

The Warrior

The warrior awoke, his normally acute senses dulled by a good night's sleep. He shook the tiredness from his body, taking time to adjust his eyes to the daylight. He decided there was time for a wash before the day's work begun.

The cold water brought him fully round and he was able to plan the day ahead. There would undoubtedly be trouble, for him few days went by without toil and sweat. The only thing that kept him going was his belief that he was making the world a better place.

After his refreshing wash, he donned his gear. It had been costly, but he knew it had been the right choice; its smart appearance lulling many an opponent into a false sense of security. After all, many of his kind in such fine attire were only trying to disguise their own incompetence.

Before every day, regardless of its importance to the world, came breakfast, which every man requires. The warrior was no different.

A hurried but filling meal later, he checked his weapons. Although they were not the finest around, he knew that when combined with the knowledge and skill in his mind, few could best him in battle.

With a deep breath, he set off from his simple home. He did not have far to travel and he had enough time to take the journey at a relaxed pace. Turning up for such an important engagement looking weak would give him an immediate disadvantage.

The hall was large and, as expected, a large crowd had gathered. The people loved to watch these fights yet most of them would never understand the emotions the participants experienced; the moments of anxiety giving way to a sudden certainty that *this* was his purpose and he *could not* lose. Yet he knew that one day he would inevitably lose; perhaps today would be that day.

A huge man at the front of the hall called for silence and the excited chatter died down quickly. There were people both for and against him here and he understood how he must not let his supporters down. There was so much at stake and he could only hope he was up to the task.

He looked around the front of the hall and caught sight of his opponent, sitting across from him behind one of several handsome wooden tables. For the briefest moment they locked eyes; the warrior knew that he and his adversary had the same thoughts running through their heads. However, he could not have had the same level of conviction to his cause as the warrior; for he surely must have known he was fighting a losing battle.

The room watched as a side door opened at the front of the hall and a lone man came through. Just looking at him one could feel the sense of authority emanating from him; he demanded respect and in this room he would always get it. He sat in his raised chair and surveyed the gathered audience. Then he began to speak.

Despite the rising tension in the room, the warrior was entirely calm. He always was at this point for he knew he was about to be called on and that when he was, his phenomenal skill and pure beliefs would get him through the battle. There might be some moments of doubt, but in the end, victory would surely be his. This was his time.

When ordered to, he stood, walked into the middle of the floor and began the battle.

“Thank you, Your Honour. Ladies and Gentleman of the Jury, I intend to prove today that the man you see standing before you is guilty of the rape and murder of...”