

To Fight, You Must First Train

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To Fight, You Must First Train

by [Spaceinmyhead](#)

Summary

Oscar has finally accepted what's going on with Ozpin, however, that doesn't mean that he's ready to head out. No, first he needs a bit of training.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It took Oscar about 2 weeks to start to accept what was going on with him.

All of a sudden waking up to a mildly transparent man sitting on your bedroom floor really makes one consider their sanity, and Oscar wasn't really sure that Ozpin wasn't just a figment of his imagination.

But he proved very much real when more and more things the older man told him started to come true. Things like memories that weren't his popping up in his brain, and dreams with people that he'd never met.

All of it culminated in the one time he tried to tell his Aunt Em about it.

Ozpin had been standing right next to him, silent as he tended to be when Oscar was around other people, but he was still there leaning up against a wall.

He'd pointed to him and told his Aunt that there was a man standing there, can't you see him?

She'd just given him an odd expression and ushered him outside to till some soil that was being prepped for planting.

So after 2 weeks, he couldn't just call it his overactive imagination or trauma. This was all real, well, as real as it could be, and he had to start to accept it.

"Are you sure Oscar? Usually, it takes months to accept this kind of responsibility, and on top of that you're a child, I can't-"

"I'm sure. If what you're saying is true, then I can't just sit here and wait." Ozpin sighed but reluctantly stood up.

"Alright. But if you get tired, or the mental strain gets to be too much, we are stopping immediately. It's the least I can do." He sighed, adjusting his glasses.

Oscar stuck out a hand, "deal" Ozpin gave him a small smile as he grabbed it and shook it.

Toughing Ozpin was an odd experience. Unlike with other objects, he could actually interact with Oscar, but it still didn't feel like a normal human touch. It was too cold and too light to feel like an actual human.

But he didn't really let it bother him.

"We have a bit of daylight left, so let's get started now with some simple things," Ozpin says over his shoulder as he phases through the door.

Oscar rushes after him, letting his Aunt know that he was going to go gather firewood, before heading out the door after the old headmaster.

Neither of them speaks as they make their way into the wood. He still had a lot of questions, but he had a strong feeling that Ozpin would tell him when the time was right, or until the memory appeared in his brain.

“Here” Ozpin suddenly stopped.

It was a tiny clearing in the woods. If he turned around he could still see the farmhouse, but he couldn’t hear any noises other than the wildlife around them.

“How should we start?” He asked.

Ozpin looked around for a second and then pointed at a long stick on the ground. “Pick that up. We need to get your physical strength up before we cover anything else. Luckily for both of us, you already have a bit of what you need from farm chores, but you’re going to need a bit more than that.”

Oscar nodded in understanding as he picked up the stick. “So, it’s like you need a base for everything else, right?”

“Exactly. You catch on quick,”

Oscar grinned, “thanks”

The stick was a bit shorter than a walking stick, but it was still quite sturdy. However, for some reason, it just didn’t feel right.

“Why am I going to be using this?” He asked Ozpin, looking over the stick to see if there was anything special to it.

A flash of light from the other brought his attention up from the stick.

There was now a sort of handle in Ozpin’s hand, though it was even more transparent than the rest of him.

“This is Long Memory. Our weapon. If luck is on our side, which it should be, one of my companions will have picked it up after I died. Once you’re ready to head out, this is going to be our first task.”

Ozpin gestured for him to sit down on a fallen log, which he did.

“When our souls were still only a dozen or so, one inventor, Osiren, decided that we needed a weapon. And so he created this with the help of the other souls. It was specially crafted with part of our magic, meaning that only the one who holds Ozmas soul can use it.”

“So, it’s like a bit of our souls are in it?” Oscar questioned.

“I suppose you could put it like that, yes. However, because some of our base magic was put in it, our magic is “incomplete” Ozpin said with quotations. “I put it like that because we will always have all of our magic, but for new souls to truly reach into it, they need Long Memory, as it’s got traces of the old souls. Do you understand?”

