



THE UNTOLD  
TALES OF AFRICA

PRESENTS

# WASUKE

Black Maverick  
Publishing





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# Chapter 1:

## Arrival

Alessandro Valignano, an Italian missionary, embarked on a mission to spread Christianity to faraway lands. His travels led him to Mozambique, a thriving country on Africa's southeastern coast. Valignano employed his diplomatic skills and leverage as an Italian missionary to encourage the Mozambican people to adopt Christian teachings. This journey would ultimately alter the course of history.

Amidst his endeavors in Mozambique, Valignano encountered a young man carrying large mounds of wood and hay to his village. He motioned to one of his men to grab the man's attention. They did, and he spoke to the young man, a translator speaking to him as well to ensure understanding. "Young man, what is your name?" The young man responded, "Isaque, Father." Valignano smiled. "What a specimen you are. Tell me, do you believe in the one true God, Jesus Christ, and his teachings?" Isaque nodded suspiciously, unsure of why he was being questioned. "Good, then you know all too well that when the lord calls upon you to do his righteous work, you must answer. You are precisely the man I need by my side to complete my mission. Tall and sturdy, and the ferocity in your eyes tells me that you have experienced terror and faced it head-on. You have seen the devil and did not allow yourself to look away in fear. Am I correct, young man? Have you seen the devil?" Valignano's questioning perturbed Isaque, but he did not show it. Instead, he stood tall, looked Valignano in the eyes, and said, "I have faced the devil many times, Father." Valignano slightly grinned and asked, "And what did he tempt you with?" Isaque paused and looked off into the distance.

Impressed by Isaque's humble demeanor and resilience, Valignano offered him an opportunity to serve as his valet, accompanying him on his mission across Japan. This invitation presented Isaque with a chance to not only escape the confines of slavery but also to delve deeper into the intricacies of Japanese society and its interactions with the Western world.

Isaque, a humble young man from Mozambique, lived a simple life in a small village. Born into a world touched by the colonial pressures of Portugal, he knew the harsh realities of life under foreign rule. As a teenager of seventeen years, Isaque's peaceful existence was shattered when Portuguese settlers laid their greedy hands upon his homeland, tearing families apart and snuffing out the flames of hope.

He was the single child of his parents, his mother being a pillar of strength and his father a beacon of wisdom. Their peaceful existence was shattered when their village came under attack by marauders seeking to exploit the land and its people.

During this violent onslaught, Isaque's father met his untimely demise, defending his family and their way of life. In the chaos and devastation, Isaque witnessed his father's valiant struggle and heard his final words, spoken with a mixture of pain and love. His father's dying breath carried a promise, a solemn vow that Isaque would never allow injustice to stand and that he would always follow his moral compass and do what was right for the betterment of his people. His father died hoping that Isaque would be able to stand up for those who could not stand up for themselves one day.

Now, Isaque stood before a man who claimed to be just, but Isaque knew better. He knew that the offer he was given was not an



offer but a demand, finely decorated but just as deadly if he were to resist. When Isaque returned home to say his goodbyes, Isaque's mother, with tears streaming down her face, embraced her son and whispered words of encouragement amidst their shared grief. She urged him to embark on his journey, to seek a better life and find the strength to overcome the hardships that had befallen them. He was only in his twenties, had recently fallen in love, and wanted to marry and start a family. He looked upon his fiance as she held him tightly, her eyes filled with longing and hope, as they shared a heartfelt farewell. At that moment, Isaque promised to return one day a stronger man, able to do more for his family and his people. But today, he was not strong enough to resist the demands of the Jesuit missionary.

He vowed to his family that he would return, no matter the distance or the obstacles that lay before him. The young man's promise was etched into his very being, constantly reminding him of the love and strength that anchored him to his homeland. He carried their memories within his heart, their faces imprinted in his mind, and their hopes and dreams became his driving force.

