

TIME MACHINE 15

This book is a time machine. Travel back 500 years and face the Spanish Inquisition.



FLAME OF THE
INQUISITION

**This book is
your passport
into time.**



**Can you survive
the Spanish
Inquisition?
Turn the page to
find out.**

TIME MACHINE 15

Flame of the Inquisition

by Marc Kornblatt

illustrated by John Pierard



A Byron Preiss Book

For Judith

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ATTENTION TIME TRAVELER!

This book is your time machine. Do not read it through from beginning to end. In a moment you will receive a mission, a special task that will take you to another time period. As you face the dangers of history, the Time Machine often will give you options of where to go or what to do.

This book also contains a Data Bank to tell you about the age you are going to visit. You can use this Data Bank to travel more safely through time. Or you can take your chances without reading it. It is up to you to decide.

In the back of this book is a Data File. It contains hints to help you if you are not sure what choice to make. The following symbol appears next to any choices for which there is a hint in the Data File.



To complete your mission as quickly as possible, you may wish to use the Data Bank and the Data File together.

There is one correct end to this Time Machine mission. You must reach it or risk being stranded in time!

THE FOUR RULES OF TIME TRAVEL

As you begin your mission, you must observe the following rules. Time Travelers who do not follow these rules risk being stranded in time.

1. You must not kill any person or animal.
2. You must not try to change history. Do not leave anything from the future in the past.
3. You must not take anybody when you jump in time. Avoid disappearing in a way that scares people or makes them suspicious.
4. You must follow instructions given to you by the Time Machine. You must choose from the options given to you by the Time Machine.

YOUR MISSION

Your mission is to travel back to fifteenth-century Spain and discover why Queen Isabella permitted the Spanish Inquisition.

In 1469, Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon married and united their two kingdoms into what we now know as Spain. Their long reign was a period of great accomplishment and prosperity. Isabella in particular became one of the best-loved monarchs in Spanish history.

And yet, in 1480, she allowed the Catholic priest Tomás de Torquemada to set up one of the most ruthless instruments of religious zeal ever to exist: the Spanish Inquisition. During Isabella's lifetime the Inquisition seized more than twenty-five thousand victims, sending many to be burned alive at the stake.

Your mission is to gain entry into the Spanish court and discover why a queen who was said to have hated bloodshed gave her blessing to the terrors of the Inquisition.



To activate the Time Machine, **click here.**

**TIME TRAVEL
ACTIVATED.
Stand by for Equipment.**



[Click Here](#)

EQUIPMENT

In addition to wearing a doublet, hose, and a light shirt of mail, you may choose one of the following things to take along:



A pocket-sized mirror



A spyglass



A bag of marbles



To begin your mission now, [click here](#).



To learn more about the time to which you will be traveling, [click here](#).

DATA BANK

1) Before the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, Spain was divided into as many as five separate kingdoms. They were Aragon, Castile, León, Navarre, and Catalonia.

2) The kingdoms warred among themselves and against Arabs who, in A.D. 711, invaded Spain from northern Africa.

3) The Arabs, who were also called Moors and Moslems, practiced the religion of Islam.

4) Islam preaches that both Moses and Jesus were prophets, but Mohammed was the greatest prophet. Moslems call their god Allah.

5) The Moors created a brilliant civilization in Spain. They built castles, called alcazars, and houses of prayer, known as mosques.

6) During Spain's period of disunity, which lasted until the fifteenth century, the nobility lived as it pleased. Lawless men ruled the roads, and traveling was dangerous.

7) *Don*, like the word *sir*, was a term of respect used in addressing noblemen.

8) Ring spearing (lancing a small ring while riding full speed on horseback) was a favorite game among the upper classes.

9) The marriage of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile, in 1469, brought about the unification of Christian Spain. They ruled together until Isabella's death, in 1504, at the age of fifty-



three. Ferdinand died in 1516, when he was sixty-six.

10) With Isabella's financial backing, the explorer Christopher Columbus set out to find a trade route to the east by sailing west. He wound up discovering America.

11) After Columbus, other Spanish explorers sailed to North and South America in search of riches and the legendary city of El Dorado—the city of gold.

12) Ferdinand and Isabella waged war against the Moors by blockading their cities until the people inside surrendered because of starvation.

13) The sieges of Alfama, in 1482, and Málaga, in 1487, were important Spanish victories against the Moors that led up to their final confrontation, in 1491, at Granada.

14) In 1480, Ferdinand and Isabella established the tribunal of the Holy Office, a special court of the Catholic Church that tried and punished heretics.

15) The tribunal's work was called the Inquisition. It labeled as heretics any Catholic converts who had reverted to their former religions.

16) Jewish converts were known as Marranos. Moors who converted to Catholicism were called Moriscos.

17) As the Inquisition grew in power, it turned into a witch hunt. Heretics and non-heretics alike were persecuted.

18) One of the cruelest forms of punishment for heretics was called the auto-da-fé, or act of faith. The auto-da-fé was a public ceremony in which the accused were sentenced and then burned at the stake.

DATA BANK COMPLETED.
CLICK HERE TO BEGIN
YOUR MISSION.



**Don't forget, when you see this symbol,
you can click it to check the Data File for
a hint.**



You're standing on a rocky plain somewhere in northern Castile. It's a hot summer day in 1467.

In the distance loom tall, craggy mountains, barren of trees. The intense sun makes you thirsty, but there is no water in sight. So what's that vast white ocean shimmering at the edge of the plain in front of you?

Though the mountain range you're in may be several thousand feet above sea level, the weather is simply too hot for snow. The sun is probably playing tricks on your eyes. What you're seeing must be a mirage.

"B-a-a-a. B-a-a-a."

Suddenly you realize what you're hearing.

That great expanse of white is a huge flock of grazing sheep!

Castile must have a thriving wool business, you note to yourself, as another unexpected sound makes you prick up your ears.

You turn around to see a motley band of travelers riding toward you down a rough trail. Leading them is a bony-faced man sitting on a donkey and carrying a long staff.

He is followed by two little people wearing brightly colored cloth masks and little bells on the fringes of their doublets. A gigantic fellow, who looks as if he could lift a house, takes up the rear.

The man with the staff stops his donkey.

"Well, what do we have here?" he asks pleasantly. "Are you the young keeper of this tremendous flock?"

"No, I'm just passing through," you answer.

"A wayfarer, on foot and alone? That's unwise, my friend. If you



wish you can come along with us. We're bound for Segovia."

Isabella could be holding court in Segovia, but you aren't sure if joining these unusual people would be the wisest way to get there.

The man with the staff seems friendly, but looks can be deceiving. That giant could easily eat you for dinner, and who knows what the two others have up their bell-fringed sleeves? Should you go with them or not?



Strike off on your own. [Click here.](#)



Join the travelers. [Click here.](#)



All right. I'd like to go with you," you say, deciding the travelers mean you no harm.

The two little masked people clap their hands. "Hooray!" they shout, laughing with glee.

"Allow me to introduce myself," the man with the staff says. "My name is Don Pedro, the storyteller of León. And these are my children, Lorenzo and Camila."

The children lower their masks and smile. They're not dwarfs—they're twins, your age!

"We plan to perform before the court tomorrow. My son's specialty is juggling. Camila has a voice like a nightingale. And Pablo here is our strongman," he says, gesturing toward the giant, who grins at you and exposes a gap where his two front teeth should be.

"Take my donkey," says Lorenzo, "so you'll have an animal to ride." He goes to double up with Camila.

On the way, Don Pedro tells you the story of El Cid, a great Castilian warrior of the eleventh century who was famed for his courage and noble spirit. Camila shows you how to make your own mask by using a piece of cloth dyed yellow and red. During a rest stop, Lorenzo demonstrates the basics of juggling with three balls of purple wool. Even Pablo gets into the act by showing you how to perform a pratfall, which requires you to trip and fall flat on your backside. You try it and wind up with a very sore behind.

At sunset, you arrive in Segovia, a large, walled city with an

impressive fortified castle.

“We’ll go straight to the alcazar,” says Don Pedro. “It’s the castle up ahead . . . built by the Moors.”

You’re overwhelmed by its size, The building’s thick walls seem invincible.

You hop off your donkey and enter the courtyard, which is filled with stone fountains and walls covered by ornate tiles.

“Everyone stay here while I announce our troupe to the court,” Don Pedro instructs before entering the castle.

In the courtyard, soldiers mill about, and a pretty girl with reddish blond hair stands alone, hands clasped in front of her, eyes closed. She must be praying, you think.

Camila is excited. “Oh look! It’s Princess Isabella.”

You’re surprised to hear Camila call her princess. “Isn’t Isabella the queen?” you ask.

“Not yet. She’s only sixteen, you know,” replies Camila. “But it won’t be long. The king, Isabella’s brother, is sickly.”

The princess crosses herself and opens her eyes. Now is a good time to meet her. You can learn what Isabella was like before she began to feel the pressure of royal responsibilities.

But Isabella is crying. To approach her now may be a mistake.

You’re wondering what to do when you hear laughter behind you. You turn to see Lorenzo juggling a potato and two onions. When the potato passes in front of his face, Lorenzo grabs it and takes a bite. The soldiers watching guffaw.

That’s it! You’ll pretend to be a jester! Donning your mask, you skip up to Isabella.

“Hello, princess,” you call boldly. “Did you know that I can fly?”

Isabella turns toward you, and you intentionally lose your footing to perform a pratfall.

“*Umph!*” A hard landing on your back knocks the wind out of you. Isabella chuckles. You try to rise, but a muscle spasm prevents you. “*Oooohhh!*” you groan.

Isabella giggles, but then she realizes you’re not acting. “Are you all right?” she asks in a concerned voice.

You nod and get up slowly. "Fear not, fair princess," you say, trying to cover up as best you can. "So long as you are smiling, I am delighted."

Isabella smiles.

"Seeing you unhappy causes me much deeper pain," you continue. "I hope your troubles are not too great."

The princess bows her head for a moment. Then she gazes deeply into your eyes. "I've been praying for a miracle."

You say nothing. You hope Isabella will take you into her confidence, but you don't want to force her.

"My brother, King Henry, has ordered me to marry Peter Giron, the marquis of Villena's brother. He thinks our marriage will guarantee the marquis's loyalty," she explains. "But Giron is a cruel old man, and his brother, the marquis, can never be trusted."

Isabella's eyes fill with tears. "I prefer Ferdinand of Aragon, who will one day be king."

As you are about to console her, a long shadow appears on the ground in front of you.

"Princess Isabella," a voice whispers. "It is time."

Isabella turns immediately. A priest, wearing a long, dark, hooded robe with a white cross, is looking gravely at her. She curtsies.

"I lost track of the hour, Your Reverence," the princess says respectfully.

The priest's eyes burn like coals through your mask. "I do not want to take you away from anything, my dear," he says, without acknowledging you.

"You aren't," Isabella assures him. "Prayers always come first."

The princess offers you her hand. "I must go for my evening devotional and confession," she says.

You bow, and Isabella departs hurriedly for the alcazar. The priest follows behind her. They strike you as an unusual pair.

You know the princess eventually became Ferdinand's wife. But the priest's sudden appearance and Isabella's mention of Giron have confused you.

Perhaps you should jump ahead to Ferdinand and Isabella's mar-

riage to see exactly what happened. You musn't leave any stone unturned.



Click here.





You're standing on a street in the city of Tordesillas, not far from Valladolid, where Ferdinand and Isabella were married in 1469. Fifty years have passed since then. And the place is in an uproar.

A large pack of men carrying rocks and rotten tomatoes push past you. "Out of the way, imp," commands a rough-shaven brute in a soiled doublet. He almost knocks you over.

