



The Commander's Gambit: The Battle
of Serpent's Throat

Md Riaz

SERPENT'S PASS



Commander Hamix stood atop the Iron Ridge, his cape fluttering in the cold wind as he looked down at the vast plains. Below, the Dhala Empire's ten thousand soldiers stood in silent formation, dwarfed by the massive golden tents of the thirty thousand invaders.



Hamix pointed his map toward the Serpent's Throat, a narrow, rocky canyon cutting through the nearby mountains. He knew that in those tight walls, the enemy's overwhelming numbers would become their greatest weakness.



Under the cover of twilight, Hamix ordered his men to build hundreds of extra campfires across the hills to the east. The glowing embers danced in the dark, tricking the enemy scouts into believing reinforcements had arrived from the capital.



As the sun rose, Hamix led a deliberate, messy retreat, making his disciplined army look like a panicked mob fleeing toward the canyon. The enemy commander, blinded by the prospect of an easy victory, ordered his entire force to give chase.



The massive enemy army poured into the Serpent's Throat, their ranks becoming crushed and disorganized as the path narrowed. Horses collided and shields clashed against stone, turning their grand formation into a chaotic tangle of men.



High above on the jagged cliffs, Hamix gave a silent signal with a polished silver mirror. Suddenly, hidden Dhala soldiers pushed massive boulders and logs over the edge, sealing the entrance and exit of the pass.



From the shadows of the canyon walls, Dhala archers appeared, raining arrows down upon the trapped invaders. The enemy's superior numbers meant nothing now, as they had no room to swing their swords or maneuver their steeds.



Hamix ignited barrels of damp straw, sending thick, white smoke billowing through the canyon floor. In the blinding haze, the enemy soldiers began to fight one another in confusion, unable to distinguish friend from foe.



At the perfect moment, Hamix raised his sword and led his elite cavalry in a thunderous charge from the hidden exit of the pass. They struck like a lightning bolt, cutting through the disoriented remnants of the once-mighty opposition.



As the dust settled, the remaining invaders dropped their weapons and surrendered to the brilliant commander of Dhala. Hamix looked over the quiet battlefield, knowing that a sharp mind is the most powerful weapon any soldier can carry.