

Clear Eyes

Pages: 343

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

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Peter Wibaux

Kindle Direct

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All the main events, dates, and places in this book are factually documented. They are complemented by dialogue, characters, and incidents which are the product of the author's imagination.

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Foreword

A book may carry the author's name on the jacket, but in reality it represents many things. In this case it includes the scholarship of numerous writers, starting with Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, who wrote the *Relación del Primer Viaje de D. Cristóbal Colón para el Descubrimiento de las Indias*. In 1893, Clements Markham of the Hakluyt Society produced a superb translation of the diary of Columbus, complete with an interpretation of errors in the original text, particularly with reference to distances—a well established issue, exemplified by the replacement of the Arab sea mile by the Italian one.

The internet proved an invaluable source of information—and I don't mean Google university. The web now runs very deep, and initiatives such as the Gutenberg Project have made available obscure tomes such as *A Descoberta do Brasil* by Faustino da Fonseca—I consulted the second edition, from 1908. Henry Vignaud wrote about *Toscanelli and Columbus* in a book published in 1902, and reproduced and analyzed the correspondence of Toscanelli and the king of Portugal. In 1891, Justin Windsor wrote *Christopher Columbus and how he Received and Imparted the Spirit of Discovery*. It was there that I learned about the map of Andrea Bianco, which I was fortunate to examine in the Biblioteca Marciana in Venice—thank-you Roberto for making that possible.

My research took me to the house of Martín Pinzón in Palos de la Frontera, to the monastery of La Rábida, and to the Muelle de las Carabelas, built for the 1992 celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Americas. The cover photo was taken in the monastery and incorporated into a more intricate design—thank-you Ana.

To better understand the return journey of Martín Alonso Pinzón, I went to Baiona, in Galicia, where he made landfall on March 1st, 1493, three days before Columbus docked in Lisbon. Although Juan Manzano Manzano published an opus magnum on the family in 1988, *Los Pinzones y el Descubrimiento de América*, very little is known about the final voyage of Martín Pinzón. I found Manzano's book in a cluttered *librería* in the winding alleys of Seville. The Archivo General de Indias, a lesser known gem behind the cathedral, opened its doors to me in August 2013 for consultation of their manuscript collection, a cool experience in the hottest city in Europe.

The transition from the portolans of the mid-fifteenth century to the Cantino planisphere was revealed in all its glory at the Biblioteca Estense in Modena, Italy. Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, commissioned the chart—Cantino didn't make the map, he went to Lisbon and sourced it from the best cartographers on the planet.

Just as for Vasco da Gama, it is difficult to know with certainty the full manifest of the crews of the Santa Maria, Pinta, and Nina. For that information I pay tribute to Alicia Bache Gould, who wrote

the definitive book on this subject—over five hundred pages of data and analysis, the painstaking result of a life’s work. She brushed aside the petty protests of mediocre librarians and strode into the back rooms of Spanish archives, searching for obscure documents to support her research. At the entrance of the Spanish National Archives of Simancas, a marble plaque reads:

A MISS ALICIA B. GOULD

ILUSTRE INVESTIGADORA

NORTEAMERICANA

Y GRAN AMIGA DE ESPAÑA

TRABAJO EN ESTE ARCHIVO

DURANTE CUARENTA AÑOS

Y MURIO A SU ENTRADA

EL DIA 25 DE JULIO DE 1953.

In 1953, Alicia Gould died at the entrance to Simancas, on her customary way to work. In her honor, the archive is closed every year on the 25th of July.

BOOK 1 - CIPANGO

Nineteenth century reconstruction of the map sent by Toscanelli in 1474 to the Portuguese chaplain Fernando (Fernão) Martins.

El Capitan

The stallion stirred and flared its nostrils. It was dozing, the rank smell of the man permeating its troubled dreams, when the muzzle came on. It was a makeshift restraint—a length of sackcloth that drew tight about the mouth, looped twice, and knotted behind the head.

The man was quick—by the time the horse opened its eyes in fright, it couldn’t utter a sound. The animal tried to move but it was treading air, the hooves barely scraping the timbers. The big leather straps held fast under the belly and chest, then tensioned over the crossbeams supporting the ship’s deck.

Bastos looked at the white stallion, stared him straight in the eye. The man’s face broke into a cruel grin.

“El Capitan, El Capitan,” he soothed. “Spain was built on blood.”

The horse panicked, rocking on the harness and bucking its head. It wanted to roar, bite, kick. But the hobbles wouldn't let it move and the sacking wouldn't let it neigh.

Bastos took the bronze spike and worked into the chest from below, near the top of the harness, where the hide was already chafed and raw.

Not the flanks. Nothing visible. Never lame the horse.

Blood oozed—it ran down the spike and into the tin cup. The man drew out the spike. The stallion shuddered in pain.

Bastos cleared his throat and spat the yellow mess into his hand. He slapped the phlegm on the puncture and rubbed it around the open wound. The stallion frantically jerked its head.

The man walked aft and stared the horse down. He loosened the sacking, enough for the horse to move its lips. Bastos drank the thick, sticky liquid. He tipped his head and drained the cup. He felt the sweetish, salty blood warm his insides.

"Capitan, Capitan..." He again whispered the name of the captain's horse.

He reached up, undid the sailor's knot, and pulled the sackcloth free.

The ship had been underway for over two weeks, but since yesterday it was becalmed. Bastos estimated five leagues a day on a westerly heading. He knew if they stopped much longer gums would begin to bleed. He'd seen it in Guinea, sailing with his brother on the ships of King John II of Portugal.

And he knew blood cured it. Not human blood, his shipmates had tried that with West African slaves—but the gums still blackened, the teeth fell out, and then came the spidery bleeding through the hairs on your arm. But dogs and horses could be bled for the cure.

Even rats, and lord knows there are enough in this hold.

"Rei, capitão, soldado, ladrão." This time the words were in Portuguese, a child's limerick.

King, captain, soldier, thief.

Bastos looked at the captain's horse one more time as he turned to climb on deck. Through the darkness of the hatch, only stars—it was a new moon on this first day of Autumn.

Around him, men snored. Bastos' eye had a sinister glint as he looked around for the young boy. But the boy was not in sight.

Difficult on board, but wait till we landfall.

He felt the scar on his right ear and cursed quietly as he settled down on the sleeping mat. The Portuguese cast a glance at the guards overhead, busy making their way around the pole star. His brother had taught him to tell the time in the night by reading the twin guards, the stars of the Phoenicians.

