No one will ever know ~~apptly~~ the exact appearance of ancient Tenochtitlan or marvel at the ~~sights~~ sights that Bernal Diaz described so vividly in his memoirs forty years after the ~~city's fall~~ conquest. Even as he wrote the city was only a memory, the great temples and oratories, the palaces, and the markets, the gardens and the zoos were all gone. The great lineages were scattered or had vanished save for a few who lived on puppet like, like shadows of ~~their former grandeur~~ some former grandeur.

~~Here and there~~ on

Here and there about the city one might see a monument or two saved perhaps out of curiosity or incorporated in to the foundations of some new buildings where they might be seen and their lessons learned.

Even today were it possible to remove the results of some ~~the~~ five hundred years of consequent rebuilding we would still find very little of what the ~~first Europeans~~ Conquerors saw. In demolishing the Aztec city the great ~~holy~~ sound temenos received particular attention. In between the lines of those Christian chronicles we can read of the constant frustrations of the Churchs efforts to ~~conversion of the indians~~ convert the indians, even outright statements of failure. Complete destruction of as much of the Aztec world as possible was seen as the only way to reach these new souls to show them the impotence and error of their ways