

Civilization 173

Chapter 173 - Subsequent News: Commoners, Nobility, and Priests

December's wind brought a chilling cold, and the Capital City in December was like icy blood.

Since the new king Ahuizotl ascended to the throne, the situation within the Alliance had undergone violent changes, with too many shocking news coming one after another, as if the War God had once again descended upon Snake Mountain, casting the gods to dust. Even now, although the Capital had lifted its blockade, the hearts of the people were still unable to calm down.

For the common people of Lake Capital City, the most shocking news was that on the night of the new king's ascension, the Prince of Texcoco poisoned the Chief Priest, intending to rebel. Immediately, the Royal Warriors mobilized, quelled the rebellion, and suppressed the nobility of the City-State of Texcoco.

The community Priests explained: the Chief Priest sacrificed the defeated uncle Xiulote, and then sent his severed head back to the Prince of Texcoco. Bearing resentment, the Prince poisoned the Chief Priest with cocoa, then rebelled against the Alliance, intending to destroy the beautiful Lake Capital City. The immortal Elder saw through all this and timely intervened to save the Alliance from a critical situation. Then, merciful yet majestic, the Elder sacrificed the rebels, allowing them to cleanse their sins and receive forgiveness from the gods.

However, in whispers among the alleys, it was said that the Chief Priest took an exotic potion from the Texcoco City-State, and laughed and danced uncontrollably all night, his poetry flowing like a spring, before dying with a smile. This poetic death was filled with beauty, making many Capital residents long for it, truly worthy of the poetic heritage of the Texcoco Royal Family!

Even though the upper echelons of the Alliance were turbulent, the world of the common people remained undisturbed, and life had to continue as usual.

The quiet contemplation in the Serpent House made Xiulote think a lot. Events from the past surfaced in front of him, then drifted away with the wind. Whenever he found time these days, he would have the old carpenter Kuode guide him to visit Kusola's family, the first warrior who had died for him.

Khubsola's house was somewhat remote, located on the western outskirts of the Capital. The walls were made of a mixture of mud and stone, the roof of wooden beams and branches, covered with sun-baked clay tiles. Over here, houses were organized by family units, with eight or nine neatly arranged dwellings inside and out. Then dozens of people lived together, with clothing, food, shelter, and work all distributed by the Clan Leader.

A commoner's family could only support one or two warriors to uphold the family's honor by banding together.

Accompanied respectfully by the Clan Leader, Xiulote entered Kusola's house. It was not large; inside, a simply dressed woman was taking care of a one or two-year-old boy who giggled, pushing his wooden wheeled toy.

Yes, centuries ago, the Maya had invented the wheel, and even made it into delicate toys. Mexico City-State had small one-wheeled carts, balanced two-wheeled carts, and astronomically aligned three-wheeled carts, sold in the central plaza. However, carts never moved beyond toys to become genuinely practical tools.

The most important reason was the wheels. The wheels had to be made of hardwood to ensure they were wear-resistant. They could not simply be a round wooden board but had to be a hollow ring with spokes. The durability and sophistication meant a complicated manufacturing process, and in the Stone Age, the cost of making a wheel was incredibly high, leading to the depletion of many sets of stone tools. These tools also required a lot of manpower to manufacture.

Even if crafted, another problem was the lack of metals to reinforce the wheels. Observing Medieval wheels, one would see a large number of metal nails fastened inside and outside the wheel's rim to ensure that the wheel remained stable and did not fall apart. Without reinforced nails, purely wood-based connections meant that once the wheel bore weight, the sophisticated structure was prone to damage. Once damaged, it meant repeating the high-cost production process.

Another reason was the lack of domesticated large animals. Even with high-cost carts, without large domesticated animals, the efficiency of movement would hardly improve. Beyond the city, the landscape was covered with forests and brush. Without iron tools to build long roads, pushing carts would not be much more efficient than walking.

In the end, the lack of metal tools limited the development of Central American civilization, locking society in a prolonged era, anxiously awaiting a "dramatic leap" in technological progress. And now, that leap was imminent.

Looking at the plain woman and the boy playing with the wheeled toy, Xiulote was filled with mixed emotions. He remembered Kusola's buried umbilical cord and also recalled the young warrior's death with a remnant of liquor in his hand. A youth's heart always had a soft spot, which made him silent at this moment, standing for a long time.

The Clan Leader hurriedly had the woman and the boy perform a courtesy, but Xiulote gently waved his hand to stop them. He took one more look at the simple walls of the house and the various intricately crafted wooden furniture, then silently turned around and left, not wanting to disturb the woman and the boy any longer. He gave instructions to his followers only after stepping out of the house.

"Support Kusola's family to the standards of an elite warrior. When Kunava grows up, find him the best warrior teacher. Yes, let's name that child Kunava."

"I will make him a Jaguar warrior, a true warrior nobility," Xiulote mused to himself.

And for the nobility and warriors of Lake Capital City, the most terrifying news was the grand sacrifice that continued for three days after the rebellion was suppressed. Thousands from the Great Nobility returned to the Divine Kingdom, the Texcoco Royal Family was completely extinguished, and more than ten Great Nobility houses were purged. While hundreds of smaller nobility and many noble warriors were still imprisoned in jails.

The upper forces of the Texcoco City-State were thus swept clean. The Elder's eminent name became shrouded in blood-tinged terror.