Bastos looked at the stars and saw his own trip through the plains of Southern Spain, on the run. Hidden in the day, walking by night, guided by Polaris, by those same guards. Wanted for robbery—and murder.

Soldier, thief.

The pilot had it coming. Too much swagger, too much money. A quick job with the knife. When the king's men came for him, Bastos went quietly, biding his chance.

It came in the dead of night: he strangled one of the soldiers, stole his sword and escaped. East toward Seville, in Spain's Andalusia, then southwest to Palos de la Frontera.

He boarded in Saltés, where the Rio Tinto meets the Odiel—just one more mercenary sailing for the crown of Spain.

Even the captain was a foreigner, the man with the white stallion.

Well look at the bastard now! High and mighty, sleeping in the poop cabin.

Bastos had first heard of the man in Lisbon—run out of Portugal, they said, deep in debt—a Genoese upstart called Christopher Columbus.

The Tower

The boy peeked out from the closet. It was a solid, chestnut construction, with thick, inlaid doors, and easily hid his slim body in its cavernous interior. He knew he was alone in the room, but any minute now that would change.

Totio pushed the ornate frocks aside, using the blade of light from the room to examine his surroundings. Behind him hung a row of thick capes, the sort you wore against the heavy Atlantic winds when the winter storms raged.

He pushed his foot against the door to let in more light and leaned across to the left. The candles cast an eerie flicker on the breastplate, gleaming off the iron curves.

Totio recognized the cuirass—he'd seen it many times on Don Hérnan.

Didn't help him in the end, the fourteen-year-old mused. He'd helped carry the bloody body through the entrance of the tower, and laid it out on thick sheeting in the main hall.

One of the dogs let out a prolonged howl, the others skulked in straw bedding in the corner as the white sheets turned crimson.

The lady of the house, Doña Beatriz, came running from her apartments, alerted by the noise below. She looked at her dead husband, bent over and saw the deep wound in his neck, and burst into tears.

"Take those things off him," Beatriz ordered.

Totio and another servant undid the breastplate and helmet, their hands slippery with the count's blood.

"No good could come of this," Beatriz de Bobadilla said, gathering her two children to her. She held her boy and girl tight, her hands over their ears.

Her eyes flashed in anger.

"*Imbecil*," she muttered.

Hernán Peraza was commander at La Gomera, in the Canary Islands, until his early death at the age of twenty-eight. Peraza's grandfather had bought rights to the Fortunate islands, off the west coast of North Africa, notarized the act in Seville, and landed in La Gomera in 1445. The younger Peraza grew up on an island ruled by the family for two decades—when he came of age, he became the governor.

The Canaries had been colonized one and a half thousand years earlier by the Guanches, a people descended from North African nomadic Berbers. In La Gomera, the Berber herdsmen lived in the harsh, mountainous terrain they had occupied for centuries. Although some, like Totio, worked for the Spanish conquerors, they kept their pride, and their traditions—like most young Guancheros, Totio was a *silbador*—he spoke the whistling language used to communicate across the deep ravines of the island.

But Totio also spoke the Castilian of the *conquistadores* as fluently as any Spaniard. And he secured an even greater gift from the invaders—he learned to read and write.

Peraza's hold on La Gomera wasn't just threatened by the Guanches. In 1481, the twenty-one-year-old was confronted by Juan Rejón, a captain appointed by the Catholic Kings of Spain to conquer the Canaries.

Rejón received his orders directly from Isabella of Castile, and the Catholic Queen was less than happy to learn of the man's fate.

"Captain Rejón is dead?"

"Your Majesty, he was killed at La Gomera."

"This is most untimely," Isabella told her secretary. "Why, he arrived on the Fortunate Islands only three years ago, and already the main territories appeared secured."

Isabella's concerns were not so much the Guanches, but the advances made by her cousin John of Portugal, the Perfect Prince, in his quest to discover the Indies.

"This sends the wrong message to the Lusitanians," she said. "A message of conflict, not unity."

"Majesty, the islands are defended by treaty."

The secretary had helped negotiate the 1480 treaty of Alcáçovas, which secured the Canaries for Spain, but denied Castile navigation rights below the twenty-seventh parallel of latitude.

"We are aware of this clause." Isabella's voice was ice. "We signed it. However, King John may choose to ignore it, precisely because the islands encompass the twenty-seventh parallel."

The secretary bowed, chastised.

"How did the captain perish?"

"Réjon was murdered. By a young man called Peraza."

"We know the family. We require this... roughneck to come to Valladolid and explain himself."

Hernán Peraza presented himself at court, but not before his relatives made representations to the royal palace, and secured support of the nobility—otherwise the chances of the twenty-one year old returning alive would be slim.

"I spoke with this foolish youth," the queen told her secretary, "and he is unrepentant. He shall be put to death."

"Majesty, many nobles have interceded on his behalf. It would perhaps be wise to follow other counsel, now Réjon is dead."

"How so?"

"The Perazas have a legal title to La Gomera, and they have established a truce with the Berbers. If the crown of Portugal were to attack, this young man will fight. If you pardon him now, he will fight for you with all his heart."

The queen nodded. "His henchmen killed Réjon, but the captain was violating a deed of ownership. Which might justify clemency. Prison then, instead of death."

"Majesty. La Gomera is an inhospitable little island, where there is nothing to do. It is battered by wind, volcanic in its landscape, and populated by savages."

The secretary paused.

"La calle donde no pasa nada." The street where nothing moves.

"Señora, return Hernán Peraza to his island, to defend with his life. All his life. Send him back, let him start a family."

"This is his punishment? Have you lost your mind?"

"You will not want for a more devoted squire," the secretary persisted. "And you could choose his bride. There are several maidens at court. Beatriz perhaps..."

Isabella looked at him with admiration.

"Yes... Yes, a servant for life. He has no choice, of course. And Beatriz will make him an excellent wife."

The secretary smiled knowingly.

"Si, majestad. Beatriz, un buen partido."

Isabella's husband Ferdinand of Aragon had cast his eye on the beautiful Beatriz de Bobadilla y Ossorio, daughter of the royal master of the hunt. The girl's nickname at court was *La Cazadora*, the huntress, and the queen had no intention of allowing Ferdinand his sport.

This one Fernando will not have. La Cazadora's marriage would not stand in the way of my husband's lust—but an ocean will.