Oscar thought for a moment. “Like a key?”

“Exactly like a key.” He stood back up and pressed the lever that was on the side, causing it to extend out.

“You theoretically don’t need it after you first use your magic, but by that point, it will have most likely become your main weapon, so, it’s important that I start to train you in staff combat now.”

He widened his feet and stood sideways towards Oscar. “Come on, stick up, we only have about an hour left of daylight”

Oscar stood and dutifully tried to copy Ozpin's stance.

The older man gave him a few tips, on occasion using Long Memory to adjust his stance.

Nothing in that first lesson was terribly interesting. It was a lot of just basic movements like one would do when they were training with a sword.

When Oscar asked why this was necessary, Ozpin told him that he had to build up muscle in the places which would have the most strain when pointing the staff. Then, and only then, could he start to hone his reflexes.

He understood, but that didn’t make the tedious tasks any better.

By the time the sun started to dip below the skyline, his body ached and he was starting to doubt if he could continue doing this.

“You’ll be fine. Once your body gets used to it, the fatigue you’re feeling will start to evaporate.” Ozpin told him as he complained about his arms on the way back to the farmhouse.

Of course, when they got into said farmhouse, his Aunt Em didn’t hesitate to grill him on why he was out for an entire hour but didn’t come back with a single piece of firewood. He sheepishly grinned and told her he’d gotten distracted by a herd of deer he’d seen.

She rolled her eyes and gestured for him to clean up for dinner, obviously not believing his lie.

Oscar saw Ozpin grinning in the corner, and had to hold himself back from calling the other man out on it.

Training did indeed get easier, but that was only after another week and a half of practicing for 2 hours straight each day.

Ozpin had however started to introduce different lessons into their practice, and by week 2, Oscar was finally starting to train in combat.

It was simple moves at first, with things like blocking and parrying with Ozpin, but soon they were doing short practice battles. Nothing that was too hard, but he never actually managed to win.

But as the weeks wore on, he could tell that he was getting better. There were fewer and fewer times he was winding up on his butt on the forest floor, and more times where he was matching Ozpin in a draw.

Sure, the other man was clearly taking it way easy on him, but that didn't mean he wasn't pushing him.

The staff started to feel like an extension to his body, instead of just a stick, and it was becoming easier for him to match Ozpin in blows.

That was until Ozpin decided it was time to bump things up a notch. "I'd like for you to start practicing against my semblance if that's okay with you."

Oscar stepped back to catch his breath. "I didn't even know you had one..."

Ozpin chuckled. "Of course I have one, it's just, ah, amplified in a way because of our magic. However, when we leave to find the rest of my companions, it's likely that you're going to have to deal with a diverse amount of semblances. Getting a sense for it now, while you're safe, is the best way to prepare you."

"Yeah, that makes sense. Okay, then let's start doing that."

"Good,"

And then suddenly Oscar was flat on his back on the ground.

Ozpin chuckled from behind him, walking around and extending a hand down to him.

"Dealing with semblances is just training your senses. I, for example, have a speed semblance. And like all other semblances, mine has small hints as to when it's been activated. Watch,"

He stood still and soon a green outline started to appear around him. "All semblances have a tell like this, it's all about learning what they are."

Oscar nodded as the green slowly returned back into Ozpin.

"It's not something simple to learn Oscar,"

"I understand that, but, this is something that I'll need to know. And hey, I have a good teacher," Oscar said with a smile, putting his stick up and getting ready to fight.

"Then let's truly get started."

End Notes

Part 2! I'm having so much fun writing this series it's not even funny. I already have part 3 done and part 4 is in the works. Anyway, I've always wanted to explain Long Memory and how it works, so this is my theory for it, as well as a bit of a theory around semblances. I hope you enjoyed, and you can expect part 3 to be up in the next few days!

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