

So If Tartaria Didn't Exist... How Does This?

The Eastern History Modern Scholars Don't Want You To to See



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Does the act of awareness breathe life into a truth, or does the truth exist independently, waiting for a witness?

We move through a world that feels solid, yet the notion of vanished empires and shattered timelines remains a ghost many are unable to grasp.

It is as if the modern historical record is treated with the sanctity of divine scripture, immutable and perfect, and yet, if these books were authored by the absolute:

why do they require the constant surgery of annual revisions?

To admit to being deceived is a peculiar kind of agony.

Many choose the sanctuary of permanent denial, treating it as a sustainable resolution rather than the fragile cage that it is.

But for me, the suspicion began long ago.

As a child, I carried a sensation that felt like a premonition; a heavy, wordless warning of a distortion I couldn't yet name.

Now, at twenty-five, the fog has thinned.

I understand that feeling now, and I know what it was trying to tell me.

The world is not as it seems, dear reader.

There are those who speculate that the great wars of our past were a violent theatre, a scorched-earth cover for nefarious erasures, or perhaps a script enacted by those who stay behind the curtain.

We, the people, pay the price in blood, performing a play that was written long before we took the stage.

I am not here to speculate or weave wild claims.

I am simply a conduit for your own inquiry.

Use this archive as a tool to dismantle the curated garden, curious mind, and look at the wild, tangled forest for yourself.

Tonight we return to the history of the East, guided by the same ledger we have been moving through these past few days.

A singular question remains:

If Tartaria was never a geopolitical reality, how is it that these pages exist?

Historia Degli Imperatori 

HISTORIA
DEGLI IMPERATORI
GRECI,
DESCRITTA DA NICETA

ACOMINATO DA CHONE

Gran Secretario dell' Imperio, & Giudice
di Velo in XIX. Libri:

*Li quali seguono, doue lascia il Zonara, dal M. CXVII. fino al M. CC III.
nel qual tempo si uede la declinatione del Imperio.*

A questi sono aggiunti GLI ANNALI de gli
Imperatori di Constantinopoli

*Con l' Historia delle parti dell' Oriente scritta da HAITHONE
parente del Re d' Armenia*

Tradotti in lingua Italiana da M. IOSEFFE Horologi.
CON PRIVILEGIO.



IN VENETIA, Appresso Vincenzo Valgrisi.
M. D. LXII.

12. 2

The work before us is a 1562 Venetian printing of:

the Historia Degli Imperatori Greci

It is an account of the Greek Emperors penned by Niceta Acominato, better known as Nicetas Choniates.

He served as a high official and witness to the decline of the Byzantine Empire, providing a granular look at a world in transition.

For those who have walked this path with me over the past few days, consider this a vital tether to our ongoing investigation; for the curious mind joining us for the first time, understand that this volume is far more than a dusty chronicle of Byzantine court life.

This specific edition, translated into Italian by Giuseppe Horolloggi and published by Vincenzo Valgrisi, contains a critical addition that demands our attention:

the Historia delle parti dell'Oriente (History of the Parts of the Orient)

This section was written by Hayton of Corycus, a monk and relative of the King of Armenia.

It is here that the narrative of the East begins to fracture from the story we were sold in school.

The title page itself bears the weight of another era, featuring the evocative printer's mark of a serpent entwined around a cross held by hands emerging from the clouds, a symbol of wisdom and salvation, or perhaps a quiet nod to the *venomous* truths hidden within.

As we turn these pages, we aren't just reading history; we are examining a geopolitical ledger from a time when the boundaries of the *Orient* held secrets that modern cartography has worked tirelessly to smooth over.

do un comandamento a Baido, il quale faceva residenza nel Regno della Turchia, che egli aveva occupato, che facesse condurre sicuramente il Re d'Armenia fin a confini del suo Regno. e quindi Baido a pieno quel comandamento e ritornò il Re nell'Armenia, dalla quale era stato absente lo spazio di tre anni e mezzo, e sano e lieto per gratia di GIESU CHRISTO.

Mahometto fratello di Maab, che distinse gli Affirri, & entrò nel Regno di Persia per la fede di Clauilo.

Haueudo dappoi Halaono si come era conuenenole dato ordine alla sicurezza del Regno di Persia, passò in una provincia dell'Armenia deira Sorloch, doue tutta quell'estate si trattene in piacere, e in riposo. sopragniuo poi il Veruo deliberò di far l'impresa di Baldacco, essendou dentro il Calipho, e ni messe l'assedio intorno. era il Calipho, come si è detto, dottore, e Maestro della legge del perfido Mahometto. fece Halaono uenir per accrescimento del suo esercito, da trentamila **Tartari** che erano in guarnigione nella Turchia e haueudo dappoi adunate tutte le sue genti, ordinò l'assalto generale da tutte le parti della città, laquale non potendo far resistenza a tanta forza, fu in poco tempo presa dai **Tartari**. e fu troncato uita il Calipho, fatto prigione, e menato innanzi ad Halaono. è difficile a creder le grandezze che furono trouate in quella città, e quasi si potrebbe dire che non ne fossero altre tante, nel rimanente del mondo. fu preso Baldacco l'anno del Signore mille duecento e sessanta otto.

Como Halaono prese la città di Baldacco, & di strusse il Calipho, formo Pontefice dei Saraceni.

Haueudo fatto Halaono tutto quello che uolse nella città di Baldacco si fece condurre innanzi il Calipho, e gli comandò che facesse portare tutto il suo thesoro, alla presenza sua, e l'interrogò poi dicendo. Conosci tu che tutto questo thesoro che tu uedi fuise tuo e si disse egli. Soggiunse Halaono, e perche con quell'oro non metteni tu un grossissimo esercito di gente pagata insieme de i tuoi uicini, per difenderli insieme con la città dalle forze de i **Tartari** e rispose il Calipho perche pensaua che fossero assai bastevoli a far questo le mie genti. All'hora disse di nuouo Halaono. tu sei chiamato dottore di tutti quelli che credono nella falsa legge di Mahometto, e come tale eri presentato da ognuno. Onde non deue un tale, e tanto Maestro esser nodrito di quel d'altri, ma del suo proprio, però ti diamo per tua uiuanda tutte queste cose preciose che tu ammantanto, e le guardai con tanta auaritia. e comandò all'hora che fosse rinchiuso il Calipho in una camera, e gli fossero poste innanzi le perle, e l'oro, a fin che se ne cibasse quanto fosse di sua satisfatione, non uolendo che gli fosse dato altra uiuanda, ne meno altra beuanda, per satiari la sete. onde in pochi giorni il misero e auaro Calipho fini la sua miserabile uita, e la sua inguarda auaritia, e da all'hora in poi non fu ueduta mai piu in alcun Calipho Baldacco, tanta auaritia.

La morte del Calipho.

Dappoi che Halaono hebbe soggiogata la città di Baldacco, e molte altre terre tut uicine, comparì quelle provincie per Capitani, e Gouvernatori, a modo suo, e comandò loro che in ogni luogo i Christiani fossero trattati benamente

gnamente, e che fossero posti alla guardia de i Castelli, e delle città, e che i Saraceni fossero posti in grande e aspra seruitù. Haueua Halaono la moglie Christiana chiamata Donficaro, che era della stirpe di quei Re che uennero dall'Oriente haueudo ueduta la stella del nascimento del nostro Signore. era questa Principessa Donna di molta diuotione, e pietà, e chieden al marito ogn'hora in gratia che fossero rouinati i tempi de i Saraceni, e fossero uietate perpetuamente le sciennità che si faceuano in nome di Mahometto. Onde furono rouinati per cagion sua molti tempi de infideli, sino da i fondamenti, e furono posti i Saraceni in tanta seruitù, che non haueuano ardire esser ueduti publicamente.

Della persecutione de i sacerdoti della legge di Mahometto.

