

## Civilization 124

### Chapter 124 The Divine Tree and the Golden Eagle\_2

The young boy's eyes widened as he watched the Divine Weapon of Kuluka descend from the heavens. Then, all his attention was caught by the small creature cradled in his hands.

It was indeed an eaglet. It had an innocent, pure gaze, a short beak that was pinkish and pale, soft white juvenile feathers, and slightly brownish wings. This lord of the sky, which could live for only thirty years, was in its most tender infant stage.

"My lord, this eaglet doesn't even have its initial feathers yet, it's at most three months old," Kuluka said with a grin, handing the eaglet over to the boy.

Xiulote instinctively reached out and gently took the tiny eaglet that was only the size of a palm. The little creature looked at the boy with pure black eyes, then rubbed its small head against the boy's palm, soft as a cotton ball. Afterward, it let out a few weak cries and lay powerless in the boy's hand.

"It seems to be very hungry," the boy said softly, touching the little eaglet's belly, which was soft and flat, seemingly indeed starved.

"It looks like it hasn't eaten for several days. Its parents might have met with an accident, perhaps caught by the Otomi to be eaten,"

Kuluka responded casually, searching through his belongings and finally finding a strip of dried deer meat. The boy dipped it in some clear water and carefully fed it to the eaglet. It pecked at the short

beak, trying hard and hurriedly to gnaw on the dry meat strip but was completely unable to bite through it.

The boy gently smiled, took the meat strip from its beak, and watched as it anxiously flapped its soft wings. He then took freshly cut small pieces of meat from Kuluka and fed them bit by bit to the tiny eaglet. Unconsciously, a smile of happiness he hadn't shown in a long time spread across his lips.

Seeing Xiulote's smile, Kuluka also grinned, looking like a self-satisfied big howler monkey.

After feeding the meat strip and clear water, the eaglet let out a crisp call, noticeably much louder. Then it tilted its head, rubbed in the boy's palm for a while, covered its belly with its wings, and fell into a comfortable sleep.

The boy watched the sleeping eaglet happily, then looked up at the towering Divine Tree and curved a joyful arc on the corner of his mouth:

"Since I found you in the Ahuehuete tree, from now on, I will call you Ahuehuete!"

The appearance of little Ahuehuete brought great joy to Xiulote. The recent warfare and killings, the gore and death he had witnessed, steadily engraved the destruction of life into the boy's heart. Yet, little Ahuehuete was like a beacon of hope nurtured in the darkness, a ray of pure light, dispelling the gloom in the Samurai boy's soul.

Afterward, Xiulote carefully made a warm nest for little Ahuehuete using cotton cloth and feathers, then put the Eagle's Nest in a wooden box and carried it on his back, taking great care of it.

Thus, by day Xiulote was the masked Commander-in-Chief, solemn and majestic, commanding the army, intimidating rebellious generals, and pacifying surrendered Otomi. By night, however, Xiulote was a thirteen-year-old boy, relaxed and joyful, with a sincere smile, as he teased the tiny white Ahuehuete, gazing intently into its eyes and stroking its soft feathers. Darkness and light balanced this way, between day and night.

Twelve thousand Mexica Samurai gradually set out. The massive army, heading eastward, left the starving Otomi, abandoned the mountain camps along the way, and made for the Xilotepec main camp. Ten days later, the army finally arrived at the Fourth Camp. The boy paused to remember the past battlefields, then with a serious face, he called over the Poet Samurai Balamo.

"Balamo, how have you been faring with the logistics camp these days?"

Not having seen him for two weeks, Balmo had lost his initially gaunt and handsome appearance. He looked haggard, his hair untidy, and his face visibly fatter. Unchanged, though, was the elegant sadness in his eyes.

"Priest sir, the logistics camp is very comfortable and the food is good, but it's incredibly busy. Every day I have to count a large amount of supplies, calculate consumption and supply, and record everything on wooden boards. The flowers in my heart have withered completely," Balmo sighed, answering honestly and respectfully.

In his first command of the legion, Xiulote did not change the customary rules of the army too much, but he did increase the management of the logistics and baggage. The duties of the logistics officers dramatically increased; they had to accurately record daily supplies, strictly plan the consumption of food, and try to improve transportation efficiency.

Under the pressure of heavy work, Balmo was as busy as a spinning top, without even a moment to take care of himself.

Seeing the respectful Balmo, Xiulote was satisfied; the training seemed effective, and it was time to add some more responsibility.

"Balmo, I'm giving you a thousand Samurai and three thousand Militia. You're in charge of this camp from now on! Over the next five months, there will be supplies for thirty-four thousand people each month arriving. You will need to trade with the Otapan City-State army once a month, exchanging food for captured Mexica Samurai and half the value in luxury goods.

You must be careful and vigilant, ensure your defenses are strong! Maintain regular contact with the Xilotepec main camp. And during the trades, make sure the accounts are clear! I will have the supply Officer Begire check them; if there's an excess, it's to be handed over, and any shortage, you'll cover yourself!"

With the arrival of little Ahuehuete, Xiulote's mood had been very good lately, and he made a rare joke.

"Yes! Under your command, my Priest Commander-in-Chief!" What was a light-hearted joke for Xiulote turned into a heavy burden in Balmo's ears, but it also brought inspiration to the romantic poet. Balmo turned to leave with a somber air, murmuring verses under his breath.