He turns abruptly down a side alleyway. "Here's a shortcut, men. Come on!"

You follow the gang to a street where a parade of some kind seems to be in progress. Richly dressed men astride fine horses are riding in a circle around a gawky-looking teenaged boy.

"Okay, let 'em have it," yells the man in the soiled doublet.

The gang pelts the paraders with rocks and tomatoes.

"Go back to where you came from, foreigner!" sneers one of the stone throwers. "We don't want your kind ruling Spain!" says another.

Grim-faced, the horsemen slowly make their way down the street, trying to protect the bucktoothed teenager.

A boy about your age hurls a mudball. "Take that, bums!"

"What's going on?" you ask him.

"Are you blind?" he retorts. "We're showing that dog who would be king what we think of him."

"Who is he?"

"It's Charles himself, coming to take the throne of Spain," he says, throwing a rotten turnip.

“Charles? But what about Ferdinand and Isabella?” you ask, surprised. “Aren’t they the king and queen?”

“Where have you been? Sleeping? They’ve been dead for years,” he replies. “Charles is their grandson. He’s been living up north in Flanders, that country next to France. And they can keep him there for all I care. He can’t even speak our language.”

You realize you’ve jumped beyond the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella to a Spain locked in the midst of a power struggle.

You’re not going to discover the reasons for the Inquisition in this disorderly place. Jump back and learn more in the past.



Click here.



The horsemen ride for hours, fast and hard. The sun is setting. You're exhausted and sore. Finally, they grind to a stop next to a pond surrounded by rocks.

Your captor jumps to the ground and tugs you harshly after him.

"I didn't know I was trespassing," you explain.

"*Hmmmph!*" he grunts. "Tell your tale to our duke." To cool off, he plunges his head into the pond and holds it there for several seconds.

"Kidnapping me like this is against the law," you tell the bearded man.

"Out here *we* make the laws," he answers, before cooling his head in the pond the way the other man did.

Now's your chance! The third man is looking away. While his comrades hold their heads in the water, looking like ostriches hiding in the sand, you knock him into the pond and dart behind a nearby boulder.

Forget about finding Isabella for now. Jump!



Click here.



The sun has set, and it's dark out. You go with the muleteer to a stable behind the inn and help him unload his mules. Maybe he can tell you something helpful about Ferdinand and Isabella.

Together the two of you feed and water the animals. "Take this," the mule driver says, offering you a hard-bristled brush. "Groom the animals with it."

You take the brush and start grooming. One of the mules is skittish and tries to nip you. The muleteer swats the beast behind the ears. "Count Carranza! Don't bite the hand that feeds you," he warns.

Hearing a mule called Count Carranza makes you snicker, and the mule driver joins in with a hearty laugh.

"Now," he says. "You wanted to know some secrets."

The muleteer peers at you in silence. "You're a stranger here, and you've come a long way."

It's a good guess—but it could apply to many people, you tell yourself.

"You're young, but you've come here on serious business. Am I right?"

"Right," you say, confident that he could never guess your secret.

"Time is very important to you," he says.

The muleteer's remark makes you gulp in surprise. He couldn't possibly know you're a time traveler, could he?

"Is anything wrong?" the mule driver asks with a leer.

“No,” you reply. He doesn’t know your mission, but he seems to have something up his sleeve. You’d better watch your step.

The mule driver looks at you very seriously. “As we speak, Henry, the Castilian king, has soldiers combing the countryside in search of Ferdinand of Aragon. Do you know why?”

“No,” you say, feeling uncomfortable under the muleteer’s glare.

“Ferdinand has traveled here to marry Henry’s sister Isabella. But the king opposes their union.”

You’ve already learned, from the princess herself, that Henry favored Peter Giron as a husband for Isabella. But you didn’t think the king would stoop to sending out his soldiers to prevent Ferdinand from marrying her.

“King Henry has spies everywhere,” continues the muleteer. “But Ferdinand has been too smart for him. He’s come here to Valladolid in disguise to meet the fair Isabella. And by tomorrow she will be his wife.”

The mule driver grabs you. “Now tell me a secret,” he orders. “You don’t know of any spies lurking about, do you?”

His grip hurts. He scares you. “No, I don’t know any spies,” you say desperately. “I wouldn’t even know one if I saw one.”

The muleteer lets you go and smiles. “That’s good,” he says. “Knowing spies could be very dangerous.”

Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out two shiny coins and flips them to you. “To the newlyweds!”

The six merchants enter the stable. Dressed in armor and carrying broadswords, they look like soldiers now.

As if he were attending a rich man, one of them hands the mule driver a clean white doublet and black cape. The muleteer becomes a nobleman before your eyes. Then, just as suddenly, he and his men are gone.

As sure as you’re standing there, you’ve just met Ferdinand of Aragon. Now you’re confident he and Isabella were married secretly in 1469. It’s time to jump ahead to see what happened in Spain after they were united.

Leap forward twelve years and you’ll arrive at the dawn of the

Inquisition. Or you can go about fifty years further to a time when the Inquisition was already firmly established.



Jump to 1520. [Click here.](#)



Jump to 1481. [Click here.](#)



You're in front of a castle in the northern Spanish town of Tordesillas. It's a sunny spring day in 1510. The sky is blue, and birds are singing.

Then the tranquillity is shattered by a scream.

"Help! They're coming for me!" a woman shrieks.

You look up and see a long-haired woman, dressed in white and hanging halfway out of the castle's topmost window. "This is the end!" she wails.

There's no doubt about it. That's a maiden in distress. And if you don't hurry, she may not last long enough for you to rescue her.

You race to the castle entrance and are surprised to find the sentry there sleeping.

No one notices as you sprint through a long corridor and up a flight of steps to the castle tower.

At the top you find a thick door. Behind it the maiden is sobbing. "All is lost!" she cries.

A key hangs outside the door. You use it to open the lock.

"Help is here," you say, entering the cell.

The woman sees you and howls. "*Oooooee!*"

"What's wrong?" you ask, confused.

"Who left this door open?" someone calls from outside the door.

A guard appears at the entrance. "What are you doing in there?"

"*Oooooee!*" the woman goes on screaming.

You're so perplexed that you don't know what to say.

"Can't you see the princess is mad?" the guard asks.

"I didn't know," you reply.



“What do you mean? Everyone knows Juana’s insane,” he says, ushering you out of the room.

The guard relocks the door. “Poor princess,” he says. “It’s a good thing her mother, Queen Isabella, is no longer alive to see her like this.”

So this poor woman is Isabella’s daughter! You won’t earn your spurs by rescuing her!

You’ll have to jump back to Isabella’s time if you want to become a caballero and solve the mystery of the Inquisition.

You can still try your luck on a battlefield. Or you can join the military order of Calatrava and try to work your way up through the ranks.



Join the Order of Calatrava. [Click here.](#)



Go to the siege of Alfama. [Click here.](#)



The year is 1469. You find yourself on a cobblestone street in the town of Valladolid.

Up the street, you see six merchants riding mules loaded with goods. Alongside them ambles a young muleteer.

The merchants stop in front of a nearby inn, tie up their animals, and enter, leaving the young man outside.

Though dressed ruggedly, the muleteer has a strangely aristocratic bearing.

“You look like a person who might want to earn a shiny *maraverdi*,” he says, flashing you a smile. “I’ll pay it if you’ll help me feed and stable my animals.”

Aside from not knowing exactly what a *maraverdi* is, you wonder how it could be worth your taking the time to help someone feed a couple of mules.

“I’ll make it two *maraverdi*,” he continues, “and I’ll tell you some secrets.”

The fellow may be just a big talker, but he may give you some important information.



Help the muleteer. [Click here.](#)



Jump to a different town. [Click here.](#)



You decide that one chance in a million of saving the doomed man is better than nothing. Grabbing one of the branding irons, you set the papers on Torquemada's table ablaze.

"Fire!" you shout.

Friar Philip sees you holding the iron. "You'll pay for this!" He drops the prisoner. "Franco, help me!" he orders the torturer. They both rush to stamp out the spreading fire.

Now, if you're quick enough, you and the prisoner may make it out of the chamber. You throw open the heavy door. The corridor is empty.

"Follow me!" you yell.

"I can't!" the prisoner cries. You forgot about his shackles.

The torturer has snuffed out the fire. Like a panther, he leaps upon the chained man. The friar heads for you. "Guards!" he calls out.

You realize you can't help the captive. Few people escaped the Inquisition once it had them in its grip.

Dash into the corridor and jump to safety!



Click here.



It's 1765. You're outside a rundown inn on a narrow street in Madrid. You smell the aroma of chocolate and hear the strumming of a guitar.

"Fernando, come and dance," you hear someone plead.

You enter the inn's main room. It's crowded with people seated around long tables. In one corner an elderly woman stirs a pot of chocolate simmering over an open fire.

"Fernando! Fernando!" people chant.

A tall man—slender as a knife—walks to the center of the room. Everyone quiets down. He begins to dance slowly, while clicking his heels.

A guitarist plays a fast set of chords, and Fernando increases the tempo of his dance. Holding his back very straight, he struts about and claps his hands.

The guitar music builds as the dancer reaches a feverish pitch, pounding his heels into the floor.

Then, after one mad flourish of his boot heels, Fernando clicks to a stop. The spectators burst into applause.

"Ha-ha!" they cheer. "Magnificent!"

As you watch the man accept a cup of hot chocolate from an admirer, someone taps you on the shoulder.

"You like the flamenco dancing?" A boy about your age smiles at you.

"Yes. It's thrilling," you say.

"It reminds me of the bullfight. The dancer is like the matador."

"Yes, I see the connection," you say.



“Have you ever danced with *el toro*?”

“No,” you answer, remembering that you still have to track down Isabella and wondering how you can make a graceful exit.

“If you like, I can show you how it’s done.”

You’re about to refuse politely when a man interrupts you.

“Carlos is very talented. Let him show you,” he insists. “Why not here in my own inn? I’ll clear away a place.”

He offers Carlos a black cape.

Carlos smiles at you with embarrassment. “My father is very proud of me,” he whispers.

You have no choice but to go along with Carlos. Leaving now would only cause a scene.

Carlos shows you how he holds the cape out from his body and sweeps it back to allow an imaginary bull to pass by.

“*Olé!*” his father yells.

“You try it,” Carlos says, handing you the cape.

The cape is heavy. . . but after a few sweeps you’re managing fairly well.

Now try it with *el toro*,” his father urges.

Carlos picks up a stool. “I’ll play the bull and charge your cape. You keep doing what I showed you,” he tells you. He takes the stool, and bending at the waist, he holds it in front of him as if the stool’s legs are horns.

You hold the cape in front of you. Carlos charges, the raised stool’s legs aimed at your belly. Just as he’s about to gore you, you jump out of the way, pulling the cape behind you.

“*Olé!*” the spectators shout.

“Good,” Carlos says. “Now try to lead me to the cape and pull it away before I strike.”

“Show him, Carlos,” his father coaches.

Carlos bows respectfully and hands you the stool. He takes the cape and walks to the end of the room. Everyone is watching.

“Aim for the cape,” Carlos tells you, his eyes concentrating on your stool’s legs.

You charge.

Carlos waits until the last second before nimbly whisking away the cape.

“*Olé!*” people cheer.

Carlos’s father signals for everyone’s attention. “Next week, my son will make his first appearance against a young bull,” he announces. “You are all invited.”

Everyone crowds around Carlos and his father. No one is watching.

Now’s your chance to make a quick exit. Jump back to Isabella’s time.



Click here.





The guards drag you past a huge cathedral to a brown brick building that looks like a prison.

With the friar leading, they march you through a long, dank corridor and down some steps to a heavy wooden door.

