

*Who's next?*

"Ready Nim?" Nim gulped. *Oh, It's Greeves.*

"Yes." Nim replied. He turned to face the giant of a man that was Commander Greeves. They both got into position. Seeing that Greeves was staying put Nim decided to attack first, launching himself at Greeves. He sent a quick array of attacks towards Greeves each of which Greeves parried and dodged. As Greeves stepped forward Nim pulled back.

"Good, seems your footwork is in order."

Greeves continued to parry Nim's attacks one after the other.

"Now let's test your defense."

Greeves changed in an instant, lunging at Nim and swinging at his neck. Nim brought his sword up to block. *SLAM!* Nim stumbled backwards from the impact. *What is this pressure?* Greeves pulled back, attacking with another slash aimed at his right arm. Nim retreated to dodge Greeves' blade. He stood there tensely as Greeves slowly walked towards him. *How am I supposed to land an attack on him? He's clearly stronger than me and has years more experience.*

Greeves' onslaught continued and Nim kept dodging, trying to think of any way that he might be able to catch Greeves off guard.

"C'mon Nim, form a plan of attack, hit me with something I wouldn't expect." Greeves said. Nim kept dodging, until finally he got an idea. *It's pretty stupid but, I doubt he'll expect it.* Nim got ready for Greeves' next attack. *Well Here goes.* Nim dodged the next attack and then threw his sword at the most exposed part of Greeves body. The sword sailed through the air but Greeves dodged it, causing it to sail over his shoulder and land on the grass behind him.

Greeves stopped and dropped his stance.

"That was your attack?!" Greeves started laughing.

"I mean it's certainly unexpected, but really... I mean I haven't seen someone do that since I was like fifteen." Nim began laughing as well, a little embarrassed. Greeves completely lost it, and both him and Nim started to laugh even more.

“You said to do something unexpected, I was simply following orders.” Nim said sarcastically.

“That’s what you came up with?!” Greeves said, still unable to contain his laughter. All of the other sparring matches stopped for a moment distracted by Greeves and Nim.

As they calmed down, Nim went over to pick up his sword. Greeves blocked his way, with a smile still pasted on his face.

“No, you choose to throw your weapon away.” Greeves said smiling. Nim looked over at the sword, and quickly reached out in it’s direction. Luminescence shot out of his hand towards the sword. Before Nim could pull the sword back, Greeves turned and slashed down, shattering Nim’s luminescence. Nim felt a sharp pain shoot through his body as he fell down to one knee.

“Nice try.” Greeves said.