

## Civilization 130

### Chapter 130: Names

Under Aweit's strong recommendation and friendly negotiation, the little golden eagle received a prominent name, Aviloztli. A new word was created by taking parts from both of their names. In the Nahuatl language, this new word could be perceived as "lake water and lightning," or alternatively "majesty and death."

Of course, Xiulote still preferred to call the golden eagle by its nickname, Ahuehuete, in private.

"Chirp chirp?" Ahuehuete, no, Aviloztli continued to call out curiously. It tilted its head, looking at the two faces that were very close, both watching it intently. It recognized these two people, one was the kind person who fed it daily, and the other was the bad person who always wanted to touch it.

The intelligence of golden eagles, akin to that of crows and herons, was among the highest in birds. After reaching adulthood, their intelligence could equate to that of a seven-year-old child. Trained golden eagles could recognize complex human gestures, understand short syllable commands, and also possessed long-term memory.

They usually soared at altitudes around two thousand meters, their vision being more than eight times that of a human. At this height, they could identify a half-meter-long rabbit on the ground within two kilometers. They could also hover over specific targets, pointing out directions for their masters.

Smart crows could recognize traffic lights and roads, placing nuts on the road during red lights, waiting for cars to crush the nutshells. Parrots, capable of mimicking speech, ranked in the middle, while birds with very small heads like quails, emus, and ostriches, were at the lower end of the avian intelligence spectrum.

"Should we give it a surname?" Xiulote gently regarded the fluffy little golden eagle, feeling that it could accompany him for a very long time.

"Surname? You mean a family name?" Aweit pondered briefly.

"We Mexica have only truly developed over the past century and don't have fixed family names. Usually, names of nobility's children come from great ancestors or gods in mythology, followed by various titles. Commoner's names, however, derive from everyday life and famous warriors on the battlefield."

"For instance, my grandfather Montezuma I's full name was Montezuma Ilhuicamina, and my great uncle Trakel Er's full name was We-we Trakel Er, where We-we means a venerable elder. If we really need a fixed surname... we could choose the name of a heroic figure, like Montezuma."

"However, heroic figures themselves do not need a family name! It is not their family that glorified them, but they who brought glory to their family! Their names could serve as surnames for others, like Aweit, like Xiulote."

At this, Aweit laughed out loud.

Xiulote nodded. At that time, Mexica society still lacked a clear system of family names and laws on family succession. Names were generally tied to the expectations of the elders, and prestigious individuals had many suffixes. Repeated names were distinguished by "younger or older," such as Montezuma II, who was Montezuma Xocoyotzin, Xocoyotzin meaning "young child."

In the later years of New Spain, to solidify distant rule, the King of Spain had conferred the title of Earl upon Montezuma's descendants. These royal members were henceforth known by the surname De Montezuma.

Female descendants also possessed rights to inherit property and nobility status. For instance, Aweit's Divine Staff and family warriors were inherited from his mother, Atotoztli II. She was Montezuma I's daughter, succeeded her father as the tribal leader, and also inherited part of the wealth and military force.

The two continued to chat while watching the little Aviloztli, the tiny, soft, and fluffy pet indeed brightening their mood.

"Where has Acap gone? I haven't seen him."

"Hearing that Quetzal summoned the old ancestors, he immediately went to Teotihuacan to discuss with the Chief Priest."

Aweit continued to play with the little Aviloztli. He rapidly wiggled his fingers in front of the little golden eagle, whose eyes twinkled as they followed. As the speed of the fingers increased, the eyes of Aviloztli also turned into lightning.

"Has Tlalocnesaval's Holy City Legion responded? The sixteen thousand Samurai and twenty thousand Militia there make up the only formidable military group that poses a threat to us."

Xiulote reached out to stop Aweit's fingers. He was somewhat concerned that little Aviloztli might be played too rough. However, with the eagle's vision and eye structure, these movements were actually trivial to it.

"King Uncle Tlalocnesaval replied that he will not interfere with the internal royal succession of Tenochtitlan. However, his army has slightly retracted and is now away from contact with the Tlaxcala people. Although he is currently staying in Atotzotli City without moving, if he really needs to move, he could return to the Capital in just two weeks. He must already know about the end of the old ancestor's seclusion and has likely also sent an Envoy."

