“Drink up, old friend,” said Dabo, placing his hand on the bottom of the ampoule and pushing it up. “There’s plenty more where that came from. You’re a fool, Clodius. Maybe, when you’re grown up, you can be a soldier too. And if your papa can just fall in the way of a bit of luck, you might even be a member of the first class, a principi. His wife sniffed loudly. Drisia’s soothsaying had promised much more than that, but it was not something Fulmina discussed with the sceptical Clodius. Even so, she could not let his remark pass. “Some future for Aquila, and all the while Dabo’s eldest brat grows up to be a knight. Dabo’s a long way from being that, said Clodius looking up, for once on safe ground with the promise Dabo had given him to support his fami...