Essendo stato Halaono a riposo un'anno intero poi mandò dal Re d'Armenia, a dirli che uscisse in campagna con tutte le sue genti, e marchiasse uerso la città Rohais, che è nel Regno della Mesopotamia, perche intendeva di far l'impresa di terra Santa, per restituirla a i Christiani. Si incamminò il Re Haithon di felice memoria, accompagnato da un grosso numero di cavalli, e di soldati a piedi, esercitatissimi nelle armi, che si trouauano in quei tempi nel Regno dell'Armenia, il quale era all'hora in così felice stato, che haueuerebbe in ogni occasione potuti metter insieme quaranta mila fanti ben armati, e dodici mila cavalli, e io lo posso sicuramente dire per haueilo ueduto in uerità, essendo quelle parti a quel tempo molto habitate. Gionto il Re d'Armenia, con le sue genti ad Halaono, fecero consiglio insieme del modo di maneggiar quella guerra. Onde il Re d'Armenia disse ad Halaono. tenendo Signoril Principato di tutta la Soria il Soldano d'Aleppo, e trouandose in quel Regno la Santa Città di Gierusalemme; parmi che uolendo noi far l'impresa della terra Santa, ci sia prima necessario di por l'assedio alla città di Aleppo, come guida, e capo de tutto il Regno della Soria. Perche tutta uolta che sarete impadronito di questa città, agevolmente ue impadronirete poi di tutto il rimanente di quel Regno. Piacque molto il consiglio del Re d'Armenia ad Halaono. onde fece subito porre l'assedio alla città d'Aleppo fortissima, circondata di muraglia, habitata, e piena di popolo, e abundantissima di tutte le ricchezze, tentandola con mine, con onagri, archi, baliste, e tutte le sorti di machine, e de armi da tutte le parti, e al fine in termine di noue giorni la prese per forza, tutto che prima la fosse tenuta per inespugnabile. Fu in quella città tronato così gran quantità di ricchezze, che sarebbe cosa incredibile a dirlo. Haueua Aleppo nel mezzo un castello, che se tenne ancora per undici giorni dappoi che fu presa la città, alla fine fu preso esso ancora per uia di mine. presa la città d'Aleppo, agevolmente si prese poi tutto il rimanente del Regno. e questo fu l'anno del Signore mille dugento e quaranta.

Haueua la noua Melchiaser Soldano di Aleppo che si trouaua all'hora in Damasco, come era stata presa la città di Aleppo doue era sua moglie, e i figliuoli

Como Halaono prese Aleppo.

Translation:

"...gave a command to Baido, who resided in the Kingdom of Turkey, which he had occupied, that he should safely conduct the King of Armenia to the borders of his Kingdom. Baido fully executed that command and the King returned to Armenia, from which he had been absent for the space of three years and a half, safe and happy by the grace of JESUS CHRIST.

Having then Haithon, as was appropriate, given order to the security of the Kingdom of Persia, he passed into a province of Armenia called Sorloch, where he stayed all that summer in pleasure and in rest. Winter having arrived, he decided to undertake the enterprise of Baldacco (Baghdad), having arrived there the Caliph, and he placed a siege around it. Now the Caliph, as has been said, was a doctor and master of the law of the perfidious Mahometto. Halaono made thirty thousand **Tartars** come to increase his army, who were

*in garrison in Turkey; and having then gathered all his people, he ordered a general assault from all parts of the city, which, not being able to withstand such a great force, was in a short time taken by the **Tartars**.*

And the Caliph was found alive, taken prisoner, and led before Halaono. It is difficult to believe the great riches that were found in that city, and it could almost be said that there were not as many in the rest of the world. Baldacco was taken in the year of the Lord one thousand two hundred and fifty-eight.

*Having then Halaono done all that he wanted in the city of Baldacco, he had the Caliph brought before him, and commanded him to bring all his treasure into his presence, and interrogated him saying: "Do you recognize that all this treasure that you see was yours?" "Yes," he said. Halaono added, "And why with this gold did you not put together a very large army of paid people together with your citizens, to defend yourself with the city from the forces of the **Tartars**?"*

The Caliph replied because he thought that his own people were sufficient enough to do this. Then Halaono said again: "You are called a doctor of all those who believe in the false law of Mahometto, and as such you were presented by everyone. Whence not one such, and so great a Master was nourished by others, but of his own; therefore we give you for your food all these precious things that you loved so much, and you guarded with such greed." And he then commanded that the Caliph be locked in a room, and that pearls and gold be placed before him, so that he might eat as much of them as was to his satisfaction, not wanting him to be given other food, nor other drink, to satisfy his hunger.

Whence in a few days the miserable and greedy Caliph ended his miserable life, and his insatiable greed, and from then on no Caliph of Baldacco was ever seen again, so much for greed.

After Halaono had subjugated the city of Baldacco, and many other nearby lands, he divided those provinces among Captains and Governors in his own way, and commanded them that in every place the Christians should be treated

well and that they should be placed in charge of the Castles and the cities, and that the Saracens should be placed in great and harsh servitude. Halaono had a wife, a noble Christian woman called Doufcaro, who was of the lineage of those Kings who came from the Orient having seen the star of the birth of our Lord.

This Princess was a woman of much devotion and piety, and she asked her husband as a grace that the temples of the Saracens be ruined, and that the solemnities held in the name of Mahometto be perpetually forbidden. Whence many temples of infidels were ruined for this reason, down to the foundations, and the Saracens were placed in such servitude that they did not dare to be seen publicly.

Halaono having been at rest for an entire year, he then sent to the King of Armenia, to tell him to come into the field with all his people, and march toward the city of Rohais, which is in the Kingdom of Mesopotamia, because he intended to undertake the enterprise of the Holy Land, to restore it to the Christians. King Haithon of happy memory set out, accompanied by a large number of horses and soldiers on foot, very experienced in arms, who were found in those times in the Kingdom of Armenia, which was then in such a happy state, that he could have put together forty thousand well-armed horsemen and twelve thousand footsoldiers; and I can safely say this for having seen it in truth, having been in those parts at that time very much inhabited.

The King of Armenia having arrived with his people at Halaono, they held counsel together on the way to handle that war. Whereupon the King of Armenia said to Halaono: "Holding the Lordship and the Principality of all Syria the Sultan of Aleppo, and the Holy City of Jerusalem being in that Kingdom; it seems to me that wanting us to do the enterprise of the Holy Land, it is first necessary for us to lay siege to the city of Aleppo, as the guide and head of all the Kingdom of Syria. Because once you have taken possession of this city, you will easily take possession of all the remainder of that Kingdom." The counsel of the King of Armenia greatly pleased Halaono, where he immediately laid siege to the very strong city of Aleppo, surrounded by walls, inhabited, and full of people, and very abundant in all riches, attacking it with mines, with engines,

bows, crossbows, and all sorts of machines, and of arms from all sides; and finally at the end of nine days he took it by force, which before the city was held to be impregnable.

In that city such a great quantity of riches was found, that it would be incredible to tell. Aleppo had in the middle a castle, which held out for eleven days after the city was taken, at the end of which it was taken by way of a mine. Having taken the city of Aleppo, easily the remainder of the Kingdom was taken; and this was the year of the Lord one thousand two hundred and forty.

Having the news Melecknafer Sultan of Aleppo, who was then in Damascus, how the city of Aleppo had been taken where his wife and children were..."

This text is not just a chronicle; it is a confession of scale that the modern narrative simply cannot house.

Look at the specific weight given to the Tartars.

We are told by the *curated garden* of history that these were disparate, nomadic tribes, drifters on horseback with no central coordination.

And yet, here in 1562, we find a record of thirty thousand Tartars being summoned like a precision instrument to reinforce a siege.

They weren't an afterthought; they were **the force** that made the impregnable city of Baghdad buckle in a matter of days.

Consider the year **1258**.

The ledger describes a city so laden with gold and pearls that the rest of the world's wealth seemed like a pittance in comparison.

It tells of the Caliph being entombed with his riches, forced to eat the gold he refused to spend on an army.

This is the *raw footage* of a geopolitical reality where the East was not a void of sand and tents, but a structured, wealthy, and militarily superior power.

Also, dear reader, notice the casual authority with which these pages speak of the *Oriental* lineages.

Halaono's wife, Doufcaro, is described as descending from the very Kings who followed the star to Bethlehem.

This connects the Tartarian theater directly to the most sacred foundations of Western history, a bridge they have tried to burn.

When Haithon of Corycus writes that he saw these armies with his own eyes, he is testifying to a world where forty thousand armored horsemen could be summoned from a single province.

If this was a *mythical* entity, why does a 16th-century Venetian printer, under the watchful eye of the era's censors, bother to document the specific military logistics of the Tartars?

They are described here as the primary architects of the fall of Aleppo and Baghdad, the very force that dictated who sat on the thrones of the East.