“I will take the child into the Room of Faith,” the friar says. The guards release you and leave.

“Now you will see what becomes of those who stray from the Lord’s path!” he says. He opens the door and pushes you inside.

In the candlelit room you see someone in a dark robe seated at a table. Behind him, on the wall, hangs a purple crucifix. A man, bound in shackles, stands before the table.

The room is filled with the most fiendish instruments you’ve ever seen. A set of branding irons glows on a bed of red coals. Nearby rests a long-snouted metal funnel encrusted with dried blood. Long, sharp needles lie strewn all about. In a corner stands a sinister-looking device of gears and chains.

Calling this place the Room of Faith is a sick joke, you tell yourself. It’s a torture chamber!

The black-robed man across from you sits calmly. On one side of him a secretary scribbles notes. On the other stands a hulking brute in a black mask.

“Brother Philip, what do you have there?” asks the priest, referring to you. He looks vaguely familiar.

“A rebel spirit, Your Eminence, whom I’ve brought to learn how your holy tribunal works,” answers the friar.

The priest nods. “Very good.”

He stares at you. “Young one, I am Father Tomás de Torquemada, the Grand Inquisitor of this tribunal,” he says in an icy tone. “You have been brought here so you will mend your evil ways before it is too late!”

Suddenly it dawns on you that Torquemada is the same priest who was with Princess Isabella when you met her in Segovia!

You shudder. This tribunal chamber seems like hell on earth. Torquemada is the devil.

He addresses the prisoner. “In public you have behaved as a Christian. But in private you have lived as a Jew,” he says. “Do you now renounce your heretical ways?”

The shackled man shakes his head wearily. “I was once a Jew many years ago. But since converting to Christianity I have remained a Christian.”

“Your neighbors say you light candles on the Jewish Sabbath,” the Grand Inquisitor says with a snarl.

“I light them every night to see,” insists the man.

“If you repent now your soul can still be saved.”

“I am not a heretic!”

“We will help you to admit your sins.”

Torquemada rises and gestures to the masked man. “Show him to the rack!”

Torquemada’s henchman ushers the prisoner toward the ugly contraption of gears and chains.

“But I am innocent!” the man screams.

The Grand Inquisitor and his secretary exit.

“I am innocent!” cries the man, struggling.

The friar leaves you to help subdue the prisoner. No one is watching. Here’s your chance to escape.

Or should you try to help the poor captive? The odds of accomplishing that are about one in a million, but who knows? Decide quickly.



Help the man. **Click here.**



Jump to safety. **Click here.**



Death to the invaders!” the two Moors shout as they’re about to run you through with their scimitars. You have no weapon!

Too bad you don’t have any marbles. You might have tried throwing them at your attackers’ feet to trip them up.

You look for help from Juan and Don Rodrigo. There’s no chance of that. “Hah! Hah!” Don Rodrigo, surrounded by eight swordsmen, is fighting for his life.

Juan is struggling against six others. He has a deep gash in his shoulder and it’s pouring blood.

“*Aaaallaaaahh!*” More soldiers than you have time to count are dashing up the steps from below.

Spurs or no spurs, you’ve got only one choice. Jump!

You rush to the top of the battlements and leap off. Fortunately, the night is so dark you’re virtually invisible. But you have three seconds before you hit the ground!



Jump to safety. [Click here.](#)



You decide you'd rather chance it on your own than join this odd-looking group.

"Thank you, but I prefer traveling alone," you tell them.

The two little people shrug in disappointment.

The giant shakes his head disapprovingly.

"Well, if that's your wish, so be it," says the man with the staff. "I wish you luck."

He smiles and continues on his way, followed by the others.

You wait for them to move out of sight and then start down the road toward Segovia by yourself.

But you're not alone for long.

All of a sudden, three menacing-looking horsemen come galloping across the plain. Long swords flash at their sides like thunderbolts, and the dark capes flapping behind them make you think of vultures' wings.

The riders skid to a halt in front of you.

"Who are you?" demands a man with a thick black beard. He's pointing a long-shafted pike with an ax mounted on top of it at your chest.

"Just a traveler passing through on my way to Segovia," you answer politely.

"No, you're not. These are private grazing lands. And you are a trespasser!"

Before you can even blink, you are yanked off your feet by one of the other men and pulled up on his horse.

"Hey, what's going on?" you yell.



The man ignores you. He kicks his heels into the horse's flanks, and the two of you speed off with the other riders.

You made a mistake in thinking you could travel safely by yourself in this forbidding countryside. Fifteenth-century Spain is obviously a dangerous place!

The horse you're on is moving so fast that you must hold onto your abductor for dear life to keep from falling off.

The best thing to do now is to keep cool and look for an opportunity to escape.



Click here.



You're standing on a street in Seville facing the royal castle. It's midmorning, toward the end of 1480, the year the Inquisition began. Goose bumps pop up all over you as you recall your previous visit here. A public burning was about to take place.

If you're to discover why Isabella allowed such cruelty, you'll have to meet her face-to-face. When you first saw her, she was a sixteen-year-old crying in a courtyard in Segovia. Maybe she's in Seville now, holding court as queen.

You remember that once before you won Isabella's favor by posing as a stumbling jester. Perhaps you can gain access to her as a performer.

Luckily, you still have the mask you made. You put it on and walk toward the castle.

At the gate you encounter an imperious-looking guard with a huge belly and breath that reeks of garlic.

"I've come to see the queen," you tell him.

"What for?" he asks sarcastically.

"I've come to entertain her."

He squints down at you. "What can you do to amuse our queen?"

"I'm a comical tumbler," you answer.

"Oh? Well, make me laugh and you can pass."

You hadn't counted on having to audition. And considering this guard's disposition, you stand little chance of amusing him. Perhaps you'll have better luck when someone else is on duty.

"The lighting's wrong for me now," you say.

“Don’t call on us. We’ll call for you,” the guard says, sniffing as you leave.

As you walk from the castle, someone beckons from a doorway. “*Psst.* Hey, jester!”

A handsome, redheaded man who looks like an aristocrat stands in the shadows. “Won’t you step in here out of the guard’s view so we can talk?”

You hesitate. “What do you want?” you ask.

“A few minutes of your time,” he says, smiling.

Is this man someone you can trust?

“Please!” he implores. “I won’t harm you. I give my word as a nobleman.” He bows before you.

Impressed, you join him in the shadows.



Click here.



It's late afternoon, and you're on a street, looking at the castle of Seville. Six hours have passed since you told Don Rodrigo that you couldn't help him sneak inside. You hope that now you'll be able to see Isabella so you can ask her about the Inquisition.

As you approach the gate, you're relieved to discover that the insolent guard Diego has gone. A pleasant-looking fellow is on duty instead.

"Excuse me, sir," you say. "I've come to entertain the queen. May I pass?"

"You may, but the queen's not here."

"What?" you ask.

"She left with her attendants around noon."

"To where?"

"I'm not sure. She has so many other castles," he says. "I was off duty when she went."

You've missed your chance! Isabella could be anywhere by now. Jump back to where you last heard she was holding court.



Click here.



You're in a dense jungle surrounded by the screeching sounds of wild animals.

"*Eeee!*" A monkey drops from a tree and crouches before you, its teeth bared.

You pick up a fallen branch to defend yourself.

"*Eeee!*" "*Eeee!*" Two other monkeys appear, followed by a half dozen more.

You've jumped into the middle of a monkey colony. And it seems strangers are unwelcome here!

Swinging your branch like a major league baseball player, you drive the animals back and turn to run. But a tree root trips you up and you fall.

"*Oooo!*" "*Eeee!*" The monkeys are about to attack when something startles them and they take off.

A young soldier emerges encased in shiny armor and brandishing a huge ax.

"Captain!" he yells, upon seeing you. "I've found something."

A dozen soldiers race up to him.

"It's a child," one of the other men says. "Miguel, conquistadors don't have time for children."

"But what if they know the way to the treasures of El Dorado?"

An older man with a beard strides up. "Miguel, what's this about El Dorado?"

"Nothing yet, Captain, sir," he says. "But I thought this child might know the way."

The older man turns to you. "I am Captain Francisco Pizarro of



Spain, in search of the golden city of El Dorado,” he says authoritatively. “Lead us there and you will be richly rewarded.”

El Dorado? That’s a myth, like the fountain of youth! But you can’t tell Pizarro that. He’s serious.

“I’m sorry, Captain, sir, but I’m lost here myself,” you answer. “I don’t even know where I am.”

Pizarro shrugs. “This is the New World, discovered by Christopher Columbus forty years ago.”

He gestures to another soldier. “Luis, take charge and put the child to work as a water carrier.”

These conquistadors want to take you with them! Luis isn’t looking. Dive behind a tree trunk and jump back to Isabella’s Spain!



Click here.



It's March 26, 1481, twelve years since you met young Ferdinand on his way to marry Isabella. You're in Seville, standing at one end of a town square packed with people.

Nobody is moving, and the only sound you hear is that of hushed voices buzzing back and forth.

You force your way through the crowd, but few people take notice of you. Their eyes are riveted by something up front.

Standing on tiptoe, you catch a glimpse of a stone platform at the other end of the square. Five tall wooden stakes stand upon it. They look like a giant witch's hand.

You push your way further into the crowd and watch as soldiers pile bundles of branches and twigs around each stake.

Five men, barefooted and wearing white tunics with the word "Heretic" scrawled on the front, are being led toward the platform.

As you realize what is about to happen, your stomach does a somersault.

"Who are those men?" you ask an elderly woman next to you.

"Dirty Marranos!" The woman's voice is filled with contempt. "Jews who converted to Christianity to save their souls, but failed."

"How did they fail?"

"They acted like pious Christians in public, but practiced Judaism in their homes," she replies. "Now they'll repent."

It amazes you that this woman actually believes that people deserve to burn for being Jewish in secret.

The soldiers chain the five men by their necks to the stakes.

But you can't bear watching any more.

Pushing your way back through the crowd is like swimming through quicksand. Everyone is fighting against you to get a better look.

Finally you reach an opening—but you're stopped by a hand on your shoulder.

"Where are you going?" A bald-headed friar in a black cowl and habit is standing in front of you.

"I'm leaving."

"Now?" he asks incredulously.

"I've seen enough."

"But the auto-da-fé is about to begin."

"The what?" you ask.

"The auto-da-fé, the act of faith," he says. "A true believer would want to witness it."

How can this man of God call a public burning an act of faith? It's an act of savagery!

"This is not what I believe in," you say, moving away.

"Then what *do* you believe?" The friar stays with you step for step.

"That's my business. Now leave me alone."

But the man won't let you be. Instead, he thrusts a piece of rancid pork in your face. "Maybe you're just hungry," he says. "Have some of this."

You're already queasy, and the meat makes you gag. Knocking it aside, you try to run.

The friar holds you fast. "Refusing pork is a Jew's practice! Is that what you are?"

Instead of answering, you kick his shin and struggle to break away. But the friar is too strong for you. He pins you against a wall.

"You may be too young to be questioned, but not to visit the Holy Office," he hisses.

You fight and scream, but you can't get away.

"Guards!" the friar shouts. "Help me with this little demon!"



Two hard-looking soldiers trot up and drag you away as a handful of people turn around to stare.



Click here.



You decide that having the marquis as your ally could prove useful. “I’ll help you,” you tell him.

“Thank you, friend. I am in your debt!”

As the marquis bows, you remember that once he’s past the sentry Diego, you’ll still need to get inside the castle to see Isabella yourself. Don Rodrigo might put in a good word for you, but that’s no guarantee. A title would mean a surefire entree.

“How does one become a nobleman?” you ask Don Rodrigo.

