**--You finish the round off with a hard swing**

Now Varus is a bit on edge. His free hand keeps moving around. This makes you smile even harder. Time for the finishing blow. Now, how can you do this without getting hit or caught?

You slide towards Varus and trip him. He falls on his back, landing with a metallic clank. You bounce up on your feet and swing the dull part of the sword at his torso.

“Game and match,” you grin at him. You offer a hand.

He grabs it. “Thanks. It was an honor to fight you. Good luck with your other rounds,”

The tournament ends and even though your first match went well, you didn’t do so well during your other ones. You ended up near the middle of the pack, which means you didn’t get the respect of the Captain but you were able to prove to Zillia that she was indeed right about you.

She approaches you after the winners have been announced.

“Hey, nice fighting out there,”

“Thanks, but it wasn’t good enough for the top,”

“Haha, well all things considering you did pretty good for a weeks worth of training. You have definitely come far from the night at the tavern,”

You groan. “Oh please don’t remind me,”

She smiles at you, and places a hand on your shoulder. “It is the past that defines us, but it’s up to us to define our future,”

You don’t quite understand what she meant by that, but you smile and nod. Sir Julian approaches the both of you two.

“So, who wants to get some drinks at the Bubbly Maiden?” Julian asks.

You look at Zillia, then back at Sir Julian. Zillia didn’t seem like the type to drink, and you didn’t’ want to disappoint her, but it’s been a long day and you deserve it.

“Sure, why not,”

“Great! You in Zillia?”

“Yup, let’s go,”

You return back to your bed in the barracks, a little light headed from all the drinking. You’re estatic that you were able to prove to Zillia, she was right about you. You’re determined to keep training and working hard within the soldier’s ranks. One day you’ll get Captain Westerfield to acknowledge your name, and when he does, it’ll be a sweet victory. You roll over on your back and stare at the ceiling.

“That was a great day, don’t you think?” asked Narrator.

“Yeah, it was,”

“So listen, now that I know you’re in good hands, it’s time for me to leave,”

“What really?”

“Yeah. Don’t worry though, I trust that Zillia and Sir Julian will help guide you along your way,”

“But what are you going to do?”

“There’s someone new who is waking up from their coma. It’s my job to make sure they have a good foundation for their new life. Just like I did for you. I hope you understand,”

“I do,”

“On the bright side, you get your mind all to yourself again. Haha. Goodbye, it was great following you along your adventures. Best wishes on your next one,”

“Thanks, goodbye Narrator,”

With that, your mind felt lighter and emptier. It’ll take a while for you to get used to Narrator being gone, but she was right, you did find a place where you belong. You smile and roll over to your side. Tomorrow is a new day, and possibly a new opportunity will arise that will allow yourself to show that Captain Westerfield who’s boss. You force yourself to sleep so you could be well rested for the next day.

**--So you didn’t win the tournament, but you proven that Zillia was right about the potential she saw in you. Another day comes where you can find ways to get that filthy Captain to acknowledge your name. Not bad, if you ask me.**

Restart?