholar Miki looked up at the clear sky, as if seeing an upside-down sea. Today's sunlight was very bright, yet the temperature was quite low. The snow on the hills covered the mountain rocks, showing no signs of melting. Next to him, the white bear Gawain sat on the snowy stone, looking at him with a silly smile, seemingly not afraid of the cold at all.

"Gawain."

"Hmm?"

"Are you not cold?"

"Cold?"

The white bear Gawain blinked in confusion. It was only early October, and the temperature in the Aleutian Islands was fluctuating around zero degrees. However, for Gawain, who was used to the -20 degrees cold of winter, today felt quite comfortable, not even needing to wear a thick fur robe.

In fact, for the Unangas of the North, they are accustomed to 'warming up' during the summer and autumn seasons. This way, when babies are born, it's just when the climate is warm, and food is abundant in spring and summer. The young women who give birth can immediately participate in hunting and gathering, which is more beneficial for the continuation of the tribe.

During the long dark winter, they would reduce any unnecessary consumption, including 'warming up.' So, at that time, hugging for warmth was really just hugging for warmth...

The harsh natural environment has such a profound impact on these Far North tribes, influencing all aspects of their lives. Of course, white bear Gawain doesn't know the reasons behind these traditions, she's just used to following them. So she blinked, looking at Scholar Miki, inquiring expectantly.

"Hmm? Do you want... to warm up with me? Here? On the stone?..."

"Uh!..."

Hearing this, Scholar Miki shivered. He didn't have Gawain's strong physique to withstand the cold and warm up in the snow. He quickly shook his head, avoiding Gawain's fiery gaze, and from the recent nautical records he had just put in, pulled out the latest one, pretending to read it earnestly.

"Chief Divine bless us! At the beginning of September, we left Divine Land Port near the hot springs with three longships and 120 Samurai and sailors... We rowed along the extended Great Island, along a series of small islands, continuously heading west... And those towering icebergs revealed in the western sea were the Chief Divine's guidance for the fleet's direction!..."



"From the ancestor island chain to the west, the exploration fleet used several months of warm ocean currents before gradually disappearing. Zuwaro was quite regretful because this constantly westward flowing warm ocean current helped us so, so much! ... It was thanks to this mysterious warm ocean current that we arrived at the island chain so quickly! It flows just offshore, like a spirit hidden in the sea, flowing thousands of miles, and like the Chief Divine's blessing in the water..."

Scholar Miki scratched his head, still unable to figure out how this warm westward current appeared and how it suddenly disappeared.

Starting from Whale Harbor in the South to Divine Land Port at the western island chain's end, the gift of the Alaska current was like the ever-changing winds of fate, appearing and disappearing unexpectedly. What still accompanied them were the summer fog rising, and the turbulent waves, repeatedly testing the 'Divine Revelation Exploration' fleet's edge of death!

"On the island chain in September, most of the time the wind was from the north, northeast. But sometimes, it would suddenly turn to a south wind, southeast wind. The wind is strong and completely unreliable. So, we didn't dare to raise the full sails, at most raising half when visibility was clear, using a little force to quicken the fleet's westward journey..."

"Chief Divine witness! We must follow the island chain, must carefully go west, absolutely absolutely must not let the guiding Divine Mountain leave our sight!!"

"Praise the Chief Divine! It was under the guidance of the Divine Mountain that we reached Ancestor Second Island, Divine Solitary Mountain Island (Akutan) in early September. This island is not large, with only one iceberg on it, so I call it 'Solitary Mountain'... And not far from this island is Ancestor Third Island, Divine Fire Volcano Island (Ualaska). This island has a natural harbor that is very deep. Zuwaro wants to set up a port there too, but we don't have enough ships..."

"It is worth mentioning that Divine Stone Bay Island also has only one iceberg, but it sometimes flashes a peculiar, faint purple light... like a strange Divine Object omen! The Unanga Tribe on the island says it's because the iceberg is alive, a giant ancestor not yet dead, who occasionally shouts and, according to legend, spits flames and black smoke!..."

"Chief Divine protects us! I then realized, this is a living volcano, harboring the active Divinity deep within! So, I call it 'Divine Mountain' (Makushin Volcano). The Ancestral Three Islands are hence named 'Divine Mountain Island'!..."

Thinking of the resplendent Divine Mountain, Scholar Mikki's eyes showed a devout longing. Such a divine place indeed deserves a separate port built by the Kingdom Fleet! Moreover, since there is an active volcano, there will also be warm springs and places to plant potatoes. Unfortunately... we can only wait till later to talk about it.

"Continuing west from Divine Mountain Island, almost connected, is Divine Sky Stone Island (Nikolski). According to the island's Unanji Clan legends, there is a large depression extending for dozens of miles on the east side of this island, and the reason for this depression..."

"The Cloud Divine once cast down a burning sky stone, killing the Ancestral Giants! And when the giants sank into the sea, their wounded heads floated on the sea surface, and the depression wound was where the sky stone fell!..."

Scholar Mikki's eyes flickered, as he touched the traditional song he had recorded, thoughts swirling in his mind. He wanted to go to the depression on Divine Sky Stone Island to thoroughly search, to see if he could find the legendary 'sky stone', or at least a trace of the Divine Object...

"Continuing west from Divine Sky Stone Island is a series of scattered small islands. These islands are too far apart, and there are no high snowy mountains on the islands to guide the exploration fleet... From the Ancestral Fourth Island, Divine Sky Stone Island, to Ancestral Fifth Island, Divine High Mountain Island, there lies more than three hundred miles of the most perilous voyage!..."

"Oh Chief Divine! The sky-covering fog arises and pervades, rolling waves hang high above! The surging currents rage in chaos, the ferocious sea wind can break the sails!... We spent a full two weeks on this three hundred miles of journey. Every morning and evening was shrouded in fog, and we could only desperately row when the fog cleared slightly at noon to find the next island to dock. Because terrible storms could suddenly arise, bringing waves as high as an apocalypse, dragging us to destruction!"

"And the truly nightmarish apocalypse came from a storm in the North... We encountered three storms, with only one coming from the northern sea, and it was especially, especially, especially large! And in that storm, there was not only blizzards but also terrifying, deadly hailstones!..."

"If it wasn't for the few Unanga sailors we recruited on Divine Sky Stone Island, familiar with the sea conditions, who discovered the northern storm ahead of time... If it weren't for the Northern Tribesmen on the ship rowing on the wildly pitching vessel... If it weren't for us being only two to three quarters of

an hour away from the nearest island... Chief Divine protect us! Chief Divine protect us! Chief Divine protect us!!"

At this point, Scholar Mikki trembled all over, recalling once more the great northern storm that repeatedly appeared in his nightmares!

That all-encompassing snowstorm and hail, those stacked waves towering over ten meters high! That difficult struggle sailing on the sea of death, was like madly running along the edge of a cliff! Those brief two quarters of an hour became an unforgettable lifetime memory!

"Chief Divine bears witness! Sailing along the island chain is so difficult, yet Gowau didn't mind at all. She was always curiously exploring the longship, even standing steadily on the deck amid the fierce rocking by the wind and waves... Later, she gestured and told me that they, the Unanga, were fishing on the stormy sea in skin boats like canoes. Compared to their boats, our large ship was practically an island floating on the sea!..."