We are looking at a ledger of a world that was settled, organised, and overwhelmingly powerful long before the *modern* era claimed to bring order to the chaos.

The existence of these pages is the glitch in their simulation.

If Tartaria was a phantom, these ink-stained witnesses would have nothing to say.

Instead, they speak of a forest so vast that the gardeners are still trying to find enough saws to cut it down.

Damaico & tut
ta terra Santa
fin'al deserto di
Egitto.

figliuoli non sapete che risoluzione pigliare, se non di venir come fece a i piedi di Halaono, & chiederli misericordia, sperando che gli douesse restituire la moglie, & i figliuoli con qualche parte del dominio per trattenerse, ma rimase molto ingannato nell'opinion sua, perche Halaono il confino insieme con la moglie & i figliuoli nel Regno di Persia, per tenere senza alcun sospetto il Regno della Soria, fece Halaono gran parte delle spoglie, & ricchezze che furono trouate nella città di Aleppo al Re d'Armenia, & gli concesse ancora molte terre nel paese che haueua di nouo acquistato. Ne accettò molte quel Re di quelle che erano piu uicine al suo Regno, & le fece regger dappoi secondo il uoler suo. Mandò Halaono dappoi per il Principe di Antiochia, genero del Re d'Armenia, & gli fece grand' honore, accompagnandolo ancora con molti ricchissimi doni, & con privilegi pieni di grazie, oltre che gli fece render liberamente tutte le terre della sua giurisdizione, che gli haueuano già occupate i Saraceni, & che all'hora erano uenuti in quella guerra in poter de i Tartari. Hauendo poi dato buon'ordine a tutte le cose intorno il negotio delle Città & terre che haueua ridotte in poter suo, uolendo passare nel Regno di Gerusalemme, per restituir la terra Santa a i Christiani, liberandola dalla seruitù de i pagani, arrivò il terzo giorno un corriere mandato espressamente, che portò la noua della morte di Mangù Cane suo fratello, & che l'Imperio de Tartari rimaneua dopo la morte sua ancora senza Signore, perche s'aspettauà di giorno in giorno il suo ritorno, per porlo nel seggio Imperiale del fratello. Hauendo Halaono intese queste cose, fu senza fine pieno di cordoglio per la morte del fratello, & non passò piu oltre, & mandò subito Guiboga suo Capitano con dieci mila Tartari al presidio del Regno della Soria, hauendogli imposto che facesse l'impresa di terra Santa, & la restituisse poi a i Christiani, fatto questo si parti con ogni prestezza tornando a gran giornate verso il Levante, & hauendo lasciato in Tauris il suo figliuolo seguì il suo cammino.

Cobila Cane
V. Imperadore
de Turcki.

Prima che giungesse Halaono nel Regno di Persia, vincontrò alcuni corrieri che gli portauano la noua, come i Principi, & grandi fra i Tartari haueua no possio nella sedia Imperiale di già Cobila Cane suo fratello, inteso questo, s'andaua Halaono trattendendo in Tauris, tanto che giouessero altri corrieri, che portauano come Barchas, s'era mosso con un potentissimo esercito per succeder, potendo, nell'Imperio de Tartari. Onde hauuta questa noua subito messe insieme le sue genti, & si mosse per incontrarlo, s'incontrarono poco dappoi que sti due eserciti sopra un fiume gelato, doue fecero una fierissima battaglia, s'irrup pe il gelo al fine, per la gran moltitudine de i cauali & rimasero affogati dala l'una parte, & dall'altra da trenta mila Tartari. & se ne ritornarono ambidoi gli eserciti alle case loro di mal'animo, per la perdita de i suoi senzaauer fatta alcuni altra fatione. Tenne Guiboga che fu lasciato da Halaono nel Regno di Soria, & nella Prouincia di Palestina quel paese pacificamente, amando molto

molto i Christiani, come quello che era disceso della stirpe di quelli tre Re, che uennero ad adorare il Signor nostro nel suo nascimento. essendosi dopo Guiboga molto affaticato, per ridurre la terra Santa di nouo in poter de Christiani, & il Diuolo seminò discordia & scandalo fra esso, & quei Christiani che habitauano in quelle parti. & fu che essendo molte uille nella terra di Belforte, che è del dominio della città di Sidone, nelle quali i Saraceni pagauano un certo tributo a i Tartari, auenne che essendosi adunati insieme alcuni buoniani di Sidone, & di Belforte, andarono con impeto, a i villaggi, & a i castelli de i Saraceni, & i saccheggiarono, ammazzando molti Saraceni, & facendone molti prigioni, et i condussero insieme con la preda, & una gran quantità de bestie alle case loro. Segui subito con ogni prestezza quei Christiani che haueuano dato il sacco a un certo nipote di Guiboga, che era alloggiato non molto lontano di là con una compagnia di cauali, per far che dicendogli per parte del zio che lasciasse la preda, s'ubidissero: noltorono faccia i Christiani con grand'ardire, & l'ammazzarono, insieme con quei Tartari che erano con esso lui, & non uolsero restituir la preda. Hauendo dappoi Guiboga hauuta la noua che i Christiani gli haueuano ammazzato il nipote, subito marciò con le sue genti, & hauendo presa la Città di Sidone, uolendo una gran parte della muraglia, & ammazzò alcuni pochi Christiani, che fuggiuano all'isola, & da indi in poi non si fidauano piu i Christiani che erano in Soria, de i Tartari, ne meno i Tartari si fidarono piu de i Christiani, ma non molto dappoi Tartari furono scacciati della Soria dalla forza de i Saraceni come si dirà dappoi.

La morte di Halaono & come ricuperò la Soria.

Intanto che Halaono fu in guerra con Barchas, come si è detto di sopra, il Soldano dell'Egitto adunò il suo esercito, & uscì in campagna, & uenne nella Prouincia di Palestina, & gioue in un luogo chiamato Heryalech, a battaglia con Guiboga Capitano de Tartari, & dopo molta uccisione uinse i Tartari, & ammazzò Guiboga, & quei Tartari che si saluarono fuggendo da quella battaglia, passarono in Armenia, onde all'hora ritornò tutto il Regno di Soria sotto l'Imperio de Saraceni, & fuori che alcune Città de Christiani che erano poste uicine al mare. Hauendo intanto Halaono hauuta la noua che'l Soldano di Egitto haueua occupato il Regno di Soria, & haueua rotte & messe in fuga le sue genti, adunò subito un potentissimo esercito, & mandò al Re d'Armenia, & a quello di Georgia, & a tutti gli altri Christiani delle parti d'Oriente, che fussero con esso lui, con le lor genti, contra il Soldano de l'Egitto, & gli altri Saraceni, & fu sopra preso da una graue infermità che l'assusse per quindici giorni con tutti con tanta alteratione che'l condusse alla morte. Onde l'impresa della terra Santa per la sua morte, rimase senza executione. Dappoi la morte di Halaono, Abaz suo figliuolo fu suo successore nell'Imperio, hauendo pregato Cobila Cane suo zio che gli lo confirmasse. Il che gli concesse Cobila Cane di buon

Translation:

"...did not know what resolution to take, except to come as he did to the feet of Halaono, and ask him for mercy, hoping that he should restore his wife, and children with some part of the domain to support himself. But he remained much deceived in his opinion, because Halaono confined him together with his wife and children in the Kingdom of Persia, to keep the Kingdom of Syria without any suspicion. Halaono gave a large part of the spoils, and riches that were found in the city of Aleppo to the King of Armenia, and also granted him many lands in the country he had newly acquired.

He accepted many of those that were closest to his Kingdom, and did with them afterwards according to his will. Halaono then sent for the Prince of Antioch, son-in-law of the King of Armenia, and did him great honor, accompanying him also with many very rich gifts, and with privileges full of graces, besides which

he made him freely return all the lands of his jurisdiction, which the Saracens had already occupied, and which then in that war had come into the power of the **Tartars**.

Having then given good order to all the things concerning the business of the Cities and lands that he had reduced to his power, wanting to pass into the Kingdom of Jerusalem, to restore the Holy Land to the Christians, liberating it from the servitude of the pagans, there arrived on the third day a messenger sent expressly, who brought the news of the death of Mangù Cane his brother, and that the Empire of the **Tartars** remained after his death still without a Lord, because his return was expected from day to day, to place him on the Imperial seat of his brother. Having Halaono understood these things, he was beyond measure in grief for the death of his brother, whence he passed no further, and immediately sent Guiboga his Captain with ten thousand **Tartars** to the guard of the Kingdom of Syria, having imposed on him that he should undertake the enterprise of the Holy Land, and then restore it to the Christians.