Within the week, Valignano prepared Isaque and brought him aboard the Jesuit's vessel. Initially, Isaque was taken as an enslaved person, a common practice during that era. However, Valignano saw beyond the chains that bound him, recognizing the unique qualities within Isaque. He realized that Isaque's spirit was indomitable and that Isaque had the potential to move mountains with his strength. This sparked his decision to give Isaque a more critical role as a valet and bodyguard, someone who would always stay close to Valignano and protect him from the many dangers in the foreign lands they would tour.

With Isaque now in his entourage, Valignano set sail for foreign lands. As they traversed the vast expanse of the ocean, Isaque's mind was filled with anticipation and curiosity. He anticipated what the other countries would be like. For the first time in his life, he was leaving his home. While Isaque was nervous and, in some ways, anxious, he had faith that he would one day see his mother and his beloved once again.

On his journey, Isaque faced ridicule from other passengers and crew. Unlike the other enslaved people on the ship, he held his head high. He was honorable, had faith in God, and believed he would one day see his home and family again. However, the journey across the vast ocean was treacherous, filled with uncertainties and moments of despair. Yet, through the hardships and turbulent waves, the flame of his determination burned brighter, fueled by the love and faith his family had bestowed upon him.

For the next few years, Isaque was a valet and bodyguard for Valignano. They traversed different Asian countries, most notably India, before beginning their next voyage to Japan. During their time in India, Isaque learned martial arts and sculpted his body into a fighting machine. There was never a dull day on their travels. Bandits would frequently attempt to steal their wares, and non-believers who desired to hold onto their religious traditions would try to run Valignano and his group away. Isaque learned to become vigilant and focused in the face of danger, and by the time Valignano decided it was time for them to move on to new lands, Isaque was a changed man. In his early thirties, he was tall, muscular, and full of scars, each telling a story of his shortcomings. Each scar was a lesson and a promise never to make the same error twice.

One night, on his voyage to Japan, tensions were high on the ship. The crew was particularly abusive to the enslaved people that night, and many of the enslaved people were considering rebellion. They spoke among themselves and proposed a plan to attack the crew when they came below deck to the slave quarters. They would overpower the oppressors and then reach the top deck. Once there, they would spread out, attack the crew, and overtake the ship. Isaque sat to the side, outside of the group. He decided that he did not want to partake in the ambush. He knew that he would feel compelled to join in if it were meant for him to join in. Instead, he felt forced to stay out of the brewing conflict. His wish was to traverse Japan's landscape and assist Valignano in spreading God's word. So, he decided to see his journey through.

The enslaved people had enough and were ready to revolt. Isaque stood up and walked to the leader of the revolt. He punched the man so hard that he fell to his knees, gasping for air. Isaque looked at the other enslaved people who were now preparing to fight him and said, "Do any of you know how to sail a ship?" They stood quietly and looked at each other, waiting for someone to step forward. "Do you know how to read the stars and let them guide you across the seas?" The men shook their heads. Some grabbed their faces and wiped the sweat from their cheeks. The leader attempted to stand. His legs still shaky, he said. We do not belong in chains, Isaque. He responded, "This is the path God laid before us. It will not last forever unless you lose faith in his greater plan. I, for one, will not ruin the journey before it begins by drowning at sea. So, stay patient. See this through, and we will see our families again when the opportunity arises." The men relaxed and sat back down slowly, holding their wrists, rubbing the red, raised skin caused by the constant friction of the chains. They took deep breaths and eventually went to sleep.

During the long and arduous voyage, Isaque often found himself gazing out at the endless expanse of water, contemplating the life he had left behind. He yearned for his mother's embrace, the warmth of his fiance's hand in his, and the simple joys of his village. Memories of their laughter flooded his dreams, and the compassion they had shown him became his sanctuary amid the isolation and uncertainty.

As the ship approached the shores of Japan, Isaque's heart quickened with anticipation and a tinge of nervousness. He knew that his arrival in this foreign land marked the beginning of a new chapter in his life, one filled with both challenges and possibilities. The promise he had made to his loved ones fueled his determination to persevere, no matter the obstacles that lay ahead.

