--You dash towards Varus, faking an attack

You dash towards Varus, holding your sword upright. You pray that he falls for this fake upper attack. To your luck, Varus swings his sword above his head to block your fake attack, leaving his bottom torso while open. You quickly switch directions with your sword and aim for his torso.

That’s when you notice Varus smiling. As your arm moves in closer to his body, he jumps back. Leaving you with nothing but air to make contact with. He dashes off to the right, and swings in with his sword. The sword rings as it collides into your chest plate.

The bell rings signalling the end of the match. There was no time to get another hit in. Varus wins this round.

The tournament ends, and unfortunately you came dead last. Not only that, but it seems like you made a few enemies along the way during the tournament. That doesn’t seem to faze you at all. No, it gave you a deeper desire to get better so you can beat them next time.

You storm back to the barracks. You fling your chest plate against the far wall of the sleeping quarters. You don’t care if you get into trouble for doing that.

“You did the best you could today,” says Narrator.

“Yeah well my best wasn’t good enough,”

“That’s what practice is for, but for now you should get some rest. It’s been a long day,”

You sit on your bed. “I guess,”

“It was a delight watching you. I got some bad news, it’s time for me to leave,”

“Really? Got somewhere else to be?”

“Yeah, someone else is waking up. And I’ve been called to deal with it. The others have seen how much progress you have made, and decided I was best fit to take up the newbie,”

“Is that so?” You make a frown. “How did the others deem you as the best fit?”

“Well, because you established a place of belonging for now,”

“How so?”

“Don’t you want to prove to the others that you can beat them?”

“Yes.”

“So you’ll be sticking around here for a little longer until you do, or until you give up. But from there, that’s your journey. I was here just to make sure you had a bit of guidance for your start,”

“I understand. It was great having you along for the ride. I’m going to miss the space you took up in my mind,”

“Show the others whose boss alright? I know you have it in you,”

You smile. “Thanks, Narrator. Goodbye,”

With that, your mind feels a bit lighter. And it’s no secret that you’ll miss her voice in your mind. However, she was right. You needed more practice before you can beat the others in another tournament.

**--You made some enemies with your hectic fighting style and Captain Westerfield has yet to acknowledge you. But you’re determined to make a name for yourself within the ranks of Tetraon Legion.**

**Restart?**