

Teaching

Erax was excited, it was his first fighting class at the University. He was waiting for the teacher with his classmates and the students from another class. Erax had heard that the teacher was a monstrous Troll, expert with all weapons. He wanted to show her that his father had trained him well.

“Let’s not wait for the old rag,” a student barked. “Let’s see which class is better at fighting.”

Some close to him sheared and the other quickly agreed. Binomes were formed and Erax found himself facing an elf girl. He took a wooden sword from the racks and she did the same.

They took position. He assumed the *Queen’s Guard*, the point upward, the edge resting on his shoulder. She assumed the *Iron’s Guard*, the point to the side near the ground.

He attacked, aiming for the head, she bonded with him faster than he expected. He broke the bind and stepped back, reforming his guard. She looked at him with a satisfied grin.

They exchanged for dozens of minutes, he tried everything, but each time she found the perfect parade. She was not stronger or faster, she was simply besting him. His self-esteem was crumbling down.

“Enough,” she said.

Erax stopped and became aware that all his classmates were watching them.

She rejoined her classmates. They hugged each other and started fusing. After a few seconds, a gigantesque Trolless emerged.

“Now, that I know what each of you is made of, let’s get to teaching.”