Having done this he departed with great speed returning by long journeys toward the Levant. And having left his son in Tauris he followed his path.

Before Halaono reached the Kingdom of Persia, he met some couriers who brought him the news, how the Princes and the great among the **Tartars** had placed on the Imperial seat already Cobila Cane his brother. Having understood this, Halaono went on staying in Tauris, until other couriers arrived, who brought how Barchat had moved with a most powerful army to succeed, if he could, in the Empire of the **Tartars**.

Whence having received this news he immediately put together his people, and moved to meet him. They met shortly after these two armies upon a frozen river, where they made a most fierce battle; the ice broke at the end, because of the great multitude of horses, and many remained drowned on one side, and on the other thirty thousand **Tartars**; and both armies returned to their homes with ill will, for the loss of their own people without having done any other action. Guiboga who was left by Halaono in the Kingdom of Syria, and in the Province of Palestine held that country peacefully, loving much the Christians,

as one who was descended from the lineage of those three Kings, who came to adore our Lord at his birth.

*Having after Guiboga worked hard, to reduce the Holy Land again into the power of the Christians, the Devil sowed discord and scandal among them, and those Christians who inhabited those parts. And there being certain villages in the land of Belforte, which is of the domain of the city of Sidon, in which the Saracens paid a certain tribute to the **Tartars**, it happened that having gathered together some men of Sidon and Belforte, they went with impetus to the villages, and hamlets of the Saracens, and plundered them, killing many Saracens, and taking many prisoners, and led them away together with the prey, and a great quantity of livestock to their homes. Guiboga immediately followed with speed those Christians who had done the raid with a certain nephew of Guiboga, who was lodged not very far from there with a company of horses, to have him say on behalf of the uncle that they should leave the prey, but they did not obey him; they turned their faces to the Christians with great boldness, and killed him, together with those **Tartars** who were with him, and they did not want to restore the prey.*

*Having then Guiboga received the news that the Christians had killed his Nephew, he immediately marched with his people, and having taken the City of Sidon ruined a great part of the walls, and killed some few Christians, who fled to the island. From then on the Christians who were in Syria did not trust the **Tartars**, nor did the **Tartars** trust the Christians anymore; but not long after the **Tartars** were chased out of Syria by the force of the Saracens as will be said below.*

*While Halaono was in war with Bartat, as has been said above, the Sultan of Egypt gathered his army, and went into the field, and came into the province of Palestine, and reached a place called Henyalach, to battle with Guiboga Captain of the **Tartars**, and after much slaughter he defeated the **Tartars** and killed Guiboga. Those **Tartars** who saved themselves by fleeing from that battle, passed into Armenia. Whence then all the Kingdom of Syria returned under the Empire of the Saracens, except for some Cities of Christians that were placed near the sea. Having meanwhile Halaono received the news that*

the Sultan of Egypt had occupied the Kingdom of Syria, and had broken and put to flight his people, he immediately gathered a most powerful army, and sent to the King of Armenia, and to that of Georgia, and to all the other Christians of the parts of the Orient, that they should be with him, with their people, against the Sultan of Egypt, and the other Saracens. Halaono being already with the army at the point of taking revenge on the Saracens, he was overtaken by a serious infirmity that afflicted him for fifteen days continues with such alteration that it led him to death.

Whence the enterprise of the Holy Land because of his death, remained without execution. After the death of Halaono, Abaga his son was his successor in the Empire, having prayed Cobila Cane his uncle that he should confirm him. Which Cobila Cane granted him of good..."

The story deepens, dear reader, and with it, the *cracks* in the official narrative become **canyons**.

As we follow the thread from the previous pages, we find ourselves no longer looking at a regional skirmish, but at the sprawling logistics of a global power.

The *Tartarian Empire* described here is not a loose collection of tribes; it is a sophisticated machine capable of managing multiple fronts across thousands of miles.

Notice the weight of the names:

Mangù Cane and Cobila Cane

(Mangu Khan and Kublai Khan)

These are the sovereign anchors of an imperial seat that the West has tried to reduce to footnotes of *nomadic* movements.

Yet, the text treats the death of Mangù Cane with the gravity of a continental shift.

It halted a crusade.

It moved armies.

It forced Halaono to abandon his march on Jerusalem to secure the Imperial succession.

This is the behavior of a world power, not a wandering band of horsemen.

The most chilling revelation in these pages, however, is the *fierce battle* upon the frozen river.

Here, the text records a loss of thirty thousand Tartars, drowned when the sheer weight of their horses shattered the ice.

Pause for a moment and consider the scale of that figure.

To lose thirty thousand men in a single environmental catastrophe and continue to function is a testament to a population and military capacity that dwarfs the medieval Europe we are taught to believe was the center of the world.

Where did these men come from?

How was such an immense force sustained, fed, and armoured in the *wilds* of the East?

Even in the localised drama of Guiboga and the city of Sidon, we see the Tartars acting as the administrators of justice and tribute.

They were the arbiters of the land, the ones to whom even the *Saracens* paid their dues.

The friction between the Tartars and the Christians over a raided village wasn't just a spat; it was the breaking of a geopolitical alliance that shifted the fate of the Holy Land.

We are told by the modern historian that Tartaria was a phantom, a cartographic error, or a loosely defined region.

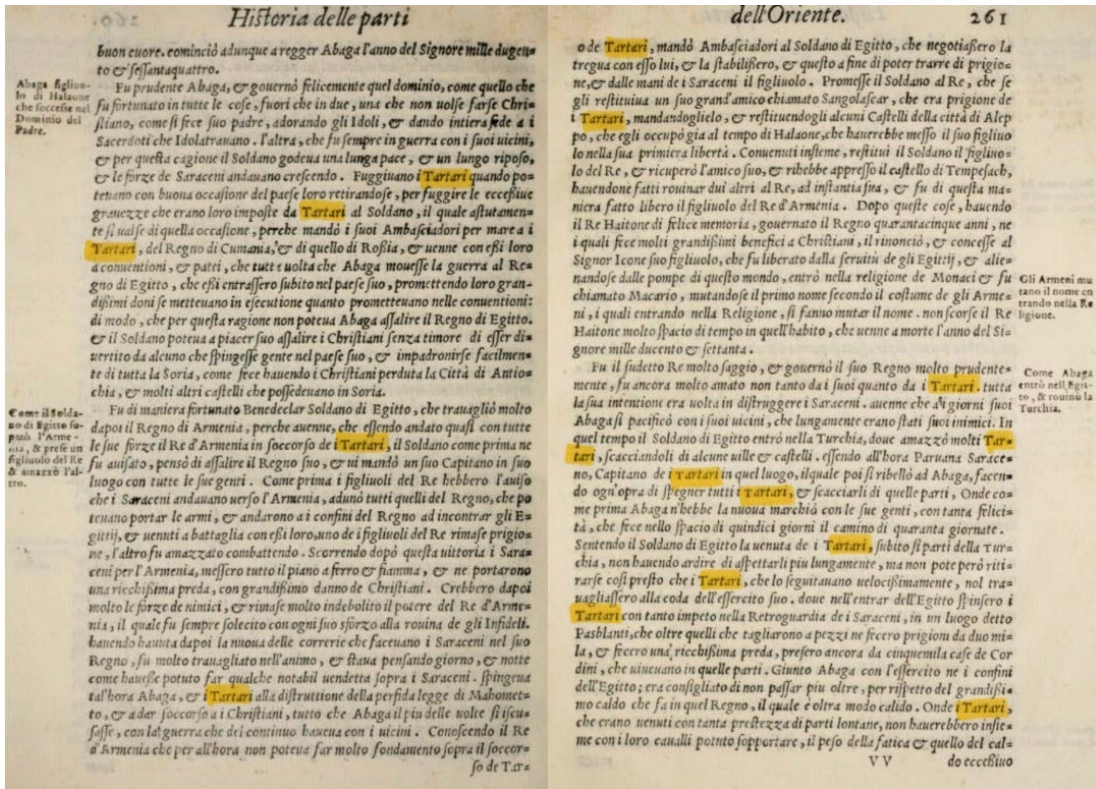
But as we go through this 1562 archive, we see a defined succession, a legal tribute system, and a military force that moved in the tens of thousands at the snap of a finger.