"I was skeptical, so I asked her: 'How bumpy and swaying are your boats?'... She might have misunderstood, or perhaps she understood too much... Or perhaps, after that deathly storm, we both needed to unleash like wild beasts..."

"She pushed me down into the lower cabin, making me truly feel what it was like... It took me several days to recover until we reached Divine High Mountain Island, beholding the parallel peaks and white light..."

Seeing this last paragraph, Scholar Mikki shivered, inexplicably feeling weakness in his legs and pain throughout his body. He nervously turned his head and glanced at his wife, as strong as a white bear, who instantly noticed his strange state.

"Huh? What's wrong?... Why is your face so pale? Were you shaking?"

"Uh! Gowau. I... I recalled that deadly storm. If it weren't for you and Anufish holding me, I might have already been swept into the waves... But Anufish, during the last storm a few days ago, in order to catch back the longship swept away..."

At this point, Scholar Mikki sighed, genuine sorrow flashing in his eyes. And the white bear-like Gowau knew the reason for his sadness, lowered her head, forehead touching forehead, giving her husband a hug. Her stature was large, and hugging Mikki felt like a bear hugging a small seal, yet her actions were exceptionally gentle.

"Oh. Here, each year, many die! For boats, for fishing boats, it's a necessity to fight for it!... Us, Unanga, it's like this. Them, the Sugpiaq, are the same!..."

"Yes... The Chief Divine bears witness! I understand!"

Scholar Mikki poignantly nodded after a moment. He knew that in this far northern harsh land, death was extremely common. He thought of Anufish, who once saved him but fell in the storm, and of the encounter with the Sugpiaq Tribes. At the mouth of the immense Great River in the Far North land, and on that azure delta at the Rivermouth...

Thinking of this, Scholar Mikki lowered his head, fingers slightly moving in the Bronze box, and picked up another nearby nautical journal. A light move of his fingers took him from the western end of the island chain, eastward more than two thousand miles, back to the midsummer of July...

Chapter 1446: The Scholar's Nautical Log, The Beginning of Midsummer in July, and the Eyak People's Purple Bay Tribes

"Chief Divine's protection! In early July, after recruiting seven or eight Eyak sailors, we left the various tribes of the Eyak people's Purple Bay, and also left that dreamy purple bay. And the Divine Revelation Port in the East, Jinxi Port built alongside the flowing golden stream and vast, continuous Gold Mountains, was getting further and further away from us..."

"Praise the Chief Divine! One prophecy after another of His Majesty's has been vividly verified, and we've also received distant rumors of the islands to the west. The morale of the whole fleet remains incredibly high, as if we are setting foot on the legendary sacred path of our ancestors!..."

"Summer days are long, and nights are short, almost only a third of the day. On a brief, moonless night, I measured the fleet's latitude, around 60 degrees north, 60 degrees north... Here on the Northern Coast, towering coastal cliffs are everywhere, alongside sprawling snowy mountain ranges. Those distant white icebergs on the horizon stretch endlessly, like an illusory backdrop to the entire sky, revealing some mysterious omen!... But we know clearly that those white, misty high mountains exist in reality in the distance, and they are very, very, very high..."

The cold wind comes from the north, sometimes blowing directly south, sometimes southwest. Scholar Miki rubbed his hands vigorously, gazing at the northeastern icebergs, also imagining the places behind these icebergs from where the cold wind blows.

From the previously encountered Eyak tribes (Eyak) and Sugpiaq tribes (Sugpiaq), he learned of the endless snowfields further north. It is the extreme region where the God of Ice sleeps, with ice and snow that are difficult to melt year-round, even never melting, and truly grand icebergs stretching for thousands of miles.

"North of 60 degrees latitude, the true land of divine calamities! The fleet once traveled along its fringe, spanning that long two to three thousand miles... However, although I saw the continuous Divine Mountains, and even the 'Heavenly God Ancestor Peak' soaring into the clouds, I never truly saw the terrifying scene where divine calamity and ice and snow rage wildly and wither everything during that long winter. Instead, what I saw, the midsummer of the Far Northern Coast, is so magnificent and vibrant, like the garden of the Goddess of Spring!..."

Thinking of this, a genuine smile surfaced on Scholar Miki's face. He eagerly looked at the records in his hand, as if seeing that captivatingly beautiful summer once again.

"July at the Far Northern Coast, the sky is a clear azure, the rivers are a clear cerulean. Along the coast are dense green grasslands, deeper is the deep Black Forests. Further beyond, layers of endless gray-brown mountains and the ice and snow Divine Mountains towering and shining in the clouds!..."

"Everything along the coast seems to be endowed with the ultimate vibrancy by the Chief Divine, and also seems to be blessed by the Goddess of Spring! Everywhere are brightly blooming flowers, schools of fish migrating to spawn, birds nesting and laying eggs, and beasts mating and reproducing..."

"Purple Fire Crane Flowers, golden Milkweed, and white Feathered Balsam are blooming brightly on mountain slopes, lakesides, and riverbanks, patch after patch, as if nurtured by the milk of the Goddess!... And schools of salmon, trout, and spotted fish, flickering with bright red, silver-white, or spots, are surging forward to the upstream rivers, seeking the lakes for spawning... Also, the mighty and spirited bald eagles, the pure and holy white pelicans, the beautifully singing three-colored thrushes, all building nests in pairs, busy day and night... The fleet also saw especially large reindeer and particularly small white-tailed deer. These legendary lucky white deer from the Highland now appeared in herds from the woods, even reproducing in front of us!..."

"Chief Divine bears witness! The summer here is so bountiful with life! It seems all life is in a hurry to complete reproduction and the continuation of their species in this warm and pleasant short season!"

Reading this, Scholar Miki took a deep breath. He seemed to smell the overwhelming fragrance of flowers again, and hear the songs of flocks of birds. Remembering the summer season, the fresh fruits, and the easily caught sea fish, he couldn't help but lick his lips and swallow.

"Chief Divine's protection! Without a doubt, summer is the most suitable season for sailing along the Far Northern Coast. Because, though sea fog may rise during this season, there are far fewer storms than in autumn and winter. And the food along the shore is extremely, extremely, extremely abundant!..."

"Praise His Majesty! We collected many berries, including sweet blueberries, red mulberries, sweet and sour cherries, red raspberries, very sour raspberries, and blackberries... The exploration fleet has always had this tradition, because His Majesty once granted a clear Divine Revelation, that sour fruits can help the fleet resist the Evil God's corrosion of the blood at sea..."

"We hunted many stags, rubbed them with salt and spices, and roasted them to eat. The Eyak Hunter (Eyak) Eyak Deer is a true guide and an adept hunter, able to spot deer tracks from afar. He told us that in the reproductive season of summer and autumn, food is abundant. According to the habits of the Northern Tribes, hunters would only capture stags and let the does go, trying to maintain the continuation of the deer herd..."

