

Memories

- I am still changing, transforming into something new and strange. On the battlefields of Bunker Hill a platoon of English Redcoats captured me alive. That night they tortured me. The agony of it awoke something in me and all that remained of them by morning was meat. [45]
 - Despite my best efforts to escape Bunker Hill I was taken by the British and an attempt was made to try me in one of their impromptu war courts. It was only the power of my friends and influence that saved me, leading to the arrest of one of the innocent young lads under my command for supposedly slaughtering those interrogators. [60]
 - The General, it turns out, was an intelligent man, a follower of all things antiquity, he showed me a diary from long ago. I recognized it as that of my commander, Cortes. It spoke of the lost gold of El Dorado. In return for my pardon I agreed to help him find it [59]
 - I was drinking Port with the General when the firing squad lined up. Smitty Thompson was a good man, but Port that's got as much taste as blood is far rarer than good men. [60b]
- ~~I wrote a letter to Antonia as the blood of boys as young as our Tadeo dried on my blade and the wetness of a girl as young as our Felpia dried on my cock; she is the only pure thing left to hold onto in my world. [Start]~~
 - ~~At night my dreams are filled with wracking dreams of the hungry gods, their thirst for blood as unquenchable as my own; now I understand why the Priests did as they did [7]~~
- I do not understand, it was Cualli, these long centuries later she has returned to haunt me. The predatory form of the Jaguar-thing came upon my village without warning and it was only through pretending I did not care for my beloved Tlaxcala that any were spared her predations. Forgive me my children [15]
 - Cuali and I have returned to the new world. My knowledge of Royal Indigo and its secrets has made me a very wealthy man. I own the finest house in the South and want for nothing. They call me Senor Manriquez [24]
 - Although I am a new man, old habits die hard, I have found myself employed by the Americans in their war against the Perfidious English. They asked me to sign a piece of paper with them and my signature is 27th down on it, the Declaration of something. It is a welcome change of pace from arguing with the infernal blade that always remains at my hip. [43]
 - One of my contemporaries at the signing was rather surprised to learn of my deep knowledge of the history of the Americas and the conquest of the first to arrive here. We became roaring, blithering drunk and became friends. I am part of the old boys club now, though it amuses me they do not realize quite how old. [57]
- ~~The Spanish Crown remembers long and well, they have found me here in Africa and I am driven Northwards into the sands. They knew of my hand and by their prayers I grew~~

~~twisted wings. The ragged remains of my priestly mantle hang loose around my burning shoulders; I never should have come to this land. Now I am Lahad, no one. [16]~~

~~○ Just as I conquered the lost city and the Tlaxcala, I now turn my eyes to the Berber, it takes only the blade in my hand and the blood in my veins to make a nation of these scattered people over the generations. I command their indigo and it makes me rich as any King. [20b] [Lost 38]~~

- The people of Boston have suffered terribly under the British rule. The search for rebels has reached the pitch of a Witchhunt. I am complicit in so far as is necessary to ensure my own survival and the war turns slowly against the American side because of it. [60c]
 - The Civil war is dragged out a number of years now, crimes are enacted on both sides and the colonization of the West has ground to a halt. This means only one thing, the resurgence of the Red Man and chaos on the colonial front. I head Southwards and West, claiming I am leading the General to El Dorado, it is time to push the British back once and for all. [64]
 - While my riches take me far in this world they can't hold off everything. The west is a rough place and no amount of money can hold off savage Natives. Only Cualli and my own ability to keep ahead of the slowest in a panicking wagon train saved me from being scalped and for that I am forever grateful. [70]
 - The Tablet was where I left it, buried deep under the remains of some lost village. I cut the General's throat over it with the defiant, screaming blade of fire. Let destiny be broken, let the rivers run scarlet. By the sacrifice of a would-be conqueror, betrayal and a weapon of the gods, I free myself from this mortal frame as my Father-in-Law and beloved Cualli watch on and smile. Let America be free once more. [75]

~~• At Oran I led the men when my Sergeant fell, so many would have died that day if the line had broken; let no man doubt my courage is that of the lion. [Start]~~

~~○ When I returned to Spain I was discovered standing over the body of one of my victims, a slave girl. I fled to Oran, taking Cualli with me. Here in Oran I am Armando-Del Pozo, a sellsword. Some recognize me, none care. [4]~~

- ~~I led my shipmates to war in the heart of darkest Africa, hunting for slaves. Nothing remains of my crew now or the tribe that took the last of them. They have paid the blood price and all that remains of them is the ruined remains of the ancient city they worshipped, I feel welcome here. It reminds me of my home [18]~~

