

Civilization 99

Chapter 99 Discuss Affairs Part 2

Xiulote nodded and bowed to bid farewell to Aweit. He gave his friend a smile and hurried out of the tent.

There were no women with them on the march; the generals in the tent were all cared for by guards and covered with cotton blankets, sleeping soundly.

Outside the tent was a sky full of stars, the brilliant Milky Way streaking across. Under this starry sky, what else was happening in another corner of the world?

Xiulote looked toward the East, where the brightest star, decked in a pale orange hue, was Jupiter. The young man nodded; seeing Jupiter meant it was already past ten o'clock. It was known as Father Zeus in Roman mythology, the Star of Fortune in Huaxia mythology, and the Great Teacher in Hindu mythology.

Under the starry sky, there were always pioneers leading the progress of civilization. Whether it was Europe, which had opened the Era of Great Navigations, or America where civilization was just beginning to flourish.

In a fleeting thought, the young man hastened his steps again. He walked to the camp of Teotihuacan, searching for the commander's tent. Familiar guards greeted him, wearing an awe in their expressions that he did not recognize.

Entering the tent, Xiulote first saw his father lying on a wooden bed, wrapped up like a bundle. He was startled and quickly grabbed his father's hand with force.

"Father, who did this?"

"Who else but your teacher Olosh," Xiuxoke said, looking somewhat pale but still spirited.

"My son, this journey south, you have captured and killed Tizoc and Totec, and now you are renowned among the Mexica Samurai. But be wary of the Nobility Samurai of the Royal Family, their relationship with Tizoc is unclear. Just like this tree you have drawn on the wood, the taller it grows, the easier it is to break."

"I will be careful, Father!" Xiulote casually laughed. He considered himself a representative of historical progress. Those who obstructed the progress of history would ultimately be abandoned.

The constant victories had indeed made the young man arrogant.

Olosh, sitting beside, scoffed and threw the wooden plank with Chinese characters onto a pile of grass.

"Xiulote has arrived, no need to stare at these headache-inducing characters anymore. Finish speaking and hurry up to sleep!"

Xiuxoke smiled faintly. Only then did the young man notice Olosh sitting across the fire, having just held up the wooden plank to entertain the immobile Xiuxoke with Chinese characters.

"Father, what do you think of these characters? How is learning them?"

"These characters are quite good. They manage to record a lot accurately and explain things clearly without needing anyone to speak or translate, although they are a bit difficult. Even I find them hard to learn, let alone your teacher Olosh!" Xiuxoke said, unable to move his torso, but still nodding in approval.

"You make it sound as if you are much smarter than I am," Olosh grumbled from the side, "Although I have only recognized a few characters these past two days, you haven't done much better. You forgot what you learned on the first day by the third day! Isn't that the same?"

Xiulote sighed softly; it was indeed difficult for Samurai who wielded weapons and did not study, to learn Chinese characters.

Once the major tasks were completed, he planned to first recruit a group of children and youths for education. He intended definitely to introduce writing in the Calmecac Nobility School, then to popularize it to the Telpochcalli commoner military school, and eventually to establish a complete educational system. The localization of simplified phonetic spelling of Chinese characters also needed to be expedited.

"My son, where exactly did you get this system of writing?"

The young man's face flushed slightly: "I invented it myself."

"Ha ha, my son, lovely as a mountain cat! I have watched you grow up since you were little. Though you are much smarter than other children, you are not at the level to invent writing spontaneously. Look at these combination forms, look at these writing norms, certainly the result of centuries of research, passed down from generation to generation.

Did you encounter the legacy of the forebears? Or was it a gift from the Heavenly Divine?"

Watching his father's smiling inquiry, the young man somehow also smiled.

"A gift from the Heavenly Divine, I suppose. During the days of the campaign, I had some strange dreams. A Heavenly Divine from the distant Great Lake in the West came to me; he had black hair and yellow skin like us, as well as the same black eyes, but he had four eyes. His eyes could see through all the mist and darkness, through the stars and the earth.

The Heavenly Divine watched all things in the world and whispered to me how to write. He taught me a hundred characters every night, instructing me for an entire Maya month, until I had learned two thousand characters. Then he flew up to the sky from the dream and went towards the prosperous Celestial Empire, twenty thousand leagues to the west. Before he left, he told me that one day, I must travel to the west, to seek the origin of the dream!"

Xiuxoke listened solemnly to the myths from his son's mouth, his expression focused and grave.

Only after hearing his son's tale did Xiuxoke speak carefully, "A Heavenly Divine with four eyes? Could it be the Giants of the First Era? Since you have accepted the Heavenly Divine's gift, you must fulfill the Heavenly Divine's demand!"

Twenty thousand leagues is too distant, possibly requiring ten years to travel. You are still young and have experienced little; you cannot make such a journey. Once you marry the princess and everything settles down, I will undertake it for you!"

Watching his father's earnest and resolute gaze, hearing his unhesitating promise, and thinking about his current injuries that left him unable to move, the young man couldn't help but feel a pang of emotion and buried his head on his father's body, whispering softly.

"Father, I won't let you go. The Heavenly Divine said the west is a boundless Great Lake, and without a ship, no one can cross it. Let's leave this task to future generations!"