

## Civilization 119

### Chapter 119 Poet\_2

Another clear cry of an eagle rang out, and within the camp, a Mexica samurai around thirty years old lifted his head to gaze at the sky to the East. The samurai had a handsome face and a pair of melancholic eyes, yet the corners of his mouth held a faint, almost imperceptible smile.

He must be the Warrior Captain of the camp, and beside him, a group of samurais stood clustered. The samurais were plainly dressed, their faces gaunt with hunger and exhaustion, showing clear signs of starvation.

"Balamo, what are you looking at? Sigh, though the sky is filled with birds, we cannot catch them, nor turn them into meat in our stomachs," a middle-aged samurai joked, his spirits still decent despite the starvation.

The melancholic Warrior Captain let out a small smile, reciting with a touch of poetry:

"I am watching that eagle, hiding in the sky hundreds of meters high, hiding in the clouds, hiding in a place far, far away, impossible to find. But I know, in the woodland hundreds of meters away, you have come quietly, on the ground, between the trees, bringing the sound of death."

The surrounding samurais sighed with resignation, guessing that the captain was delirious from hunger, once again reciting poetry that no one was interested in. Reciting any amount of poetry at this time wouldn't be as satisfying as a hearty meal.

After reciting the poem, Balamo's expression turned stern, as he loudly ordered, "The reinforcements have arrived! Mobilize the elite Militia, samurais prepare for battle, ready to march from the camp at any moment!"

The samurais looked at each other, then bowing their heads to take orders, quickly mobilized the Militia within the camp.

Two quarters of an hour passed since the eagle's cry. The samurais murmured doubts, wondering if hunger had driven the captain mad. Just then, a troop of Mexica samurais burst from the mountain forests. With shields raised and War Clubs lowered, the fierce Balda leading them, they plunged into the Otomi Militia, heading straight for the samurais in the middle of their meal.

Balamo also shouted orders, and the gate of the camp flew open. Flanked by a group of samurais, he rushed at the Otomi Warriors from another side, while three hundred gaunt Mexica samurais also attacked simultaneously. Behind them, two thousand Stone Spear Militia cried out, keeping the opposing Otomi Militia firmly engaged.

Confronted with Balda's ambush, the five hundred Otomi Warriors on the outermost alert charged forward, while the remaining one thousand five hundred warriors began to ready themselves, only to be caught off-guard by Balamo's three hundred. Balda didn't entangle himself with the five hundred warriors coming to meet him. He sent three hundred to engage them while the main body of warriors shifted slightly to ram into the one thousand five hundred disorganized Otomi from the side.

The Mexica and Otomi warriors quickly tangled in combat, with the Otomi Commander making several attempts to regroup his troops, only to have his efforts disrupted by Balda's fearless charges. Roaring furiously, every time he saw a large gathering of Otomi warriors, he led dozens to charge fiercely.

Seeing an opportunity, Balamo also led over a hundred warriors, closely following behind Balda, scattering the Otomi again and again, preventing the enemy from forming into battle formations, from dividing into front and rear echelons.

The two sides' Militia also clashed. Compared to the samurais, the starving Militia fought more mildly. Large groups of Militia clustered together, then shouted loudly at each other. They swung Stone Spears and Wooden Spears, slowly drawing closer, then pierced the soft bodies of the enemy, creating bloodied wounds, until one side couldn't withstand anymore, scattered backward, and quickly collapsed. Another group of Militia would move in, taking over the position in combat, tangling again.

The Militia's battle wasn't intense, but due to the lack of armor, casualties on both sides were significant. The fight lasted just under two quarters of an hour, and both sides suffered three to four hundred injured Militia, their formations scattered and disorderly.

The samurais from both sides had each lost a hundred warriors. With the Otomi Commander's efforts, the disorganized fifteen hundred warriors finally managed to form into three units of five hundred troops each. One unit barely held Balda while the other two units of one thousand warriors prepared to surround and focus their forces, planning to swiftly eliminate Balamo's three hundred.

The Mexica warriors roared, ready to fight to the death as they saw the encircling Otomi. Amidst the roaring, a discordant, deep recitation echoed subtly.

Balamo let out a soft sigh. Realizing the situation was grim, he stood pensively in the center of the army formation, protected by the shields of his warriors, and looked toward the sunset in the West.

"We pass through cornfields stripped bare, we pass by the sinking sun, we slowly march toward the end, without the need of others' urging... The battlefield makes me shiver and feel cold, for my garment is but gossamer, how could it defend against the chill of impending death..."

Fortunately, on the battlefields of Central America, powerful bows and arrows had not yet been widely adopted. Balamo didn't need to worry about being targeted by countless arrows during his poetic recitation. He waited quietly, then from the East came a continuing roar and the excited cheers of the Mexica warriors.

Three thousand direct warriors of Kuluka finally appeared on the edge of the woodlands and then, without hesitation, dove into the tangled battle formation. The Otomi Commander made a quick estimate of the number of Mexica reinforcements and let out a resigned sigh.

The one thousand warriors surrounding Balamo moved quickly, retreating directly toward the western mountains. Then, the sharp sound of a conch shell rose, and the morale of the other thousand Otomi warriors in the battle formation wavered. They fought while gradually retreating. The battle entered a new phase of fleeing and pursuit.