**--You try going in for a quick jab**

Varus dashes at you and you step off to the side to avoid him. He turns back and whips his sword at you. You jump back, and scan his body for any openings. There, you spot an opening near his left torso. You dive forward with your sword for a quick jab.

Varus elbows your extended arm causing you to drop the sword, and then he lightly taps the blunt of his sword on your back.

“Game, set, match. By maker’s breath that was a good fight,” Varus says in between breaths.

All you can do is smile at him and nod. It definitely was a good fight, you gave it your all. Now, all you can do hope you can win the other rounds you have left.

The tournament ends with you being last place. The other rounds demonstrated the lack of fighting skills you have. However, you did pretty well for someone who has only been in training for a week. You were still able to join the Tetraon Legion, but you weren’t able to gain the respect of the Captain.

You decide to sit down on the side of the castle walls after hearing of the placings. The cobblestone feels cold underneath you, and you stare at the semi random stone patterns under your feet. Footsteps brings you out of your self-pity. You look up to see Zilla approaching you.

“Hey. Not bad today. Not bad at all,”

“Thanks, but being last sucks,”

“For someone who only had training for a week, it wasn’t so bad,” Zillia offers a kind smile.

“Are you disappointed?”

“Not exactly. Your skills can be improved upon. Just because you lost this time, doesn’t mean life is over. You can always use it as a learning opportunity,” Zillia sits down beside you. “I watched every round, you fight recklessly. That can be worked on. Captain Westerfield also noticed that about your fighting,”

You fiddle with your fingers as Zillia talks.

“The more you train, the more you can work on not fighting so recklessly. Even though you joined the Legion, you’ll still be training hard every day,” Zillia pats your shoulder. “We have tournaments often, you’ll be able to gain the respect of everyone around you one day,”

“Thanks,”

“You must be tired, get some rest,” Zillia gets up and starts walking away. She turns her body back and says, “I’ll be headed off to a mission tomorrow, but we’ll talk soon,”

You nod and wish her good luck on her mission.

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. “Maybe with more training, you’ll improve enough to defeat the Captain in a duel. Wouldn’t that be awesome?”

“I guess so,”

“Haha, you sound tired. You should get some sleep. It’s nice that Zillia is still looking out for you.

“Yeah it is. But I don’t want to be babied anymore. I want to show the world my worth,”

“And you will. One day. It takes time, kid. It’s a shame I won’t be watching the rest of your journey,”

“Huh, 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. Zillia was right, there are other opportunities in this castle to prove yourself. Your first goal would be to win the next tournament they host. After that, you decide you want to challenge the Captain to a duel. Better yet, you want to take his role as Captain. You grin at the audacity of the idea and roll around to your side. For now you needed rest.

**--You didn’t gain the respect of the Captain, but there are more opportunities to prove yourself to him.**

**Restart?**