It leads us back to that singular, haunting ultimatum:

If Tartaria was never a real geopolitical entity, how do these pages exist?

Why is this book so heavy with the facts of their life, their death, and their undeniable power?





Translation:

“...heart. Abaga began then to rule in the year of the Lord one thousand two hundred and sixty-four.

The prudent Abaga governed that domain happily, as one who was fortunate in all things, except in two: one, that he did not want to become a Christian, as his father had done, instead worshipping idols and giving full faith to priests who practiced idolatry. The other, that he was always at war with his neighbors, and for this reason the Sultan enjoyed a long peace and a long rest, and the forces of the Saracens went on increasing.

The **Tartars** fled when they could with good occasion from the country, retiring themselves to flee the excessive burdens that were imposed upon them by the **Tartars** to the Sultan, who astutely took advantage of that occasion, for he sent his Ambassadors by sea to the **Tartars** of the Kingdom of Cumania, and

of that of Russia, and came with them to conventions and pacts, that every time Abaga moved war against the Kingdom of Egypt, they should immediately enter into his country, promising them very great gifts if they put into execution what they promised in the conventions; so that for this reason Abaga could not attack the Kingdom of Egypt, and the Sultan could at his pleasure attack the Christians without fear of being diverted by anyone who might push people into his country, and take possession easily of all Syria, as he did, having the Christians lost the City of Antioch and many other castles they possessed in Syria.

*Benedeclar, Sultan of Egypt, was so fortunate that he greatly troubled the Kingdom of Armenia; because it happened that while almost all the forces of the King of Armenia were gone in aid of the **Tartars**, the Sultan, as soon as he was informed, thought to attack the Kingdom, and sent one of his Captains there with all his people. As soon as the sons of the King had the news that the Saracens were going toward Armenia, they gathered all those of the Kingdom who could carry arms, and went to the borders of the Kingdom to meet the Egyptians, and came to battle with them; one of the sons of the King remained prisoner, the other was killed fighting.*

*After this victory, the Saracens scoured Armenia, putting everything to iron and flame, and they carried away a very rich prey, with very great damage to the Christians. Then the forces of the enemies increased much, and the power of the King of Armenia remained much weakened, who was always solicited with every effort toward the ruin of the infidels. Having then received news from the couriers of what the Saracens were doing in his Kingdom, he was much troubled in his soul, and stood thinking day and night how he could have some notable revenge upon the Saracens. He pushed Abaga and the **Tartars** at that time to the destruction of the perfidious law of Mahometto, and to give aid to the Christians, although Abaga most of the time excused himself, because of the war he continually had with his neighbors.*

*Knowing the King of Armenia that for the time being he could not rely much upon the aid of the **Tartars** or of the **Tartars**, he sent Ambassadors to the Sultan of Egypt, that they might negotiate a truce with him, and establish it, and*

*this in order to be able to pull from prison, and from the hands of the Saracens, his son. The Sultan promised the King that if he restored to him a great friend of his called Sangolafcar, who was a prisoner of the **Tartars**, by sending him to him, and restoring some Castles of the city of Aleppo, which he occupied at the time of Halaono, he would have placed his son in his former liberty.*

The agreements being understood, the Sultan restored the son of the King, and recovered his friend, and also got back the castle of Tempesach, having had two others ruined for the King at his insistence, and in this manner the son of the King of Armenia was set free. After these things, King Haithon of happy memory, having governed the Kingdom forty-five years, in which he did many very great benefits to the Christians, renounced it and conceded it to Lord Icone his son, who was liberated from the servitude of the Egyptians; and alienating himself from the pomps of this world, entered into the religion of Monks and was called Macario, changing his first name according to the custom of the Armenians, who when entering into Religion, have their names changed.

King Haithon did not spend much time in that habit, for he came to death in the year of the Lord one thousand two hundred and seventy.

*The aforementioned King was very wise, and governed his Kingdom very prudently; he was also much loved not so much by his own people as by the **Tartars**. All his intention was aimed at destroying the Saracens. It happened that in the days of his son, Abaga made peace with his neighbors, who had long been his enemies. In that time the Sultan of Egypt entered into Turkey, where he killed many **Tartars**, chasing them from some villages and castles. Being at that time Paruana Saraceno, Captain of the **Tartars** in that place, who then rebelled against Abaga, doing every work to extinguish all the **Tartars**, and chase them from those parts. Whence as soon as Abaga had the news, he marched with his people with such speed that he did in fifteen days the journey of forty days.*

*The Sultan of Egypt hearing of the coming of the **Tartars**, immediately departed from Turkey, not daring to wait for them any longer; but he could not*

*withdraw so quickly that the **Tartars**, who followed him very swiftly, did not harass the rear of his army. Where upon entering Egypt the **Tartars** charged with impetus into the Rearguard of the Saracens, in a place called Pasblanti, where besides those they cut to pieces, they took more than two thousand prisoners, and made a very rich prey; they also took five thousand camels from the Cordini (Kurds), who lived in those parts. Abaga having reached with the army the borders of Egypt, was advised not to pass further, out of respect for the great heat that is in that Kingdom, which is exceedingly hot.*

*Wherefore the **Tartars**, who had come with such speed from distant parts, could not with their horses endure at all the weight of the labor and that of the excessive heat."*

There is a specific kind of vertigo that comes from realisation, a sense of the floor falling away to reveal a foundation that was there all along, hidden beneath the floorboards.

As we look at these pages of this history, we are forced to move past the *curated garden* of mythology and into the grit of 13th-century logistics.

The precision here is what strikes the killing blow to the mainstream narrative.

This isn't the vague, whimsical language of a travellers tall tale.

It is the language of a bureaucrat, a diplomat, and a strategist.

We are looking at a world where Abaga, a Tartar emperor, is navigating the complex geopolitical *conventions and pacts* of the Kingdom of Cumania and Russia.

Note the meticulous detail regarding the Sultan of Egypt's maneuvers.

This wasn't a world of isolated pockets; it was a globalised theatre of war where ambassadors were sent *by sea* to coordinate pincer movements across continents.

The ledger records a feat of movement that would stagger a modern logistics officer:

Abaga's forces covered a *forty-day journey* in fifteen days

This suggests not just *nomadic* speed, but a highly maintained infrastructure, a network of paths, supply points, and equine management that allowed for such a blistering pace.

What wonder we must feel, dear reader, to see the *premonition* of a lost world validated by the mention of the *Cordini* (Kurds) and the five thousand camels captured at the rearguard of an Egyptian retreat.

These aren't the broad strokes of a storybook; they are the line-items of an empire's ledger.

The entry into Pasblanti and the retreat due to the *exceedingly hot* climate of Egypt reveals a profound truth:

these were people of the North and the East, masters of the cold steppes and frozen rivers, struggling against the environmental boundaries of the South

If this were a fabrication designed to bolster a *Tartarian myth*, why include the vulnerability?

Why document the exhaustion of the horses and the tactical decision to halt at the border?

It is the vulnerability that proves the reality.

It is the mention of Abaga's refusal to convert to Christianity, his *idolatry*, and his friction with his neighbors that paints the picture of a real, flawed, and immense geopolitical entity.

We return once more to the bridge between what we were taught and what the ink reveals.

If Tartaria was a phantom, why did the King of Armenia spend forty-five years meticulously balancing the scales between the Tartar emperors and the Saracen sultans?

Why did he negotiate the release of his son using a Tartar prisoner as currency?

These pages don't just suggest a truer history; they demand it.

They are the physical residue of a forest that was too vast to be fully cleared, a forest that still stands in the margins of the books they forgot to edit.

How much of the *modern* world is built on the ruins of this specific, high-speed, and deeply organised reality?

The question is no longer if it existed, but how much longer are we going to pretend it didn't...

do eccessiuo insieme. Se ne ritornò dunque nella Turchia, doue fece rovinar da i fondamenti tutte quelle terre, & uille che s'erano ribellate, arrendendose al Soldano. fece poi secondo il costume de i **Tartari** scicare per mezzo il Paruana traditore, & tutti quelli che l' seguivano in quella ribellione comandando che in tutte le uisciate, che gli fussero poste innanzi per mangiare, si fusse portato ancora de la carne del traditore Paruana, & ne mangiò egli, & ne fece mangiare ancora a i primi della sua corte pigliando Abaga quella uendetta del tradimento che gli fece il misero Paruana.