“I was born with my title,” he says. “But you can become a caballero by winning a pair of golden spurs.”

“How can I win a pair of spurs?”

“Fighting with valor in battle is the surest way,” Don Rodrigo explains. “Saving a maiden in distress is another. Or you can join a military order, such as the one in the town of Calatrava, and work your way up through the ranks.”

“I see,” you say, fixing your mask. You step into the street and prance toward the castle gate. “Don Diego!” you whinny. “Remember me?”

The surly sentry stands impassive as a stone. As you reach him, you trip yourself and fall flat on your backside. It’s a perfect landing with no pain!

“*Ooohh!*” Your feigned groaning makes Diego smile, and you moan more loudly. But once you see Don Rodrigo sneak by, you stop and sit up.

“Hey,” says Diego, annoyed. “Why’d you stop?”

“You said if I made you laugh I could pass.”

“Who says I laughed? Try again.”

You hadn’t expected Diego to keep his word, but at least you’ve helped Don Rodrigo get through. Time to doff your mask and try another tack. As a caballero you’ll command greater respect.

“ ’Bye, Diego,” you say, darting off.

Don Rodrigo said the surest way to earn a pair of golden spurs is in a battle. But it’s probably not the safest way. Rescuing a maiden in trouble might be less dangerous.



Rescue a maiden. [Click here.](#)



Go to the siege of Alfama. [Click here.](#)





You find yourself amidst a herd of sleeping elephants. The sun is high in the sky, and it's hot. For a moment you think you're in Africa, but the surrounding mountain ranges tell you you're in northern Spain. Elephants in Spain?

In the distance you hear a high-pitched trumpeting sound that wakes the animals around you immediately.

There's a clumping noise behind you. You turn to see a frightened baby elephant barreling toward you with a young man in hot pursuit.

"Stop her!" he yells.

The herd begins to shift around uneasily. Catching even a baby elephant on the loose is easier said than done, but the alternative could be a stampede.

As the runaway scuttles by, you jump onto her back. Hugging her neck for all you're worth, you coo, "Whoa, little one. There, there."

It works! The panicked baby elephant calms down and slows to a waddle. The rest of the herd settles back to sleep.

The young man catches up to you. He's dressed like an ancient warrior, with a short tunic, sandals, and metal shin guards.

"Beautifully done! Few of our soldiers could have handled her better," he says. "Thank you. She was frightened by a snake."

You hop down. "Glad to help," you say.

"I am Prince Hannibal, son of Hamilcar, king of Carthage," he tells you, offering his hand. "My people have come up from Africa to fight a great war with the Romans. These elephants are part of

our army. They're better than chariots when it comes to crossing mountains."

He leads the baby elephant back toward the sleeping herd. "When we cross the Alps into Italy to attack Rome, we will need good elephant handlers. With training, you can be one."

You can't become an elephant handler in this ancient world of Rome and Carthage. You must return to fifteenth-century Spain and the Inquisition.

"I am honored," you begin, "but . . ."

"Come to our camp," says Hannibal, taking your arm. "You will feast with my father and me." He won't let you go!

"Look out! A stampede!" you yell.

Hannibal whips around to check the herd. You shake off his hold, dart behind a sleeping elephant, and jump.



Leap ahead 1600 years. [Click here.](#)



It's a lucky thing you brought a spyglass. You train it on a flag fluttering atop the lead ship's mast. Sure enough, it's a British union jack!

"Take a look," you tell the captain. He does and turns from green to white.

"Turn about!" he barks desperately. "The British are coming!"

The crew members snap into action. Like lightning, they change course and man the ship's oars in triple time.

Unfortunately, this ship's troubles are just beginning. With your spyglass you see an angry storm raging on the horizon. A lot of other Spanish vessels are caught in the midst of it. Many seem to be sinking.

"We must find the rest of our armada and regroup!" orders the captain.

It appears the English have the upper hand. Asking your captain or his crew about the Jews and the Inquisition would be inappropriate. Everyone is too busy trying to escape.

Now's the time for you to jump back to Spain.



Escape to safety. **Click here.**





You're in Seville once more. It's December 1480, the year the Inquisition began. You shine up your golden spurs and head toward the castle.

Now you're ready for that sentry, Diego of Córdoba, who wouldn't let you pass during your last visit. But Diego is not on duty.

"I've come to see the queen," you tell the soldier guarding the gate. "Is she here?"

"Yes," he says, noticing your spurs. "You may pass."

Inside the castle you approach a large meeting room, and hear Isabella inside speaking. A tall, sumptuously dressed attendant is screening visitors.

Now what? You've met Isabella face-to-face twice, each time as a different personality. Should you introduce yourself as the standard bearer at the battle of Málaga when the queen dubbed you a caballero? Or as the jester who made Princess Isabella laugh thirteen years ago?



Go as a caballero. [Click here.](#)



Go as a jester. [Click here.](#)



You arrive outside the town of Segovia expecting to have no problem gaining entry to the court. It is 1476.

Walking up to the front gate, you're surprised to find it shut tight.

"Hello up there," you call to the top of the walls.

"What do you want?" someone shouts down.

"I've come to see Queen Isabella."

WHOOSSSH! A spear soars down and smashes into the ground inches from Your feet. You scamper for cover.

What's going on here? You know Segovia is a Spanish town. Have the Moors suddenly captured it?

Just then you see a priest and woman gallop up to the gate on horseback. The woman is Queen Isabella!

"Open up for Queen Isabella," the priest bellows.

"We've joined the marquis of Villena. We open when *he* commands!" says a voice from above.

So, the marquis of Villena—the man Isabella's brother Henry once sought as an ally—has organized a revolt.

The queen dismounts and looks up.

"Hear me, people of Segovia!" Isabella's voice rings out like a bell. "I am your queen. Open these gates. This town belongs to me, not to the marquis!" Dead silence follows.

Suddenly the gates creak open. With her head held high, Isabella stalks into the town. You watch from a safe distance.

Inside stands a crowd, armed and angry. The people glare at Isabella.

“Lower your weapons. I come to talk, not to fight,” she says firmly. No one moves.

“If you have grievances, let your leaders bring them to me. I will listen,” the queen says more softly.

Slowly, one man lowers his pitchfork. Isabella smiles. “I know you are loyal subjects. Go home now.”

The rest of the people lay down their spears. One by one they leave. Isabella has put down a rebellion singlehandedly.

You’ve already experienced her kindness in a hospital tent. Now you’ve seen her strength.

You can’t ask her about the Inquisition now. She has an important meeting to attend. Before seeing Isabella again, you must learn more about what was happening around her; also, what did Ferdinand think of the Inquisition?



Find Ferdinand. [Click here.](#)





It's late afternoon, April 1475. You're standing in the town of Calatrava, where Don Rodrigo said a military order was located. The main street is quiet.

You see an old sign made of carved stone and you head toward it. It's chipped and scarred with age, but you can still make out the writing:

The Order of Calatrava—founded A.D. 1087—to protect Christians from bandits on the road. Members pledge themselves to serving the Lord.

You're in the right place, but it seems deserted.

Noise from a narrow side street catches your attention. You follow it to its source.

You see some horses tied up outside an inn. The inn is probably a good place to get information.

As you enter, people pause to look you over. Returning their stares gives you the chills.

In one corner stand three gaunt men who look as if they've just escaped from prison. "What are you looking at, brat?" says one of them with a snarl; he has eyes like a wolf's.

You turn away from them and bump into a bleary-eyed Goliath whose nose is red from heavy drinking. "You trying to start something?" he asks crossly.

"No! Sorry!" you reply. "Please forgive me."

The man flicks you away as if you're a flea.



Toward the middle of the room you see a man dressed as a soldier. Hoping he may belong to the Order of Calatrava, you approach him.

“Excuse me, sir,” you say. “Are you a member of the Order of Calatrava?”

The man looks up from his drink. He has a long scar across his face. “What of it?” he asks.

“I’m interested in joining.”

The man smiles, exposing a mouth full of blackened teeth. “Did you hear that?” he shouts. “This young pup wants to join our order.”

Peals of laughter rock the inn.

“That’s the best one I’ve heard all day,” one man says with a snort.

It appears that the Order of Calatrava is not what it once was. Its members aren’t pious men who’d protect others. They’re drunks and cutthroats.

You’ll never earn your golden spurs here. And you’d better get out of this inn fast! The ogre you bumped into is eyeing you with a malicious grin.



Click here.



Your head weighs a ton, and you can barely open your eyes.

A woman's sweet, smiling face floats into view above you. "The doctor says you're going to be all right," she says, gently stroking your forehead.

You try to speak.

"Don't talk now," the lady murmurs. "Sip this."

She helps you take a drink of cool water. "Close your eyes and rest," the woman whispers. "I'm going to say a prayer for you." You drift off.

The next thing you know it's morning, and Don Rodrigo is standing over you.

"Hey, jester," he says cheerfully. "How do you feel?"

The person above you is no dream. He's really the marquis.

"Better," you say, touching the back of your head gingerly. "Where am I?"

"In a hospital tent. You've been asleep for two days," he explains. "You lead a charmed life. I thought we'd lost you five years ago at the siege of Alfama."

You remember it's 1487. The siege of Alfama took place in 1482.

"What's been going on?" you ask.

"Málaga has fallen," he says. "Queen Isabella's arrival brought such spirit to our troops that the Moors lost heart and surrendered."

You rise from your cot. "I must meet the queen," you say.

"You already have. Yesterday, Her Majesty came to visit all of the wounded," Don Rodrigo explains.

So, the kind woman who gave you a cool drink was the queen herself! How could anyone so gentle order the Inquisition?

“Where’s the queen now?” you ask.

“She’s returned north, though I don’t know where,” Don Rodrigo replies. “But Isabella left you these when she heard how you fought to protect our standard.”

He hands you a pair of golden spurs. With great pride you put them on.

Remembering your comrades, especially the commander whose name you never learned, you pause for a moment in respect.

But that’s all the time you have. Bid farewell to Don Rodrigo and get on with your mission. Isabella is somewhere up north.



Seek her in Barcelona. **Click here.**



Look for her in Segovia. **Click here.**



I am Don Rodrigo, the marquis of Cádiz,” the stranger tells you. You remove your mask and introduce yourself.

“I must speak with Queen Isabella,” he says. “But the sentry, Diego of Córdoba, poses a problem. As a nobleman I cannot be denied an audience with the queen,” Rodrigo explains. “But Diego is a distant cousin of the duke of Medina Sidonia, who is feuding with my family. If we meet, we must fight. It is a matter of honor. But I don’t have time for that. I must be gone before nightfall.”

“Why are you telling me this?” you ask.

“Because you can help me,” he replies. “If you can distract Diego with your tumbling, I can sneak by.”

The thought of tricking Diego appeals to you, and doing a favor for an important man like the marquis of Cádiz could pay off later.

Should you stay and help Don Rodrigo or jump to a time when Diego’s off duty?



Jump ahead six hours. [Click here.](#)



Stay and help Don Rodrigo. [Click here.](#)



You're back in Seville's town square, which is stark and cold. It's January 1481. Evening is approaching and a light snow is falling.

The last time you were here was in March of this same year, and five men were about to be burned.

Now the square is empty and quiet.

You look toward the platform where the auto-da-fé took place. Now six stakes stand on top of it. Heaps of ashes smolder in front of each one. The snow falling on top of them looks like white tears. A different auto-da-fé has just taken place, you realize.

Sick at heart, you turn away and see two familiar-looking men coming toward you. It's Ferdinand with Tomás de Torquemada!

Twelve years have passed since you met young Ferdinand posing as a mule driver. He's put on weight.

The last time you encountered the Grand Inquisitor was in the Room of Faith.