Stepping foot on Japanese soil, Isaque took a deep breath, inhaling the scent of unfamiliar spices and the essence of a culture so different from his own. He knew he was entering a realm where his color and foreign origins would draw attention and curiosity. But Isaque refused to be defined solely by his appearance; he would let his actions and character speak for themselves.

As he made his way through bustling streets and observed the traditions of this land, Isaque felt a mixture of awe and uncertainty. The language, the attire, and the social dynamics vastly differed from what he had known in Mozambique and even India. Yet, he was determined to immerse himself in the culture, to learn and adapt, and to find his place in this complex tapestry of Japanese society. When he was not working under Valignano's direction, he spent time with the natives, learning their language and ways of life. As Isaque delved

deeper into the intricate tapestry of Japanese society, he encountered curiosity and prejudice due to his unique background. Some viewed him with awe, marveling at his dark color, while others regarded him with suspicion, wary of an outsider encroaching upon their traditions. His physical strength led him to spend most of his time with martial artists in the areas where he resided. He would engage in combat with them and learn new things on his trek through Japan. At first, he experienced discrimination because of his appearance, but that quickly changed when he showcased his strength and determination to win against better-trained opponents.

While Isaque had traveled a good portion of Japan and learned their language and culture for about a year, his journey there had only begun. He sensed that something more was to come. He was unaware that his initial arrival in Japan would initiate a chain of events that would significantly impact his future.

He sought opportunities to learn the language, immersing himself in the local customs and etiquette. Isaque's humility and openness endeared him to those who recognized his genuine efforts to embrace their culture. He studied diligently, honing his understanding of the Japanese way of life. His stoic nature made him a perfect candidate for what was to come.

Over time, Isaque's reputation as a steadfast and loyal individual began to spread. Tales of his relentless determination and persistence reached the ears of influential figures, including the renowned Oda Nobunaga. The feudal lord, known for his keen intellect and appreciation for foreign knowledge, became intrigued by the accounts of a black man who had arrived on Japanese shores.

The paths of Isaque and Oda Nobunaga would soon intertwine, setting in motion a series of events that would shape their destinies. But for now, as Isaque navigated the complexities of this unfamiliar land, his promise remained his guiding light. In moments of doubt or weariness, he recalled their loving embrace, faith in him, and shared dreams.

Isaque pressed onward, his skills and abilities catching the attention of those around him. His physical strength and agility, honed through years of hardship, became a testament to his determination and resilience. As he trained rigorously, immersing himself in the art of combat, he sought to become a formidable warrior who would uphold the ideals of loyalty and honor.

Deep within his heart, Isaque carried the weight of his promise. He would ponder how his family was doing and whether they believed he was alive. Whether they thought he would return home. Japan was not his first stop. He had traveled to India as well. It had been years since he saw their faces. He yearned to fulfill his vow, to bring honor to his family and return to the land that had shaped him. However, the road ahead was treacherous and uncertain. Nonetheless, Isaque's unwavering spirit blazed like a beacon in the darkness, guiding him toward his ultimate destiny.

In the land of the rising sun, Isaque would face formidable challenges, forge unlikely alliances, and carve his name into the annals of history. The journey that had begun with a promise would soon lead him to meet with the enigmatic Oda Nobunaga, forever altering the course of his life and the fate of Japan.

As Isaque continued his journey through Japan, he noticed the palpable conflicts and civil unrest that gripped the nation. The country was in constant turmoil, with various factions vying for power and control. Daimyos, feudal lords of different regions, waged war against each other, seeking to expand their territories and establish dominance.

The unification of Japan seemed like an elusive dream, as rival warlords clashed on battlefields and in political maneuverings. The land was divided, with different factions pledging their allegiance to other leaders, each with their ambitions and strategies. It was a time of shifting alliances, betrayals, and the constant struggle for supremacy.

