

The Challenge

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Jack Storm could think of a million other things to be doing than sitting in the small building that was supposed to be his winter post. The fireplace in the corner had only a few smoldering embers left, giving off their last remnants of warmth. He knew the trainer for his barracks hated him, but he didn't think he would be sent out to this snowy wasteland to train as the apprentice to this strange sword master named Soren.

Like all the others in his barracks, he wore the white coverings that fit snugly over his light armor. This armor consisted of shoulder guards, a light breastplate, gauntlets, a groin guard, and leggings.

Jack was sixteen, with short, flaming red hair. His family heirloom was a ring made completely of rubies. He wore rabbit fur boots that were finally broken in after a few years of wear. His exceptional sword skills gained him entrance to the Dorin Kingdom barracks, where he continued his training.

Jack could hear grunting and yawning in the other room, signaling that Soren was up and moving. Jack started to make their breakfast and had it ready by the time Soren finally got up.

"Aye! Up and at 'em already, I see! Good!" His deep voice boomed in the small shack.

"Here's your breakfast, sir," Jack said as he sat down across from Soren.

When they finished eating, Soren said, "I think you're ready for a challenge."

Jack was slightly surprised. "A... A challenge, sir?"

"Yes, a challenge, boy. Have you gone deaf?"

