

In a Nutshell  
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## The Duel

by Lord Griffith Davion of the Argent Tyger

Two men draw steel, take fighting stance  
And thus begin their deadly dance.  
To those about they both stand still  
For none can see this test of will.

Both men prod and poke and seek  
To see where others guard is weak.  
But in their minds all this takes place  
The only motion wind through lace.

A game of chess with life on line,  
The loser wins a box of pine.  
Neither wish this gruesome fate  
So both men stand and watch and wait.

Feint, thrust, lunge, redouble.  
No, This would only bring me trouble.  
For he would vault while retaking guard  
And then hoist me up on his petard.

If he doth take his line just so  
I'll parry hard my erstwhile foe  
And if he were to then advance  
I'd vault left and end this dance

And so it went for quite some time  
This game of chess with life on line.  
Waging war in mental state  
While both men stand and watch and wait.

A wrist twitch here a small step there  
To catch the other unaware  
They try to draw each other in  
To show their plan before they begin

They test each others guard and stance  
To find their steps in this dire dance  
Neither wishes to commit  
Until they're sure their blade will hit

This game of Chess with life on line  
Draws to a close without a sign.  
The game is played and now it's mate  
**While both men stand and watch and wait.**

And then at once too fast to track  
Both men move in an attack  
All around see naught but steel  
But both men know what they do feel

For it seems both blades struck true  
And each has run the other through  
Neither man will walk away  
Both, will die upon this day

Both men's remains are taken clear  
While two other men doth appear.  
Two more have come to test their fate  
Where both men did stand and watch and wait.