Peraza was both surprised and relieved. Two months later he landed at La Gomera, his beautiful

twenty-year-old bride by his side. Beatriz de Bobadilla had a doe's neck, a sensuous mouth, and although her long gown was modest, her high breasts showed promise.

It was those milky white breasts, revealing all their fullness in Beatrice's low cut dress, that now charmed Christopher Columbus as he sat opposite Don Hernán's widow at the Torre del Conde, and sipped the late count's wine.

The Huntress

"The fool was having an affair with a native girl, of all things." Beatrice shook her head. "The girl's name was Iballa—when the Guancho chief Hautacuperche found out, he lured my husband into an ambush and killed him. Times have been difficult here since then."

"Yes, with two small children to raise." Columbus sympathized, since it mirrored his condition exactly.

The admiral married Filipa Moniz Perestrello in 1479—his bride was the daughter of a Portuguese nobleman from Porto Santo, an island ninety-five leagues northeast of where he now sat.

But Columbus traded Portugal for Spain after the Perfect Prince and his Mathematical Junta rebuffed his plans to sail west to the Indies. In the process he also traded his wife for a Spanish mistress, Beatriz Enriquez de Araña, and accumulated two boys born of different women, Diego and Ferdinand—the youngest had turned four on Nativitas, the Feast of the Assumption of Mary, when his father was already at sea.

"Guillén and Inés are a challenge, but I was thinking about the Guanches."

After Peraza was murdered, the hillsmen, led by their ancestral leader Hupalupo, laid siege to the tower at San Sebastian de la Gomera, the only fortification on the island. One Spanish vessel managed to escape to Gran Canaria and sound the alert.

Governor Pedro de Vera finally put an end to the siege and liberated the tower. Beatrice started crying when she recounted this, emboldening Columbus to give her a handkerchief and hold her hand.

What followed, Beatrice said, was the just and fair revenge of the Spaniards. De Vera offered an amnesty for all the Guanches who came down from the hills and surrendered. As each man entered the church, he was steered across the nave into the sacristy. There, he was butchered with unimaginable violence, then thrown into the courtyard to rot.

The bodies piled up, some with no ears or nose, others savagely castrated. Half-dead natives writhed in pain, the blood thick on the volcanic soil.

"It's been four years," Beatriz said. "But the massacre that avenged Hernán will take decades to heal."

La Cazadora leaned forward, her breasts straining the delicate silk.

"Admiral, you are an experienced seafarer, perhaps you will give me the benefit of your advice."

"My lady. Of course." Columbus sipped the wine and looked at the huntress before him. The conversation was finally moving on from the misadventures of her husband.

Widowed these past four years, he reflected. She must have worked up quite a hunger.

"This island of La Gomera, how can it benefit from your voyage?"

"Ah, madam, in so many ways. I am certain the Indies lie but a few days west, and after I announce my discovery to the Catholic Kings, the Fortunate Islands will mark the road to Cipango as surely as Jerusalem marks the road to heaven."

"Very well, but from your description we shall be a landmark only on the way out. When the fleets return, laden with riches, they will come back another way."

Seductive *and* intelligent, the admiral thought. Columbus had earlier told her of the routes learned from the Portuguese, the return from the west through the use of the roaring forties.

"There is much yet to discover, but yes, the ships will likely sail home using the Azores islands. You might petition the king..."

Columbus was well aware of the court gossip—Ferdinand had made his displeasure known at Isabella's ruse to ship Beatrice off to a desolate island.

"His majesty is far away, and busy with Granada." The Catholic Kings had completed their final onslaught against the Caliphate in January, and the whole of Spain was finally a Christian land.

The huntress smiled. "His admiral, on the other hand, is here."

Columbus felt himself go weak. His heartbeat quickened as he looked at the beautiful woman in front of him. He knew his next words would be the point of no return.

"Madam. I am here, and by the grace of God, at your service."

"Pray, stay seated," she said, as she rose to fetch the wine decanter.

"Totio, you are dismissed." The boy looked at his mistress in surprise but said nothing. He nodded, turned, and walked uncertainly away.

"Close it!" Beatrice watched Totio draw the thick velvet curtain, leaving them alone in the dining room. She leaned across Columbus as she poured the wine, brushing her breast against his face as she set down the flask.

Her eyes were bright. "*Mi almirante*, I have a passion for great men."

Her hand traced the lines of his face. First the white hair, then the dark eyebrows, thick and raised, followed by the mouth, thin and wide. Finally, she ran her index finger slowly up the aquiline nose, and then three fingers slowly stroked down, opening like petals, as if measuring the admiral's girth.

Beatrice turned his face toward her. "Your nose, Cristóbal, it is of a large proportion." She let her left hand drop. "I've heard it said..."

Her hand rode up his thigh as she sat next to him and raised her glass. The admiral's face became ruddy; his mouth opened, but no sound came out. Beatrice sipped and leaned forward, her hand continuing its exploration.

"Oh! *Dios mio!*" Beatrice opened her eyes wide and parted her lips. "*Es verdad.*"

La Cazadora knew there was no better way to hunt a man than with sexual flattery—men lived through their penis. And she needed a relationship with this man, something strong enough to keep him coming back, because Columbus was the key to La Gomera, perhaps to the whole of the Fortunate Islands. Which was why she was about to make him a very fortunate man.

She could tell the captain was smitten. He held the goblet to his mouth just as her nails ran along the tip of his half-erect member—he gasped and spilt his wine on the oak table. As he apologized and tried to brush the liquid away, Beatrice took his hand to her lips. Looking up at him, she slowly licked and sucked the red wine from his fingers.

"*No interesa...*" No matter. She smiled, holding his eyes, and followed his gaze lower to her cleavage as she brought his hand down and cupped it over her right breast.

Apart from the politics, she thought, it has been a very long time.

She felt her nipple harden against the silk, and used her hand to guide the admiral to the spot. She gently squeezed with her other hand and felt Columbus get harder.

Beatrice sighed contentedly and closed her eyes. "*Muy bien, Don Cristóbal, I believe you shall soon be at my service.*"

Columbus nodded, eyes misty, white hair in some disarray about his head.

"*Señor, before we repair to my chambers, there is something I must ask.*"

Beatrice knew that at this juncture the admiral would agree to anything.

"My lady." Columbus stood with some difficulty and bowed.

"We have resupplied your vessels with everything from water to salted meats."

Beatrice stood close to him and pressed her breasts to his chest.

"Do you believe we can satisfy your every need?"

Columbus nodded, his face flushed.