"Praise the Chief Divine! The summer fish are abundant, truly abundant! We've caught a lot of red-fleshed salmon, silver salmon, and almost every net haul fills a basket! Sometimes, we even catch the troublesome large lobsters and crabs. These hard-shelled sea creatures can destroy our fishing nets and have little meat. The sailors from the Eyak people detest them and make sure to smash them with stones before throwing them to the shore to feed the birds... However, I think, although their meat isn't filling, it is truly delicious!..."

Seeing this, Scholar Mikki couldn't help but swallow down a mouthful of water. He recalled the scene of barbecuing by the seaside in summer, where sailors of various tribes were grilling salmon, while he and Zuvaro were each grilling a dozen lobsters and large crabs. This kind of luxurious fuel usage was only the privilege of the two leaders of the fleet. Meanwhile, the Warriors of the Kingdom were not accustomed to the bland fish, usually choosing to grill deer meat which was more filling and provided more strength. They would also use valuable salt to preserve a large amount of simply smoked deer legs and shoulders as long-term stored food.

"Witnessed by the Chief Divine! The summer climate is warm and food is plentiful, but the biggest issue is food storage! Along the cold Northern Coast, the tribes subsist on fishing and hunting, with only a small amount of sour berries, tubers, pine nuts, and dried lichen, and no grain for storage. For these tribes, the frozen meat buried in the snow at the end of autumn is the main food supply for the winter. And preserved smoked and salted meat, which can be stored for a long time, becomes their most crucial lifeline during the half-year-long winter until April's spring arrives! However, their fuel and salt are scarce, and the amount of sustenance they can store is limited..."

"Guide Eyak told me that during the most challenging part of winter every year, the elderly in the tribe would leave the dwellings and head alone into the snowy wilderness. And every spring, when hunters encounter the undecayed corpses of the elderly, regardless of the tribe they belong to, they follow the shared tradition to bury them... Eyak's grandfather, grandmother, father, and mother all left the tribe this way. In the entire tribe, only the Witch Doctors, who pass on knowledge and heal the sick and injured, usually lived past forty, or even thirty-five... Sigh! May the Chief Divine guide their souls, these fellow Jiao People struggling in the Northern Land!..."

Scholar Mikki closed his eyes and prayed silently for a moment. Then, he opened his eyes and glanced at Bai Xiong Gaowa, mature in appearance and stature yet not even eighteen years old. In fact, in these Northern Land tribes, women typically bore their first child around the age of fifteen. In the harsh natural environment, they must mature early and propagate the next generation as soon as possible, just like the reindeer and brown bears of the Northern Land..."

"Witnessed by the Chief Divine! The further north we go, the gemstones, gold and silver, cotton feathered garments, and even spices and cocoa carried by the fleet become increasingly insignificant in the eyes of the coastal tribes. Instead, the large containers of salt and barrels of firestone used as ballast become the real hard currency and true Wealth in the Northern Land!..."

"During our trade with the Northern Tribes, we were surprised to find that the most valuable trade goods turned out to be salt! Upon seeing the large containers of white and blue salt brought by the fleet, the tribes everywhere were envious, even subtly showing the intent to seize them. However, the tribes here are all small in size and isolated from each other. The fleet's fully armed hundreds of warriors and sailors already surpass the scale of any single tribe!..."

"Thus, their only choice is to trade salt with us. With salt, they can preserve more meat and keep more people alive during winter... They are also willing to trade firestone, a fuel containing divinity in their eyes, as insurance against the great cold wave that can come at any time and possibly destroy the entire tribe!..."

"However, the exploration fleet doesn't need their furs, even though the snow fox furs of the North are of a purity and beauty I've never seen before!... Nor do we need their bone and stone tools, or the vibrant pigments applied onto these tools from unknown origins... For the entire exploration fleet, all we require is people, those who can paddle strong through the Northern winds and storms!..."

Seeing this, Scholar Mikki lowered his gaze, feeling both sympathy for the plight of Brother Tribes and a steadfast determination to fulfill their exploration mission!

To complete the challenging western sea crossing exploration and to reach the Land of Prophecy in the Divine Revelation of His Majesty, every time the fleet encounters a hunting Seaside Tribe, they request additional sailors. If the tribe declines, the fleet does not forcibly compel them. But usually, upon hearing the fleet's terms, most tribes willingly send one or two, sometimes more able-bodied men to join the "Lake Tribe" that sails on large ships and hunts at sea.

"In this beautiful and magnificent yet cold and harsh Far North Coast, the continuation of the tribe is above all else! One jin of salt can preserve twenty jin of meat, keeping it stored for more than nine months. And with four hundred jin of meat preserved by twenty jin of salt, at least three to four able-bodied men from the tribe can endure the extremely cold and lengthy winter... Therefore, our condition for recruiting sailors from these tribes is twenty jin of salt per person, plus some firestone fuel!"

"And our most reliable fleet guide, the outstanding Hunter Eyak, was exchanged with twenty jin of salt and fifty jin of firestone from the Eyak people's Purple Bay tribes at Yakutat!"

Chapter 1447: The Scholar's Voyage Log—Divine Peak, Blood River, and Gold River; The Final Divine Revelation Prophecy!

"Chief Divine's protection! Early July, the fleet set off from Yakutat's purple bay, along steep tall cliffs, rolling mountains, and majestic pristine glaciers. Amidst these awe-inspiring white wonders, the fleet saw two exceptionally towering, almost sky-occupying, white divine mountains!..."

"The guide Eyak gestured and haltingly told me: those two towering divine mountains are the ancestral legends' bridge between sky and earth! Only the strongest tribal warrior can climb these divine peaks to personally converse with all gods in the sky. In the ancient ancestral legends, only three outstanding chieftains have ever ascended the three supreme divine mountains! They received the blessings of the divine, bringing back 'fire', 'bows and javelins', 'boats and fishing nets' - these three divine objects that changed the entire tribe! The Eastern peak internal corresponds to 'bows and javelins' and is called Heavenly Divine Hunter Peak. The western one by the sea corresponds to 'boats and fishing nets', named Heavenly Divine Fish Peak..."



"Upon hearing this, I laughed and asked Eyak, if that's the case, is the divine mountain corresponding to 'fire' called 'Heavenly Divine Fire Peak'? And where is that divine mountain?..."

"At these words, Eyak's expression became serious, earnestly telling me: the divine mountain bringing back 'fire' is the ancestral divine mountain shared by many northern tribes; thus, it is not 'Heavenly Divine Fire Peak' but the most sacred 'Heavenly God Ancestor Peak'! The ancestor peak is located deep in the remote northwestern mountains, hundreds of miles inland... But that divine mountain is very tall, the most majestic peak in the world. It's so high aligning the clouds, even connected to the sky, visible from far along the coast!..."

"Chief Divine's witness! I originally didn't believe such a mountain could exist until the fleet traveled over a thousand miles west, indeed seeing behind the mountains, a peak taller than high peaks by the bay! I even felt this majestic sacred 'Heavenly God Ancestor Peak' was the place where the ancient gods emerged from heavenly skies and ancient divine mountains, where the supreme Chief Divine resided in Snake Mountain!..."

The wind howled, brushing Scholar Mikki's cheek and sparkling his eyes. He seemed to see once more from this northeast wind direction, the past place, those three awe-inspiring peaks! He had a vague feeling, the height of these three divine mountains, towering into the sky, even surpassing the Alliance's first divine mountain, the lofty Smoke Peak Divine Mountain!

