



The fire was burning, the smoke blanketed the scenery making it look like a horror film. Fin-Redinn stood up, and started to stare at Torak with his misleading blue eyes. Torak did the same, but his eyes were darker than his, he wanted to try and intimidate him. It worked, he looked away. Since Hord was watching the moment between the two boys he reluctantly walked over. Hord had this smile, it was arrogant and cocky at the same time. "You ready yet?" Hord said loathing the fact he has to fight him. Torak put his head down, but still looking up at Hord, a bit like a rabbit wanting food. Torak eventually agreed. As Hord and Torak walked toward their places, a crowd started to gather. As they were strapping their arm guards on, the gathering became larger (to the point of a festival). Hord pulled up his spear. Torak did the same. A spear was shot.

A spear was shot. Thankfully Torak managed to move his head out of the way just before it touched him. Realizing that he hadn't thought out his next move, so he copied the move that Hord just made. "Copying won't get you anywhere!" Torak lowered his head and stared at the floor. Suddenly, it all came back to him, all the stuff his father had taught him. He pulled his spear back and tried to make an unpredictable move.



It didn't work. Torak walked away "Where are you going?" Hord called out. The crowd moaned. The crowd's eyes were peering from Torak to Hord. "I'm getting water!" Torak shrieked while clenching his fists in annoyance. He started to walk back to the stadium, wiping the water which was dripping from his mud covered chin. The crowd, which was shouting as if a gush of wind had been blown in there, faces were repeatedly chanting "Fight, Fight" and even "Beat him Hord. Beat him Hord!" As Hord had already set up his weapons, he was able to strike. He immediately did a throw of his spear, missing Torak by inches. Hord stomped his foot so hard on the floor, that it made an echo. With Disbelief in his eyes, he looked at wolf and said "I don't think we are getting out of here."

Fin-Kedinn, who was glancing at Torak was mouthing the words "stop - just stop." Torak was clearly adamant that he wanted to stop but he could tell, just by the look in Hord's eyes, he wasn't going to. Torak started to shout, like a fireball was imploding in the pit of his stomach, he was uncontrollable. Hord gave a grin, a menacing one as well, morely arrogant. He had enough, Torak went and pushed a pot of slimy broth on Hord's Face. "CHEATER" screamed Hord "YOU USED WATER" Fin-Kedinn stood up. With a sigh he exclaimed. "Torak won"