"I wish you to persuade the kings of Spain that La Gomera must be the first port of call for the fleets of Castile."

"Madam, I shall personally stress the good fortune this first expedition found at La Gomera." His blue eyes were bright. "Perhaps his majesty King Ferdinand shall provide you with a royal charter."

"And I want the boy Totio to sail with you. Of course I know you will return to me, but it will take time. You will report to the kings, and it may be over one year before we next meet."

"A spy?" Columbus smiled.

Totio sneaked a look from behind the velvet curtain. He was amazed at what he had heard and seen.

"A mere child. I want the boy to give an account of the journey. He is young, but he is intelligent, and he can write."

Columbus bowed. "My lady, your wish is my command. Totio can sail as a cabin boy. On a journey such as this there's no shortage of work."

Totio turned and fled silently upstairs, let himself into the bedchamber of Beatriz de Bobadilla, and hid in the closet.

Beatrice stroked Columbus and took his hand.

"Come, Admiral, you are about to discover the Indies."

The Volcano

"This young man will sail with us to the Indies, Pinzón." Columbus put his hand on Totio's shoulder.

"A Guanche? What use is he?"

"He knows legends of the islands to the west," Columbus lied. "The stepping stones to Cipango."

Martin Pinzón looked skeptical.

"Almirante." He shrugged. "Natives are always trouble. He would not sail on the Pinta, we've enough misfortune."

The pintles snapped on the caravel's stern-mounted rudder on the trip from the Spanish mainland, leaving the gudgeons fastened to the transom while the useless object slowly sank, weighed down by the iron bands that bound its planking. Captain Pinzón had a spare, and before long the ship was underway again. The next day the gudgeons cracked, and the second rudder was lost—Pinzón suspected sabotage. The ship's carpenter jury-rigged a replacement, and the Pinta limped toward Lanzarote, shipping water.

"The boy's name is Totio, and he sails on the flagship. He has letters, and he will assist with my diaries. Now, what else?"

"Vicente is ready, his ship awaits your inspection."

Columbus nodded. "Provisions?"

"Stowed, *mi capitan*."

They walked along the dock at San Sebastian de La Gomera. The three vessels lay berthed in the south *muelle*, the big boulders extending the seawall. The harbor faced southeast, a natural protection from the Atlantic gales.

There, safely sheltered in ten fathoms of water, stood the flagship Santa Maria, flanked by the newly repaired Pinta to starboard, followed by the Nina, the smallest of the fleet. At over one hundred tons, each the equivalent of two barrels of wine, the flagship was double the size of the Nina.

The Holy Mary had been built in the shipyards of Galicia. She was an imposing sight, sixty feet of

keel, with a reinforced hull to support the high quarterdeck, and triangular fo'c'sle with three foot high gunwales. Along the galleon's length were thirteen futtock riders, the last of which higher above the waterline and reaching up to the poop deck, where the admiral's cabin was located. Out of the three ships, only this one had a cabin, which ran the width of the deck. The door was on the opposite side to the starboard companionway, and he could see the master, Juan de la Cosa, leaning on the wooden balustrade.

Columbus looked at his ship with pride as the boatswain supervised the sailors working on the topsail. She shipped a forty-man crew, mostly from Andalucia, with surnames matching the towns of Moguer, Lepe, Medina, Jerez, and Torres. Juan de la Cosa was both shipowner and master, Diego de Arana de Cordoba was chief constable, Escobedo fleet secretary, and Pedro de Gutierrez royal steward. The crew included the usual trades: a carpenter, a cooper, and a physician. But there was also a painter, and even a goldsmith—after all, they were about to discover the treasures of Cathay and Cipango.

"Bastos," Columbus called. "Come down here."

The man waited for the boatswain's assent, then stepped away from the mainmast. The Santa Maria drew three Genoese fathoms, around six feet, and the deck rose a further three from the dock, but the Portuguese sailor didn't take the gangway.

Bastos jumped, his thick frame surprisingly agile, and landed on bare feet in front of Totio.

"*Buenos dias mi capitan,*" he said. "I have just accommodated your horse below."

"Good. Now I want you to show this lad his duties as a cabin boy. Make sure he knows the ship, and secure him a berth. He's called Totio, and he will sail with us. I have a special interest in him."

Bastos stared at the native boy.

Maybe the captain and I have more in common than I thought.

"Aye-aye, sir. The men have already marked out the deck, but he can sleep next to me. No one will give me trouble." He grinned, showing a line of black teeth.

He turned and led Totio up the plank, and explained his incumbency to the master, who nodded.

Bastos headed off to the prow, and showed Totio the capstan and windlass, just aft of the covered foredeck. As they walked astern, he explained the lateen-rigged mizzen, the tiller, and pointed out the captain's quarters.

"Now come below decks," he said, as he went down the quarterdeck hatchway.

The smell in the dark hold was potent, a mix of live animals, salted meat, and sewage. A horse snorted uneasily in the gloom. The hold of the Santa Maria was cavernous, with partitions along the sides where enormous barrels were fitted—most contained water and wine, the most precious goods on board. Bastos helped himself to the red wine, drained it, then filled the tin cup again. He grabbed the boy and pulled him near.

"Drink."

The boy was hesitant, but he raised the cup and took a long pull of wine, as he had seen Columbus do in the house in La Gomera. The liquid was fruity but bitter, and it burned his throat as he swallowed.

Bastos grinned as the boy choked and coughed.

“So young.” He took the cup off the boy, drained it, and hooked it on his belt. He burped, and still gripping Totio’s arm, led him to the prow, past the horse. Even below the foredeck there was room for a man to stand—although the passages were narrow since the hold was chock-full of supplies.

“Here are the *bombas*, Totio,” Bastos said in bad Spanish. He had the flat accent of the Portuguese, and some of the words he used were unfamiliar to the native boy, who felt dizzy and scared.

“If the carrack starts to sink, you come down here and pump.” Bastos pointed at the iron handles. His face flickered in the weak light of the tallow lantern, which threw strange shadows on the futtocks and strakes.

“Have you ever been on a ship before?” The lantern distorted his already gross features, highlighting the broken nose and the furtive, cold eyes.

Totio shook his head. The sailor seemed to smell his fear. He gripped the boy’s arm.

“It’s dangerous.” He traced the thick, livid scar on his neck. The sailor grinned as Totio’s eyes followed, from the earring on the right ear to just before the carotid. “A little more, and...” He flicked out his hand and drew it across Totio’s neck.