"The three divine peaks visible from the coast... Heavenly Divine Fish Peak, Heavenly Divine Hunter Peak, Heavenly God Ancestor Peak..."

Scholar Mikki murmured softly, recalling the ice-covered, sky-filling peaks; his heart was full of devotion and reverence.

He did not know that the height of Heavenly Divine Fish Peak (Mt. St. Elias) is 5489 meters, the second-highest peak in the future United States. Heavenly Divine Hunter Peak (Mt. Logan) is 5959 meters, the highest peak in the future Canada. As for the so-called Heavenly God Ancestor Peak (Mount McKinley), it is 6190 meters high, the highest peak in North America! Regarding the Smokey Peak Divine Mountain's elevation on the Mexican Plateau, it is 5426 meters, indeed lower than the trio of divine mountains.

What's more, these three true divine peaks on the Northern Coast can be seen from sea level elevation! Such grandeur, sky-blocking, spectacular level is nothing comparable to the two-thousand-meter-highland gaze!

"Praise Chief Divine! The fleet docked below the two divine mountains, holding a sacred prayer ceremony, uplifted the morale of the sailors! Then, we continued west, following the warm sea currents, in just four to five days, traveling six hundred miles, reaching a magnificent delta rivermouth, seeing a surging red great river (Copper River)! This river's mouth is twenty miles wide, with swift currents. However, the most mysterious thing is, the river's water is deep reddish-brown, like a flowing blood river!..."

"Chief Divine's protection! Every fleet member's heart rippled with exploration desires due to the surging mysterious blood river. This sacred red was undoubtedly symbolizing Chief Divine's blessing! So, we stopped here, encountered large gatherings of fish, easily catching barrel after barrel of red-fleshed salmon. According to the fleet's Samurai, such red meat fish, blessed by Chief Divine, is more hunger-resistant than white meat fish!..."

"We fished at the rivermouth for two days, replenishing the ship's food again. Along Northern Land's coast, fish is the best food source. Especially around the warm currents, slightly near the deep sea, the fish population is extraordinarily impressive! They seem never to have been captured, unaware of avoiding ships..."

"During the two days of hunting, the longship's weary sailors discovered a tribesman fainted on the riverbank. He seemed to have drifted along the surging blood river, accompanied by river ice and sand, from an unknown upstream distance. Upon seeing the thick deer skin coat, peculiar fishbone necklace around his neck, and the broken pinewood mask on his head, guide Eyak confidently judged: 'This is a distant mountain's Sugepian, from the Blood River's upstream mountainous tribe!'"

"Chief Divine's protection! Indeed, when the fainted tribesperson awoke, speaking simply and unintelligibly, gestured with us for ages, finally explaining his name, 'Annu Fish', 'a hunter skilled in hunting and fishing'. His origin was 'the migratory tribe of Blood River upstream, residing at the lakes and forests by the mountains'. And the reason he jumped into the Blood River, drifting here, was during mountain hunting, encountering 'Thunderbolt of the Heavenly Divine, newborn cycle, burning forest fire!'"

"Chief Divine! I never thought, in this snowy, icy, river, lake-filled cold Northern Land, there would be recurring forest fires, continuously bring cycles of destruction and rebirth?..."

Scholar Mikki, stroking his chin, recalled meeting with Sugepian hunter Annu Fish, by summer's sunny seaside, the schools of red-fleshed salmon sparkling with golden light. However, these abundant coastal fish populations had nothing to do with the mountain-migrating tribes, nor easily captured by small tribal canoes.

The riverside Sugepian man was robust yet simple, extraordinarily tall and muscular, with deep wrinkles and scars on his face. Those were the etched frost and blizzard of Arctic snow plains, coming from the midsummer Black Forest's fire, recounting further north, thousands of years of difficult migration and wandering of mountain tribes!

"Winter is all-engulfing heavy snow, howling winds, endless white... Tribes nestled between mountains, seeing nothing..."

"Summer is dark forests, unpredictable forest fires, and surging rivers... Tribes move about, chasing deer and fish, wandering endlessly..."

With Annu Fish's narration, that endlessly flowing Blood River upper reaches, the vast snow plain basin, the boundless black forests finally imprinted on the exploration fleet's heart. Even more startling and fantastical was the tribe's poetry, those fleeting golden legends.

"Ancestor of the tribes, from ancestral god mountain, obtained fire!... The great fire burned, burned the land, burned the forest, burning forth the golden river!... We moved from the golden river's source, stepping upon golden stones, all the way migrating south to warmth. The migration path is long, the people sparse... Until golden turned white, white turned blood red, flowing with, tribes' deceased blood..."

"Wait! Wait! Chief Divine bless us!..."

Upon hearing the fragmented, simple, and difficult to comprehend Sugpiaq poem, Scholar Miki's eyes widened as he sensitively captured a word. Similar tribal vocabularies greatly aided the fleet in searching for the prophesied 'Juneau' Great Jin mining area and locating the coastal Gold Mountain.

"Chief Divine's witness! Annu Fish, did you just say, golden river? Golden stone?..."

"Yes. Golden. River. Stone."

"Where is it?"

"In the tribe's, ancestor's, place. At the end of Blood River."

"How far is it?"

"Very very far, takes many many many days to walk."

"Have you personally seen it?"

"No. I haven't seen the Gold River. There, north, cold. Tribe, south, warm."

"Chief Divine bless us! Think again! Does that Gold River exist? Where exactly is it?"

Hunter Annu Fish shook his head, looking puzzled at this strange large ship tribe. Under the eager gaze of the two fleet captains, he thought again before replying.

"I've never been there, but the tribe's Elder, very old, has been there. It's definitely there, definitely! There are several Great Rivers meeting there, very barren... golden rivers, golden stones, everywhere; walk a few days, you can see them by the riverbank!..."

"Ah! Chief Divine bless us! Golden rivers and stones, a vast riverbank gold mining area... this, this!... this is Your Majesty's last goldmine prophecy!..."

Hearing this, Scholar Miki and Captain Zuvaro exchanged a glance. Then, Scholar Miki cautiously took out the Divine Revelation Prophecy bestowed by His Majesty and unrolled the soul-abstract handwritten sea chart.

"North of 60 degrees latitude, at the upstream of a Great River, deep inshore several hundreds of miles... lies the last grand gold mining area. It's where numerous golden rivers converge, flowing over a glittering gold riverbed, holding ancient slumbering wealth, drawing Southern Tribes from across the sea, braving deadly waves to arrive!..."

In mid-July, the Alaskan coast was bathed in bright and warm summer sunlight, bringing the light and warmth bestowed by Chief Divine. At the mouth of Blood River, the Kingdom's exploration fleet first heard of the "Gold River Gold Mine" from Sugpiaq hunter Annu Fish. It was precisely the center of Alaska's future gold rush, the Fairbanks Great Jin mining area!

This gold mining area, stretching over hundreds of miles and containing countless wealth, produced at least 220 tons of gold in the centuries of the 20th century, truly transforming the entire history of Alaska's development! To every nation, every captain, and every explorer from the Old Continent, it was truly a land of wealth, filled with the cold, golden allure of death...