"By the way, Tlalocnesaval is both my uncle and Prince Biril Nesawar of Texcoco's uncle. Biril here means 'Prince' and Nesawar means 'Fast.' The Texcoco lineage of the City-State has been enduring for many years, bearing the formal family name, Nesawar."

Since the death of the Poet King, Coyote Nesawar, we in Tenochtitlan have always tried to fully annex Texcoco. However, Prince Biril, though only eighteen, is far from simple; he is quite resourceful. He had handed over fourteen thousand samurai of Texcoco, but eight thousand of them remained under Tlalocnesaval's command, maintaining Texcoco's independence and influence.

"Now, as soon as he heard that I had replaced Tizoc, he immediately sent people to pledge allegiance and even proposed marriage to my eldest daughter."

At this point, Aviloztli gave Xiulote a meaningful look.

Xiulote was silent for a moment. Then the sincerity and determination showed in the young man's eyes.

"Aviloztli, I understand what you're suggesting. I swear to the heavens, I will cherish my future wife, offer my sincerity, protect and tolerate with a gentle heart, and never let complex power struggles harm her!"

Looking at the young man's eyes, Aviloztli slowly nodded.

"I believe in your character and abilities. That is why I chose you."

There was a moment of silence between them. Aviloztli changed the subject, stroking the swaying little Aviloztli and smiling, "Is this an eagle or a hawk?"

Xiulote also smiled and reached out his hand, "Actually, I'm also curious about this question, but I just can't tell."

Then they turned little Aviloztli around, gently held it down, and carefully examined it. But the golden eagle had no obvious physical differences between males and females, so they truly couldn't tell. Little Aviloztli struggled desperately on the cotton cloth, flapping its wings and calling "cheep cheep," trying to escape from the "clutches."

After a while, the two looked at each other, both future eagles, yet unable to distinguish the sex of the eagle.

"When it grows up, if it's a female, it should be much larger in size and have longer claws," Xiulote finally recalled some common knowledge about birds after thinking for a long time.

"Oh, well, let's see what happens then," Aviloztli said with a slight smile, his smile hinting at a deeper meaning.

The two briefly discussed the arrangements for the siege and the situation at the camp.

"Aviloztli, are you planning to disband the gathered City-State Legion?" Xiulote solemnly asked.

"Indeed, I am planning to do so," Aviloztli nodded.

"We now have two thousand nobility Battle Groups, twenty-seven thousand directly commanded, plus your returned Casal remnants, which makes thirty thousand directly commanded, enough to besiege Xilotepec City. Casal has already pledged his loyalty to me, but I'm not ready to use him yet. I'll let him sit idle for a while and hone him a bit more."

"The matters in the capital city are no longer to be accomplished by the army, and the local City-State Legion is not suitable for entering the capital; it would harm the majesty of the Royal Family. I've communicated with the City-State chiefs many times and have a general idea of their situations. It's time to disband the twenty-five thousand City-State Legion from the Seven States. I must also disband at least thirty thousand Militia to fulfill the promise made before."

"In the next few days, I will reward the various City-State Legions once more and also supplement your Teotihuacan Legion's samurai count. Afterwards, the Holy City Legion can return first and wait for news in Teotihuacan, as the Divine Staff's information is not less than mine. Along the lake waterways, the Holy City is only three to four days away from the capital."

Aviloztli decided the large army's future action. His expression was calm and serious; the Holy City Legion is an effective force in reserve.

Xiulote nodded in agreement, as the problems of the capital city were political, not military. They would wait for Gillim to return, and then the Royal Banner could officially head south.

The two briefly discussed the preparations for moving south, and Xiulote was ready to take his leave. He was going to prepare some gifts for the immortal Trakel Er. Under Aviloztli's strong insistence and repeated assurances, the young man finally left little Aviloztli temporarily in the care of his friend.

Watching the "good person" leave, little Aviloztli stuck out its head, softly inquiring with a confused "chirp? chirp chirp?" Following that, its voice turned into an urgent loud call "cheep cheep!", as it saw the approaching "bad person" Aviloztli, who was smilingly watching it.