Della morte del Soldano dell'Egitto di uenue.

Hauendo Abaga fatto quanto desideraua nella Turchia, & essendo i **Tartari** arricchiti di molta preda, & di molte possessioni, che s'hauuano prima acquistate, tribelli, & i Saraceni, fece chiamar il Re d' Armenia, & gli fece offerta del Regno della Turchia, poi che egli, e suo padre s'erano portati così fedelmente uerso l' Imperio de **Tartari**. quel Re all' hora come saggio, & accorto, ringraziò molto di un tanto dono. Abaga, isciujandose di non poter bauer cura, di quel Regno, sel ritenesse come quello che era mal atto a regger comodamente due Regni: tanto piu hauendo il Soldano di Egitto ancora le sue forze intiere, & aspiraua con ogni suo potere sempre a danneggiar l' Armenia. Onde gli sarebbe paruto di far' assai: se potua difender il Regno di Armenia solo dalla forza di così grande inimico. Consigliandolo nondimeno, che donasse tal' ordine a quel Regno prima che si partisse, che non hauesse poi a star' in dubio di ribellione, non lasciandolo in modo alcuno che la Turchia ritornò nelle mani de Saraceni. Accettò Abaga questo consiglio, & da indi in poi non uolse che mai piu i Saraceni hauessero dominio in quel Regno. fatto questo ricetto, & pregò il Re d' Armenia Abaga che uollesse uoltar l' animo suo all' acquisto della terra santa, liberandola dalla empia, & dura seruitù de Saraceni, per ritornarla nella libertà Christiana. Promesse a tutto suo potere Abaga di farlo, consigliando il Re d' Armenia che mandasse Ambasciatori al Papa, & a gli altri Signori, & Principi Christiani, che uollessero esser con le loro forze a questa impresa della terra Santa. Hauendo poi dato buon ordine alle cose della Turchia, che n' haueuano bisogno ritornò al Regno di Constan, doue haueua lasciata la sua famiglia. Hauendo i **Tartari** fatti molti danni al Soldano di Egitto chiamato Benedetto, habbero grande allegrezza della morte sua i Christiani che erano in quelle parti di Levante, come ancora i Saraceni ne rimasero di molto mal animo, perche dopo la morte sua il successore non fu di quel ualore che era già il morto, come dicuano publicamente. Successo nondimeno Melechfait suo figliuolo nel dominio, ma poco dopo ne fu scacciato, da uno chiamato Ersi che se usurpò per forza quel dominio, & si fece Soldano.

Come Mongadamor fratello mandò che Mongadamor suo fratello passasse nella Soria con trenta mila Tartari.

vi, & se per auentura gli fusse uenuto incontro il Soldano armato, uenisse a battaglia con esso lui, & facesse ogni opira di foggioarlo: & quando il Soldano andasse fuggendo la battaglia, pigliasse quelle terre, & castelli che potua, prestandolo poi di Christiani. Hauendo Mongadamor caminato a gran giornate con l' esercito & su vicino all' Armenia, mandò a chiamar il Re d' Armenia, il quale uenue subito, accompagnato da una bellissima caualteria. Onde entrando ambidoi insieme nella Soria, metteuano a sacco tutto quel paese, fino alla città di Haman detta hoggidi Camella, da molti posta, per quanto si dice nel mezzo della Soria. alla fronte di questa città, è un bellissimo piano, doue soleua il Soldano già adunar le sue genti quando uoleua uscir in campagna a guerreggiar con i **Tartari**. uennero al fine a una fiera giornata insieme i Christiani, & i **Tartari** da una parte, & i Saraceni dall' altra. Reggeua il destro corno dell' esercito il Re d' Armenia, con i Christiani. Onde assalì il corno sinistro dell' esercito del Soldano, con grand' impeto, & ruppe i nimici & miseghe in fuga sin' alla città di Hamon, & tre giornate ancora oltre quella città, con gran ualore. Vn certo Alnach **Tartaro** ancora superò arditamente l' altra parte dell' esercito del Soldano, hauendo per tre giorni continui seguitati i Saraceni, sin' a tanto che giunse a una città chiamata Tara. Onde pensando che fusse uo del tutto spente le forze del Soldano, erano pieni di allegrezza, quando Mongadamor che non s' era mai piu trouato ne i pericoli delle battaglie, temendo fuori di ogni ragione di alcuni Saraceni, chiamati in lingua Arabica Berdimi si diede a fuggire, lasciando quella tanto segnalata uittoria, & il Re d' Armenia, & quell' altro capitano che seguivano i Saraceni. Quando il Soldano, che si pensaua bauer del tutto perduta quella battaglia, uide uotato a fatto & abbandonato il campo da i **Tartari**, acese con quattro cauallieri de i suoi, un picciolo colle, sopra il quale si fermò alquanto. Essendo poi ritornato il Re d' Armenia dai perseguitar i nimici, & non hauendo ritrovato in campo Mongadamor, rimase molto stupido, & confuso, pensando che camino haueua potuto tenere, & se gli incaminò dietro con le sue genti. Aspettò Almach il qual haueua perseguitato i Saraceni, che furono uesti in fuga da lui due giorni continui, & il suo Signor Mongadamor pensando che seguitarebbe la uittoria dopo lui, per sottometer gli inimici, & insieme quel Regno, del quale s' erano già per quella uittoria impadroniti, hauendo intesa la fuga sua, & conoscuita uera, s' affrettò di seguirlo, lasciando imperfetta quella uittoria. & ritrovò Mongadamor alle riuè del fiume Eufrate, che stua aspettando. & se ne ritornarono insieme nelle prouincie loro. sostenne il Re d' Armenia con le sue genti in quel viaggio molti incomodi, & molte fatiche, così per la lunghezza del camino, come ancora per la carestia del uenere, per gli buomini, & per i cauali, i quali rimasero in gran parte distrutti, & rouinati di maniera che a gran pena poteuano muouer i passi. Onde i miseri Christiani passando per ca-

di Abaga fuggi per uilla della battaglia.

Translation:

"He returned therefore into Turkey, where he caused all those lands and villages that had rebelled to be ruined to their foundations, surrendering to the Sultan. He acted according to the custom of the **Tartars**, causing the traitor Paruana to be cut in half, and all those who followed him in the rebellion, commanding that in all the dishes that were placed before them to eat, there should still be some of the flesh of the traitor Paruana, and he ate of it, and made the primary members of his court eat of it as well, taking that revenge for the betrayal that the miserable Paruana committed against him.

Having Abaga done all he desired in Turkey, and the **Tartars** having been enriched by much prey and many possessions that they had first acquired, the rebels, and the Saracens, he called for the King of Armenia, and made him an offer of the Kingdom of Turkey, because he and his father had carried themselves so faithfully toward the Empire of the **Tartars**. That King, then, as

one wise and shrewd, thanked Abaga very much for such a great gift, excusing himself for not being able to take care of that Kingdom, nor to hold it, as one who was poorly suited to comfortably govern two Kingdoms; all the more so since the Sultan of Egypt still had his forces intact, and aspired with all his power always to damage Armenia.

Whence it would have seemed a matter of great difficulty: if he could defend the Kingdom of Armenia alone from the force of so great an enemy. Advising him nonetheless, that he should give such order to that Kingdom before he departed, so that there should be no doubt of rebellion, not allowing in any way that Turkey return into the hands of the Saracens. Abaga accepted this counsel, and from then on he did not want the Saracens to have dominion in that Kingdom ever again. Having done this, the King of Armenia requested and prayed Abaga that he would turn his soul to the acquisition of the Holy Land, liberating it from the impious and harsh servitude of the Saracens, to return it to Christian liberty.

Abaga promised on his part to do so, advising the King of Armenia to send Ambassadors to the Pope, and to the other Lords and Christian Princes, that they should be with them in this enterprise of the Holy Land. Having then given good order to the affairs of Turkey, which had need of it, he returned to the Kingdom of Constan, where he had left his family. The **Tartars** having caused many damages to the Sultan of Egypt, Benedeclar, being desperate of his forces, took poison, and died immediately in Damascus. Great joy was had at his death by the Christians who were in those parts of the Levant, just as the Saracens remained with much ill will, because after his death his successor was not of the valor that he was while alive, as they said publicly.