~~○ She calls herself Opala and she was once the goddess of the tribe that worshipped Kalahari. Now she stalks my every move through the sands. I can only stay one step ahead of her as she takes advantage of the long days to hunt me when I am at my most helpless. This cannot continue for long [18b] [Lost 51]~~

- Cualli came to my tent, half a world, leading behind her an army of Warriors and Opala. The great tribal nation that rose from the sands returns to it and I was led away in ropes. Only in the dark that night when she came to me and we spoke did I understand her anger. We made love as only immortals can, she cut me loose and now we are allies. Though Opala still leads the great Zulu army [17b]
- Something of Opala's home has followed me to America, a flesh-eating ape, it reminds me of myself. Are we not kin? Both creatures made immortal by the flesh of men? It was in a freak show when I found it. I fed it its prior owner and now it is my willing servant [51b]

- I held the Obsidian Dagger to Cualli's neck, it was the only thing that held Atl at bay; he

cursed me as only heathens can curse. [Start]

- The Sunstone still remained in the ruined remains of the great temple, deep under the rubble. With lash I forced the Zaachila slaves to uncover it. Agota Florez, the daughter of a Silver Mine-Master, almost took it from temple. I have buried it so that none may find it before I find a way to use it. [10b]
- My fury at the resistance of the sword to my command has made me sloppy, why does it deny me when the innocent die in their dozens in the dark, rotted ruins of that black pyramid within the Jungles? In my fury I took the sword to one of my Jade tablets. So many memories, lost in time. I wept over the broken remains of it like a lost son. [34]
- I have discovered to my delight that I am no longer afraid of the sun, it now hides from me. Where I go the clouds follow and darkness is found. Now I can return during the day, freedom at last. [62]

Skills

- **A Commanders Leadership [Start]**
- **A Man of the World [14b]**
- **A Priests Penitence [20]**
- **A Nomads Instincts [16]**
- **A True Believers Courage [Start]**
- **A Killers Heart [Start]**
- The Sun-Snuffer [38]
- **It's none of my Concern [60b]**
- Always have a Scapegoat [60c]
- ~~**Bloodthirsty [1]**~~
- **The Knowledge of the Sun-Eating God [7]**
- **I control the beast [11b]**

Resources

- ~~A Tribe of loyal Tlaxcala [Start]~~
- ~~The Obsidian Dagger of an Aztec Priest [Start]~~
- The Sunstone [10b]
- Founding Father [43]
- Nagonga, the Man-eating Ape [51b]
- ~~The Berber Nations [20b]~~
- A monopoly on Indigo Dye/the lost secret of Indigo dye [20b]
- A map to the Lost City of Gold [60b]
- The push West in Chaos [64]

- ~~The Old Boys Network [57]~~
- ~~The Lost City of Kalahari [18]~~
- ~~A fortune in gold, paid for in blood [Start]~~
- A diary, carved in Jade tablets

- I am Oscar Manriquez, a soldier, son of Spain and true Catholic. I followed my master, Hernan Cortes, into the dark heart of the New World, to that great pyramid where blood flow like water; in my heart the shame of knowing it was for wealth, not god or country, burned away all good in my soul. [Start]
 - I find solace from my hunger in the darkness of the jungle and the primitive beliefs of my loyal slaves. But are they truly primitive if they are true? I do not know. I cannot answer that. They are like children and so I lead them as such. I grow soft as the years pass on. [11]
 - My Kin have come for me. The Crown has heard of my existence and it is only by pretending to be a devout Catholic and resisting the temptations of the flesh for the six unendurable months that they remain among my people that I escape their clutches. One of them didn't believe it to be true, he hunts me to this day [16]
 - When the Heirs of my blood returned for me a third time, armed with blades of Aztec Gold and what was left of my fortune it was a terrible war. But the men of this age are not the warriors of old and no man can resist the power of the dark things I awoke to serve and protect my people. I slew my great-grandson in battle and only realized when I heard his name screamed by his dying men. I cannot stay here in the Jungle. I take what is left of my tribe and flee north to the new colonies of the English. [14]

- ~~I return to the New World to rule over the Tlaxcala, even as the new world is tamed and we are forced to retreat into the Jungle, they worship me like a god. To them I am Akin-Auilana Esko, he who swims in blood [7]~~
 - ~~In commanding the Tlaxcala and protecting them from the predations of civilization I have found my purpose and meaning. They have learned of Christ and to them I am now Jesús Manriquez. The Saviour Reborn. It is not a name I am happy with, but it tires me to explain myself every new generation. [11b]~~
 - ~~I killed the men aboard the boat down to the last man, any man that saw what they had done to the Negroes aboard would have done the same; the understanding that they were of my country and the hypocrisy of knowing that I have done worse burns in my gullet and now I am wanted by the law [17]~~
 - ~~Time has passed and so has the Empire of Spain. I must cast aside my loyalty to my country and accept that I am alone in this world, that there is no loyalty but to the Obsidian blade at my hip and the hunger that never yields. I take the slaver boat and begin to sail the triangle with a crew of my tribespeople. Let me be Ernesto Perales, Slaver and Spice merchant. [14b]~~
- My Brother, Rosario, I remember you only through the words I wrote so long ago. I saw him in the crowded streets of Richmond, he stood before a Slavers block and knelt in

prayer, no one saw him there. He prayed for a Negro child and his family, up on the block. I have not cried in three long centuries, I cried when I saw him there. I do not know why he bought them but I know they are safe now. I fear he wants something from me but I do not know what [28]