For the Kingdom's exploration fleet carrying half a ton of gold, the rumor of this Great Jin mining area did not tempt them much. This clear rumor only further confirmed His Majesty's prophecy, determined the fleet's position, and revealed the upcoming final exploration!

"Chief Divine's witness! From this gold mining area corresponding to the Southern Coast, continue west and the coastline will turn southwest. You will sail southwest, discover that westward chain of islands... From there starts the longest and also the most challenging few thousand miles of perilous journey in your exploration! Beyond the chain of islands lies the most eastern part of the New Continent, a vast far northern Great Island with roaming, scattered tribes, and the four-legged beasts the Kingdom urgently needs. Further south are the powerful nations where the fleet's gold and silver can display their strength... Brave westward explorers, may Chief Divine bless you to reach the true West!..."

Chapter 1448: Scholar's Sea Journal, Heavenly God Ancestor Peak, [Miki's Hymn to the Divine]

"Praise to the Supreme Main God! He guides us to the foot of the endless Divine Mountain, to the tumultuous Rivermouth of the Blood River, and also to the resourceful Thousand Islands Bay! This expansive Hundred-mile Thousand Islands Bay is located several dozen miles west of the Blood River's estuary. To the north of the bay lies a cluster of white mountains that shield against the cold tides, allowing the bay to escape from the extremely fierce cold during winter. The bay is surrounded on three sides, gathering the northern winding Great River, the melted waters from Ice Mountain, connecting to the depths of the sprawling mountains, with only the southern side open to the sea. Here, dozens and hundreds of islands are scattered like stars, encircling a piece of shallow and stunningly beautiful blue water. Of course, what most excites the fleet is the abundance of fish gathered in this warm bay!"

"In the midsummer of July, long cod fish circle among the islands, in numbers akin to corn growing in the sea. Millions of king salmon, red salmon, and silver salmon all return here from various parts of the sea. They leap over islands, jump waterfalls, and continue upstream toward the northern reaches. Numerous Sugpiaq and Eyak Tribes also gather here from the vast northern mountains to capture the bountiful summer fish. Undoubtedly, this expansive and resourceful Thousand Islands Bay is the common summer camp for the Northern Tribes within a radius of several hundred miles!"

"The fleet arrived here, after traversing a thousand miles from the previous Divine Revelation's gold port, Jinxi Port. This thousand-mile voyage west along the ocean current is quick, not even requiring ten days. But if traveling east against the current without a suitable wind direction, it is slow, possibly taking a month. After lengthy discussions with Zuwaro and repeated inquiries with recruited sailors from various tribes, we finally decided to establish a Kingdom supply port in this abundant warm bay, named Divine Blood Bay Port!"

"The location of Divine Blood Bay Port is on the eastern shore of the bay, close to the more eastern upstream lakes, not far from the Rivermouth of the Blood River. This secures a stable source of freshwater for the Kingdom settlement. At the edges of the lakes, attempts can be made to plant potatoes. Around the eastern lakes are many small mountains covered with dark forests, providing timber for logging. May the Chief Divine protect us! After establishing the port, the most urgent tasks are capturing fish in summer and autumn, storing sufficient food, recruiting migrating Northern Tribes, and building warm winter shelters."

Scholar Mikki's eyes lit up, recalling the beautiful Thousand Islands Bay and the Kingdom port at the lake-sea confluence. After choosing the site, the fleet left behind sixty samurai sailors, a longship, setting up a formal campsite. Before departing, the fleet carefully searched and visited the Northern Land Tribes around the bay, obtaining many population supplements through invitations or trades.

"May the Chief Divine protect us! We toured around the bay for ten days, inviting two small tribes of over twenty people each to join the Divine Blood Bay Port camp, and then recruited more than twenty Sugpiaq sailors. The fishing and hunting tribes in this area are slightly larger, averaging around a hundred people, but the largest are only slightly over two hundred people. Considering the size and numerous samurai of the Kingdom fleet, the tribes in various places harbor some respect."

"Witnessed by the Chief Divine! I inquired with the picked Sugpiaq hunter Annu Fish, who told me that over two hundred people already constitute a Great Tribe on the Southern Coast! If the population grows further, maintaining food supplies in autumn and winter would become problematic, unless the occupied fishing grounds are exceedingly abundant. Further north, in inland mountainous basins and foothill plains, due to the scarcity of prey, the tribe sizes peak at about a hundred, typically numbering in the dozens."

"Praise the Chief Divine! As the Northern Land Tribes are small, among the small fishing and hunting tribes, there is often an ancient tradition of exchange. They exchange able-bodied men with tribes they meet to sustain the tribe's continuation. When a tribe becomes sufficiently large with abundant food and numerous population, they often split into two groups, dispersing to broader hunting grounds. But if a tribe suffers greatly in winter, nearing extinction, they will seek more powerful, affluent tribes to join."

"In other words, in this cold and icy land, tribal survival and continuation have always been the timeless theme! Whether it's the Sugpiaq on the western coast or the Eyak on the eastern coast, the boundaries between tribes are far less distinct than those of the Great Tribes in the south. Such traditions are advantageous for recruiting tribespeople and sailors if we regard them as our brothers."

"Of course, there are still large tribes, located in the west in the most resourceful fishing grounds, suddenly meeting us, just as destined to intersect with the Divine Peak of the Ancestor God!"

"When we reached the far western side of the Thousand Islands Bay and climbed the mountains of a kilometer by the shore, a distant, ethereal, and illusion-like mountain shadow unexpectedly appeared on the distant northern horizon, towering immensely! ... Witnessed by the Chief Divine! That is the jointly-held Holy Land of the Northern Tribes, the Supreme Heavenly God Ancestor Peak!"

Thinking of that day with a clear sky, and the endless majestic mountain range on the sky's edge, Scholar Mikki's face once again showed piety and longing. The enormous white shadow towering into the clouds, marked deeply in his heart since the day he first saw it, resembling the lofty Divine Serpent Mountain in the scripture, shining with the light of Divinity!

At that moment, facing the Heavenly God Ancestor Peak, which was hundreds of miles away yet still clearly visible, facing the towering White Mountain never before seen... whether the Samurai of the Kingdom Fleet or the sailors from the Northern Tribes, all bowed on the mountaintop, reverently singing praises to Him.

"Praise the Chief Divine! Praise the Ancestor! He sits high on the dome of the sky and the mountain peaks, casting down an endless, pure white gaze, overlooking the vast, desolate world! ... Praise My God! Bless us! ..."

Scholar Mikki prayed devoutly for a long time, tears of excitement once again flowing from his eyes. Then, as the fleet's most cultured Priest, he gazed at the Divine Mountain in the distance, the endless ice fields, the covered Black Forest, the flowing Great River, and the nearby Bay Port, his eyes gradually wandering afar. He recalled the difficulties and encounters along the way, imagining the sacred scene of the Chief Divine creating the world, descending from Snake Mountain, and sang hymns of praise from the heart!