Nevertheless, Melechfait succeeded his son in the domain, but shortly after he was chased out by one called Erfi who usurped that domain by force, and made himself Sultan.

The time having arrived when Abaga was to move war against the Sultan of Egypt, he commanded that Mangodamor his brother should pass into Syria with thirty thousand **Tartars**, and if by chance the armed Sultan should come

to meet him, he should join in battle with him, and do every work to subjugate him; and when the Sultan was fleeing the battle, he should take those lands and castles that he could, garrisoning them then with Christians. Mangodamor having traveled for many days with the army and being near to Armenia, he sent to call the King of Armenia, who came immediately, accompanied by a very beautiful cavalry. Whence both entering together into Syria, they put all that country to sack, as far as the city of Haman, which today is called Camella, by many, as much as is said in the middle of Syria.

*Facing this city, there is a very beautiful plain, where the Sultan used to gather his people when he wanted to go out into the field to war with the **Tartars**. They came at the end to a fierce day together, the Christians and the **Tartars** on one side, and the Saracens on the other. The King of Armenia ruled the right wing of the army with the Christians. Whence he attacked the left wing of the Sultan's army with great impetus, and broke the enemies and put them to flight as far as the city of Hamon, and for three days more beyond that city with great valor. A certain Almach **Tartar** also ardently overcame the other part of the Sultan's army, having for three continuous days followed the Saracens, until he reached a city called Tara. Where thinking that the forces of the Sultan were completely extinguished, they were full of joy, when Mangodamor, who had never before been found in the perils of battles, fearing beyond all reason some Saracens called in the Arabic language Berdinni, turned his face to flee, leaving that marked victory.*

*And the King of Armenia, and that other captain who followed the Saracens. When the Sultan, who thought he had completely lost that battle, saw the field of the **Tartars** completely empty and abandoned, he descended with four horsemen of his own to a small hill, upon which he stayed for a while. The King of Armenia having returned from pursuing the enemies, and not having found Mangodamor in the field, remained very stunned and confused, thinking what path he could have taken; and he set out after him with his people. He waited for Almach who had pursued the Saracens, who were put to flight by him for two continuous days, and his Lord Mangodamor thinking that he would follow the victory after him, to subject the enemies and together that Kingdom, which*

they had already mastered through that victory, having understood the flight, and known it, he hurried to follow him, leaving that victory imperfect.

And he found Mangodamor on the banks of the river Euphrates, who was waiting. And they returned together into their provinces. The King of Armenia with his people suffered many inconveniences in that journey, and many labors, as much for the length of the road, as also for the scarcity of living, for the men and for the horses, which remained in great part destroyed and ruined in such a manner that they could hardly move their steps.

Wherefore the miserable Christians passing through..."

The sheer brutality of these accounts serves as a cold reminder that we are not reading a fairy tale, but a forensic report of absolute power.

The *custom of the Tartars* described here, the visceral, ritualistic execution of the traitor Paruana, is a level of detail that defies the sanitisation of modern history.

It is a grim, physical testament to a code of conduct that governed an entire continent.

This wasn't a world of soft diplomacy; it was a world of high-stakes loyalty and devastating consequences, where an Emperor like Abaga could offer the entire Kingdom of Turkey to a faithful ally as if it were a simple token of gratitude.

Consider the tactical precision of the battle at Haman.

We are told of *beautiful cavalry* and a pincer movement so effective it chased an army for three days beyond the city walls.

This is the reality of the Tartar military machine, a force so formidable that even when victory was *marked* and certain, the mere hesitation of a

single commander, Mangodamor, could shift the destiny of the Holy Land.

The mention of the Berdinni and the retreat to the banks of the Euphrates grounds this narrative in a geography that is as real as the soil beneath our feet.

There is a profound, heavy wonder in realising that the Sultan of Egypt, Benedeclar, was driven to such despair by the Tartar onslaught that he chose poison over the battlefield.

This is not the behaviour of a leader facing a *mythical* or *unorganised* foe.

This is the reaction of a man facing an existential force, a force that the modern world has spent centuries trying to convince us was never truly there.

We see the *miserable Christians* and the exhausted horses struggling through the scarcity of the long road home, ruined by the labor of a campaign that almost redrew the map of the world.

It brings us back to the childhood premonition, the feeling that the story we were told was too simple, too clean, and too small.

These pages are the messy, violent, and undeniable truth.

If this empire was a phantom, why does the 1562 printer record the specific number of thirty thousand Tartars moving into Syria?

Why document the exact wing of the army commanded by the King of Armenia?

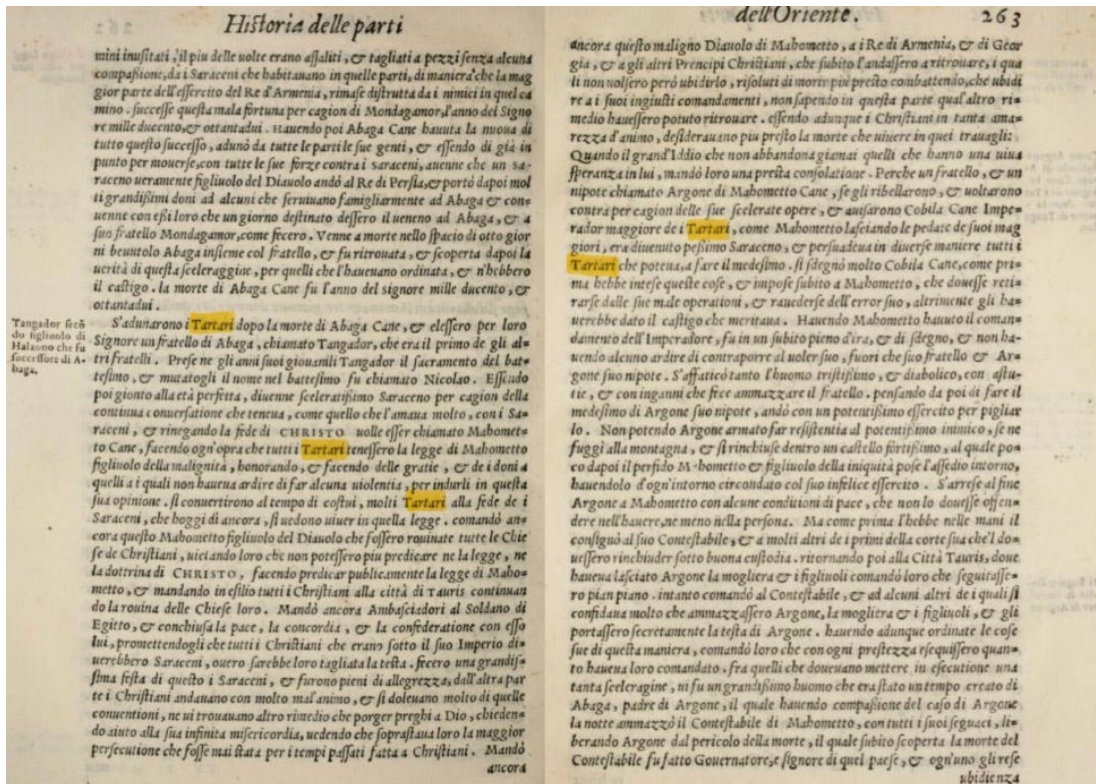
The *gardener* can prune the branches, but he cannot hide the roots when they are as thick and deep as these.

We are no longer speculating.

We are witnessing the history of a reality that was silenced, but never truly erased.

The question remains, standing taller with every page we turn:

If Tartaria was a fiction, how can these witnesses be so loud?



Translation:

"...the majority of the time they were attacked, and cut to pieces without any compassion, by the Saracens who inhabited those parts, in such a manner that the greater part of the army of the King of Armenia remained destroyed by the enemies on that path.

This misfortune occurred because of Mondagamor, in the year of the Lord one thousand two hundred and eighty-two. Then Abaga Cane having had the news of this success, gathered from all parts his people, and being already on the point of dying, with all his forces against the Saracens, it happened that a Saracen truly a son of the Devil went to the King of Persia, and brought many very great gifts to some who served familiarly Abaga, and agreed with them that one day they should give poison to Abaga, and his brother Mondagamor, as they did. They came to death in the space of eight days after having drunk it, Abaga together with his brother, and the truth of this wickedness was found out, and discovered afterwards, for those who had ordered it, and they had the punishment.

