**--You swing at Varus with a hard swing**

You stare back at Varus with anger in your eyes. Your blood is boiling, you scan his body to find any open areas for your next attack. You notice that he left his left side open, you lunge forward and swing sword hard at his side. A smile on his face catches your eye, and you realize your mistake. It was a trap.

He blocks your attack, but the force of your swing takes him back a step. He quickly regains his footing and smacks you with the dull part of the blade. Three. Three hits. You didn’t have to wait for the judges to call it, you knew.

You reluctantly shake hands with Varus and thank him for the good match.

“Thanks,” He pats you on the shoulder, “Good luck with your other matches. Maybe next time, okay?”

“Yeah, thanks…”

“Ouch that sucks. You should get your arm patched up. It’s still bleeding,” said Narrator.

“Okay,”

You head over to the infirmary before your next match.

The tournament ends and you ended up last place. Recruits were still able to be soldiers in the Tetraon Legion, however you weren’t able to gain the respect from Captain Westerfield. Instead of calling you recruit, he calls you soldier.

Zillia on the other hand expressed her thoughts on your progress. She wasn’t exactly disappointed in you, but she definitely stated that she had higher expectations for you.

You release a sigh as you plop back into your bed in the barracks.

“Hey, don’t worry. There’ll be other chances for you to prove your worth to him,” says Narrator in her most comforting tone.

“I guess so,”

“You’ll be fine. No matter what you decide to do from here,”

“Hm? What do you mean?”

“Well, I’ve gathered all that I need. And made sure you had a good enough foundation, it’s time for me to leave now,”

You don’t know how you feel about this parting. You have finally gotten used to having someone inside your head for so long.

“I’m sure, you’ll do fine though. Stay strong, and I trust that you’ll do whatever calls you to you the most,”

You nod.

“Goodbye Narrator,”

“Bye,”

You can feel your head becoming lighter as Narrator leaves your mind. You know it’ll take some time to get used to not having her around. You roll over to your back and stare at the ceiling. There are other opportunities in this castle to prove yourself, or maybe there’ll be opportunities in the city that will appeal to you better. You smile at all of the new possibilities you could do. And the thought of a new day lightens your spirit and you doze off to sleep.

**--You might not have gotten the respect of the captain, but you were able to figure out what you wanted to do afterwards. Not a bad end, if I do say so myself.**

Restart?