

Civilization 265

Chapter 265: Date and Science Popularization Part 2

The original habitat of Peach Blossom Heartwood is tropical America. Its texture is hard, the pattern exquisite, with a reddish tinge, resistant to insects, and enduring without decay, carrying a special, pleasant aroma. In later generations, this lumber became extremely valuable and was also used by European royalty for their furniture. At this time, the Mexica people, likewise fond of its scent that repelled insects, planted them in their gardens as well.

The Black-handed Spider Monkey was only about half a meter in size, with a small, rounded head, slender limbs, and a tail longer than its body. Uniquely, its hands lacked thumbs. These were long-lived monkeys; some could even survive for over thirty years. At the moment, they were freely leaping back and forth in the trees, moving like spiders when crawling. From time to time, the younger monkeys would wrap their long tails around the branches, hanging upside down as they swung, casting lively glances at the people below.

Xiulote watched the monkeys swinging and suddenly had an idea. Hmm, swinging on a swing was a happy activity, regardless of age. He could make a swing for Alisa, to be placed in the garden, for her to enjoy alone, or to accompany her together.

Alisa's eyes widened as she looked at the lively Long-tailed Monkeys. After a while, she grasped Xiulote's hand and then gave a radiant smile to the watching boy.

"Xiulote, do you know what monkeys represent in mythology?"

Xiulote pondered for a moment. He hadn't received a complete Priestly education and was not familiar with mythology. But seeing the girl's happy smile, the boy thought for a while and ventured a guess,

"Lively monkeys... represent dance and music?"

Alisa nodded.

"Yes, the adorable monkey symbolizes dance and music, as well as art and aesthetics. Moreover, it represents play and fun. The Monkey God "Ozomatli" is the companion of the God of music and dance, "Xochipilli"...

At this point, the girl blinked, and looked earnestly into the boy's eyes.

"However, monkeys with their lively nature, cannot restrain their hearts. They also symbolize desire and passion... Xiulote, do you also have a monkey in your heart?"

Looking into Alisa's pure eyes and hearing her inquiry, Xiulote stood frozen. He wanted to say something, but felt oaths were meaningless, as everything would change with time. In the end, the boy just stepped forward, holding the girl tightly, and whispered affirmations in her ear,

"No... at least for now, you are the only one in my heart... As for the future, no matter what, you will always be the most important person to me... I will prove my feelings to you, I will tell you my deepest secrets..."

Alisa's gaze first dimmed slightly, then brightened again. She looked at the boy, smiling trustingly and joyfully.

Shortly after, the two came to the edge of the pond paved with White Stone, watching the colorful fish swimming through the different pools.

Xiulote first looked at the two-meter big fish in the saltwater pool and after recognizing it for a while, he swallowed. This was a tribute from the Totonac people during the King's coronation ceremony, the Red Grouper from the Gulf of Mexico. Red Grouper was an extremely delicious grade of fish, where the flesh could be made into sashimi, and the head into a delicious soup.

"Hmm, sometime I'll have to ask Aweit for some, just right to cook for Alisa."

Watching the big fish contentedly swishing in the water, the boy took mental note, longing in his heart.

Then, Xiulote turned to the ornamental fish pool nearby. Inside swam the Panther Grouper, with black scales edged in bright gold, and deep blue beside the eyes. They scattered and glided in the lake, like radiant lights in the water, or shooting stars across the sky.

This fish could live for over ten years and was later known as the "French Angel". Among the nearly half-meter-long adult fish, were scattered juveniles of variable size, from one finger long to the size of a hand. From time to time, the juveniles would clean parasites off the adult fish or compete with one another.

Watching the fighting juveniles and the independent adults, Xiulote fell into a long contemplation. After a moment, he turned to the girl with a meaningful smile,

"Alisa, the world is a cycle. The story of animals is the cycle of animals. This is the cycle of life and also of human existence. From birth, animals face the competition to survive, and only healthy individuals can endure their fragile youth...

And as adults, competition is omnipresent, from food to mates, from survival to reproduction, right up to ruling the group's power. In nature's jungle, only the strong can have everything. At the same time, they must be extremely careful, to not get injured or fall ill, showing their vulnerability. Because the stronger one is, the less they have to rely on...

Yet, they will eventually grow old, and cannot avoid ageing and frailty, thus their glory fades away. The end of life is a solitary march towards death, giving up everything they acquired, for new strong ones to take over...

The cycle of human life is the alternate of life and death, also alternating human power! In the distant past, no one could change all this. For the unknown future, I still do not know how it will be..."

Alisa looked at Xiulote, confused by his words, but sensed the weight of his experiences. The girl thought for a while, stood on tiptoe, imitating her father's gesture, and patted the boy's head, then playfully smiled.

Xiulote's complex emotions were interrupted by the girl's action. He was stunned for a moment before he also smiled.

Afterward, the boy raised his head, his eyes meeting the crimson twilight, his ears catching a faint chant. Twilight had arrived, night was approaching, the grand New Year Sacrificial Rite was drawing to a close, and a day in Peach Blossom Land was finally returning to reality... He thought of what he most wanted to say but hadn't, and made a decision.