

## Civilization 96

### Chapter 96 Banquet\_3

After feeling about sixty percent full, the young man picked up two more skewers of fresh pineapple grilled meat and sprinkled them with a light chili powder. The sour and sweet pineapple invigorated him, and the slightly spicy turkey, after being grilled, carried a hint of crunchy skin, and was savory and tender enough to be a satisfying side dish.

Then, after some thought, the young man ladled himself a bowl of tomato and mushroom soup. He still preferred the slight acidity of the tomatoes and the smooth freshness of the mushrooms. This, he considered, was a good soup to have after the meal. Feeling now about ninety percent full.

Lastly, the young man hesitated for a long time between the sweet cactus fruits and the chocolate flavored with herbs, but in the end, he chose two kinds of cactus fruit, for it was October, and the cactus fruits had just ripened.

He chilled the cactus fruits slightly with well water, then broke open their skin and took a bite.

The greenish-white flesh yielded a clear, sweet juice, reminiscent of summer watermelons, while the purplish-red flesh contained a sticky sweetness, more akin to autumn's dragon fruit. Then, a light floating sensation rose in the young man's mind, the unique faint hallucinogenic effect of the cactus fruit, bringing with it a moment of dreaminess.

As the banquet reached its most jovial point, after everyone had partaken of tequila, the great tent became boisterous.

Aweit then rose from his throne, waving his Divine Staff like a War Club tilted at an angle, beginning the ritual of the War Dance.

The leaders of each City-State and their direct subordinates then understood and rose to their feet.

The Samurai stood in lines, chanting in unison, like the cries of eagles and roars of tigers, brandishing shields and War Clubs. They stomped with exuberant steps, occasionally striking one another, raising the roar of battle, then adeptly avoiding collision, forcefully stamping the ground, displaying agility and strength in their movements.

Stanley beat upon the heavy war drum, its resonant beats pulsing with the fervor of battle.

Acap played the soft, beautiful flute, the sound wafting far into the heavens and earth.

Xiulote sang the ancient divine music, the clear and lofty melodies echoing with the desolation of antiquity.

Ugus hummed an elegant lament, his graceful song outlining the shifting seasons.

This was the Samurai's celebration of battle, their remembrance of ancestors. The vast lands they traversed, the changing seasons in their myriad colors, all unfolded like picturesque memories from the past, intertwining through everyone's hearts like rivers.

The generals then danced wholeheartedly in the War Dance, bonding through the movements, singing out loud in unison, blending voices indistinguishably. They continued until they drew close, lost in exhilaration without reserve. In their wildest shouts, they wept and sang of their fierce passion!

This was the communion and emotion of the Samurai, lost, slightly drunk, gradually forgetting themselves, leaving only the collective spirit of battle!

Xiulote also sang and drank heartily. In his cheer, he tossed aside his clay cup, seized Stanley's drum, and started to bang out Kitaro's feastful music! The young man echoed back with millennia-old roars, then unknowingly collapsed to the ground, drunk.

When he awoke, the night breeze carried a slight chill, Aweit's cloak laid upon him. He looked around the tent, filled with other generals sprawled out in drunkenness, then towards the head, where Aweit sat on the throne, smiling.

"My unparalleled Samurai, how did you find this evening's banquet?"

Just waking, the young man's heart was still filled with the joy and wildness of the feast.

He laughed heartily, praising,

"With wine cheer, draw sword and rise to sing, Lyrics fierce enough to shake heaven and earth.

Ambitions deep with great achievements assured; a conqueror's heart still yearning for the support of valiant warriors.

Lads follow my voice, soaring high, What passion and spiritedness as we all dance around!"

Aweit chuckled,

"Xiulote, no need to speak words I don't understand. Was the banquet to your liking? Was it good or not?"

"It was excellent! Before today's banquet, I brought Tizoc's body to project power, and the generals respected and obeyed, yet couldn't help feeling uneasy.

The banquet was so enjoyable, leaders from City-States and subordinates gathered happily, Priests and Samurai drinking and singing together. It opened the generals' hearts, dispelling any grudges."

"After the banquet, everyone's hearts have aligned with you!"

Xiulote then clapped in admiration, "Even I got drunk by you tonight, revealing such unrestrained behavior, it's unimaginable!"

"No! No! I have never been so wild," the young man suddenly realized, "Aweit, did you drug this wine?!"

The King on the throne smiled without a word. Gillim then emerged from the shadows behind the throne, bowing deeply to the young man, offering a solemn apology.