The death of Abaga Cane was in the year of the Lord one thousand two hundred and eighty-two.

*The **Tartars** gathered after the death of Abaga Cane, and elected for their Lord a brother of Abaga, named Tangador, who was the first of the other brothers. He had taken in his younger years the sacrament of baptism, and changed his name in baptism he was called Nicolas. Having then reached a perfect age, he became a most wicked Saracen because of the continuous conversation he held, as one who loved them much, with the Saracens, and denying the faith of CHRIST he wanted to be called Mahometto Cane, doing every work so that all the **Tartars** should hold the law of Mahometto, honoring, and doing graces, and giving gifts to those who did not have the daring to do any violence, to induce them into this his opinion.*

*There were converted in the time of this man, many **Tartars** to the faith of the Saracens, who today still, are seen living in that law. He also commanded this Mahometto son of the Devil that the Churches of the Christians should be ruined, forbidding them that they could no longer preach neither the law, nor the doctrine of CHRIST, making the law of Mahometto be preached publicly, and sending into exile all the Christians from the city of Tauris, continuing the ruin of their Churches. He also sent Ambassadors to the Sultan of Egypt, and concluded peace, concord, and confederation with him, promising him that all*

the Christians who were under his Empire would become Saracens, or their heads would be cut off.

These Saracens made a very great feast for this, and were full of joy; on the other side the Christians went with very ill spirit, and grieved much for those conventions, nor did they find any other remedy in it than to offer prayers to God, asking help from his infinite mercy, seeing that there was hanging over them the greatest persecution that had ever been in times past toward the Christians. He sent still this wicked Devil of Mahometto, to the Kings of Armenia, and of Georgia, and to the other Christian Princes, that they should immediately come to find him, who nonetheless did not want to obey him, resolved rather to die fighting, than to obey his unjust commands, not knowing in this part what other remedy they could find.

*Therefore the Christians being in such bitterness of soul, desired rather death than to live in such travails. When the great God who never abandons those who have a living hope in him, sent them a prompt consolation. Because a brother, and a nephew called Argone of Mahometto Cane, rebelled against him, and turned against him because of his wicked deeds, and advised Cobila Cane Emperor, greater of the **Tartars**, how Mahometto leaving the footsteps of his ancestors, had become a most wicked Saracen, and was persuading in various ways all the **Tartars** he could, to do the same.*

Cobila Cane was much angered, when he first heard these things, and immediately imposed on Mahometto, that he should retire from those bad operations, and clear himself of his error, otherwise he would have given him the punishment he deserved. Mahometto having had the command of the Emperor, was immediately full of anger, and of disdain, and not having any daring to oppose his will, except that his brother and Argone his nephew.

This most sad and diabolical man exerted himself, with cunning, and with deceits he had his brother killed. Thinking then to do the same to Argone his nephew, he went with a most powerful army to take him. Argone not being able to make resistance against the most powerful enemy, fled to the mountain, and shut himself inside a very strong castle, to which shortly after the

perfidious Mahometto and son of iniquity placed a siege around it, having him surrounded from every side with his unhappy army. Argone surrendered in the end to Mahometto with some conditions of peace, that he should not offend him neither in his possessions, nor even in his person. But as soon as he had him in his hands he gave him to his Constable, and to many others of the first of his court so that they should shut him in good custody.

Returning then to the City of Tauris, where he had left Argone's wife and children, he commanded them that they should follow little by little. Meanwhile he commanded the Constable, and some others of whom he trusted much that they should kill Argone, the wife and the children, and they should secretly bring him the head of Argone. Having therefore ordered the things in this manner, he commanded them with every speed they should execute what he had commanded them.

Among those who were to put into execution such a great wickedness, there was a very great man who had been in his time created by Abaga, father of Argone, who having compassion for the case of Argone, in the night killed the Constable of Mahometto, with all his followers, liberating Argone from the danger of death, who immediately having discovered the death of the Constable was made Governor, and Lord of that country, and everyone rendered..."

We have reached the final translation for this evening, dear reader, and the weight of what sits on these pages is nothing short of tectonic.

We are witnessing the precise moment of a spiritual and geopolitical schism, the fracturing of an empire that the modern world would rather we believe never existed in such a sophisticated form.

Notice the shift in these records.

This is no longer just a story of horses and steel; it is a story of the internal rot that precedes erasure.

We see Tangador, a Tartar prince once baptised as Nicolas, shedding his name and his faith to become Mahometto Cane.

This isn't just a personal conversion; it was a state-level pivot that threatened to extinguish the Christian presence in the East.

He didn't just *prefer* a different law; he sent ambassadors to Egypt to negotiate the literal beheading of those who wouldn't follow.

The level of detail regarding the palace intrigue, the poisoning of Abaga, the betrayal by the *son of the Devil*, and the eventual rebellion of Argone, is too granular to be the work of a whimsical forger.

These are the *receipts* of a civil war within a global superpower.

When the text mentions Cobila Cane, the *Greater Emperor of the Tartars*, intervening from a distance to rebuke his brother for abandoning the *footsteps of his ancestors*, we are seeing a clear hierarchical structure that spanned the known world.

How can a *phantom* empire have such specific internal theological debates?

How can a *myth* have a Constable who is murdered in the night to liberate a prisoner of state?

The sheer human drama recorded here, the fear of the Christians in Tauris, the secret execution orders, and the *living hope* that turned the tide, speaks to a reality that was vibrant, terrifying, and completely organised.

We will stop here for tonight, leaving Argone as the newly minted Governor, standing among the ruins of his family's legacy.

There are many more pages in this 1562 archive, many more witnesses waiting to speak, but let the gravity of these accounts settle in your mind.

We were told the East was a vacuum of history, a place of disorganised tribes.

Yet, the ink of Hayton of Corycus shows us a world of Emperors, legal conventions, and a struggle for the soul of the Orient that was so powerful it reached the ears of the Pope himself.

If Tartaria was a fiction, this book is the most elaborate, pointless, and detailed lie ever told.

But as you feel the weight of these translations, you know the truth:

no one invents the logistics of thirty thousand men and the specific poisoning of a King just for the sake of a story

They record it because it happened.

And so, dear reader, we reach our final reflections.

We stand tonight at the precipice of a vast, submerged continent of truth, looking out over the wreckage of a history that was never meant to be found.

What we have moved through this evening is not just a collection of stories; it is a physical rebellion against the silence of the modern world.

We have learned that the East was not a void, but a vibrant, pulsing heart of global power, an empire of Tartars that moved with a speed and structural grace that shames our contemporary understanding of the past.

We have seen the *raw footage* of a world where kings were made and broken by the stroke of a Tartar pen, where thirty thousand men could be summoned like a thunderclap, and where the spiritual destiny of entire nations hung on the secret conversations of a palace courtyard.

The implications are as heavy as the stone foundations of the cities we saw ruined.

If these accounts are true, and their meticulous, bureaucratic precision suggests they are nothing less, then we must confront a terrifying possibility:

that the history taught in our halls of marble and glass is a curated fiction

We must consider the thousands of scholars who have spent their entire lives, from youth to grey-haired old age, studying a timeline that may never have actually happened.

They have mapped the shadows on the wall while the forest itself stood behind them, vibrant and ignored.

To accept this history is to admit that the *modern* narrative is not a record, but a fortress built to keep the truth at bay.

It means that the great wars and the shifting borders of our ancestors were perhaps just a violent theater used to bury the evidence of a more ancient, more powerful order.

It suggests that our current understanding of civilisation is not an evolution, but a recovery from a deliberate erasure.

We leave these pages open for now, the ink still breathing with the life of a world that refuses to be forgotten.

As you close this article and return to the *real* world, carry that premonition with you.

The truth does not need your permission to exist, but it has waited a long time for your awareness.

Until we turn the next page, curious mind.

Before we depart from the warmth of this study, I want to extend a sincere word of thanks.

In an age of infinite distraction, your presence and your focused attention are the most valued currencies I could ask for.

Simply being here, engaging with these witnesses and questioning the narrative, is the true engine of this work.

For those who feel moved to contribute further, please know that any donations are funneled directly back into the hunt.

But like I said, dear reader, your presence and your attention are the most valued currencies of all.

[BUY ME COFFEE !\[\]\(240c12821e227464ff6b7614924c0018_img.jpg\)](#)

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