

Civilization 47

Chapter 47 Trial Launch

Early the next morning, under the first light of dawn, Xiulote began his agility training.

He dodged Bertade's continuous swings with the nimbleness of a leaping monkey. As his muscle reflexes developed, he was already able to effectively avoid slower attacks. With such a reaction trained to the extreme, he could even make slight adjustments under arrow fire in the future, thus avoiding vital parts of his body and greatly increasing his chances of survival.

The body is the capital of a Samurai, and Martial Arts are the foundation of a Mexica's standing. There are not yet eighteen types of Martial Arts, but a Samurai must train with shield, War Club, Short Spear, Long Dagger, and Javelin. At this moment, Xiulote was planning to add another foundation to his standing: Archery.

Before long, Kuode arrived hurriedly with the craftsmen, carrying various bowstrings and pottery jars filled with bone glue. Xiulote was distracted by this and took a hit to the shoulder. Ouch, that hurt. He had no choice but to keep hopping.

The old carpenter bowed to Xiulote from a distance, smiled, and entered the house to install the bowstring on the Longbow. Bowstrings are usually made of a tough, single-strand line, and here, they used deer sinew. The ends had loops, fitting into small grooves at both ends of the bow and were then fixed with thin twine and bonded with bone glue.

In the middle of the bowstring, the old carpenter specifically wrapped a small loop of thin deer skin and then wound a thin twine around it. This was the centerpiece that protected the fingers that hooked the bowstring from the string. Above it, he used two thin lines looped to create the nocking point, where the arrow tail contacts the bowstring, preventing the arrow tail from sliding and reducing shooting accuracy. These components were once again fixed with bone glue.

By late morning, as Xiulote finished his endurance training, the English Longbow, no, the Mexica Longbow was finally completed. Holding the "Divine Weapon," he couldn't wait to go to the training ground, the two meters and twenty centimeters of the bow's length towering over the youth by two whole sizes. The boy could only tilt the Longbow slightly to master the shooting center.

Then, Xiulote excitedly took a bone arrow over seventy centimeters long from Bertade's hands, nocked it, and pulled hard. To his surprise, he found that with his current strength, he was actually unable to fully draw the Longbow. Bertade's good-natured chuckles came from beside him.

The boy's face turned red with effort as he drew the bowstring and then aimed at the Leather Armor set up seventy paces away, attempting a level shot. A sharp "swish" sounded, and the Bone Arrow flew like unseen Lightning, soaring beyond the height of the Leather Armor. It arced faintly before thudding into the ground at a hundred and ten paces. When everyone went over to look, the arrow had sunk nearly a quarter into the soil.

Clearly, at the last moment, the boy's hands had not been steady, and the arrow had risen slightly during release, turning a level shot into a lobbing one. However, when everyone saw the shooting power at a hundred and ten paces, the Samurais and craftsmen looked at each other, their astonishment beyond words. The boy smiled proudly.

The following tests were clearly much more serious. Bertade took the Longbow, asking everyone to step back slightly. The weathered warrior inhaled deeply, held the Longbow aloft with his left hand steady as the ground, and pulled firmly with his right, bending the bow into a circular arc. He paused briefly to aim and released a shooting star of an arrow.

Drawing a swift and straight arc, the Bone Arrow punctured the Leather Armor at seventy paces with a "bang," tearing open two round holes in the chest. It continued to glide forward for dozens more paces before landing diagonally, the arrowhead still embedded in the ground.

The onlookers erupted in cheers, praising the "Divine shot". The Head Warrior's face flushed slightly; he had actually aimed for the helmet on the Leather Armor. Even the experienced Samurais of Mexica rarely practiced Archery; they were more adept at the precise throwing of Javelins at close range. Bertade's Archery skills came from his youth when he practiced hunting birds in the woods with a Hunting Bow.

After another power check of the shooting, everyone's expression turned serious. At a distance of seventy paces, Leather Armor was as thin as leaves before the Longbow, and that was using Bone Arrows. If sharp Copper Arrowheads had been used...

"This will be a revolutionary weapon. Within the ninety paces of Longbow's fire, elite Leather Armored Samurai and ordinary Militia clothed fighters are no different. Once hit, one is either critically injured or dead," Bertade commented seriously on the effect of the shooting.

Everyone looked at each other and nodded in agreement. There was a vague sense of an era of change dawning.

The Head Warrior again tested the extreme range of the Mexica Longbow. He drew the bow full circle, with the arrowhead angled half towards the sky, and fired a forty-five degree parabolic arc into the distant white clouds.

Xiulote ran to check the landing. The Bone Arrow had a range of a full hundred and sixty paces, ushering in a revolutionary dominance over all of Mexico's simple single bows, capable of firing and suppressing city walls from the plains.

At this point, the faces of those present were filled with irrepressible joy, mixed with serious contemplation. Kuode first smiled in satisfaction, proud of his craftsmanship. Then, the old carpenter glanced at the hole in the Leather Armor target and suddenly sighed softly.

As if made of tireless steel, Bertade repeatedly tested the power of the Longbow at different distances until his arms ached and he could shoot no more.

Xiulote got the actual data for the Mexica Longbow finally: a draw weight of over 90 pounds, an approximate initial arrow speed of 55 meters per second, a maximum lob shooting distance of about 160 paces, a maximum level shooting distance of ninety paces, can penetrate cloth armor within a hundred and forty paces, injure Leather Armor within a hundred paces, and a level shot at seventy paces could pierce straight through the Leather Armor! And within twenty paces, using metal arrowheads, it could completely shatter the chain mail armor of most European Cavalry.