You've come to find out more about Ferdinand, but you have no desire to meet him face-to-face in the company of Torquemada.

You already know that, by himself, Ferdinand can be cunning and unpredictable. Together with the evil Grand Inquisitor, he could be like a match held up to a stick of dynamite.

Hiding your golden spurs under your doublet so they won't attract attention, you fall down on your knees as if to pray.

"I feared I would never see the day arrive when the Inquisition would come here," you hear Torquemada say in his raspy voice.

"It took some doing," Ferdinand answers. "But now that the tri-



bunal is in place, things should run as smoothly as they have in Aragon.”

“Yes. Today may be the first time snow has fallen in Seville in thirty years, and the souls of six heretic Jews were cleansed. By next week the snow may be melted, but we’ll relax twice as many.”

Cleanse? Relax? You wouldn’t have believed that someone could talk that way about murdering people if you hadn’t heard it with your own ears.

“I can foresee the day when Spain will be cleansed of all Jews,” the Grand Inquisitor adds passionately.

Someone places his hand on the back of your head. “Pray for their souls, child,” Torquemada says, standing behind you.

You’re afraid to look up. Instead, you bow down low to the ground and rock back and forth as if locked in deep meditation.

Torquemada moves on like a dark spirit knifing through the snow.

Though it’s cold outside, you’re sweating with fear by the time the two men leave the square.

Now you know what Ferdinand thought about the Inquisition. His kingdom of Aragon already had its own Inquisition working before the one in Castile began. Does that mean this fiendish thing was entirely his and Torquemada’s idea?

From seeing her handle rebellious subjects so courageously in Segovia, you already know Isabella was not one to be intimidated. So she must have given approval to the Inquisition of her own free will.

Torquemada said he foresaw the day when Spain would be rid of all Jews. Did such a day ever arrive? And if so, did it come during Isabella’s reign or after?

Shake the snow from your shoulders and go find out. The answer might provide an important clue in solving this mystery.



Jump eleven years ahead in Isabella's reign. [Click here.](#)



Leap a hundred years to the reign of Philip II. [Click here.](#)



BOOM! BOOM! You're looking down from a hill upon the seaport of Malaga. It's spring 1487. Thousands of Spanish soldiers are gathered on the hills behind the city and in the harbor Spanish ships are strung out in a long blockade.

BOOM! BOOM! Spanish cannons blaze away at two giant stone fortresses in the center of the city. But the fortresses stand as firm as two invincible giants.

You walk into the Spanish camp. The men are quiet. Some, dressed in ragged uniforms, mope around like lost dogs. Others stare bankly into space. No one notices you; nobody seems to care about much of anything.

"All right, you men, gather up!" calls an officer holding a flag with a castle and a lion printed on it.

"I'm not getting my head bashed in," one soldier mutters, slinking away. Others follow.

"The Moors' two fortresses, Alcazaba and Gibralfaro, are within our grasp!" the officer announces. "Our siege is taking its toll on the enemy. They're weakening."

"It's a lie!" shouts a grizzled soldier. "We've been here for months, and we haven't gotten past the houses outside the castles. It's time to go home!"

With two long strides, the officer reaches the man and slugs him in the stomach. "*Ooooofff!*" he cries, falling to the ground.

"We took two streets last week with heavy losses!" the officer shouts. "And we're not going to let our dead comrades down by giving up now. Line up!"

No one says a word. Slowly, soldiers gather in formation.

"Hey, you," the commander says. "We need a standard bearer." He's looking right at you!

You have no choice. You go up to him and accept the flag with the lion and the castle on it. "Carry it close," he instructs you.

You march with him and his men to a dark, winding street far below the two fortresses. The houses on both sides of the street look deserted.

"Follow me!" the officer cries, running ahead. The soldiers charge.

Immediately, rocks and boiling oil rain down from the houses' windows.

"*Ahhhh!*" One soldier is crushed beneath a boulder.

Two men try to help him, but they're stopped by a shower of boiling oil. "Help me!" one of them howls. He scrambles off blindly, his flesh scorched.

A rock the size of a bowling ball slams into your shoulder and knocks you down.

You get to your feet just as a dozen Moors rush out from a side street. "Allah!" they yell.

"Don't retreat!" your commander shouts. Two black-turbaned attackers run toward you with their scimitars, but the officer leaps in front of you. He jabs one of them in the stomach before taking a killing blow to the back of the neck himself.

You turn to run, but a young Moor blocks your path. "There's no retreat," he says calmly, waving his scimitar.

Thinking quickly, you use your standard as a lance and knock away his weapon. "I don't need that against you," he says. Then he grabs hold of your flagstaff.

The two of you struggle over the standard. You're fighting with every ounce of strength you have, but you don't know how much longer you can keep it up.

Then comes a welcome battle cry from behind. "Charge!" Reinforcements have arrived!

Your adversary turns and flees with the other Moors.

“Hey, jester! You’re a hero,” says a familiar voice. You turn around and see Don Rodrigo, the marquis of Cádiz.

His words are like music to your ears. But you don’t get to enjoy them for long. A boulder slams you from behind, and you black out.



Click here.





You're on the main deck of a large wooden warship. The flag flying at the top of the boat's mast has a lion and castle insignia. You carried a similar flag at the battle of Málaga, so you know you're aboard a Spanish vessel. It's May 1588, and the sea is calm.

"Look out! Cannonballs coming through!" someone shouts.

You duck, anticipating an explosion. Instead, a chubby sailor lumbers by, carrying two heavy cannonballs.

Despite his warning, a skinny man coming from the opposite direction crashes into him. The cannonballs go flying.

"Hey, why don't you watch where you're going?" yells the skinny sailor.

"I told you to look out," responds the other. "What's wrong with your ears?"

The two seem about to start a fist fight when both notice you watching.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" the chubby man asks.

"You're a stowaway!" interjects the other. "We're taking you to the bridge."

The two sailors usher you to a platform above the main deck, where you find a man lying flat on his back and bundled up in a heavy blanket. He's seasick. "Captain, we found this stowaway snooping about," the thin sailor says. "What should we do?"

"I don't care," replies the sick man. "I have to think about fighting the English."

You wonder how a ship like this could go to war. The deckhands

are clumsy oafs. The captain gets seasick in calm weather!

A mate yells down from the crow's nest: "Captain, there's a huge fleet of ships heading toward us!"

The captain staggers to his feet. "They must be part of our armada," he says, hugging his blanket tightly.

He squints at the approaching vessels. "I think they're with us," the captain stammers. "But then again, we're in the English Channel. They may be British."

The man is supposed to be preparing for battle, and he isn't sure if his ship is in danger or not!

Now he's searching around the bridge as if he's lost something. "I can't find my spyglass," the captain complains. "Has anyone seen my spyglass?"

If you had one, it might help.



You don't have a spyglass. [Click here.](#)



You have a spyglass. [Click here.](#)



The tall court attendant looks down at you with an inquisitive stare. “Whom shall I announce?” he asks with a high-pitched trill.

“I am the standard bearer of Málaga,” you tell him, holding yourself as erect as a soldier.

“Málaga?”

“Yes. Her Highness gave me my spurs after we defeated the Moors there.”

“That’s impossible!” he says with a cluck. The attendant reminds you of an overgrown peacock. “Málaga is still a Moorish stronghold.”

“*What?*” you ask incredulously.

“You’re either an imposter or a fool,” he says, clapping his hands. “Guards!”

You’re neither of those things, but you have blundered.

It’s now 1480. The siege of Málaga took place in 1487. That means the battle is still seven years in the future.

Three guards trot down the corridor toward you. Feeling embarrassed, you dart down an empty hallway and jump.



Click here.



You didn't pack a spyglass. So, with the fleet getting closer by the minute, you have to rely on the captain's judgment.

"Can you tell who those ships belong to?" he calls to the man in the crow's nest.

Before the mate can answer, a cannonball crashes into the galleon's bow. No doubt about it. They're British boats, and they're closing fast! The galleon doesn't stand a chance!

"What do we do now, Captain?" yells the mate in the crow's nest.

The captain looks sick and scared.

"Where are the rest of our ships?"

"I don't know, Captain," the mate calls down.

If the rest of the armada's ships are so incompetently run, Spain doesn't stand a chance against England in this war.

The ship is sinking fast! Men are diving overboard to save themselves. You're not going to learn anything about the Inquisition and the plight of the Jews here. Jump back to Spain before you go under!



Click here.



Pulling out the bag of marbles, you toss half its contents in front of the onrushing Moors.

WHAM! WHAM! They trip and fall.

You throw the rest of the marbles at Juan and Don Rodrigo's two adversaries. *WHAM! WHAM!* The two Moors perform the finest pratfalls you've ever seen.

"Good work, jester!" says the marquis. He and Juan finish the job, shoving the Moors to the castle courtyard below. You head for the steps leading down to the front gates.

"Kill the intruders!" cry Moors charging at Don Rodrigo and Juan from all sides.

"Aaaallaaahh!" What seems like an entire battalion of Moors swarms across the castle courtyard toward you.

You've proven your valor, but if you stay here, you won't live to learn what you need to know about the Inquisition.

Zip! An arrow nearly hits you! Near the top of the stairway you passed an empty passageway. Go back to it as fast as you can, and jump. You're bound to earn your spurs on another battlefield.



Travel ahead five years to the siege of Malaga. [Click here.](#)





It's a cold autumn night in 1482. You're in the Sierra Nevada mountains, in southern Spain. In the distance, you can barely make out the Moorish fortress of Alfama. It looks like a mighty stone dragon sleeping.

Below the castle is the battlefield where you've come to earn your golden spurs. It's peaceful now, but the field is covered with thousands of tents and small campfires.

Shivering, you trot toward one of the campfires.

"Halt!" A Spanish soldier carrying a torch bars your way. "What's your business at this time of night—spying for the Moors?"

"No, I lost my way in the dark," you say.

"Who's your commander?" he demands.

You think quickly. There's only one person you know whose name might mean something to this soldier. "Don Rodrigo, the marquis of Cádiz," you tell him.

"Don Rodrigo?" he says respectfully. The name worked!

"Yes," you continue. "Do you know where he is?"

"His tent is beyond the next campfire."

As you hurry along to keep warm, you're pleased to know Don Rodrigo is here. He owes you a favor for helping him sneak into the castle of Seville.

A horse gallops past you and pulls up in front of a tent where a group of officers is waiting. As the rider dismounts, you recognize him.

"Don Rodrigo," you call.

The marquis looks up, surprised. "Hey, jester!" He embraces

you like a long-lost friend.

"It's been two years," Don Rodrigo says, though for you, your parting was a few days ago at most. "I didn't know you were fighting with us against the Moors."

"I've come to earn my spurs," you tell him.

"It would be my honor to help you," he says. "I have a plan to end our siege of Alfama. You can join me. But it will be dangerous."

"I'll join," you say, without pause.

Don Rodrigo claps you on the back. "Come, my friend." You follow him into his tent with the officers.

"Tonight we go," Don Rodrigo announces. "My friend here and I will scale the castle wall with Juan and Alonso. Alert your men and wait outside the front gates."

The officers depart.

You and Don Rodrigo meet two soldiers at the fortress wall. One of them is a short wiry fellow. The other is a powerful-looking man with thick arms. He carries two long ropes and hands one of them to the marquis.

"Juan," Don Rodrigo addresses the taller soldier quietly, "this is my friend, who will go with me. You'll carry Alonso."

"As you say, Commander," Juan whispers.

"At the top we must find a stairway that leads down to the front gates," Don Rodrigo explains. "Let's hope we all reach them."

The marquis smiles. You all shake hands.