- Opala followed me to the New World, she is relentless. Pretending to be a free black she almost buried her spear through my heart and only a curse that tore itself from my lips saved me. She is like me now. I do not dare kill her for I know what that means, it means the bloody-handed gods that made me are watching. I must not fight their plans for her. I move on that night, taking with me nothing but what I can carry and my beloved. [26]
- Opala has inherited some of what I learned. I have made a terrible mistake, the gods have a plan for her, of course they do. She has become their new High Priestess, the taker of Hearts and spiller of blood. My god, what have I done? [28b]
- Rosario was ready for this. He offered me the flaming sword in return for the dagger I have carried so long. The Lord forgives me, even if I do not forgive myself. I am his sword, his hand, twisted by the darkness but still capable of carrying his blade. Now I must earn it [28b]

- I touched the communion wafer to my tongue, it had been 6 years since I had seen Rosario and the first thing he wished for me was a confession; my brother is the pride of my family and I lied to him, I am ashamed. [Start]
 - When I visited my brother the Queens soldiers were waiting for me. He told me that it was the only thing he could do to save my soul, it took all my fortune to bribe my way out of the cell; he was right, I am damned [6b]
 - I hid in the confessional, when Agota entered it I almost told her my sins before she began to tell me hers. No one saw the bloodstained robes. I left a communion wafer on her tongue and prayed to the martyr that he would forgive me for killing her [5]
 - The British have come to my part of the Jungle, I claim that I am a missionary, although the question it they do not argue. I give them the name Fidel Diego and am a priest of the one true god. [20]

Characters

- ~~Antonia, my dearest wife and mother of my children, she is the only soft thing in a hard life.~~ [Mortal] [Start]
- ~~Rosario, my brother, a priest and missionary, he is a better man than I shall ever be and carries with him the conviction of god.~~ [Mortal] [Start] Rosario, the Angel of the Lord. My Brother now carries the flaming sword and speaks in 7 voices; I fear him terribly [28]
- ~~Cualli, my mistress, my prisoner and my victim, she was the daughter of a great priest, now she is my plaything.~~ [Mortal] [Start] Cualli, the Werejaguar, a barely sane thing of seduction and bloodlust. [15]

- Atl, an Aztec Priest and father of Cualli; he cursed me in the name of his dead gods [Immortal] [Start]
- ~~Tupac, a local scout who I freed from atop the Aztec sacrifice stone. He has sworn to keep my secret and serve me even unto death. [6]~~
- ~~Agota Florez, the well-educated daughter of a Silver Mine Master [Mortal] [5]~~
- ~~Fidel Diego, a hunter of Vampires in the service of the Pope in Rome [Mortal] [16]~~
- Opala, a Huntress of Darkest Africa, sworn to revenge. Now a vampire High Priestess [Immortal] [18b]
- Haḥereb, the Sword of Fire [Immortal, Enemy] [28b]
- General Alder Smithson, Rogue British General on the search for El Dorado [Mortal] [59]
- Rebel Johnny, bright eyed American revolutionary [Mortal] [50c]
- Thomas Gage, the Butcher of Boston [Mortal] [60c]

Marks

- The hand that held the blade to Cualli's neck has turned red as the hand of a heart-tearing priest, I wear my gauntlets always to hide the viscera that drips from its fingertips. [Start]
- In the battle with Cualli, the Werejaguar, she tore my immortal flesh open like the flesh of the Papaya, my eye is gone and my face will never heal. I cannot hide it and so I often claim it is a wound taken in battle; not untrue. [15]
- Bat-like wings that fold around my back, I hide them under robes and long mantles. [16]
- I can turn into a horrific thing of snakes and obsidian, venom and slaughter. [45]

Diary

Movement

Start, 6, 4, 7, 6b, 10, 10b, 5, 11, 11b, 16, 15, 14, 17, 14b, 18, 20, 16b, 20b, 18b, 17b, 24, 28, 26, 26b, 24b, 28b, 34, 37, 38, 45, 51, 51b, 57, 59, 60b, 60c, 62, 64, 70, 75