The boy jumped back in alarm. The sailor laughed uproariously.

“*Calma, moço,*” he said in Portuguese. “I’ll take good care of you.”

He reached out and ruffled Totio’s hair, feeling the thick curls, and his hand stroked the boy’s ear.

Totio broke loose and bolted up through the hatch, startling the horse.

Bastos leered after him and laughed. “No one will help you here, cabin boy. Not even that fine captain.”

He turned and followed up the companionway, dazzled by the bright September sun.

Special interest, eh? What is so special about you, Guanchito?

The boy was nowhere in sight, and Bastos could see Columbus on the Pinta, deep in conversation with the Pinzón brothers.

Martin was one of four mariners on the expedition who bore the family name—two captains, a master, and an able seaman. Columbus knew he should tread with care.

The Catholic Kings decreed the town of Palos de la Frontera would supply the ships of Columbus and fully outfit them with supplies and crew, but when the admiral arrived to enforce the order, he found the locals were reticent to comply.

Columbus was staying at the Franciscan monastery of Santa Maria de La Rábida, on the eastern bank of the Rio Tinto, where he became acquainted with the veteran sailor Pero Vázquez de la Frontera. Through Vázquez, he met Martin Pinzón, a fifty-one year old shipowner and highly respected mariner from one of the most distinguished families in southern Andalusia.

Pinzón supplied two of the ships for the expedition, and underwrote the venture to the tune of half a million maravedis, worth more than fifteen hundred ounces of gold—a quarter of a million dollars today. The man from Palos dispensed with the ragtag mob Columbus had assembled and replaced it with competent men.

The admiral had in this way obtained a crew of eighty-six who would man the three vessels that made up the fleet. By way of baggage, he acquired the brothers Martin and Vicente as commanders of the Pinta and the Nina, and two other family members who sailed on the Pinta under Martin's command. Most of the crew were men of Palos and Moguer, a nearby town, sailors who had served under the Pinzón and Nino families.

Columbus had no illusions about where the crew's loyalties lay. And despite the fine words he heard spoken about Martin Pinzón, a man of honor and a respected merchant, the monks told Columbus that Martin was not just a trader, but also a pirate. Pinzón owned a ship, and together with his brothers had hijacked a cargo of wheat from a merchantman off the island of Ibiza. He also hired a caravel, the *Condesa*, and used it for raids along the Iberian coast.

Pinzón and others from Palos were reputed to have sailed as far as the seas of Guinea, and knew the ancient Portuguese sea routes before the treaty of Alcáçovas was signed in 1480.

On the deck of the Nina, Vincent was engaged in a lengthy explanation, pointing at the mainmast yard.

"As you requested, Admiral, her mainsail is now a square rig."

The Nina's triangular rigging made it highly maneuverable in coastal waters, where the ability to tack against the wind was invaluable. However, in the open sea, with the wind astern, a square sail enabled the vessel to make far better progress.

"Vicente, your caravel will not be able to accompany the fleet under these conditions," Columbus had said when the ships finally made port in the Canaries. "It is too slow with this rig."

They had agreed to keep the mizzen and foresails lateen, but change the main. For about a week, while the Pinta's rudder was repaired, ship's carpenters worked on the smallest ship, preparing it for the downwind run that lay ahead. They changed all the running rigging, re-rigged the shrouds and lifts, and crossed the yards.

"How did she fare in her sea trials?" Columbus said.

"She flew!" Vincent said. "It was only a twenty-five league run, but she performed beautifully."

"Very well. Perhaps now the lazy Nina will keep up with the armada."

Vincent threw back his head and laughed.

"When we furl the mizzen and catch the trades, we'll see your bumbling pachyderm astern. We'll be the first to smell the spices."

"*Veremos,*" said Columbus. We shall see. "We meet on the flagship this afternoon to review the charts, gentlemen."

The admiral turned and left. Totio watched him walking down the gangplank, back toward the Santa Maria. The boy's heart was racing as he hid behind the thick coiled rope—the last week had been the most emotional in his young life. A few days ago, a mere ten leagues to the east, the top of the island of Tenerife had exploded in flames. The mountains rumbled and shook, fire spit into the sky and showered the land with burning ash. Smoke and embers were carried west by the trade winds, draping La Gomera in a fine volcanic dust.

The Guanches claimed it was the revenge of the gods, punishing the Spanish for the massacre led by governor de Vera. Totio shut his eyes tight, but all he could see were the flames erupting in the distance through Beatriz de Bobadilla's open window—they flickered and illuminated the naked body of the countess, brown hair cascading down her shoulders, as she fucked the admiral of the ocean sea.

West

The maps were rolled on the table in the captain's cabin, beside a thick Latin tome. Columbus spread his chart of the West African coast, and pointed to the Canaries, with the Madeira Islands almost directly north. The chart was a product of the voyages of the Portuguese, who had been steadily making their way south since 1434, almost three score years ago.

"Captains, we depart today; let us examine our route." Columbus played his cards very close to his chest, and the Spanish captains knew only that the admiral planned to sail west.

"As you know, Henry the Navigator ordered his fleets south. In thirty-four, Eanes got here." His stubby finger marked out Cape Bojador on the west coast of Africa. "Twenty-six degrees, directly southeast from where we sit. Seven years later the Senegal River, here, at the twenty-first parallel. Over two decades ago, Elmina."

The admiral's finger traced east into the Gulf of Guinea, past Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast, and stopped at São Jorge da Mina. "I sailed down here with the Portuguese in 1481—it is where Polaris disappears. The captain was Diogo de Azambuja, appointed by King John."

No other name was necessary. Like his sponsor Isabella of Castile, Columbus deeply admired King John II of Portugal, widely known as the Perfect Prince. The Spanish queen called her cousin simply *El Hombre*—the man.

John was a ruthless adversary, a consummate politician, and he was driven by a passion to expand the Portuguese Empire. He was also well-versed in navigation, and profited from the implacable persecution of the Jews in Spain to enroll the services of a group of eminent Sephardi astronomers, including Abraham Zacuto, Ibn Verga of Seville, and Joseph Vizinho—to show his trust in his new advisers, the king of Portugal appointed Vizinho as his personal physician.

"Three years after my voyage, Diogo Cão was at the Congo, well below the equator, and by eighty-eight, Dias rounded the Cape."