Silently, Don Rodrigo and Juan tie the ends of their ropes into adjustable knots and throw them at the battlements on top of the wall.

After a few misses, the ropes catch and hold.

Alonso hops onto Juan's back, and the tall man starts climbing up one of the ropes. You watch them with a lump in your throat. It's a long way to the top of the wall!

You take a deep breath and jump onto the marquis's back.

The cold night air makes the rope difficult to grasp—and before you're halfway up, Don Rodrigo's hands slip.

"Come on, Don Rodrigo," you plead under your breath. "You can do it!"

The marquis struggles on.

The climb seems to last for hours, though it takes only minutes. Juan and Alonso are waiting for you at the top. So far, so good; the battlements appear empty.

You're standing on a narrow walkway. Below you is the main level of the castle, where the front gates are.

"The steps are to the left," whispers Alonso. "If we time it right, we can sneak past the guards."

"Allah!" Three dark-skinned Moors in white turbans see you from down the walkway and come rushing at you with their scimitars raised. "Kill the intruders!"

Rodrigo and Juan draw their broadswords. CLANG! CLANG! With two swift strokes Juan knocks the scimitar out of one of the Moor's hands and slices him across the throat.

"Get going!" Don Rodrigo orders as he and Juan battle the other two men. "We'll catch up!"

Alonso dashes for the steps. You follow.

"Allah!" Two other Moors sprint down the walkway and run their scimitars through Alonso's chest.

"Keep going!" he gasps, blood pouring from his wounds.

The two Moors are charging at you. "Intruders!" they shout.

In a moment the Moors' entire army will be dashing up the steps to get you. Forget about the front gates. Act fast, or your mission to learn about the Inquisition may come to an abrupt halt.

An idea pops into your head. It may be crazy, but if you had a bag of marbles. . .



If you chose marbles as one of your items, [click here](#).



If you didn't choose marbles, [click here](#).





It's a starless, pitch-dark March night in Barcelona, 1492.

As you walk carefully to avoid stumbling, you hear a scraping sound. Your hand touches something cool and hard and shaped like a cross. It's a gravestone. You're in a cemetery.

The scraping sound persists. Could it be grave robbers?

Suddenly two powerful hands clamp around your mouth and throat. You can't breathe!

Someone thrusts a lantern before your face.

"Jacob," an old woman hisses. "It's a child."

"They've used children as spies too, Mama," your captor says. Your lungs are bursting.

"We'll be gone before dawn. There's nothing more they can do to us after that," the woman argues.

Jacob releases you. He picks up a shovel and resumes digging a deep hole.

"Why are you here?" the woman asks.

"I got lost going home," you answer.

"Your parents must be worried. We'll show you the way to the center of town."

THUD! Jacob's shovel hits something solid.

"Mama, they're here," he says.

His mother holds her lantern over the hole. You watch as the two take some bones out of the ground and place them in a cloth bag.

"Why are you doing this?" you ask.

"I don't want the Church to dig up my husband's bones and burn

him as a Jewish heretic,” she tells you.

You’re stunned. “How can it do that?”

“It does whatever it wants to the Jews—in the name of Christianity,” the woman says.

“And for its own wealth,” Jacob adds. “The Church stole our money today, and tomorrow will drive every Jew out of Spain!”

So Torquemada’s prophecy came true during Isabella’s reign. All of the Jews are being expelled from the country.

Gently carrying the bag of bones, Jacob leads his mother from the cemetery. With her lantern, she points out a path for you to follow to the town’s center. They leave quietly.

Perhaps greed was the key, as Jacob said. Isabella may have used the Inquisition for profit. It’s time to find Isabella to hear what she thought about the Inquisition



Click here.





It's spring in Barcelona, 1493. The city seems decked out for carnival time. Banners are fluttering along the streets, and flowers are for sale at every corner.

Excited people line the city's main avenues, and the sound of trumpets fills the air.

"What's going on here?" you ask a little girl.

"Haven't you heard?" she says. "Columbus is coming."

Christopher Columbus! If it's 1493, that means the famous discoverer of America has just returned from his first voyage across the Atlantic Ocean.

"The king and queen are waiting for Columbus at the church of Santa Clara," you overhear a boy your age tell his friend. "Let's go watch!"

You follow them to the church, where the crowd is packed in like sardines, and have to squeeze your way through to the front for a good view.

Ferdinand and Isabella, flanked by scores of courtiers, sit on thrones placed on the church's steps.

The people cheer as trumpeters march down the street. Behind them rides Columbus on a black stallion.

As the explorer dismounts, Ferdinand and Isabella rise to meet him. He bows with a flourish.

"Welcome home, Admiral," Ferdinand says.

Isabella's smile is radiant. "Your successful voyage has brought our country great honor."

Columbus kisses her hand. "I will show you what else I have

brought,” he announces.

Columbus shows the king and queen turquoise colored parrots and gold nuggets the size of oranges. He introduces six red-skinned men you recognize as Indians.

The king and queen smile; the crowd applauds.

It may be exciting to see Columbus in person, but your mission awaits.

As both Columbus’s sovereign and benefactor, Isabella is certainly too busy for you to speak with her now. Try at another time.



Click here.



It's morning as you arrive at a small village in southern Spain, 1348. The streets are empty except for piles of garbage. Two men slowly roll a wagon toward you. Its wheels groan under a heavy weight. The cargo is covered with an old blanket.

As the wagon passes, a terrible odor comes from under the blanket. The smell of death!

Sobbing, a woman emerges from a nearby house and motions to the two men. Without a word, they stop and follow her inside.

You watch them carry out the lifeless body of a young boy and lay it in their wagon.

You follow them as they stop and make a similar pickup at almost every house. What ghoulish nightmare has caused so many deaths?

On the next street a small group of people huddle outside a broken-down house. They stand in silence as a man sets a torch to the building. In seconds, it's engulfed in flames.

"Will the fire stop the Black Death, Mother?" you hear a little girl with stringy hair ask an ashen-faced woman holding her hand.

"I wish I knew, my child," the woman replies.

So that's what has devastated this town. The Black Death!

A horrible plague that festered in filthy cities and was spread by rats and fleas, the Black Death killed millions during the fourteenth century. Nearly half the population of Europe perished from it.

"If we want to stop the plague we must burn down the Moors' homes," the man says bitterly. "They're the ones who've sent it!"



He hurls his torch into the burning house and stalks off. You follow him.

“How do you know the Moors have sent the plague?” you ask. The man turns and glares at you.

“I’ve heard from travelers. The Moors aren’t burying their dead by the wagonful,” he says, lifting you by the front of your doublet and shaking you. “They’re hardly suffering at all! Isn’t that proof enough?”

He drops you on the dirty street and marches away.

You rise and clean yourself off. Just because the Moors suffered less from the plague than their neighbors doesn’t mean they caused it, you think to yourself.

People are always looking for a scapegoat to blame for their troubles. Surely Isabella had a less flimsy reason for persecuting the Moors.

Perhaps there was something else in the Moors’ past that she held against them.



Click here.



You're standing on a cobblestone street in a village that appears more modern than the Seville of 1480 that you just left. But how far ahead have you jumped?

Footsteps echo from behind. You turn to see a group of grim-faced men wearing black hats and capes. They stop in front of a gray-painted house.

A girl emerges from the house next door. "They're in there!" she says, pointing to her neighbors' gray house. "The witches are in there!"

Witches? They must be shooting some kind of horror movie. You look around for a film crew.

But there's no one else around. What's happening must be real!

Amazed, you watch the men drag a young man and woman from the house. "This is sheer madness!" the young man protests. "We've done nothing wrong!" the woman wails.

The men in black hats pull the two people down the street.

"Why did they take those people away?" you ask the girl.

"The town's hunting witches," she replies. "We've hanged three already."

You can't believe it. Hunting witches sounds as barbaric as burning Jews for heresy.

"What makes those people witches?" you ask.

"They just *are*," she answers coldly.

"But what have they done wrong? Did they hurt someone or destroy people's property?"

The girl doesn't respond. She just looks at you.

“Will you at least tell me what place this is?”

“Don’t you know? We’re in Salem, Massachusetts.” Her stare makes you uncomfortable.

“I’m new here,” you try to explain. “What year is it?”

“It’s 1692.” The girl’s eyes are wild.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” you ask. Suddenly she screams. “Here’s another one!” she shrieks, charging down the street.

Another one? Does the girl think you’re a witch too, just because you asked her a few harmless questions?

Now she’s returning with the black-caped men and pointing at you.

Seventeenth-century Salem is as troubled as Isabella’s Spain, but you have no time for moralizing.

Run behind the gray house and jump.



Click here.





You and Don Rodrigo leave the field outside Granada. Beyond the Spanish army's tents, about a half mile away, he leads you to a newly built town. "We call it Santa Fe," the marquis says proudly. The Spaniards seem so well dug in here that you wonder how the besieged Moors can possibly outlast them.

You go to Don Rodrigo's hut, where he offers you bread and cheese. You're hungry; the food tastes great.

"Inside Granada the people are starving," Don Rodrigo tells you. "Morale is low. The city is about to fall."

"How do you know?" you ask.

"We've been in secret contact with a group of Moors who are sick of fighting," he explains. "We've been sending messages back and forth. But our messenger was killed."

You don't want to know how the messenger was lost. But the more you learn about the Moors, the better are your chances of understanding Isabella and the Inquisition.

"I'm his replacement," you say. Don Rodrigo smiles. He pulls a robe, trousers, and a turban out of a pack. "Put these on," he instructs you. "You're the right size to fit through a passageway in Granada's walls. With these clothes, you should be able to pass for a Moor."

With the sun setting, you and Don Rodrigo creep toward the city. Once at the wall, the marquis pushes aside a huge boulder to reveal a hole in it. It's about three feet high; you'll have to hunch over to walk through the tunnel.

"When you reach the other side you'll meet a Moor named

Hassan. He will say, 'The moon has set.' You must reply, 'The sun is rising.' Then he will give you a message."

You nod.

"Good luck, jester," Don Rodrigo says.

The passageway is dark and very damp. You feel your way with your hands and feet. Finally you reach the end of the tunnel and climb out into a beautiful courtyard dimly lit by torches.

In the center is a delicately carved fountain that appears to float atop stone statues of exotic-looking dogs. Trees that smell like perfume are everywhere.

This place could be paradise if the Spaniards weren't trying to batter down the gates.

The echo of many footsteps sends you dashing for cover behind a pillar. A company of guards marches by. You hold your breath until they're gone.

"The moon has set," a voice whispers behind you.

You turn and see a man with a black turban. "The sun is rising," you respond.

The man bows. When he straightens, you notice that his cheeks are sunken. He gives you a rolled-up piece of parchment, and you can see every bone in his hand. The man must be starving!

You bow and steal away quietly. You shuffle quickly back through the passageway. Don Rodrigo is waiting there as you emerge.

"Come, we'll go directly to the king," he says.

Arriving in Santa Fe, the two of you are admitted to a large tent. King Ferdinand is inside, sitting at a table. A group of soldiers stands at attention.

You and Don Rodrigo bow low, and you hand the king the parchment. Ferdinand unrolls it and studies the message intently.

He finishes reading and looks up at you. "You are the bearer of good tidings," he says. "Our siege has succeeded. The Moors are beaten. Tomorrow we will parade our forces in front of Granada, and they will surrender."

"Hurrah!" the soldiers cheer.

“At last! Spain belongs to the Christians!” shouts one man. “Our reconquest is complete!” yells another.

Suddenly the flaps of the tent part, and Queen Isabella enters. The soldiers fall silent and kneel.

Ferdinand rises for Isabella. She sits in his chair.

“My queen, victory has finally come,” he says.

