

Herod's Eyes

Excerpt 2

My young potential servants slowly lined up in two ranks of ten, at the prodding of the gladiator. Too slowly.

"You, boys," snapped the stocky man. "Get in line." They quickly complied.

"My name is Lykos," he stated, when they were properly aligned. "As you can tell by my name and accent, I am Greek." He walked down the lines, inspecting the youngsters and young men.

"You have received initial training for this service, and have passed your first tests. From this moment on, you have no names, and you are from nowhere. If you rise high enough to be an independent operator, you will be given a code name. You will use no other. Until that time, if I order three servants to follow me and do whatever I command, the closest three will come. If anyone gives orders, obey them. *You* do not give orders unless authorized. You will be trained as a team, so you will think along similar lines.

"You will not act stupidly. We will reward intelligent initiative if it helps us reach a goal. You will keep your eyes open, and your mouths shut.

"These are the basic rules. You are to be servants, but not slaves. If you cannot abide by these rules, you leave now. After this moment, you are servants in the organization, and there will be a place for you. You will be loyal, and you will prosper. Anyone who wishes to leave must go now."

No one moved.

"Good," said the Greek. "Instruction begins immediately. As there are no questions, the gladiator here will get you started." He hadn't asked for questions.