Isaque, as an outsider, observed these conflicts with a mixture of awe and apprehension. He witnessed the devastation left in the wake of battles, the suffering of the ordinary people caught in the crossfire, and the widespread chaos that permeated every corner of the land. The civil unrest was a constant reminder of the fragile state of the nation and the immense challenges ahead.

Within this backdrop of conflict, Isaque's journey took on a more profound significance. He realized that his presence in Japan was not merely a personal quest but also intertwined with the nation's fate. As he navigated the treacherous waters of political intrigue and societal divisions, he understood that his actions could shape history.

Isaque's experiences as an enslaved person in Mozambique instilled in him resilience and an understanding of the harsh realities of life. His encounters with violence and loss had desensitized him to the brutality of war. He recognized that Japan, much like his homeland, was a land where power dictated the lives of its people, and survival often depended on one's ability to adapt and seize opportunities.

In this tumultuous era, Isaque's arrival as a black man from a distant land added another layer of complexity to the already intricate dynamics of Japanese society. Prejudices and misconceptions were rife, with some viewing him as an exotic curiosity and others perceiving him as a threat to their cultural norms. He faced admiration and hostility, his presence challenging the status quo and forcing people to confront their biases.

Yet, amidst the conflicts and civil unrest, Isaque found moments of connection and camaraderie. He encountered individuals who saw beyond the color of his skin, recognizing the strength of his character and the value of his contributions. These alliances, forged amidst the chaos, would prove crucial in shaping his journey and the impact he would have on the events unfolding around him.

With each passing day, Isaque's understanding of Japan deepened. The conflicts and civil unrest that permeated the land fueled his resolve to play a part in the unification of Japan, to bring stability and peace to a nation torn apart by strife. He found himself in a completely different land from his homeland, Mozambique. The sights, sounds, and customs of this foreign land of Japan baffled him, yet he remained determined to venture into this unfamiliar territory.

He shared the same passion that his master Valignano did. While Valignano was an enslaver, he was considered a pious man of aura and scholarly disposition. He devoted himself to spreading the teachings of Christianity in this remote corner of the world. Due to this, he was well-respected by his peers and overseers.



One such peer was the Jesuit priest and historian Luis Frois. The Jesuit missionary, intrigued by the young man's presence and the tales he had heard of a black man from Mozambique, approached Isaque with curiosity and compassion. Frois recognized the uniqueness of Isaque's background and saw in him the potential to bridge the cultural divide between Europe and Japan.

Under Valignano's guidance, Isaque continued to learn about Japan's customs, language, and traditions. The Italian Jesuit missionary, well-versed in the ways of the country, acted as his mentor, guiding him through the complexities of this new environment. Valignano's deep understanding of Japanese culture and commitment to harmonizing Christian teachings with local customs allowed Isaque to navigate the intricate web of societal norms more easily.

As Isaque embarked on this journey alongside Valignano and Frois, he was exposed to the multifaceted aspects of Japan's society. He witnessed the influence of religion, the power dynamics between different social classes, and the intricate interplay of politics that shaped the nation's destiny. Through Valignano's teachings, Isaque began to comprehend the complexities and contradictions of this land, gradually unraveling the tapestry of Japanese culture.

As Isaque accompanied Valignano on his missionary endeavors, he witnessed firsthand the challenges those who sought to spread Christianity in Japan faced. The deep-rooted traditions, the resistance to foreign influences, and the suspicions harbored by certain factions posed significant hurdles to their mission. Yet, amidst these challenges, Isaque's presence served as a testament to the power of cultural exchange and the possibility of understanding and acceptance.

With each passing day, he marveled at the vibrant cities, the ornate temples, and the tranquil countryside. But beneath the surface beauty, he sensed the nation's tension. Japan, during this period, was marked by conflicts and civil unrest. The country was fragmented, divided into numerous warring factions, each vying for power and dominance. Daimyos, feudal lords, engaged in relentless battles, seeking to expand their territories and establish their authority. The people of Japan endured hardships that weighed heavily on their spirits as the land they loved became a battleground for power-hungry warlords. The land was ravaged by warfare, and the ordinary people suffered the consequences of the ceaseless struggle for control.