The Pinzón brothers knew something of the Portuguese voyages and, as sailors themselves, were in awe of these mariners. Martin Pinzón eyed Columbus with suspicion—after all, the white-haired Genoese now standing above them in the stuffy cabin at the poop of the Santa Maria hadn't managed to persuade the Perfect Prince of the merits of his alternative.

But Martin and his brother were under orders from the kings of Spain, so discretion would be the better path.

“*Capitan*, I’m told you personally know Bartolomeu Dias?” Martin knew Columbus was a glutton for flattery.

“Indeed, Martin. Since the time of Captain Azambuja, we sailed together to Elmina.” The admiral reached over and pulled a diary from the shelf. Martin saw dates, drawings, and copious notes as Columbus turned the pages.

“I heard him speak in Lisbon, after he returned from the Cape of Good Hope.” Columbus sounded unusually animated. “I believe he underestimated his latitude, my own reckoning is forty-five degrees south. It may be near the ends of the world.”

There were three entire pages transcribing the journey of Dias, heavily commented in the margins. At the end was the trademark signature of Columbus—a bizarre pyramid of Greek and Byzantine letters, below which appeared the Latin words *Porter of Christ*.

“And in your judgment, how close are the Portuguese to the Indies?”

Columbus huffed. “Not as close as the kings of Spain.” Clearly, his rebuff by the Portuguese king’s Mathematical Junta, a group of John’s most able Jewish advisers, was not easily forgotten.

The admiral turned and pointed west.

His voice went quiet. “Six hundred leagues,” he whispered. “That is all that separates us from the Indies.” He opened the cabin door and called: “Fetch Totio.”

Martin looked at his brother in confusion.

What the hell was this all about? What did a Guanche boy have to do with a meeting of senior fleet captains?

Totio appeared at the entrance, looking scared. He’d been scrubbing the decks, doing his best to stay clear of Bastos.

“Tell the captains of your legend, of the mists to the west.”

“Sirs, if it pleases you...” he stammered. “My people tell of the lands beyond the wind, every year it is seen. When the mists melt. The mountain people...”

“Native stories from a *grumete*, this is how we sail?” Martin snorted.

“No Captain, we sail by the grace of God, the king’s hand, and my judgment. Go now boy.” Columbus closed the door. “But you would do well to listen to the people. Eight years ago I lived in Madeira, and there was one there who beseeched the king for a caravel—they see western lands from that island too.”

“Very well, Admiral.” Pinzón dropped the matter. “Six hundred leagues. Is there a map?” The Portuguese chart showed the African coast to the southeast in great detail, and the Iberian Peninsula to the north. It accurately rendered the nine islands of the Azores, but the outer limit was the westernmost island of Flores—beyond that, nothing.

"Far better than a map, Captain." Columbus looked almost febrile, his blue eyes intense. "I have this." He pointed at the leather-bound book on the table.

"The Bible, sir?" Martin was incredulous. "Captain, I know you are a pious man, but..."

Columbus laughed. "This is no bible, though it was written by a priest. A French priest, Cardinal Pierre D'Ailly. Only recently is this book available, though it dates from 1410. It's called *Imago Mundi*, the Image of the World."

Martin and his brother stared at the book with renewed interest.

"At first glance," Columbus said, "this may seem an ordinary book. It takes a special kind of skill to delve beyond that, to reach the kernel." He was clearly referring to himself. "You see, captains, here two things are combined: the divine power of astrology, and the Aristotelian logic of science."

"So that book, written five generations ago, holds the key to the Indies." Martin remained unconvinced. "The Portuguese discovered Madeira, the Azores, and did not sail west. They fought wars, signed treaties, and sailed round the ends of Africa in their quest for the spice lands. And yet this book holds the key."

Columbus nodded. "This marvel, this pearl, it builds on the work of Sacrobosco—the Treatise of the Sphere. And of Roger Bacon, shortly thereafter. And Oresme, one hundred and forty years ago." He appeared keen to show his knowledge of the great masters. Martin imagined that it was in this way that the admiral persuaded the wise men in Salamanca to endorse his proposed route.

"But the book also builds on Esdras, and Aristotle. The Atlantic is a narrow sea," Columbus said. "*And the journey is all downwind.*"

"I see," Martin said. "At thirty leagues a day, we should be there in three weeks. Cipango, I mean, Admiral. Or would that be Cathay?"

"Japan first, then China, Martin. It is well known since Marco Polo that Cipango lies to the east of China." Pinzón's sarcasm seemed lost on Columbus.

"Well, we're primed for success. Tell me, did you show King John's *Junta dos Matemáticos* your book?"

Columbus flushed at the memory. He turned to Martin and his brother, his voice harsh.

"Gentlemen, the Junta is *Jewish*. Don't expect them to side with a Christian proposition. These men have their own interests at heart." The recent events of Cadiz were in everyone's mind—The Spanish chief inquisitor Torquemada forced the Jews into exile, and in the process forced Columbus to sail from Palos de la Frontera, taking away the glory of a departure from the great estuary of the Guadalquivir.

The three ships had been moored at the Barra de Saltés, on the northeast corner of Palos. Above them stood the church of San Jorge, perched on a cliff, where final prayers had been offered on the Thursday evening: it was the second day of August, 1492. Next morning, the fleet had sailed down the Rio Tinto on the ebb tide, passing the monastery of La Rábida to port. Columbus had lived there for a year—he often contemplated the confluence of the Rio Tinto and the River Odiel from the cell of his friend Juan Perez, and dreamed of the Atlantic Ocean that lay just beyond, as he

waited for the Franciscan monks to mediate his request to Ferdinand and Isabella.

Columbus had exchanged acrimonious words with the Jews that surrounded the Perfect Prince. At the Lisbon meetings, Abraham Zacuto and Jose Vizinho opposed him with reasoned arguments based on astronomy and cartography—despite this, the admiral was convinced that their refusal to accept his plan was based on religious grounds, on Jewish hatred of the Christian faith.

The admiral's voice turned cold. "I trust, Martin, you do not sit with the Israelites on this matter."

From a drawer, he pulled out two packets sealed with wax. "We may run into weather, captains. Should our ships separate, *and only then*, you will open these."

"Which are?" Pinzón said.

"These two letters contain the details of our route—the first part, which will lead us to Cipango."

The two brothers from Palos nodded and took the packages.

"I fully expect these returned unopened to me in Cipango." The frosty tone was still there.

"You have your orders, gentlemen. We sail with the tide."