And this "Hymn to the Divine by Mikki" will become the most immortal Chapter in the fleet's exploration journey, as a soul imprint witnessing the Divine, forever recorded in the Kingdom's scripture!

"Ah! The origin of the Era is a night without stars or moon! At this world's end, on the endless Snake Mountain, the Chief Divine descended from the Throne of the Gods. Heaven and earth are profound, the vast Universe, the Chief Divine's power infinite, creating all in the world! His immortal brilliance envelops limitless lands, spans countless generations of time, everything starts from here! ..."

"Ah! The Chief Divine created the sky, the boundless, endless sky! The sky's shadow descends, becoming the limitless, vast land, covered with endlessly white snow! And the junction of the snowfield and sky is the deep blue, deep blue sea, connecting to the infinite, infinite Black Abyss! ... Heaven, earth, and sea, in this faraway icy North, still maintain the original shape of divine creation... Praise the Chief Divine! At this moment, this vast and silent origin, with no concealment whatsoever, is imprinted in my eyes, etched into my devout dreams... and I, in tears, bow in the snow, kissing the ground, personally witnessing the sacred source! ...

"Ah! The Chief Divine created light, emitting the purest white light! The vast icy field shines, the Bay's ripples glisten. The crystal snow mountain brightens the sky, the silver-white snow peak shines like a bright lake! The world gradually becomes bleak, the wind and snow are cold and piercing. Clouds morph in shape, sunset light spreads golden yellow. The Long River carrying snow reflects the sky, flowing thousands of miles with glittering ice... Supreme Chief Divine! I walk through the shining wilderness, I step on the rainbow bridge, I traverse the long celestial path, reaching the vast sky! At the height where the celestial brilliance ends, where the Sun also rests at the peak, I hear the Chief Divine's guidance... Praise Him, supreme Spirit! I will complete this hymn for Him, singing His eternal glory before the sacred mountain He first descended from! ...

"Ah! The Chief Divine created life, sowing the seeds of the forest! The forest engulfs the mountains, deep green is the silent vitality. White snow overturns the forest, pure white is the solemn stillness. In the desolate Black Forest, responding to the Divine's whisper, also arises the ethereal hymn of enlightenment! That whisper undulates among the snowstorm's Cloud Mountain, that hymn freezes in the deep sky, and all the Saints chant together... They chant the eternal and bleak snow peak, chant the cyclical fires of the Era, chant the deer's snowfields, white foxes, pale pink slender trees, deep Black



Forest, all of which are created by the Chief Divine! ... And I, a devout and humble Priest of the Chief Divine, also repay with bowing chants, chanting the stillness and vitality of all the world's creatures, chanting the westward exploration enlightened by the Chief Divine, and the unification by Divine blessing of the descendants of the Jiao People! ...

"Ah! The End of the Era is the setting sun falling into the snowfield, is the long night after sunset! The forest is like spears, ink-like, the Heavenly Mountains soaring into the sky. Cloud patterns wave like the sea, the empty river's gleaming sand like a smile. The river like a brocade, clouds like white gauze, imprint my most devout bowing, gazing up at the Chief Divine's descending gaze! The sunset's red glow falls through the brilliant cloud halos, cloaking the supreme Divine Mountain in sunset light. The pure Snow River meanders with color to the horizon, leaving the vastness in the hearts of followers! ... Ah! And when the old dawn sets completely, the firmament like a ceramic cover, the snowy fields clear and pure, stars hang among them, clearly shimmering with the divine glow of the star river! The holy aurora's deep color will ignite like fire in the night, dyeing through the ink-like long marks, drawing out the magnificent auroral nightlight, the light of the night! ... And that is the Black Wolf of the God of Death, leaving footprints in the night sky, step by step, walking towards the hope of the breaking dawn! ...

"Ah! Praise my supreme Chief Divine, He grants me guidance beneath the Divine Mountain, like snow light injected into my heart! Thus I know, at this far north origin, all portents of the end have long been foretold! That Black Wolf of the God of Death, will listen to the guidance of the Chief Divine, stepping out from the Black Forest of the earth! ... He will transform into the new Sun, He will usher in a brand new Era, He will hang high above the Ancestor's Divine Peak, forever day, forever light! ... Ah, ah, ah, ah! ...

Mikki finished singing the hymn, and everyone on the mountaintop was silent, only the song echoed among the mountains. Zuvaro widened his eyes, trembling all over. He seemed to see a noble Supreme High Priest, shining with golden light in the future along with this soul-stirring hymn!~

Chapter 1449: The Scholar's Sailing Journal—Long Bay Tribe and Great Whale Island, the Finest Tribal Soldiers!

"Early August, we ascended the rolling hills on the western side of the Thousand Islands Bay and beheld the Heavenly God Ancestor Peak connecting to the sky! That sacred scene felt like direct guidance from the Chief Divine, deeply imprinting on everyone in the fleet! Unquestionably, the fleet's five longships paused for two days, ignited the holy flame, and held a grand prayer ceremony. The newly joined tribal sailors, hearing this was the Divine Mountain where the Chief Divine resided, eagerly participated in the prayers. They seemed to gradually integrate the ancestral worship of the Heavenly God Ancestor Peak with the supreme faith in the Chief Divine..."

"And this is something the fleet's Priests were pleased to see! In my view, faith is always a gradual process. It must first delve into the hearts of people, address the question of existence, and then step-by-step elevate purity, becoming increasingly devout and focused until one is willing to dedicate everything to the Chief Divine... Just like the Warriors of the Kingdom in the fleet, who have gradually grown into the most devout zealots as the prophecy of Your Majesty unfolded throughout the voyage!..."

"Chief Divine's witness! We will surely spread the glory of the Chief Divine in the vast, desolate, yet pure and sacred Far North land!..."

"Additionally, during this prayer ceremony of the Divine Mountain, we encountered a hunting party of Sugpiak people. Wearing thick sealskin robes, carrying many stone and bone spears, and a dozen small Hunting Bows. Such an equipment ensemble was the most elite northern Hunters we have seen. Hearing of our sacrificial rite at the ancestral Divine Peak, they enthusiastically joined in. After the ceremony, they also warmly invited the fleet to visit their not-so-distant Great Tribe... From their mouths, the fleet learned about the narrow bay a hundred miles to the west and a hunting party with 'four palms,' from the 'extremely strong' Great Northern Tribe, the Long Bay Tribe!"

"The Long Bay Tribe occupies the coastline to the south of the Divine Mountain and possesses what is said to be an extremely fertile fishing and hunting ground. If they truly have four palms, twenty hunting parties, that would mean at least three hundred strong able-bodied men in the tribe! And this implies their tribal population is at least seven to eight hundred people, indeed, a top Great Tribe of the Far North!... Unfortunately, that fertile narrow bay seems to be behind the mountains and not connected to the waterway of the Thousand Islands Bay. And if the fleet continues towards the southwestern coast, it won't pass by the powerful Long Bay Tribe..."

"Of course, when the fleet's Warriors lack absolute advantage, carrying food and Firestone to engage with such a scale of the Great Northern Tribe indeed bears risks... So, after a discussion, Zuvaro and I ultimately declined their invitation. We merely exchanged gifts with the hunting party of the Long Bay Tribe, then returned the crew to the longships and continued towards the southwestern coast. Local tribal sailors told us that at the southwestern coast's end, there is a warm and abundant Great Island, where many big fish can be seen, thus called 'Great Fish Island' by the local tribes..."

