

## Civilization 266

### Chapter 266: Date and Science Popularization Part 3

Soon, the night fell. The two sat at the top of the Temple of the Feathered Serpent, on a thirty-meter-high pyramid, watching the dazzling stars.

The place was under renovation, and the statue of the Feathered Serpent Divine had been melted down. A long breeze passed through, leaving the temple empty except for the two of them alone. At their feet, the pyramid was covered with fresh flowers offered to the gods by the residents of the Capital City, interspersed with twinkling gemstones. Clearly, the old beliefs could not be changed overnight; the Feathered Serpent Divine still lived in people's hearts.

Below their feet was a sky of flowers, a cluster of gemstone stars, and above their heads was the night sky, the brilliant Milky Way. Xiulote and Alisa sat side by side on the edge of the temple, looking at the distant Milky Way, gazing at the eternal beauty, quietly wordless. The girl gently swung her legs in mid-air, while the boy carefully held her close.

Xiulote gazed at the infinitely clear Milky Way of the Middle Ages, with thousands of stars twinkling within it. The multitude of stars, like the sands of the Ganges, were distant and unknown in their destination, vast and immeasurable—this was the eternity of time. Yet the people under the stars were so brief and vague. They wish only to streak across the sky like meteors, leaving dazzling marks, burning never to return...

At this moment, Xiulote couldn't help but recall his past life, thinking of a poem he wrote to himself when he turned eighteen. Now, it seemed quite fitting. The name of the poem was "Eternity."

"Eternity... standing at the summit of thousands of mountains, bone-chilling wind stirring the flapping clothes.

A fresh world, a familiar breath."

"Silently gazing at the vault of heaven. The gaze between the brows, piercing through the boundless azure seas.

The metallic trees, flowing with endless vitality."

"Time, leaving behind tender, crystal clearness, the dazzling distant sky, the shattered fragments.

I hear, a call from the blue depths in my heart, come!

Whether it be the dazzling constant stars, the shadowy moon, or the stars hidden in the profound depths,

They all gaze down upon the mass of life from above the Nine Heavens..."

Now, looking back on this youthful poem and feeling his past emotions, Xiulote's eyes suddenly deepened.

The eternity he once yearned for, will it really last? Or will it end somewhere far from the pyramid of the moon... a new world arrives, a lonely transmigrator searching. He was listening to the call in his heart,

seeking the anchor of life, searching for the eternal crystal in time... Maybe, he might finally ascend to the Nine Heavens, overlooking all lives below. And by then, what would be his pursuit in life?

Xiulote did not know the answer. He just felt a strong desire to confide, to tell someone willing to fully believe. So, he reached out, pressed Alisa's shoulders, looking into those clear eyes, serious and sincere.

"Alisa, the brief human world above, is the eternal starry sky. There, are the sun, the moon, and the stars... When Aweit and I first met, we talked about the stories of the sun and the moon... but I still want to tell you about the starry sky."

Alisa, the world is a cycle. The story of the starry sky is the cycle of time. Time silently advances, I once thought it was an eternal one-way flow, from the destined past to the infinite future... However, when the stars fell, I made a wish, traversing five hundred years, destined to meet you...

Yes, I do not belong to this era, I am just a drifting soul... In the cycle of time, a soul proceeds in one direction, continuing itself, yet losing memories, encountering others, yet lonely in farewells... He longs for nobility, pursuing ideals, willing to do everything to change history... Yet still harbors a wish deep in his heart...

He is just hoping that one day, there will be someone who can fully understand him, with minds in harmony and interests aligned. He can entrust all his trust, reveal the truth of his heart, draw close to each other's chests, and henceforth warm each other... accompanying each other to the very end...

Alisa, my lover. Now, do you see my heart clearly?"

Alisa looked at Xiulote, feeling the boy's unprecedented vulnerability and loneliness. Slowly, her bright eyes began to fill with tears. The girl cautiously moved closer, approaching that tenderly preserved softness in time. Then, without a word, she slowly, firmly, embraced the boy tightly.

After a long time, Alisa spoke softly yet firmly.

"Xiulote, I will protect you."

In the long river of time, she reached out, grasped the drifting soul, and gently placed it in her heart. From then on, under the witness of the starry sky, across time and power, a vow to guard for life was made.