**--Tell him off--**

“Hey! You were the one that bumped into me. You watch where you are going!”

The drunk shoves you back harder this time. You regain your footing with your left leg. “What was that? Mind your manners, child. Do you really want to go there? Why don’t you show respect for your superiors, huh?” The drunk spits in your face.

You slowly wipe the vile spit from your face, glaring back at the drunk all the while doing so.

“I don’t know who you think you are, but you are not my superior,” You shove the drunk back. “Don’t touch me,”

“Oh? Look what we have here, someone who thinks they’re a big shot. What are you going to do if I touch you, huh?” The drunk pushes you back. “What, are you going to fight back? Haha, you sissy. Look at how weak you are. It’s like pushing a lump of grains around,” He pushes you back again.

The drunk laughs as he moves in for another shove. You sidestep to the left and swing a punch at his face making a satisfying small crunch noise. The tavern goes silent and you realize now you two have become the center of attention.

“I don’t think that was a good idea,” Narrator whispers in your mind.

The drunk stares at you, smiles and wipes off the dripping blood from his nose.

“Ah, child. That’s how it’ll be, huh?” He spits out on the floor and rolls up his sleeves. “We can play this game. Time for some fun,”

You curse at him.

“Oh, poor child, trying to act tough. Actions speak louder than words,” The drunk punches your face and you stumble back.

The tavern became lively once more, ignoring the fight breaking out between you two. You regain your balance and you throw a sloppy kick at the drunk. He grabs your leg and elbows your calf with his other arm. You scream out in pain and you drop to the floor as the drunk let goes of your leg. He laughs.

“That’s all you got?” He kicks your stomach. “Haha, my dog puts up a better fight than you can. Come on now. Get up and show us whose boss,”

You sweep a leg underneath him. His body makes a thud against the wooden floorboards. You quickly get up and attempt to kick him while he’s down. You get a couple of weak kicks before he’s up and ready for more. Judging from the way the fight is going, you really don’t have much of a chance. In fact, you believe he’s had years of training, while you have virtually nothing. The only fighting lessons you had were watching fight scenes in movies. Not very helpful.

The drunk stares at you with fire and annoyance in his eyes. He runs towards you and you attempt to sidestep out of the way, but you were too slow. He tackles you down towards the floor and proceeds to pound at your face.

“You worthless ashca,”

After many relentless lows to your face, your head feels light and the room feels as though it’s spinning. You can’t feel your face anymore. You thought the never ending punches would never stop, until you saw the drunk getting pulled off of you from your swollen eyes. The last thing you see is a taller person picking you up before you black out.

**--You wake up**