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

You grab your sword and smack it against the Captain Westerfield’s sword. Using the newly created space, you roll over away and bounce back up to your feet. You point your sword towards the captain and you smile.

“Was that good enough for you?”

“Nice attempt, however, it’s not good enough,” He sheathes his sword and smirks.

You glowered at him. “Tsk, figures,”

“There’s a tournament on Turdas for all recruits to prove themselves. If you can become the winner, then I’ll acknowledge your name. But for now you are a recruit. Now do as I say and show me your jab,”

Turdas? What day was that again?

“It’s next week. Exactly next week,” replied Narrator.

“Thanks,”

“No problem,”

You stare back at Captain Westerfield. And he gesture for you to redo the quick jab for him. You get into the ready stance again and perform a quick jab.

“Your jab is not direct enough, and you need to keep your elbow strong. Keep practicing,”

“…”

“At this point, you should be thanking me for even bothering to give you advice,”

“Yes Captain,”

You perform the rest of your jabs following the advice the Captain gave you. Afterwards, he instructs everyone to run five laps around the compound. By the time you finished, you threw up 2 times and can no longer feel the rest of your body. Somehow, you were able to carry your exhausted body back to the barracks.

You plop face first into your bed. And to think, this will be your life for the rest of the foreseeable future. The exhaustion takes you and you swiftly fall asleep.

**--Training Tournament**