The Log

The three ships departed in order. First the Santa Maria, followed by the Pinta, then the newly converted Nina. Beatriz came down to the pier, her two children jumping and waving as the flagship made its way slowly southeast through the harbor entrance. Well behind his mistress and the other Spanish gentry, Totio could see a few Guanches—his countrymen didn't smile, they just stared, faces black and sullen.

On board Columbus's ship the big round sails were furled, only the lateen was full. The captain looked less than pleased. Although Totio had never been at sea before, he knew that the strong trade winds that blew volcanic ash over from Tenerife were not with them today, and to the stern he could see the captains of the other vessels using the same rigging—the triangular sail on the mizzen mast was doing all the work.

By late morning, the three ships were becalmed a mere two and a half leagues from La Gomera in the San Sebastian Roads, the channel midway to Tenerife. Totio knew they weren't moving, but the roll of the ship made him violently sick—he could see high mountains on either side of the channel, but looking at them while the decks danced below only made his stomach worse.

He woke on Friday morning cold and weak. The sails were still furled, nothing moved. Around him the ocean was a deep blue-green, and a few sailors had lines out. He was able to eat some salt fish, *and* keep it down, and then the boatswain Chachu ordered him to the scrubbing detail.

Someone grabbed his arm. "Boy!"

Totio looked up in fright. Bastos was standing over him.

"Where have you been, boy?"

Bastos' face was quizzical. "Are you hiding from your new pal?" The sailor bent closer. "I think

you're sleeping with the other boys, behind the ropes," He whispered. "Do you like the other boys?" Bastos grinned malevolently and stroked Totio's cheek.

Totio was silent. The cabin boys were the lowest-ranked on board, and constantly abused. He certainly didn't want to be singled out, particularly since Bastos made no secret the Guanche was the captain's pet. It had been easy enough to make friends with the other *grumetes*, apprentice sailors who shared his predicament.

"One of these nights, I will visit you there, Guanchito." Bastos leered.

"I hope you're making that boy into a sailor, Bastos." Columbus' voice boomed from the sterncastle.

The Portuguese stood bolt upright and released his grip on Totio. "*Mi capitan!*" He produced an ingratiating smile. "The boy learns quickly."

"That's what I aim to discover. Totio, come here."

The Guanche was up in a flash, stowed the brush and ran to the stern. Columbus was standing at the top of the companionway.

"I was told you have letters. You can read?"

"And write, sir," he boy said proudly.

"Good. But all that close work may fail your eyesight. Can you see well, boy?"

Totio nodded. "In my tribe, they call me *Clarojos*."

"I see. Well, Clear Eyes, what's written on that pennant?" Columbus pointed to the Nina, over two hundred feet away. The thin red flag hung limp in the distance, barely fluttering.

"An F." Totio waited for the flag to move slightly. "And a Y. With a shield over each."

"And on the yard?" The captain pointed to the mainmast topsail.

"A, M, G, P."

Ave Maria Gratia Plena. The sail had bonnets to increase its surface, attached with eyelets. They were marked with the four letters, Hail Mary Full of Grace, to allow an easy match.

"So... Clarojos; your people are right. Maybe you will sight the Indies first."

"And the two letters, sir: Ferdinand and Ysabella?"

"*Muy bien*. Tell me, Totio, can you see shadows at night?"

For the second time that morning the boy's heart stopped.

The captain knows I hid in the closet.

He lowered his eyes. "I can, Captain. I can see shadows when others cannot."

The admiral seemed unperturbed.

Thank heavens! He doesn't know.

"Splendid. You will do the night watch as we approach Cipango."

Totio nodded enthusiastically, without the faintest idea of who or what Cipango was.

Anything to keep that animal Bastos away from me at night.

"You say you can write." Columbus opened the cabin door. He motioned Totio to a chair, and placed a blank parchment in front of him. He took his logbook from the shelf, and opened it at the first page.

"Copy that."

Totio inked the quill and began to write.

IN NOMINE D: JESU CHRISTI

Porque, cristianísimos, e muy altos, y muy excelentes, y muy poderosos Príncipes, Rey y Reina de las Españas y de las islas de la mar, nuestros Señores, este presente año de 1492, después de vuestras Altezas haber dado fin a la guerra de los moros...

The boy felt Columbus looking over his shoulder, as the cursive script flowed across the page, describing the preamble to the Indies adventure. The text described how the Catholic Kings had taken the Alhambra palace from the Moors, and made the followers of 'Mohama' their vassals.

The history of Granada, and of the palace, followed the fortunes of the Arab conquest of Iberia.

In the eleventh century Granada had been a predominantly Jewish settlement, but when the city became provincial capital after 1031, it expanded, and prime minister Samuel ibn Nagrella began the construction of a palace on the hill of Sabika.

The Alhambra and its legendary gardens were rebuilt by successive generations of Nazari sultans, following their destruction in the wars between the Moors of Andalucia and successive waves of North African invaders.

While the boy wrote, Columbus looked out to sea at the Pinta. A skiff was rowing over from the Nina and two sailors from the Pinta were lowering a ladder. In a matter of minutes, Martin welcomed his brother on board. Then a third man, Francisco Martin Pinzón, master of the Pinta, joined them.

It seemed the three Pinzón brothers were also profiting from the calm seas.

Martin and the others disappeared from view.

"Brother, we thank you for your visit." A fourth sailor said. This was Diego 'El Viejo' Martin Pinzón, a first cousin. "Our admiral, will he think that we conspire? The four brothers Pinzón?"

"What else have we to do? Fish?" Vincent laughed. On all three ships the lines were out. The rich waters of the Canaries teemed with tunny and bream. On deck the sailors stacked four bluefins, more than enough to satisfy the whole crew of twenty-six. The men were already gutting the fish.

“Seriously, *hermanos*, what do we make of the mysterious book of Columbus?” Martin waved his hand west. “The ocean is vast.” Near the lines the dolphins had come up to take a look at matters—tuna were one of their favorite meals. Flapping above in excitement, gannet and tern hovered to grab the spoils.

“I believe these three weeks of Colón will be rather longer,” Vicente said. “Our men are not accustomed to long distances from land.”

The crew from Palos and other parts of Andalucia mainly engaged in local trading, east into the Mediterranean, west toward Portugal and the north of Spain, and across the gulf of Cadiz to the North African enclaves—some of that ‘trade’ was piracy—if a suitable victim was at hand, the men from Palos would board and seize the cargo.

“And when they see us sail leeward for many days, there will be one great fear in their minds,” Martin added.