Isaque, as an outsider, observed the social and political landscape with curiosity and concern. He witnessed the consequences of these conflicts firsthand – villages pillaged, families torn apart, and lives shattered.

As Isaque accompanied Valignano on his missionary journeys, they encountered both the victims and the perpetrators of this chaos. They met displaced families seeking solace and safety and warriors hardened by years of bloodshed. Through his interactions and observations, Isaque began grasping the complexities of the societal divisions that gripped Japan.

Japan's conflicts and civil unrest became a backdrop against which Isaque's journey unfolded. He was caught between worlds, a man of African descent in a land deeply entrenched in its cultural traditions. He faced skepticism and prejudice, yet he encountered individuals open to embracing diversity and forging connections beyond borders.

Their travels took them to various towns and villages, where Valignano spread the teachings of Christianity. Isaque, ever the keen observer, watched as the locals reacted to the foreign faith. Some greeted it with curiosity and openness, while others dismissed it as a novelty or a threat to their traditions.

Amidst their missionary endeavors, Isaque caught glimpses of the conflicts and civil unrest that plagued Japan. He witnessed skirmishes between rival factions, villages reduced to smoldering ruins, and the anguish of displaced families. The scars of war marred the land, leaving a trail of suffering.

One such incident was particularly alarming to him. As they traversed through a small village, they were met with looks of disdain. Valignano wanted to stop and speak to the people to put them at ease and show that he meant no harm. He realized that his appearance and the appearance of Isaque were alarming to some. He stepped out of his carriage and walked into a social area. He walked to the crowd's center, where performers entertained the people. The cheers and laughter stopped when he entered the center, and he was met with stares and grimaces.

He cleared his throat and attempted his best Japanese. “People, do not be alarmed. I do not come with ill intent or any means to harm you. Instead, I have come with gifts, food, and wares to share. Trinkets for the children and some powerful sake for the pillars of this town. Please accept my embrace, as I hope to learn from you and honor your magnetic culture.”

Upon hearing this, the people were shocked. His Japanese dialect was a bit off, but his tone was sincere. They could tell he was fascinated by their culture and wanted to engage in the festivities, so they opened their arms and draped beads over his head, continued the music, and danced. He danced with the people while his servants brought over gifts and sake. The children grabbed toys and ran through the streets, spinning tops and waving paper mâché dragons.

Suddenly, the people quieted down as a few older men walked through the crowd toward Valignano. They paused when they were face to-face with him. He bowed as a sign of respect. They waited and watched his every movement. He dug into his knapsack and slowly pulled out a particular sake. He held it out in front of him and bowed once more. They took the drink out of his hand carefully and examined it. They opened it, tasted it, and their faces lit up. Valignano began to sweat, wondering what they were thinking. Isaque was on edge, noticing the two large guards with the men. Moments passed, and without warning, they bowed in thanks and opened their arms to Valignano. They spoke to him, thanked him for the delicious drink, and offered to sit with him and talk. Valignano accepted and turned to Isaque, motioning for him to guard the door.

While seated in the room, Valignano began to speak to the elders about their way of life. “Your people are full of life, even amidst these hard times. I noticed the damage to some of your homes on the way through the village. How did it happen?” The men looked down and took pause. “We do not believe we should be forced to bow down to a leader that is not of our choosing. For years, we have stayed neutral in this war. We were attacked and forced to choose a side for the first time. We did not, so the militants destroyed some of our homes. They will be back soon. They will expect us to have an answer

by then, or more of our people will die. More of our property will be destroyed.”