“I heard the men’s cheers,” she responds. “Tonight we will rejoice. But tomorrow we must remember that when the Moors become our subjects, we will respect their customs.”

Ferdinand nods to Isabella. “The queen and I decree that Moslems will have the same rights as Christians,” he declares.

The queen smiles and rises. The soldiers and you bow. She exits with Ferdinand, followed by two bodyguards.

So Isabella *didn’t* despise the Moors after all. She and Ferdinand offered them lenient surrender terms, allowing them to practice Islam.

But it’s 1491, and you know that the Inquisition has been burning Jewish heretics for the past eleven years. Soon Spain will expel all of its Jews. You also know that though Isabella was originally opposed to persecuting Jews, she did change her mind.

Did she and the king do the same turn-around with the Moors? Maybe they agreed to lenient terms in order to end the war and then reneged on their treaty later on.

You’d better find out how the Moors fared after the war with the Christians in Spain was completely over.



Jump ahead eight years. [Click here.](#)





It is the year 990, and the sounds of a busy marketplace greet you as you appear in a shady alley in the city of Cordoba.

One look at the style of dress and the faces of the dark-skinned shopkeepers tells you you're in the heart of Moorish Spain. People are too busy to notice you.

You wander along a winding street, past all kinds of little shops. Through one doorway you see a tailor fitting a man with a long silk shirt and trousers. In another store sits a jeweler polishing brilliant rubies.

Every man you see wears a turban on his head.

Suddenly, above the noise of chattering merchants, rings the melodic voice of a man chanting: "*Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar*. God is the greatest, God is the greatest."

The shopkeepers all stop what they're doing and leave their stores.

You follow them down a crowded thoroughfare and notice how much cleaner it is here than in the other Spanish towns you've visited. The Moors apparently developed a more effective sanitation system than everyone else did.

You wind up in front of a great domed mosque adorned with pillars and arched doorways. Its beauty is breathtaking.

"*Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar*," you hear the same man sing again. You look up and see him standing at a balcony atop a tall, slender tower.

You watch as hundreds of men remove their sandals in front of the mosque and go inside.

Several laborers are building a new section on one side of the mosque. They look different from the rest of the Moors. Their skin is lighter, and they're not wearing turbans. And they have chains on their feet!

"All right, slaves, rest!" orders a tall Moor carrying a scimitar. He leaves them and enters the mosque.

You notice one of the laborers, an older man with white hair, reading intently from a book while the others relax. Upon finishing, he closes the book with care and makes a sign of a cross along his chest. The man must be a Christian!

You go up to him. "Why are you in chains, sir?"

"Isn't it obvious?" he responds. "I'm the Moors' prisoner, as are many of my Christian countrymen. The Moors control most of our land."

So maybe Isabella hated the Moors because of their early domination of Spain.

She fought battles against them to reconquer the country for Spanish Christians. Could she have allowed the Inquisition to wreak further revenge on the Moors? Did Jews suffer by mistake, because the Inquisition got out of control?

The mosque is emptying out. Everyone is returning to business. Here comes the Moor with the scimitar.

"All right, slaves!" he yells. "Back to work." The laborers pick up their tools.

The guard notices you. "I said, back to work!" He thinks you belong with the others.

Better skirt behind the mosque and jump away. Now you need to find out what Isabella felt about the Moors.

Granada was the Moors' final stronghold in Spain before Ferdinand and Isabella conquered them once and for all. Jump there.



Click here.



You find yourself on a Granada street teeming with Moors, all moving in the same direction toward the city's gates. The year is 1499.

Some people are pushing overpacked carts. Others are leading mules straining under heavy loads. Everyone looks anxious.

You're still wearing your Moor's disguise, and you decide to keep it on. You'll blend better into the crowd that way.

"If you're going, move on! If you're staying, get out of the way!" a man carrying a large basket filled with pottery shouts at you.

You sidestep quickly as he lumbers past.

You see a boy your age holding a bleating lamb. "Where are you going?" you ask.

"I don't know," he replies. "All I know is that my family has to leave the country."

Barely eight years have passed since the fall of Granada, and it appears that Ferdinand and Isabella's live-and-let-live surrender terms with the Moors have already been scrapped. The Moors are being expelled from Spain, as were the Jews in 1492.

You make your way through the crowded streets to a mosque in the center of town. Queen Isabella is seated on a throne in front of the mosque.

Before her stands a richly dressed priest, completely bald except for a narrow stretch of hair circling his skull like a headband.

A friar carrying a tall cross stands beside him, as does another churchman holding a long-handled silver spoon. A basin filled with water is set behind them.

A large group of Moorish women, holding veils across their faces, lines up before the priest.

"Please come up two by two," he says.

The women look unhappy. With their forlorn expressions, they remind you of sheep being led to slaughter.

Dipping the silver spoon in the water basin, the priest sprinkles each woman as she steps before him. "I baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit," he announces.

You realize you're witnessing a giant baptism ceremony. All of the women are being converted to Catholicism. But it's obvious to you it's being done against their will.

You look at Queen Isabella. Her expression is very stern, and you wonder what she's thinking.

A thin priest with a pock-marked face confronts a group of onlookers near you. "Moors, you have a great honor to be Christianized today with the queen herself as your witness," he says. "Who will join these women who have already been welcomed into the Church?"

No one answers the priest.

"You have two choices," he says. "You either convert and become Moriscos now, or leave Granada!"

So that's it. The Moors have been given an ultimatum. They must agree to conversion or the Spaniards will kick them out of the country.

You've seen enough. Now you know that Spain persecuted the Moors and the Jews equally.

Queen Isabella didn't hold a special grudge against either group. There was a religious principle behind her actions.

But somehow it got distorted.

The question is, what was the cause?

Certainly, no one's religious principles were more distorted than Tomás de Torquemada's. You may think you've already learned more than you need to know about him, but maybe you missed something important. He's not here, so you'll have to track him down somewhere else.

Or maybe you should jump to the day when the Inquisition finally ended. Answers often lie at a story's conclusion.



Jump to the Inquisition's end. [Click here.](#)



Track down Torquemada. [Click here.](#)



The horseman is approaching fast! Pulling out your pocket mirror, you reflect the sun's rays into his eyes.

"Hey!" says the rider, momentarily blinded by the light. He loses his balance, falls, and hits the ground hard, landing on his lance.

"Oh, jester," a familiar voice groans. "I was planning to jump over you." It can't be! The fallen horseman is Don Rodrigo!

"The tournament is over!" a Spanish officer announces. "The siege resumes." You look behind you. Moors are returning to Granada.

What a mistake you've made! Don Rodrigo was trying to spear his lance through a ring held by a soldier standing behind you!

"I'm sorry," you say. "I didn't know."

Your wounded friend smiles weakly to show he understands. Soldiers carry him away.

If only you'd held off before using the mirror, you would have recognized his face.

Feeling like a villain, you jump blindly.



Click here.





You take off your golden spurs and put on your jester's mask instead.

Since it's 1480, you know that the siege of Málaga won't occur for seven years. Calling yourself the standard bearer of that battle would sound odd.

"Please tell the queen her stumbling tumbler from Segovia has come to pay homage," you inform the attendant.

He announces you in a high-pitched voice, and Isabella welcomes you into her chamber with a smile.

The room is lavishly decorated with tapestries on the walls and a silver chandelier hanging from the middle of the ceiling. At one end the queen sits on a throne surrounded by elegantly dressed men and women.

"It is a great honor, Your Highness," you tell her, bowing low as your friend Don Rodrigo would do.

"Sweet jester, it is a surprise and delight to see you. You look just as I remember you," Isabella says. "Have you grown even an inch?"

You're impressed. Isabella has a very good memory. It's been thirteen years since she met you!

"I've grown in other ways," you say knowingly. "But I was afraid you'd forgotten me."

"Hardly. You were a very good omen," Isabella replies. Then she addresses the other visitors and attendants in the chamber. "Friends, please leave us for a moment."

The people look at you with some surprise and then clear the room, leaving you and the queen alone. You're also surprised to be

granted such special attention.

"The day after you and I met, Peter Giron died, and I was free to marry Ferdinand," Isabella tells you.

So that's how Isabella managed to avoid marrying the man her brother Henry picked for her. Peter Giron, the marquis of Villena's brother, simply solved the problem by dying!

"I hope my visit will once more bring you good fortune," you say.

"That's what I am praying," she replies. "Once before I confided in you, and my prayers were answered. Now I need a much greater miracle."

The queen sits on her throne as still as a statue. You stand there silently as a lonely tear wells up in the corner of Isabella's eye and drips down the side of her face. You bow your head respectfully, hoping once again that the queen will confide in you.

Finally Isabella speaks. "The Pope in Rome has decreed that we must set up the Holy Office here in Spain."

"The Holy Office?" you ask.

"Yes. A special court called an inquisition tribunal that will find and punish false converts," she explains.

False converts! Your thoughts jump immediately to the auto-da-fé you witnessed in Seville's town square. The five men about to be burned were converts who had been accused of practicing Judaism secretly. You realize that the Pope himself condoned such acts of atrocity during Isabella's time!

"But I believe such people are only lost sheep," Isabella continues. "And the Church must find a way to guide them back to the fold gently and compassionately."

Isabella breaks off as her tall attendant suddenly appears. "Your Highness, a messenger has arrived with word from King Ferdinand," he announces. "The king will arrive by sunset." The attendant exits.

"I must prepare for him," Isabella says, dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief.

"My husband supports the Pope in this matter," she tells you.

“But I fear it is because the Holy Office’s Inquisition has brought greater wealth and power to the throne of Aragon.”

“How has it done that?”

“By accusing wealthy noblemen of heresy, by taking their property and giving it to the throne.”

The queen rises. “But I will not permit it here in Castile!” she declares. “My kingdom has a thriving sheep industry. It does not need such blood money!”

You recall seeing the great herd of sheep when you began your mission, and you believe that greed did not drive Isabella to permit the Inquisition.

“Now I must go and pray,” the queen says, dismissing you. “Thank you for listening.”

The tears Isabella shed were real. The queen had a heart and a conscience. She said she opposed the Inquisition, and you’re confident she stood up for what she believed.

As you bow low before Isabella and walk out of her chamber, you wonder what finally made the queen change her mind and obey the Pope’s decree.

It’s 1480, and the start of the Inquisition is very near. So the answer to your question must be close at hand as well. Your audience with Isabella is over, but you’d better stick around Seville to see what else you can find out.



Click here.



You decide to hold your ground against the rider. As he gallops closer you recognize his face.

“Down, jester!” he yells.

You hit the ground as horse and rider glide over you and continue on. You roll over to see Don Rodrigo spear a ring held by a Moor.

Cheers ring out from all over the field.

You look across the field to Moorish soldiers who are watching on horseback.

You’re used to seeing Moslems and Christians fighting one another. What’s going on?

The marquis trots up. “We meet again,” he says, jumping off his horse. The two of you shake hands.

But your reunion is interrupted by a trumpet call. The Moors go back behind the walls of Granada.

“There ends another tournament,” Rodrigo says with a sigh. “Now back to the siege.”

So that’s why no one was fighting. Both sides took time out for a peaceful tournament. It seems odd that now they’ll resume trying to kill one another.

“You haven’t grown, I see,” says Don Rodrigo. It’s been about ten years since Don Rodrigo first met you, in 1480, at the beginning of the Inquisition. For you, on the other hand, it’s been no time at all.

“I’ve grown wiser,” you reply.

“That’s good, because we need your help.” He pats you on the back. “Come. I have a plan.”



Go with Don Rodrigo. **Click here.**



Once outside the castle, you remove your jester's mask and put on your golden spurs. You figure they should win you more respect and freedom to move about.

