

TOMOCOMO - 1617

I went to their English land as the eyes of Powhatan... to see all that we were told by the coat-wearers...the English, to learn the truth. I carried a stick to count how many English I found... a notch for every one... but soon grew weary of the task.

Their London... is larger than any place in Tsenacommacah. Many English walk the stone paths of that place... burdened by muddy clothes and cloaks. Some sit inside rolling boxes, pulled by horses through the crowds... dogs barking, children howling, men and women trading, gaming and fighting... with voices calling out in tongues of other lands.... Some have faces marked with scars from what they call a “pox.” The air is thick with smoke from the black stones they burn to keep warm... All manner of foul stuff comes from houses piled on one another and the stench of their streets is powerful.

Powhatan sent me also to seek John Smith... to see if he is alive. We were told of his death, but Pocahontas spoke the truth when she said his countrymen would lie much. I did find him, and he was glad to see me. He greeted me by my name, Tomocomo, Counselor to the Great Powhatan.

I told him that I had not seen the king, the queen or prince in his land... only more English. He told me I had seen the king. He said this “king” was a man I saw with many others... one with hair on his face like that of a fox...and a tall hat. He appeared nothing like a king to me... not like the face on the pieces of metal—the “coins” they use for trade... he was only one like all others. And he gave no welcome as we do.

Powhatan is just as great as their king, yet when Smith gave Powhatan a white dog, Powhatan fed it as himself; The king gave me nothing, and I am better than his white dog.

My eyes were to seek the English god... but Smith said I could not “see” his invisible god. Their priests say we are “diabolical” and will not be “saved” unless we accept only their one god. I sang our songs and danced for them, which vexed them. One called Purchas would not be satisfied and pursued me so that I would believe in his god. I begged that he leave me be... take his arguments to our younger ones... that I was too old to change. *(Smiles)* Perhaps their god does not travel across the great water.

Nothing in this “England” is as we have been told. The English are a false people... I fear for those who believe them.

