

Civilization 194

Chapter 194: Mathematics and Calendrics, The Vanished Maya_3

Tikal revealed a deep nostalgia, coupled with a distant longing.

"The world was created in the origin year of '0,0,0,0,0.' The last digit is the 20-day period, the second-last is the 18-month period, and all others are 20-year periods. A long count calendar has 144,000 days. When 13 long count calendars have passed, it will herald the end of the entire era. Death brings rebirth to the next era, and everything will change! Perhaps the gods will return and rebuild the Divine Capital, Tikal!"

Upon hearing this, Xiulote slightly shook his head. 2012 was too far away; with the introduction of European diseases, the end of days for America would come soon. Mortals would die, and rebirth was uncertain as to where.

He silently calculated, engraving complex formulas on the ground. 13 times 144,000 days amounted to 5126 Sun Years. Was the Mayan doomsday on December 23, 2012? Then, did the Maya world originate on August 11, 3114 BC?

"What day was that, then? The first flame of emerging civilization? Or the first arrival of an alien spacecraft?"

The young man, burdened with centuries of curiosity, sighed, imagining the truth buried in history.

The three continued drinking. Xiulote remained moderate, smiling with a fleeting look in his eyes.

Kuluka and the Mayan merchants joked and laughed, urging each other to drink more. They quickly called each other brothers.

Tikalo was immersed in the old glory of the Mayas. He drank willingly and soon his face turned red. Then, he recited the inherited sacrificial poems aloud, singing praises of the Maya's Golden Age and the City of the Gods, which gathered millions of people. Then, he prostrated on the ground, weeping and lamenting the lost splendor, mourning the tragic fate of the Holy Family, vowing loyalty to the great Highness, and seeking to reclaim the ancestors' glory!

Time quietly slipped by, and before they knew it, night had fallen.

Only then did Xiulote nod in satisfaction. With the alcohol loosening tongues, it seemed the Mayan merchant had said nearly enough. The Maya world had taken shape in his mind.

Thus, the young man smiled at Kuluka. He had other important arrangements for tomorrow.

Kuluka bowed his head. He paid a deep respect to Xiulote, then supported the drunken Tikalo and staggered away.

"Brother Kuluka! From now on, we are comrades in life and death!"

The Mayan merchant was either genuinely drunk or feigning it. Just after leaving the residence, he clung to Kuluka's arm, whispering with a smile.

"Gold and silver, spices and gemstones, luxurious clothes and Feather Crowns, fine wine and beautiful women! Whatever you desire, brother, I can provide. As long as you stand with me and support each other. Hereafter, together as brothers, we'll share blessings and take on difficulties, loyally serving His Highness!"

But Kuluka did not respond. He let go and looked at Tikalo with a half-smile. The merchant steadied his stance and looked back sincerely and smilingly.

After a moment, Kuluka cracked a grin, like a delighted monkey.

"You are right. Let's work together, loyally serving His Highness!"

Then, he gestured to a guard, received a tightly tied black cloth bag, and stuffed it into Tikalo's hands.

"This is my gift to you. I wish you sincerity in every task you do for His Highness!"

After speaking, Kuluka nodded to the merchant and turned to leave.

Tikalo stood still, the smile gradually fading from his face. He bowed his long head, pondered for a moment, then used a Bronze Dagger to cut the tie. A fresh scent of blood emerged from the opening of the bag.

By the bright moonlight, the Mayan merchant looked at the pottery jar inside the bag, and the vague shape within the jar. After recognizing the face for a while, he retied the bag, then continued to raise his head and look at the deep moonlight.

"Even the free turtle must ultimately make company with the cruel Crocodiles."

Tikalo sighed softly.

"May the soaring eagle dominate the skies above Yucatan, allowing the ancient turtle to return home!"

Having said that, he shook his wise head and set off toward the North City market with steady steps. Beneath his feet lay the inscrutable starlight.