The elders’ stories saddened Valignano. They had been oppressed for so long with no natural way of finding peace. “I empathize with your people. They are being oppressed, and the end is not yet in sight. However, there is a way for your people to find peace amidst this suffering.” The elders leaned in, curious to know what the missionary would say. That is when Valignano placed his bible on the table and opened it. He quoted profound passages from the scriptures and explained them to the elders. They nodded in agreement to some things and inquired about others. After hours of sitting with Valignano, they had a newfound perspective on life. They decided to allow Valignano and his men to teach these scriptures to the people in the village in hopes that it would prepare them for the discouraging times to come.

Valignano, aware of the volatile situation, emphasized the importance of diplomacy and understanding. He sought to bridge the cultural divide, promoting dialogue and cooperation among the warlords. Isaque, inspired by Valignano's vision, vowed to do his part in fostering unity and peace.

However, sometimes, peace can only be achieved through war. A militia entered on the day that Isaque and Valignano were set to depart from the village. The energy shift was felt throughout the town as the militants walked through, knocking men to the ground and holding them down as other militia soldiers grabbed women and pressed them against walls, groping them and forcing themselves onto them. Children ran and hid out of fear as the men inched closer and closer to the village center. Once in the center, they called for the

elders to come. “We have arrived, and we are ready to hear your decision! Have you chosen the winning side of this war, or have you chosen death?” The elders stepped forward, fearful and meek. Then, they looked to Valignano and remembered the scriptures. They recognized that their life on this earth was only temporary, and that suffering was sometimes necessary on the righteous path. They stood tall and walked to the militants.

The head of the elders stepped forward and said, “We have heard your offer and decided to stay neutral. We will not pick a side in this needless war. Your ambitions have consumed your souls, and aligning with you would damn all of us to an existence far worse than death. Leave this place and never return. You are not welcome here.”

The head of the militia gritted his teeth and motioned for his men to surround the village and prepare to burn it to the ground. Valignano watched in horror, feeling that his teachings had doomed the villagers to their fate, but he did not know what else to do. He turned to Isaque to share in this moment of grief and pray, but when he did, Isaque was gone.

In the distance, he saw Isaque sneaking behind a group of men attempting to light a torch. There were three men huddled together, discouraged by their failed attempts. Isaque picked up a stone by his feet and launched it in the distance, catching the soldiers’ attention. One decided to investigate while the others continued to light the torch. While the lone soldier investigated what he heard, Isaque sneaked behind the two soldiers huddled nearby. He stood tall behind them, towering over them by an entire foot, and he smashed their heads together with all his might. The two men collapsed, and he dug through their things, taking a blade for himself and picking up a gun.

He had not used a gun before but thought it might be useful. Suddenly, he heard the snapping of twigs coming from behind. The lone soldier was returning. He hid and waited. The soldier eventually noticed his downed allies and ran to their aid, but when he bent down to check on their condition, Isaque sprung out and drew his sword, cutting the man's head clean off. His head flew and rolled a few feet out into the open road, and everyone turned in confusion. The leader of the militia motioned for some of his men to investigate, and they ran to find the bodies, but no Isaque.

From the shadows, he crept around to a position where the militia leader was visible. He watched as the leader turned to the village head and said, "What is this trickery? Do you believe us to be weak?" He gritted his teeth and walked forward, thrusting his blade into the older man's gut. The man fell to his knees before he was beheaded. Isaque clenched his fists. He was too late. When the leader turned around to see the earlier disturbance's status, he fell back in shock. Isaque was standing before him, tall and filled with a calm rage. His aura was suffocating as he stepped toward the leader, now a feeble man crawling backward in fear. "It's a demon!" he screamed. His men surrounded Isaque and drew their weapons. Three men with swords and two with bows hesitantly circled Isaque, unsure of who or possibly what he was. His dark skin and tall, muscular frame frightened them.

