The Inca of the Andes

He Haunts the Ruins of His Once-Great Empire

Cuzco, Peru.

When the cold Andean wind blew down on the Palace, the water hurled at the ancient stones of the house of the Incas, a chill ran through the heart of the old man. He knew that the Inca was in the city, for the wind, which was always cold in this part of the world, seemed to have lost its bite.

The Inca came to live in the city of Cuzco, which was the capital of the Inca Empire. He was a wise and noble man, and he ruled with justice and mercy.

But now he was old, and the cold wind seemed to remind him of his mortality. He sat alone in his palace, thinking of the past and the future. He knew that his time was coming to an end, and he feared that he would be remembered only as a forgotten king.

Throughout the city, the people were mourning the loss of their leader. They had loved him, and they would miss him. But the Inca knew that he had done his best, and he would go to his grave with a clear conscience.

The Inca of the Andes was not forgotten, for his memory lived on in the hearts of the people. His legacy lived on in the beautiful ruins of his empire, which are still a testament to his greatness.

The Inca of the Andes is not dead, but he lives on in the memories of those who knew him, and in the hearts of all who have come to visit his land.