**--Training Tournament**

Here it is. Finally, after a week of hard training, you survived and here you stand. In amidst of all the other new recruits that survived training with you. In front of you are three identical rings drawn out on the ground. You figure that where the fighting will be. You become more restless as Captain Westerfield approaches. Today, you’ll show him that you deserve every bit of his respect.

“Alright, here’s the day to prove your worth!” Captain Westerfield stares down at you specifically. “For those who want to raise up in ranks, finishing off top five will grant you that opportunity. Finish last and well, your fate will be decided amongst the judges,” He sweeps an arm towards the left, bringing attention to the two other people standing over there.

You recognize both of them instantly. General Zillia and Lieutenant General Julian. They both nod at you and you return the gesture. Guess the pressure to prove yourself is stronger now. You zone out the Captain while he goes on his little inspiring monologue and brush up on the techniques you have learnt throughout the past week.

Quick jabs, blocks, dodging, and hard swings. You review all of the forms and the situations you would use them in your mind. A loud clap brings you back from your thoughts.

“It’s time for the tournament to start. The pairings and times are posted on the board to your right, please review your times so you don’t miss out on your match. Winners will advance to the next round,” Captain Westerfield and the other judges head over to the judging tables to keep an eye out on the different matches going on.

You head over to the board and find out that your match starts now. You rush over to the middle rink and unsheathe your sword. You place your legs a shoulder width apart and move your weight back and forth to keep yourself flexible. A skinny man approaches your ring and nods. You recognize him from training, but you never got his name.

You introduce yourself, and he does the name. Varus is his name.

“The guy’s a twig, you can beat him. Hands down. You got this,” encourages Narrator.

“Thanks, I hope so,” you reply mentally.

“Don’t worry. Be more confident!”

The bell rings signaling the start of the round. Varus circles around you with his sword in hand, and you turn your body to keep an eye on him. Your hands itch to attack him, but you wait for him to make the first move. Just like you learnt from training. When the opponent attacks first, you have more information on how to proceed after. That is, if Varus decides to attack. You start to get a bit dizzy from all of his circling. Finally, he stops only a few feet in front of you and lunges towards you with what it seems like a quick jab.

**--You perform a quick jab yourself**

**--You dodge out of the way**

**-- You perform a hard swing**