With sounds of shifting dirt, the first man ran toward Isaque, blade in hand, ready to strike. He was followed up closely by another soldier with a sword and sandwiched between a soldier with a bow and arrow. He parried the first-bladed attacker's strike and swung swiftly, however carelessly, cutting him straight across the chest. His strength made up for his lack of form. The second man screamed and attempted

to strike while the archer pulled back an arrow. Isaque, hearing the string stretch, looked back and saw as the archer released the arrow, and with lightning-fast reflexes, he turned his body and let the arrow fly past him and strike the bladed foe in the center of his chest. Then, Isaque quickly ran up to the archer and slashed at him. The archer held up his bow for defense, but it was cut in two, and he was impaled violently. Hearing the next archer prepare to lob off a shot, Isaque turned the archer's body with his sword and used it as a shield before raising his pistol and pressing the trigger to fire it. However, it did not fire, so Isaque thought quickly and threw it at the final archer, hitting him in the center of his forehead before rushing and cutting him down. The last swordsman was standing alone, terrified. The leader screamed at him to hurry Isaque and defeat him. The man hesitated, then ran up to Isaque, swinging his blade in a barrage of attacks. Isaque dodged with little effort and counterattacked the man, slicing upward, cutting him from his waist to his chin. The blood splattered on Isaque as the man fell back into the muddy ground.

Blood dripping from his blade and clothes, Isaque turned to the leader of the militia and told him to go back and say to his superiors, "This village is under the protection of the lord. You may not enter." The man hurried away, running past Valignano, who sat in his carriage in awe.

As their journey continued, Isaque's presence became a source of curiosity and intrigue. The people of Japan had never seen a man like him before – his skin was dark as ebony, his physique towering above the average Japanese citizen. Some whispered tales of his strength and prowess, while others regarded him with fascination and suspicion.



One night, while Isaque was resting on a rock near Valignano's carriage, he looked up at the sky. He saw the stars and how bright they were. He admired how, no matter where he was on the planet, he could see the stars as clearly as he did right then. He wondered whether his family was looking at the same stars he was. He remembered their smiles and warm gestures toward him when he thought of them. Even though they were colonized and slavery was a risk at all times, they were always cheerful, that is, until his father was murdered. When Isaque thought of his father, he looked down and contorted his face in pain. He remembered his screams for Isaque and his mother to run and hide when the colonizers attacked their village. His father fought as hard as he could and led others into the fight to protect their land and families, but the Portuguese weapons trounced them at that time. Isaque clenched his fist, feeling as though what his father fought for was in vain. "What if he had just stayed patient? Why couldn't he just grit and bear it?" he thought.

When Isaque looked up, he realized he had fallen asleep, watching the stars. In this strange land, he never felt entirely comfortable. In some ways, the people were cold and cruel, very different from the love he grew up with. They looked at him with fear in their eyes. He remembered what the militia called him. "Demon. How could they think that of me? I was there to protect those innocent people." The militia called him a demon because of his dark and unusual appearance, strength, and tenacity while fighting.

Standing up, he walked to the carriage to check on Valignano. Another enslaved person guarding the carriage nodded at him as he approached. He nodded, relieved that servant of his duty, and then took his place. Eventually, Valignano awoke and greeted Isaque. He was pleased to see him but noticed the inner turmoil that he was

experiencing. He stepped out of his carriage and asked Isaque to stand with him for morning prayer. Valignano motioned all his servants and subordinates to stand with him and began speaking loudly.

"At what time soever a sinner doth repent him of his sin from the bottom of his heart; I will put all his wickedness out of my remembrance, sayeth the Lord. I do know my own wickedness, and my sin is always against me. Turn thy face away from our sins (O Lorde) and blot out all our offenses. A sorrowful spirit is a sacrifice to God: despise not (O Lorde) humble and contrite hearts."

After he completed his prayer, he looked to everyone in the small crowd before him and said, "Render your hearts, and not your garments, and turn to the Lorde your God, because he is gentle and merciful, he is patient and of much mercy, and such a one that is sorry for your afflictions. To the, O Lorde God belongeth mercies and forgiveness: for we have gone away from them, and have not harkened to thy voice, whereby we might walk in thy laws, which thou hast appointed for us."