"Mid-August, the fleet's five longships arrived at Great Fish Island. Those 'big fish' floating on the water were, in fact, giant whales, measuring tens of meters, even over a hundred meters long! Therefore, Zuwaro named it 'Great Whale Island'! Where the whales gather, there naturally will be rich fish schools, countless from the coast to the near sea, and even more in deep waters... Praise the Chief Divine! That is an unharvestable and inexhaustible source of food, probably more abundant than the Thousand Islands Bay! So, the fleet must establish a fishing supply port here!... Ah! Chief Divine blessed us, providing us food for our journey!..."

Icebergs flickered with pure white light, perched on the God High Mountain Island secluded in the sea, like the Chief Divine's warm, expectant gaze. Scholar Mikki spread his hands, praying softly, crawling several times towards the northeastern peaks like a groundhog bowing low. Beside him, Polar Bear Gawa blinked her eyes, bowed her sturdy body, lying beside her husband as if waiting like a Polar Bear on the Northern Coast.

After a moment of prayer, Scholar Mikki turned his head, eyes gently gazing at Gawa. He reached out and touched her fair, rough cheek, and then touched the Divine Emblem carved on her forehead.

"Gawa, do you believe in the Chief Divine?"

"Ong? Faith?"

"That is... adhering to divine teachings, obeying divine will, willing to risk life to perform many difficult and dangerous tasks!..."

"Difficult? Dangerous?..."

"That is... very bitter, very tiring, and can lead to death..."

Upon hearing this, Gawa blinked her eyes and smiled innocently.

"Ong. Here, the tribe, it's always bitter, tiring, and can die anytime... As long as there's warm, glowing stone. As long as there's food, long-lasting food... The tribe, doesn't fear bitterness, doesn't fear exhaustion, doesn't fear death!"

"Hmm..."

With these words, Scholar Mikki remained silent for a while, then ruffled Gawa's hair, firmly grasping his wife's large hand.

"Gawa, if there are Firestone and food... would the tribe's sailors be willing to join the fleet in crossing the vast ocean westward to search for the prophesied Land of Divine Revelation?"

"Cross the ocean westward? Land of Divine Revelation?"

Polar Bear Gawa's eyes showed confusion, pondering for a while before asking.

"Ong, we, the tribe, always row westward. Is it to find a new settlement? Migration is commonplace. Folks are willing. If there's food, warmth, it's very good!"

Hearing Gawa's words, Scholar Mikki remained silent for a long time, unsure how to respond.

The exploration fleet sailed onwards, continuously setting up ports, leaving behind stationed crew, and constantly gaining manpower supplement from Northern fishing and hunting tribes. At this moment, among the hundred and fifty people on the three longships, Northern tribes' sailors numbered over eighty, coming from over twenty different small tribes. Whereas Warriors of the Kingdom only numbered over sixty.

Thus, upon a glance, the average height of the exploration fleet has seemingly increased since departure. Everywhere on the longships are robust, burly Northern men and short, fierce Kingdom Warriors. In addition to teaching these tribal sailors basic Navajo, the Kingdom Warriors also taught them how to wear Armor and wield spears, how to form groups for battle.

The high and burly able-bodied from the extreme northern tribes are incredibly fit, powerful, resilient, and possess great endurance, nearly the strongest Gummy People Tribal Group seen by Scholar Mikki!

Even the fleet's Warrior Leader in charge of training, Veteran Warrior Chakapu Stonefirm, sincerely praised.

"Chief Divine bless! These Northern able-bodied men, tall and robust, can wear double layers of Bronze Armor, bearing over eighty pounds, charging and fighting in battle! They are weathered, silent, but can follow orders, unafraid of hardship, suffering, and death..."

"Praise the Chief Divine! They are the best Warrior reserves, true seeds for Imperial Guards! Train them, teach them battle and combat skills, fully arm them, and they are the fearsome Warriors!... And if there were an eight thousand men army formed by Northern tribes, then every tribe under heaven, even the Eagle Jaguar War Group of the Alliance might find it hard to resist!"

Scholar Mikki agreed greatly with Stonefirm's assessment. His wife the Polar Bear, frequently chopped trees while building camp, carrying over three hundred pounds of timber back. And two to three hundred pounds of weighted trekking is almost achievable by all Northern able-bodied men. In the toughest cold and snow, they continually migrate with heavy camp and supplies. And even a piece of wood can be life-saving fuel in winter, never easily discarded.

"Oh Chief Divine! The Gummy People Tribal Group has survived the Chief Divine's trials in difficult cold lands... They have the rarest population and the strongest physiques, adapting to all hardships of the Far North land, being the most reliable allies of the exploration fleet!"

"Chief Divine bless! We will establish numerous supply settlements in this Far North land and certainly reach the end of the Western Sea! And by that time, endless Kingdom Fleets will finally help all Far North tribes joining the Kingdom break free from the long struggle of cold and hunger completely!"

Chapter 1450: The Scholar's Nautical Journal—A Review of Four Thousand Li Along the Far North Coast from June to October

"In mid-August, we arrived at Great Whale Island and witnessed the magnificent sight of herds of giant whales! The smaller North Sea whales and killer whales are only half the length of a longship, with peculiar white patterns, like sea spirits. The slightly larger fin whales (humpback whales) and gray whales have wide-spread wings and long protruding mouths, resembling Eagle Warriors of the sea... Chief Divine! The most majestic of all is a kind of large-headed giant whale (sperm whale)! They are much longer than an entire longship, like mountains drifting in the sea, easily capable of capsizing a large ship!... Divine protection! Fortunately, these large-headed whales' disposition is much gentler than the terrifying giant beasts of myth in the Black Abyss. At most, they accompany the longship out of curiosity for a while, splashing water sky-high, and turning away in boredom..."

"Chief Divine bears witness! So many whales gather around Great Whale Island because this sea is rich with fish! Schools of salmon gather in colorful clusters, bloody red, flashing silver, and pink like willow twigs. I've tasted them all, and find the red-meat salmon the most delicious... The large schools of black cod look like gray-black firestone, or like willow trees drooping into the water, wandering in clusters. This black-skinned cod is very flavorful; I can eat two pounds in one sitting... Additionally, there are various lobsters, crabs, and halibut lurking on the seabed, which I love, but they are a bit troublesome to handle..."

"Praise the Chief Divine! The exploration fleet discovered a natural harbor on the east side of Great Whale Island, following the warm currents, with some freshwater streams around. We estimated the voyage distance, finding this port to be about a thousand li from Divine Blood Bay Port... So, after consulting with Zuvaro, we left a longship and fifty samurai-sailors here to establish the Kingdom's Divine Great Whale Port!..."

The azure sea lay calm and unruffled, yet it connected with the deep Black Abyss, harboring untold mysteries and grandeur. Scholar Mikki closed his eyes and once again saw the wandering whales and heard their long calls. Those powerful giant beasts lurking in the deep sea, possessing myth-like immense power, seemed unmatched by any large ship!