It's still raining in Seville, just as it was before you went in to see the queen.

At the castle gate you're met by an unwelcome sight. Diego of Córdoba is back on sentry duty.

"Well, well. What's this?" says the fat guard mockingly. "Our little friend has found a pair of spurs."

Found? You earned your spurs! You continue on without responding.

But evidently the silent treatment doesn't work with Diego. "No offense intended, my friend," he says, following you. "How about having a drink to celebrate?"

"Thank you, but I don't drink," you respond, without stopping.

"Oh, please," he says, whining. "It would be an honor."

You ignore him and keep moving. Suddenly you're jolted from behind. *Splash!* You land in a puddle.

Diego helps you up. "Oh, isn't that terrible," he says, stifling a laugh. "These cobblestones are slippery."

The ground may be slick, but you didn't fall on your own. Diego pushed you!

"Please, clean up with this," he says, offering you a handkerchief.

"Never mind," you say between clenched teeth. "I'll take a bath when I get home."

“A bath!” he says coldly. “That’s a Moslem custom.”

Now Diego gets in front of you and blocks your way.

“A Moor in caballero’s clothing, are you?” he says menacingly. “That’s heresy!”

He grabs at you, but you dodge and trip him. This time it’s Diego’s turn to fall in a mud puddle. You take off.

So, people who secretly practiced Islam were branded heretics just as secret Jews were, you think as you run down the street.

You already know how heretics fared during the Inquisition. You also know that Isabella fought a long war with the Moors. Could it be that she introduced the Inquisition to persecute the Moors and that all other non-Catholics were dragged into the process by chance?

You need to learn more about the Moors. To do that you’ll have to jump back in time.



Jump back to A.D. 1348. [Click here.](#)



Jump back to A.D. 990. [Click here.](#)



You're standing in an empty, familiar-looking corridor in the castle of Seville. It's evening, 1480, the year of the Inquisition's birth.

You hear a woman's voice coming from the room at the end of the hallway and realize the chamber is where you had an interview with Queen Isabella during your last visit here.

Outside the meeting hall hangs a long, thick tapestry. Fortunately there are no sentries about at the moment. So you're able to sneak behind it to hear what's going on without being seen.

"Wife, the Pope has sent his blessings from Rome," says a man with a rich voice that you immediately recognize as King Ferdinand's. "All we need is your signature on the decree, and the tribunal of the Holy Office will begin its work."

"No! There must be some other way!" responds a woman who you know is Queen Isabella. "It's too cruel."

"There is no other way. Not if we truly want to purify Spain of heretics," says the king.

You hear a faint rustling sound. "Sign the decree!" Ferdinand demands.

"I refuse!" Isabella says. "You talk about purifying Spain. But what you'd really like is for the Holy Office to take money from the nobles and put it in your pocket."

"Having money in one's pocket is no curse. It means power," the king counters. "And is there anything wrong with wanting more money and power for Spain?"

"No, but an inquisition *is* wrong!" says the queen.

“Then how do you propose to turn Spain into a properly pious country?”

“I will not permit an inquisition!”

Someone walks quickly toward the doorway where you’re hiding. Through a slit in the tapestry you see that the person is Isabella.

“Your Highness, please allow me to say something before you go off,” a voice calls from farther inside the room. You know that voice. It’s Tomás de Torquemada’s!

The queen stops and turns to face him.

“I’ve been your confessor since you were a young princess,” he says quietly. “I’ve watched you grow into a great queen—strong, compassionate, and devout.”

Torquemada’s voice sends chills up your spine. He drones on like a hypnotist.

“I believe the king is equally devout and that he wants the same things for Spain that you do. However, I will not plead his case in front of you,” Torquemada says. “All I ask is that you think back to a vow you made years ago. Now is your opportunity to honor it.”

The queen shudders and turns away. You see her face. Her eyes are shut tight as if she’s trying to wish away a bad dream.

Minutes pass as hours while Isabella stands alone in the doorway, her fists clenched.

Then she opens her eyes and slowly turns around. “Where is the decree?” she asks solemnly, walking away from you.

You want to cry out to stop the queen from what she is about to do. But you hold yourself back. You’re not allowed to interfere with history.

“It’s for the best, my dear,” Ferdinand coaxes.

You can only take consolation in knowing that you’re very close to solving the mystery of the Inquisition and accomplishing your mission.

Isabella may have wanted to make Spain strong. But it seems her religious piety and a promise she made in the past were what compelled her to allow the Inquisition.

You have to discover what that vow was. Go and find the young Isabella.







Click here.



You're standing in the middle of a large, open field outside the walled city of Granada. It's November 1491, and there's a nip in the air.

Across the field is a city of tents. Flags bearing the familiar lion and castle insignia tell you Spanish Christians are camped there.

As you walk toward the camp, a long row of horses lines up along the edge of the field. A rider cradling a lance under his arm gallops out from among the others.

You quickly realize he's heading straight toward you!

"I'm a caballero!" you shout. But he keeps charging. His lance flashes like a lightning rod.

On an open field you can't outrun a horse. You could hold your ground and dodge it.

A mirror might help you here. Or it might not.

Decide fast! The horseman is riding like the wind.



Hold firm and prepare to dodge.

Click here.



You decide to use your mirror.

Click here.



You're in Barcelona on an avenue bordered by tall trees. It's night, but you can tell the city has changed considerably since your last visit in 1492. The streets are paved with brick, and gas lamps light the way.

A brisk wind bounces a scrap of paper by your feet. You pick it up. It's a newspaper's front page. The headline says, "Liberals Riot Again." The date reads 1834.

Suddenly you hear the sound of angry voices.

"Long live liberty!" a man shouts behind you. "And the constitution!" yell several others.

Before you can react, a mob of men wielding rifles and cutlasses is upon you. Like a piece of driftwood, you're swept along with the marching wave of men.

The crowd stops in front of a low, long building with a cross on its roof; the men pelt it with rocks and stones. "Burn the convent!" a man in a top hat cries out. "The Church is the enemy of freedom!"

Someone hurls a torch inside, and the building ignites in flames.

"Help! Help!" scream two nuns, running from the convent.

The nuns' screams are drowned out by gunfire. You look down the street and see a band of soldiers advancing on horseback.

"It's the king's men!" yells the man in the top hat. "Let's show 'em!"

As the mob surges forward, the front horseman raises his sword. "Charge!" he commands.

You dive for cover in an open doorway. The sounds of clashing swords and whinnying horses are almost deafening. You're afraid to

look out into the street.

“*Ahhh!*” A man in a white shirt falls in front of your hiding place with blood gushing from his neck. His shirt turns dark red.

Pistol shots ring out. A soldier lands dead on top of the other fallen man.

Finally the fighting seems to stop. “All right, troops!” a man calls. “Back to the fortress!”

The clapping sound of many horse hooves travels away and out of earshot. The street is quiet.

You emerge from your hiding place to find the street wet with blood. The bodies of dead and wounded men lie everywhere.

The man in the top hat is sitting on the ground, dazed—his nose bloody, his waistcoat ripped.

You go over to help him. Maybe he can explain what’s happening here.

“Are you all right, sir?” you ask, offering your hand.

He accepts it and rises unsteadily to his feet. “Thank you. We may have lost this battle today. But we’re going to win the war,” he says, brushing himself off. “The liberal cause is gaining strength every day.”

“What have you achieved so far?”

“Where have you been?” he asks. “Certainly you know we rid Spain of feudalism twenty years ago. We’ve curbed the nobles. And this year we finally abolished the Holy Office of the Inquisition.”

What? It’s 1834. Surely there must be some mistake. The Inquisition couldn’t have lasted over 300 years!

“Wasn’t the Inquisition stopped years ago?” you ask.

“You mean in 1812 after we wrote our constitution? No, the monarchy kept bringing it back,” he replies. “Just the way the throne brought it back after it had supposedly died out in the eighteenth century.”

You’re shocked. The mistake Isabella made in 1480 was repeated by many Spanish rulers after her.

If you want to learn why she permitted the Inquisition you’ll have to return to Isabella’s time.





Click here.



It's 1467, and you've returned to the courtyard of the alcazar of Segovia to find Princess Isabella. Two days have passed since you first arrived here with Don Pedro and his troupe, though of course you've been away for much longer.

In the middle of the courtyard, Don Pedro's son, Lorenzo, is juggling four flaming torches while standing on the shoulders of the giant, Pablo. An audience of soldiers watches, spellbound.

Lorenzo's twin sister Camila walks up to you. "Where have you been?" she asks. "I thought we'd lost you."

"I had some errands to do," you tell her lamely.

You don't have time to chat with Camila. The sixteen-year-old princess Isabella has come outside to watch Lorenzo and Pablo's performance. Next to her stands Tomás de Torquemada.

"I have one more thing to do," you say to Camila, putting on your jester's mask again.

As you approach Isabella, you're surprised at how much her mood has changed since the last time you met her here. Back then, she was distraught over the prospect of having to marry cruel old Peter Giron. Now she's smiling and clapping her hands in delight at the juggling exhibition.

"How are you today, fair princess?" you say, bowing.

"Wonderful!" Isabella hugs you. "I was wondering where you were, my lucky omen!"

Torquemada eyes you like a hungry vulture. You try to ignore him.

"I'm pleased to see you so happy," you tell Isabella. "I only wish

I knew why you think so well of me.”

“My prayers have been answered, and it all happened after I met you.”

At that moment, Lorenzo throws one of his torches high in the air and catches it in his mouth. Everyone applauds.

“What happened?” you ask.

“I will not have to marry Peter Giron after all!” the princess explains. “He had a bad heart. Yesterday, he was about to come here, but he grew ill and died.”

You knew Peter Giron died before he could marry Isabella. Now you know how he died. But that’s not the key to your mystery. You wait tensely, hoping the princess will tell you about her vow.

Lorenzo throws his three remaining torches very high in the air, and Pablo catches them all, one after another, in this mouth. “*Yahoool!*” the soldiers shout.

Isabella whispers in your ear. “I have something important to tell you.”

The soldiers are cheering so loudly that you have to strain to hear her.

“I prayed for Giron to die, which was a sin,” she says. “But in confession I did penance by vowing to rid Spain of all heretics when I become queen.”

“Do you really mean that?” you ask. “It sounds so harsh.”

Isabella thinks for a moment. “I wouldn’t want to do it cruelly. That wouldn’t be right.”

As the soldiers continue cheering, you shudder. You already know who is the princess’s confessor. He doesn’t care about what’s kind or cruel, and he will never forget her vow.

You wish you could make Isabella take back her childish promise. But you have no power over the past.

“Farewell, princess,” you say with a low bow.

As you turn and leave the courtyard, a bittersweet feeling washes over you. You’ve accomplished what you set out to do. But you also know that, unfortunately, Isabella proved to be a woman of her word.

MISSION COMPLETED.



DATA FILE

Page 3: Don't judge a book . . .

Page 14: How long were Ferdinand and Isabella married? Check your Data Bank.

Page 17: You didn't pay attention to the marquis.

Page 18: To succeed sometimes you have to take chances.

Page 27: Abandon all hope, ye who enter here. . . .

Page 43: Remember what Don Rodrigo told you.

Page 49: When was the siege of Málaga? Check your Data Bank.

Page 57: Barcelona was in Aragon. Seville was part of Castille.
Isabella had more responsibilities in her own kingdom.

Page 58: People often say it's not what you know, but who you know.

Page 62: For Spain, 1492 was the best of times and the worst of times.

Page 96: If you misplace something, it's best to retrace your steps.

Page 105: To better understand a river, follow it to its source.

Page 111: Playing with mirrors can bring bad luck, some say.

About the Contributors

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