At the end of his words, all his subordinates and some of the servants, including Isaque, nodded and said, 'Amen.'

Isaque sighed and let his painful thoughts be released from his mind, if only for a time. He then approached Valignano and asked him where they would be going. Valignano motioned for his navigator to step forth, and he did, showing them that they would be headed deeper into Warlord territories. This would mean far more danger. Valignano knew that he would eventually require a warlord's protection if he traversed all of Japan. He thought for a moment before an enslaved person screamed out, and others began attempting to block a Japanese

Samurai on horseback. The man stood firmly on his horse and called out to Valignano. He said, "I am here to formally invite Father Alessandro Valignano of Italy to attend a dinner with my master, Oda Nobunaga. Do you accept or decline this invitation?"

Valignano thought momentarily and believed it might be the best opportunity to receive protection if he convinced Nobunaga of his cause. He accepted.

The Samurai responded, "Very well. Then, it would be best if you arrived in Kyoto to meet with the honorable Oda Nobunaga. When you arrive, we will guide you." Valignano wondered, "Why not guide us there now?" The Samurai turned and rode off without saying another word. He had relayed the message he was given and felt no inclination to answer questions.

Valignano was nervous. He knew that the journey to Kyoto would take at least several days and would be in an area that was likely dangerous to travelers. He pondered the decision and decided to pray. By the next day, he decided to go on this journey. It was a risk, but without protection, there was no way he and his subordinates could traverse the landscape and spread the lord's word.

Isaque's stay in Japan was challenging. As he ventured deeper into the heart of the country, he encountered the complexities of a land torn apart by internal strife. The conflicts and civil unrest that plagued Japan were like the raging storms that threatened to engulf him. Amid this turbulent backdrop, Isaque's journey led him to the bustling city of Kyoto. The capital was a vibrant tapestry of power and intrigue, with rival warlords vying for control and the samurai class wielding their

blades with unwavering loyalty. The air was tense, and Isaque could sense the underlying political maneuvering and ambition currents.

Under Valignano's guidance, Isaque began to navigate the intricate web of Japanese customs, language, and social hierarchies. The missionary recognized the importance of Isaque's assimilation into Japanese society, not merely as a curiosity but as a means to foster understanding and acceptance between the East and the West.

Isaque's days were filled with rigorous training and education as he honed his skills in martial arts and immersed himself in the teachings of Christianity. Valignano's teachings emphasized the values of compassion, humility, and respect – virtues that Isaque embraced wholeheartedly. But as he settled into his new life, Isaque couldn't help but be haunted by the memory of his family left behind in Mozambique. His promise weighed heavily on his heart. The distance between them seemed impossible, and the conflicts in Japan threatened to engulf his hopes of ever fulfilling that promise.

Yet, Isaque's resilience and determination burned bright. He knew that to protect and honor his loved ones, he had to navigate the treacherous landscape of feudal Japan. He had to embrace the role that destiny had thrust upon him – a foreigner in a land of tradition, an enslaved person on the path to becoming something more.

And so, as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting its golden hues across the land, Isaque stood on the precipice of a new chapter in his life. The echoes of his past intertwined with the promise of a future yet unwritten. With a committed heart and a steely resolve, he took a deep breath, ready to embrace the challenges ahead.

At that moment, Isaque knew that his journey had only just begun. The trials and tribulations he would face would test his physical and spiritual strength. But he was fueled by the love for his family and the unshakable belief that he could make a difference in this foreign land.

As darkness descended upon Kyoto, Isaque looked to the stars that shimmered above, a tapestry of infinite possibilities. With a quiet determination etched upon his face, he whispered a silent prayer, invoking the spirits of his ancestors for guidance and protection. The world awaited the unfolding of a legend – a tale of resilience, bravery, and the unbreakable bond between a son, a mother, and a promise that would transcend time.

And so, with the night sky as his witness, Isaque took his first step into the unknown, ready to carve his name into the annals of history and fulfill the promise that burned brightly within his soul.