

Civilization 76

Chapter 76: Calculations at the Temple on the Eve of Departure_3

"This is the mainstay of the army," Aweit said with some emotion. "The nine long flags represent the lineages of nine hereditary nobilities. The number of feathers on the long flags represents the number of the Great Nobility."

"Generally speaking, these feathers make up at least half of your army's battalion-level commanders, all of your regiment-level commanders! Each feather representing the Great Nobility starts as a battalion-level commander, equivalent to the pinnacle of an ordinary civilian Samurai."

The youth shook his head; the resistance to military reform in the commander system was still too great.

As he spoke, Aweit took out an old wooden board. This was military information acquired from Quetzal after capturing the Capital City reinforcements. He found the flag at the forefront, pointing to the largest feather and said:

"Look, Xiulote, this flag with the sunflower pattern is the family emblem of the Quetzal lineage. The largest feather on top is Quetzal. Since we're going to use it as the ritual flag first thing tomorrow morning, let's paint over it now."

Aweit then casually picked up a brush, dipped it into the Maya blue dye used for sacrifices, and covered the feather representing the Great Nobility Quetzal with a stroke. "Quetzal" was covered in blue, sacrificed to the Heavenly Divine.

"Aweit, are we really going to execute Quetzal tomorrow? If this news spreads to the Capital, how would the Chief Priest Quetzal react?" the youth asked seriously.

"Of course, Quetzal is the Supreme Commander of the reinforcements; keeping him alive is always a risk. His execution will serve well to deter the generals and Samurais, increasing our chances of victory," Aweit declared.

Aweit sat up straight. His bright eyes sparkled with the edge of a Commander-in-Chief. A King's confidence appeared on his smiling face.

"Let's give it our all in this battle! If we win, we'll have everything, ascend to the throne, become the Divine Eagle soaring into the sky. If we lose, we'll lose our lives, join the Divine Kingdom, and fall as petals into the abyss. Why worry so much!"

Aweit laughed heartily, tossing the wooden board to the side. He then pulled the youth toward him, sitting him beside himself.

"These drawings are too cumbersome; come, let's use your invented writing to reorganize the military information." Saying this, Aweit picked up the brush and started recording on the wooden board: "Thirty thousand Samurais, thirty thousand Militia, food for a hundred thousand for one month..."

Xiulote thought for a moment, then suddenly broke into a smile: "Aweit, now it's my turn to teach you something."

With that, the youth snatched the brush and wooden board from his teacher's hands and wrote in Chinese characters:

"He who calculates well before the battle is won has many such calculations; he who calculates poorly is defeated. More calculations lead to victory, fewer lead to defeat, not to mention no calculations at all!"

"What is this?"

Xiulote burst out laughing, throwing the wooden board to the side like his teacher did. He then grabbed the elder's hand, lifted the tent flap, and together they gazed at the vast and distant Milky Way.

The stars in the galaxy haven't changed for millennia, and wars will continue for millennia. The youth recalled the images from his "memories": the Napoleonic Wars, the Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, World War I, World War II, from the Army General Staff to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, from industrialization to digitalization, until the era when computing decided everything!

"This is the future of war!" the youth said confidently, gazing at the bright stars.

"...Come over here! Copy the military intelligence."

"Ouch, ouch, ouch, stop pinching my face, it hurts so much!"

The night before they set off was filled with hustle and bustle. Only when Sirius quietly rose and dawn was not far off did they finally complete the last of their strategic planning and solidify their battle plan.

The two had completed all military preparations and had managed to forget the pressure of the upcoming battle for a rare moment.

Temporarily freed from the shackles of the throne, all they discussed was the direction of military reform, hands joined in creating a future that could change everything.