

## Civilization 280

### Chapter 280 New Army Training, Spear Legion\_2

"Left turn, left turn, turn towards the arm with the white cloth!"

Accompanied by the captain's continuous shouts, the spear formation hesitated momentarily and then slowly turned left. The militia in the formation reminded each other and finally completed the maneuver without mishap. Guzman caught his breath, using the white cloth to distinguish left from right, indeed saved much training effort. It wasn't until they reached the predetermined position that he remembered to continue shouting.

"Gather, gather. The left-side shields protect the teammates on the left, the rear spears support those in front!..."

Guzman did not even know what his own shouts meant. Everyone just acted based on a rough feeling, imitating the small formation performed by the Tarasco troops over ten days ago, shoulder to shoulder, forming a dense line, collecting into an irregular square. The spears in the front row were slanted, then the soldiers in the back row reversed their grip on the spears, raising them overhead and resting them on the shoulders of those in front, continuing towards the rear. The very front of the spear formation projected three or four layers of spears, looking somewhat like a hedgehog.

After a while, the small spear formation was finally fully established. They stood quietly, connected front to back, shoulder to shoulder, feeling the rapid breathing around them. Guzman at the front then finally breathed a sigh of relief. He tried to look around, but could only see the rattan helmets of the people behind him, not the rattan shields. Then he looked to the front, but the salt workers were still clustered together in disarray, making him burst out laughing involuntarily.

Xiulote on the sacred platform was not smiling. He wore a blank expression, staring at the spear formation below the platform, clutching his sleeves tightly.

Although it had been two or three quarters of an hour, only a third of the troops had managed to successfully spread out and gather in the small formations. The mass of shield soldiers at the center were clumped together, unable to differentiate the front from the back or the left from the right. The team leaders and assistant priests accompanying the troops shouted hoarsely, trying to separate their own teams, but could not fully account for everyone. Some teams tried to stop, only to be more forcefully merged by other struggling groups.

Many rattan helmets scattered across the ground, and occasionally a few rattan shields and spears dropped. Xiulote first counted the fallen spears, roughly a hundred. He shook his head helplessly. Then, he counted the fallen rattan shields, arriving at a rough number of twenty.

Xiulote frowned. These rattan shields were tied to the arms; unless the militia intentionally removed them, they should not have fallen off. Realizing this, his expression turned icy as he spoke a few words to the guard, who then hurried away.

Soon, Balda nodded fiercely, wearing a remorseless slight smile. The training officer once again issued an order.

"Blow the horn, halt, disperse on the spot and wait!"

The shrill sound of the horn rang out, and the supervising samurai on the outside took out their war clubs, leading the way, dispersing the assembled spear soldiers from the perimeter. As the groups gradually thinned out, the operation of the spear corps began to normalize. One third of the shield and spear soldiers formed into small arrays, spaced apart on the wings. The remaining militia stood in their places, trying to maintain a strict formation.

When everyone was finally stationary, Balda roared out loudly.

"On the battlefield, your shield is your life! The shield should be bound to your arms, tied around your neck, to fall with you. Those who drop their shield, forfeit their lives!"

Having said this, the training officer waved mercilessly.

"Bring those who lost their shields to the front of the formation!"

On hearing the command, the supervising samurai once more stepped into the center of the scattered militia crowd, dragging out the militia who lacked shields, and pressed them at the very front of the spear formation.

Guzman sensed trouble. He subtly stepped back, concealing the miner behind him whose rattan shield was also lost at some unknown time. Fortunately, their formation was tight, and the supervising samurai just briefly scanned before moving towards the center of the loose militia group.

A quarter of an hour later, about a dozen militia who had lost their rattan shields were pressed at the front of the formation. Their legs trembled, and they started to grasp their imminent fate. Among them, a nimble salt worker repeatedly cried out for mercy, but was forcefully silenced by a samurai grabbing his neck from behind, leaving only a muffled cry.

Balda swept across the entire scene with commanding authority, then swung his war club downward fiercely.

"Execute them all!"

Without hesitation, the supervising samurai drew their long daggers, swiftly slicing across the necks of the militia in the front. In just over a dozen breaths, there were more than a dozen patches of spreading crimson on the ground, and those lying down could no longer make any sound.

