



The Bilingual Review

VOL. XXXV • NO 2 • October 2023

La Revista Bilingüe

OPEN-ACCESS, PEER-REVIEWED / ACCESO ABIERTO, JURADO PROFESIONAL

Onward, Christian Soldiers

Randy Koch

Bloomsburg University of Pennsylvania

Ándale, Pedro. Let me help you.
You're hurt. Here, by the wall.
Just a bit farther, around the

corner. We should be safe here.
And you tell me I'm the fat one.
You feel like you're made of stone.

Is that why your mamá called you
Pedro? There, sit down. She must
have named you for the Rock

of the Church. You're what these
hijos de putas need—someone
to bring the Word with a sword. Lie

back. Rest. We're fine here. We drove
them back toward the square. This
cut on your neck isn't so bad. Yes,

there's blood, but we've all seen
worse. El baño de sangre. But your
chest. ¡Dios mío! If not for this

armor, you'd be split open from
crown to cojones like those other
poor cabrones in the street. Don't

try to talk. Rest. What's wrong,
Pedro? Your eyes, they're wild

as Benito's horse on the causeway,

like Satán himself is coming for
you. Be still. If it's death you fear,
you're not alone. Estáte quieto.

Tranquilo. I'm here. I'll watch—

—Rodrigo de Valladolid;¹ 15 June 1521; near the main square of Tenochtitlan

¹**Rodrigo de Valladolid** (?-1521), known as “El Gordo,” died during the fighting for Tenochtitlan. One of the reasons the Spaniards destroyed the city, according to Juan López de Jimena, who participated in the siege, was ““because there were large buildings ... from which the Mexica could maltreat the Spaniards from the rooftops”” (Thomas, 1993, p. 503). It's likely Rodrigo de Valladolid and others were killed by stones, missiles, or other objects thrown by the Mexica from above them.