"Although the sea surrounding Great Whale Island is rich, there aren't many Sugpiaq tribes on the island. I reckon, on these seas teeming with sea beasts, their small canoes are too fragile and easily capsized by those sharks and whales, so they cannot get enough food. In reality, only the fleet's sturdy longships can fully harvest the bounty of this ocean!..."

"In late August, when we left Divine Great Whale Port, we had recruited only over thirty island tribespeople, leaving about eighty people behind. We didn't spend time recruiting the island's scattered tribes further. Zuvaro told me he wanted to reach the reportedly clearer, ever closer western island chains as quickly as possible! So, we took the remaining four longships around the south side of Great Whale Island and continued west along the warm current..."

"Divine protection! Westward past Great Whale Island, across two hundred li of open sea, we returned to a narrow continental coastline. The entire coastline, just as predicted by Your Majesty's prophecy, turns southwest... In retrospect, seeing the Heavenly God Ancestor Peak of the Great Bay of Thousand Islands is perhaps the farthest north the fleet will reach! As for the rumored vast and stormy cold Far North Snow Plains lying inland behind the coastal mountains, it wasn't on our westward route and is certainly not a place to easily establish a kingdom settlement!..."

"Praise the Chief Divine! We followed Your Majesty's prophecy with clear objectives, never needing to doubt our direction, needing only the courage to head west! Sailing with the current is swift indeed, covering two hundred li in a day. Throughout, the high white mountains scattered along the coast served as the best navigational markers!... Along the southwestern coast, I marked three tall smoking volcanoes on the map: the long-expansive 'Divine Changbai Mountain' (Mt Veniaminof, 2507 meters), the grand 'Divine Great White Mountain' (Pavlof Volcano, 2518 meters), and the towering 'Divine High White Mountain' (Shishaldin Volcano, 2858 meters)..."

"Chief Divine bears witness! At the foot of Divine High White Mountain, we encountered the first Unanga tribe and finally learned we had reached the end of the southwestern coast prophesied! Beyond the southwestern coast's end to the west lies the 'Ancestor Island Chain' of the Giants as spoken by the Unanga. Indeed, the beginning of the 'Ancestor Island Chain' is right here... Undoubtedly, this long island chain leading westward is precisely the last island chain leading to the western continent as foretold by Your Majesty's prophecy!"

"Ahahaha! Praise the Supreme Main God! Praise the revelation of His Majesty! We lit the Sacred Fire under Divine High White Mountain and celebrated with the Unanga tribe we encountered!... I met a strong yet beautiful tribal girl; she easily lifted me, but I am sure to conquer her in another way, making her my wife!"

"Ah, Chief Divine! I confess to you and take back the boastful words I said while drunk... Perhaps I don't need 'conquest' to prove anything; spiritual strength surpasses physical, and the light of faith is the true glory... Ahem! I will spread your faith and only need her to convert to the Chief Divine, following the rightful path of belief!"



Seeing this, Scholar Mikki blushed, sneaking a glance at his wife, White Bear Gaowa. Then he closed his eyes, vividly recalling the four-month journey covering four thousand li. After the long reverie, he picked up a charcoal pen and briefly recorded the full picture of the Far North Coast exploration.

"Chief Divine bears witness! In mid to late June, at North latitude 58 degrees, seven longships discovered the prophesied Juneau Great Gold Mine, establishing Divine Jinxi Port... Mid to late July, North latitude 61 degrees, six longships reached Thousand Islands Great Bay, establishing Divine Blood Bay Port... Mid-August, North latitude 58 degrees, five longships reached Great Whale Island, establishing Divine Great Whale Port... Early September, North latitude 55 degrees, four longships reached under Divine Great White Mountain, establishing Divine Land Port, exploring Ancestor Island Chain... Early October, North latitude 52 degrees, three longships reached Divine High Mountain Island, currently establishing Divine Peak Mountain Port..."

"Divine protection! With the aid of the westward current, the exploration fleet traveled over four thousand li westward in four months, heading north and then south along the coast, finally reaching the midpoint of the Ancestor Island Chain! We established five ports on the Far North Coast, spread over a thousand li. Of the seven exploration longships, only three remain... oh no, one longship must stay at Divine Peak Mountain Port, meaning only two longships can continue westward..."

As Scholar Mikki pondered, White Bear Gaowa suddenly stood up. She narrowed her eyes, keenly glanced in the direction of the snow plains, and spoke softly.

"Ong, someone, coming."

"Hmm? Who?"

"Chieftain, coming."

"Uh... Chieftain? Oh, it's Zuwaro."

Scholar Mikki blinked his eyes, gazing down the small hill. Soon, the figure of Exploration Captain Zuwaro appeared within his sight. As he watched Zuwaro, wrapped in a fur robe, coming closer step by step, he finally smiled and spoke when Zuwaro was just a dozen steps away.

"Blessings of the Chief Divine! Zuwaro, my captain, why are you alone? Quick, wipe the snow off your head..."

"Hmm? Snow?..."

Exploration Captain Zuwaro blinked his eyes, running his hand through his hair, feeling no icy touch. It was only then that Scholar Mikki noticed that, instead of snow, what was on his hair was actually many strands of white hair.

"Zuwaro... your hair, it turned white?..."

"Yes!"

Exploration Captain Zuwaro pursed his lips and walked up to Scholar Mikki with a somber expression.

"Witness of the Chief Divine! Mikki, the longship damaged in the storm has been patched up as best as the sailors could. But the fleet lacks timber, and the repairs are only good enough for it to fish, not for deep-sea navigation... and we need at least one ship to return and report the news to all the ports..."

"Hmm, Zuwaro, you mean to say?..."

Scholar Mikki blinked, quickly understanding the words Zuwaro left unsaid.

"Chief Divine! Are we down to just one ship to continue westward in exploration?"

"I'm afraid so..."

Exploration Captain Zuwaro bit his lip and nodded heavily.

"Blessings of the Chief Divine! There's still more than a month until the North Sea freezes. The third batch of support from the Kingdom fleet, given how it was when we set out, probably won't be able to head north until March or April when the ice melts... By the time the supporting fleet arrives here, it'll likely be August next year at the earliest! And if we miss these one or two months, we'll have to wait another year! Perhaps... it might be time to throw caution to the wind and take a gamble!..."

"Ah! Witness of the Chief Divine! With the March thaw, we began our exploration. In the warm April, ten support longships arrived. Then, with ten full Kingdom longships, over five hundred samurai sailors, laden with food, salt, and firestone, we set sail northward from 48 degrees latitude, from the Whale Clan of the Maki people!... In the blink of an eye, we're down to our last ship that can continue westward?... Chief Divine! Could it be that the exploration voyage of our fleet is coming to an end this year?..."

At this thought, Scholar Mikki's expression became distant as his thoughts wandered. After a while, he couldn't help but reach out to touch the earliest volumes of this year's exploration journals. It started in March, with early spring's harsh snow, and June, the discovery of gold mines, the sudden vibrant life of early summer... That initial stretch of two thousand miles validated the prophecy of the Divine Revelation from Your Majesty, beginning with the Whale Clan of the Maki people, already subdued by the Kingdom~