Watching the spear militia standing silently, sober and serious, Balda nodded in satisfaction. He issued another order.

"The formation disperses. Gather in groups of a thousand for dispersed column training!"

Under the summons of the officers at all levels, the militia gathered again, slightly spread out and resumed their march. Everyone was silent, simply tightening the straps of their rattan shields and gripping their spears tightly. Guzman, leading the group, deliberately passed by the scattered rattan shields, leaving gaps for his comrades behind him. The miner bent down swiftly, snatching his shield back as if grabbing gold from the Gold River, then quickly and carefully tied it tight. Then, he leaned forward and quietly thanked Guzman.

"Guzman brother, you saved me! I'll follow your lead from now on!"

Guzman smiled and nodded in the front. Soon, they rejoined the thousand-strong camp and, under the command of the Warrior Camp Chief, resumed their formation.

This time, their pace was much slower, but the time spent was actually shorter than before. The eight dispersed thousand-man battalions did not interfere with each other, each battalion formed five sharp spear formations with two hundred men. Then the militia reset their spears and stood still.

From the divine platform, Xiulote observed carefully and gave a slight nod.

Before him, forty small spear formations, roughly grouped into eight clusters, appeared. There were gaps of dozens of meters between the formations, which gradually closed as they moved until every five formations formed a rough straight line. This would be the defensive line on the battlefield. Although the line still had wave-like fluctuations, with some formations gradually becoming circular, at least they had some real combat capability.

Xiulote contemplated in his heart.

"This time, the thousand-man formation was much more effective. It seems that as the scale of the formation expands, the difficulty of forming up linearly increases. The large formations at the legion level clearly exceed the current capabilities of the militia."

Then, Xiulote thought of the loose formation during the movement, and the time needed to reform, and he sighed lightly. In his vision, this new army's template was the spear formation soldiers of early Ancient Greece, capable of marching in formation, coordinating collective combat, and if necessary, launching short-range charges with several rows of long spears. Now, it seemed, this new army was far from the early formation soldiers, not to mention the more demanding Macedonian phalanx soldiers.

Xiulote carefully reminisced, the new army he organized resembled more the spear and shield soldiers commonly seen during the Three Kingdoms period in Huaxia.

The spears, ranging from two and a half to three meters, could allow the front and back three rows to stab simultaneously. However, due to the strength required for stabbing, the frequency of attacks was actually not high, serving more to block. The one-meter-diameter rattan shield could provide effective protection, warding off arrows and war clubs, greatly enhancing the militia's survivability. Of course, the larger shield also further reduced their offensive capability.

In sum, the current positioning of this new army was more inclined towards static defense, resisting the attacks of samurai, maintaining the stability of the line, and acting as a meat shield absorbing fire.

"We can't expect the militia trained for a few months to have the same charge capability as the samurai. The real output will still rely on cross-shooting flat shooting crossbows and the elite samurai's flank charges."

Xiulote gazed at the spear formation before him and swiftly pondered in his mind. In his view, the intensive training of the long spear militia had just begun. To truly bring out the power of the formation, it might take years of training and experience on the battlefield.

In the coming month, he also planned to arrange competitions between the small teams, rewarding the winners with better food and punishing losers with chores. Then there were adaptability trainings against bow and arrow shootings, defensive trainings against samurai charges... His mind was full of memories.

Xiulote thought for a long while, as did the long spear militia, standing solemnly. After a while, the young man summoned the guard, signaling to dismiss the spear formations and each camp to carry out their training separately.

Balda nodded and barked the command.

"Dismiss and divide the camps. Thousand-man camps train on shield defense and stabbing!"

After speaking, the fierce Eagle Warrior turned his head and looked at Ezpan beside him, who hardly made a presence, and whispered with a light chuckle.

"You people from Tarasco are really interesting, relying on such a spear formation, you can resist the invincible samurai?"

Ezpan's face showed an embarrassed smile, with a gleam of agility in his eyes. The training adjutant bowed his head respectfully to Balda. Then, he tilted his head slightly, squinting towards the prince with a flash of boundless desire in his heart.