**--New Recruit Training**

A medium built man dressed in full leather armor paces in front of you and the other recruits, you are lined up shoulder to shoulder with the others. He studies everyone before speaking. He steps back a bit and takes in a deep breath.

“I am Captain Westerfield. I will be whipping you into shape. I will not tolerate laziness. Anyone caught slacking during training sessions will be removed from the premises immediately. Understood?”

No one dare speak a word. No one knew if he was asking a rhetorical question or not.

“I said, is that clear recruits?!”

“YES SIR!” everyone replied.

“Good,” Captain Westerfield walks towards a large wooden chest. “Now, we’re going to start off simple with practice swords.” He tosses a few in our general direction. “Now, the sword is a great weapon, thin and quick. Your sword must become an extension of your arm. It must feel second nature to use the sword. Now, I’ll be showing you guys how to perform a quick jab,”

Captain Westerfield stood with his legs shoulder width apart and he lunged forward, shoving the tip of the sword in the air before quickly returning back to his beginning stance.

“Quick and dirty, as if you were fencing, however, fighting with a sword is nowhere near fencing. Alright, I want every one of you to do fifty jabs. I will be watching your form. Go!”

You get into the ready stance and perform a quick jab in the air. Captain Westerfield approaches you with a frown on his face.

“Try that again, recruit,”

You whisper your name under your breath before attempting another job. However, you are quickly thrown down to the ground and your sword drops beside you. As you look up Captain Westerfield looks down at you in contempt.

“What was that, recruit?”

“I have a name, and I prefer you to use it,” You try sitting up, but right as you do so Captain Westerfield points the tip of his sword at you.

“This isn’t a practice sword. I do not accept lip from any recruit. You want me to use your name, then earn the right,”

Your sword is within reach.

**--Apologize**

**--Grab your sword and smack his away**