“Yes. They will think the fleet is too far west to return home. And then there will be mutiny.”

Columbus turned his gaze away from the window. The journey’s success hinged on his calculations. If those six hundred leagues turned out to be wrong...

And if the Pinzón brothers sided against him as the journey lengthened, he could expect nothing but trouble—his career as admiral of the ocean sea would meet a swift end.

He looked down at the parchment. “You write well, Totio. Who educated you?”

The boy thought back to the shadows and kept his eyes down.

“Dona Beatriz.”

“These words you have copied. Do you understand what they mean?”

Totio nodded. Columbus looked at him expectantly.

The boy explained that the fall of Granada marked the end of the Caliphate in Al-Andaluz. There was a passing reference to the expulsion of the Jews, and then a description of the need to evangelize the Asian masses the expedition would encounter.

When Totio got to the part where the kings has instructed the admiral to head west, since there was no proven route to the Indies via the east, Columbus stopped him.

“Clear Eyes, you will be of great advantage to me on this journey, and I am thankful your mistress released you.”

The boy nodded again.

“I am about to share a secret with you. A great secret. Dona Beatriz tells me you are able to keep your thoughts to yourself, even if you are young.”

“I will repeat nothing of what you tell me,” Totio solemnly swore. “Nothing.”

“Very well. You know that the other captains do not like you?”

“I know. But sir, I fear they also do not like you.” Totio expected any manner of reaction, including a beating or worse, but Columbus only nodded.

“True, boy. I am a foreigner among Spaniards, a Genoese. The men don’t trust me, and many may even hate me. I want you to be my eyes and ears, Totio. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I want you to spy for me, to feel the mood of the ship. You are a *grumete*, a cabin boy—you count for nothing on board. Go anywhere. Hear everything. The boasting of that scoundrel Bastos. And what the other men say.”

Totio nodded. He didn’t see he had a choice, since Beatriz de Bobadilla had him given express instructions only two days before.

“Keep as close to the admiral as you can, Totio. You are my young spy. You will tell me all he does, all that he finds. *Si?*”

Totio had said yes.

“And you have some experience of spying, no? The things you see from behind a cabinet door, in the shadows of the night...” She smiled.

Totio flushed bright red. “Dona Beatriz, I...” he stammered.

“It’s alright,” she told him. The countess eyed him appraisingly. Totio was tall for his age, lean and fit. Beatriz liked his face, the thick curly hair, the sparkling, intelligent eyes. The boy had full lips, the beard beginning to show. She pulled him to her. “It’s alright,” she repeated. The boy was breathing faster, and she smiled again. She bent her head slightly and kissed him, parting her own lips so he could feel her tongue. She waited until his mouth opened, lingered a minute, then teasingly paused. Against her tits, his heart beat like a hammer. The countess’s hand deliberately brushed the front of his breeches, felt the hard lump there, before pulling away. “Fourteen years... lucky boy. Spy for me, Totio. Read his papers... and I will reward you.”

All this raced through Totio’s mind as Columbus continued speaking.

“There are four men named Pinzón on this fleet, boy. Three on the Pinta, one on the Nina. I made sure none are on my ship. And yet there will be a spy on the Santa Maria, a man who will report to Martin Pinzón. It could be that slimy Bastos—that is why I brought you to him.”

Totio knew his life had suddenly become much more dangerous. Suddenly, there was so much he knew and could not say. And on the flagship were at least two spies—he was one of them, spying for two different masters.

On Saturday 8th September 1492, Columbus weighs anchor from La Gomera in the Canary Islands. His destination is Japan, which he hopes to reach in about three weeks. Instead, he arrives at another continent, which he firmly believes to be the

Indies. American Indians, Indiana, Indian Wells, and many other names are a consequence of his miscalculation.

Peter Wibaux is the author of award-winning novel *The India Road*, and in his new book *Clear Eyes* he portrays the first voyage of Columbus in a new light. The outbound journey, and the torrid relationship between the admiral and Beatriz, countess of La Gomera, are just the start of a great adventure. In the Indies, the Spaniards inflict the most terrible punishments on the Taino people, as the Spanish captains search for the riches of Cipango and Cathay.

By the time the fleet departs for Castile, the flagship is lost and the Spanish captain Martin Pinzon is filled with hatred for Christopher Columbus. The journey home is fraught with danger, as the two vessels fight the winter storms of the North Atlantic. But that's nothing compared to the political strife in Iberia, which will determine the fate of the New World.

A corrupt pope, a seductive courtesan, and the cruelty of the conquistadors add spice to a story anchored in facts and researched in the libraries of Italy, Spain, and the United States. Spices are what Columbus hopes to find, but will the expedition return with more than it bargained for?

Farnam Clear Eyes Sterile Eye-Care Solution, 4 oz. at Tractor - Walgreens Clear Eyes Eye Drops (0.5 oz., 3 pk.) - Sam's Club - Clear eyes, Full imaginations, Can't lose - I got to come into my first year and just really help them work on marketing the book and on design 'Friday Night Lights' surprising things - Insider - Your eyes use various muscle groups to do everything from reading a book to watching the sunset. But your eyes work harder when you're doing concentrated Buy Clear Eyes, Full Hearts, Can't Lose Lined Notebook - Freshkon Alluring Eyes is beautifully designed and the easiest route to brighter, Avaira prescription contact lenses from Coopervision provide clear and. doctors and Specialists by location and book your appointment easily online with no School-aged Vision: 6 to 18 Years of Age - Clear Eyes, Full Hearts, Don't Rape: Inside Amy Schumer' Writers Tell.. - And as with any art, like a painting or a book, you can fuck it up and Clear eyes full hearts cant lose - With us today is Sarah, creator of the fabulously titled Clear Eyes, Full poke a bit of fun at ourselves (like in Laura's hilarious Book Nerd Red eye dispensary - ... Days": Sept. Children's Book Spot; Michael Fosberg's: Incognito at First Pres Sermon - Clear Eyes, Full Hearts, Can't Lose - preached by Rev. Rebecca Ce smith and sons - Eye Health Yacht Clear Eyes Photo Gallery - Luxury Charter Group - Region Clear Eyes, Full Hearts - When you're cooking fish, it's clear, the eye doesn't lie In this book, Willan draws on her years of experience and, using both text and Free Read [Thriller Book] - Clear Eyes - by Peter Wibaux - ... to reduce symptoms of pruritus (itching), hives, sneezing, and itchy, runny eyes. 8 - 12 hr

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