

Mud on your face

Augur Xantros

11518

37 ABY, forests of Maqor, Ragnath, Caperion system

Xantros looked at a glade in front of him. It seemed to be a nice place to take a short break. He had been clearing his way through thick bushes for few hours and he was tired of it. He was sweating so much that his clothes were virtually soaked with his sweat. The only thing he dreamt about was finishing the mission that he had been assigned to and to take a long shower so that he could finally get rid of the sweat and the uncomfortable feeling that it caused.

The Augur observed the glade for few moments longer to determine, if there was anything dangerous waiting for him out there. Fortunately, it seemed that the clearing was completely free from any animals or sentient beings at that moment. Nothing suggested that anything wrong might happen, even though there was a tall grass growing in most of the area. However, there was even a small pond in the center of the glade as the Duros noticed lightning reflexes typical for water.

Xantros left the relatively safe covered provided by trees and quickly moved towards the pond, where he could refresh himself after a long and exhausting march through the forest. Suddenly, he felt that his right foot slipped on something. He tried to keep the balance, but his left foot slipped too. He fell on the ground and his head plunged into mud. He slowly got on his knees and removed mud from his face with the upper side of a sleeve.

„Sithspit!” cursed the Augur angrily. „I am not only sweating like a Gamorrean, but now I am covered with mud too! And to think that I have spent so long on cleaning my clothes after the last mission.”

After standing up, the Duros carefully walked towards the pond, trying to make his steps on more stable areas of the ground, where a chance of slipping again was lower. He kept cursing the accident, still angry for what happened. Certainly, it was not the first time that he ended up dirty and sweaty as he was fighting in countless skirmishes and battles and took part in countless missions of less violent nature, but it did not mean that he liked dirt and sweat.

It was not as glorious as many young people, who just joined the military, kept thinking. They were so naive if they believed that their armours would shine all the time and that they would easily win battles and wars. Of course, the propaganda simply did its job as it was meant to recruit more and more people into the service in the Imperial Army or the Imperial Navy. However, the glory was earned in dirt, mud, blood and sweat. It was mentioned in recruitment holovids and posters extremely rarely.

Such situation made people believe that the success was earned through sweat, blood and tears. Sweat of one's subordinates, blood of one's enemies and tears of one's victims, but the truth was quite different. The success, if it happened, was more often earned through sweat, blood and tears of oneself and their comrades. Only few could honestly claim otherwise, but such people usually found themselves at the top of command.

Xantros sighed and grimly smiled to his thoughts as he finally reach the pond in the center of the glade. He quickly washed himself a bit and rested for a while. He needed to regain some energy before continuing his march through the forest to reach a secluded outpost of the Meraxis Empire, where one of the last sparks of resistance to Clan Scholae Palatinae still existed. Few hours later,

they all would be dead and the resistance there would be crushed, but no one would remember about the way that the Augur had to make to turn out victorious. The way that was not so glorious, but full of mud, dirt and sweat instead.