

## Civilization 279

### Chapter 279 New Army Training, Spear Legion

March came with the wind, and in the blink of an eye, more than half of it had passed. The weather remained clear and dry, ideal for travel.

From all around, villagers came with their surplus agricultural products, heading to the great market of Tlatelolco in the North City to exchange what they needed. As they passed through the North Gate of the Lake Capital City and the village of Tepiiyaga, they would be surprised to find that the houses here had been temporarily requisitioned by the Alliance, and new legion campsites had been set up on the nearby drilling grounds.

In the spacious drilling grounds, a regiment of exactly eight thousand long spears had already assembled, forming a dense spear formation. This included six thousand sturdy and obedient miners, a thousand repeatedly selected militia from the villages, and finally a thousand samurai who served as the core.

In their right hands, they held bronze long spears measuring 2.5 meters and weighing about six or seven jin (pounds), while in their left hands, they held rattan shields with a diameter of one meter, each weighing up to ten jin. The rattan shields were firmly fixed to their left forearms and hung around their necks with straps. Leading the spear formations, the samurai were dressed in white paper armor and wearing tan rattan helmets. A closer look revealed that everyone had a white cloth tied around the left arm, which was quite conspicuous.

At this moment, upon receiving the command to "stand at attention," thousands of spear militia stood solemnly, silent and motionless. Surrounding them were hundreds of patrolling guards who occasionally supervised and chided the militia.

In front of the drilling grounds was a raised platform, atop which a sacred platform had been built. Xiulote sat cross-legged on the sacred platform. He was dressed in the elaborate and solemn robes of the High Priest, his head crowned with a heavy and dazzling feather crown, and around his neck shimmered an obsidian necklace inlaid with gold, making him appear like a divine envoy among mortals. The "Divine Envoy's" steely gaze swept over the spear formations, and the long spear militiamen lowered their heads submissively and fearfully, not daring to meet his eyes.

Under the warm sun, the militia stood quietly, their expressions resolute. The great shields and long spears showcased the samurai's strength, while the armor and helmets symbolized elite equipment. The entire spear formation stood like a forest, exuding an eerily powerful presence.

Seeing this, Xiulote nodded slightly in satisfaction.

"The long spear militia has been assembling and training for two weeks; the miners' discipline is indeed commendable. However, they have only been practicing standing at attention for more than ten days, and they're now beginning to look the part. Let's see how they fare in marching and forming ranks later," he mused, his expression stern.

"Both the long spears and great shields are in place, and the production of paper armor and rattan helmets is underway. I still need to urge Master Matelar to expedite the outfitting of the legion," he thought.

As he pondered, Xiulote waved his hand, and a guard beside him went down to convey the order, signaling for the training officers to start the drill training. Dressed in such authoritative attire, it was natural that he wouldn't personally enter the field to train the troops. In fact, Xiulote knew very little about the specific training steps for the army; he simply made suggestions to the training officers based on snippets he had seen in the past.

The two training officers stood in front of the platform. The main training officer was the battle-hardened Eagle Warrior Balda. He had experience with legion drills and was himself an outstanding samurai, well-versed in spear and shield.

At Balda's side was Ezpan, the leader of the defected soldiers from Tarasco. Around thirty years old, with a weather-beaten face, he was the leader of a small group in the Tarasco long spear militia. After being captured by the Lerma River, he was spared from sacrifice and later defected to the Alliance on Xiulote's orders. He had experience in training the Tarasco long spear soldiers and was therefore appointed as an assistant training officer.

Receiving the command from His Highness, Balda nodded and accepted the order. The "standing at attention" that had just taken place was His Highness's suggestion, which was said to improve discipline and morale. His Highness's influence was growing stronger, and though Balda was ambivalent about the suggestion, he executed it as if it were a command.

Balda shook his head secretly, confident in his decade of experience as a commander in military drills. Then he shouted loudly to his left and right.

"Sound the flute, march, beat the drums, form ranks!"

The flute for marching sounded immediately, and the long spear legion began to fan out to both sides, dividing into regiments of a thousand men each, with each regiment consisting of five squads of two hundred men. The commanders of the thousand-man regiments were all veteran samurai. The captains of the two hundred-man squads were partly elected by the miners, but most were still samurai. Each squad additionally elected one person to serve as assistant priest, who would later undergo doctrinal training.

Accompanied by the urgent flute sound, the squad leader Guzman was nervously sweating profusely. He shouted loudly while vigorously trying to control the pace of his teammates behind him to keep them from scattering. However, the pace of the march was uneven, and within a few steps, the queues collided with one another. The front captains' spears slanted and touched the rattan shields behind them, making continuous "bang-bang" sounds, and it looked like they were about to completely fall apart.

At the critical moment, Guzman at the head of the queue shouted "halt," and the newly joined assistant priest also desperately stopped them, and the squad slowly came to a halt, standing to reorganize the formation. The gold miners' squad indeed had the best discipline, and dozens of core members hooted back and forth, realigning the chaotic formation for the militia. After a while, the small spear formation began to move again, with everyone jostling together as they moved out, leaving behind a few dropped rattan helmets on the ground.

After walking a certain distance, surrounding long spear teams slowly spread out, and Guzman's squad also began to loosen. Facing a difficult collective maneuver at an intersection, he called out anxiously.