

Motzquema looks somewhat annoyed at hearing this. Where are they meeting this time? At the Encades?

~~At the Encades?~~

"Just, at the Temple of the Eagles."

So my Councilor, the ~~Flota~~ Cihuatlan then too? he says ^{with gentle concern} ~~absolutely~~.

No, my Great Lord, He awaits you at the House of Daphnes ^{pay the blood debt and} I shall ~~first~~ ^{enter} the first with you.

Motzquema puts on his cloak, his turquoise crown and accompanied by the priest with tassels to the north east gate of the palace where Cuauhtlame and several other, mostly priests await him.

At his appearance all the priests bow, touch the ground with their hands and bring their hands to their mouths in salute to the king. Several priests are standing by a silver chain. Their heads bowed.

M. waves his hand for the chain to be taken away.

"This night I will walk," ^{to the Temple of our} ~~he says~~ ancestors. I will walk as Mixcoatl walked through the ~~stagnant~~ desert garden, through the Teotlalpan when I will cut the Magazine thorns for the blood debt. As not have them cut for me. I will cut them myself.

"Will you bathe at the Coapan first, my Great Lord?"

"No, I will not bathe. I will ^{wear} ~~carry~~ the dust of the Teotlalpan" as our ancestors did.

Then the king does something quite remarkable
in the eyes of his party. He slowly reaches into
the cage. The cat looks up. It crouches down. It
snarls but allows the king to gently place
his hand on its head. ^{Nothing more} A gold ring flashes
in the torch light. The king ^{gradually} withdraws
~~the~~ ^{then} his hand. He slowly pulls the ring
off his finger and places it on the bottom of
the cage. ~~But~~ He leans down and scrutinizes
deeply the eyes of the animal. Nothing is
said. The king straightens up and continues
his walk to the eastern gate.

What keeps you
from your sleep
my noble one.

The party arrives at the eastern gate ^{where} and
a ^{group} party of priests are assembled with incense.
The Conure follows the king into the square
through the gate where the back of the Temple
of Micoatl looms into view. Between the
Temple and the king's party is an elevated
Cactus garden. Great Brasas burn behind
the back wall of the ^{great} Temple of Huitzilopochtli and
Tlaloc illuminating the ~~great~~ ^{Sanctuary} wall which
runs out of the picture. Cuauhtemoc hands
the king's scepter to the aged priest of Micoatl.
The old man hands the king a small flint knife.

"You may now enter the Serapeum to cut
the Thorns," says the old man.

The king leaves the party, ^{removes his sword} and climbs
the steps to the Cactus garden. He falls to his
knees before a ~~great~~ large Moquy plant.

jode craggy

Oh Mother Maquey, Goddess of the ~~craggy~~ ^{craggy} lands,
life-giver ^{Chichimeca} Mother of Ancestress, I must take two of your thorns.
Forgive me.

"Oh ~~mother~~ grand mother Maquey, jode Goddess
of the Craggy lands, life-giver of the Chichimecas
and mother of Ancestress, I must take two of your
thorns. Forgive me". He then cuts two Maquey
leaf points. Camera fades out.

Next scene. The party of priests looks up to
see Motezuma descending the Tzotzalsan steps.
All immediately look down ^{on} away from his
face. He places the two thorns in a plate offered by
one of the priests. The party then proceeds around
to the front (apetlan) of the Temple of Miccailt
where other priests await. There is much
Smoke from the priests' incensers.

Motezuma mounts the five steps of the
apetlan when a large uncut boulder emerges
from the stucco. The King touches the rock and
brings his finger to his mouth. He then removes
his Turquoise Crown and hands it to Cuauhtemo.
who stares at it intently. Both men for a moment
look at each other in the face - a ^{mutual} for ^{mutual} gaze
of etiquette. The King smiles gently. Two priests with
heads bowed step forward and place the necklaces
with the Sacred Gold around his neck ^{and} the Gourd
hangs down the King's back between the shoulder
blades. Another priest hands him his incense bag which
he ^{hangs} ~~places~~ from the crook of his left arm. He is then given

a plate with a ball of grass with the two ^{fresh cut} thorns
stuck in it. The king takes the first thorn and
pierces his right ear. Blood drops on the thorn. He
~~sticks~~ ^{pushes} the bloody thorn ^{back} in to the grass ball. He then
repeats the process with his other ear. When
he is finished a priest hands him a large ^{empty} Pan
like incensor. ~~filled with~~ The plate with the
bloody grass ball is given to the old priest who
puts the scepter in the crook of his arm. Suddenly
the old man leans forward and ^{roughly} rubs his
bloody ears and then rubs the blood on the King's
temples. The old man then turns and begins
to ascend the temple steps. He stops at the
top, places the grass offering on the landing then
humbles down the steps again. By this time
two priests have joined the king supporting the
king's arms at the elbows. The king and
the two priests ascend. Five steps from the
top the two priests stop and the king goes
the rest of the way by himself.

The old man goes into
the temple standing and
incenses the idols.

Spur