

Jason

Running swiftly through the busy market, Jason's long, red cloak billowed behind him like a sail. His bronze armour perfectly matched his muscly body as he paused to listen for signs of danger. Hooked on to his waistband a golden sword, as sharp as a dragon's tooth, swayed, glistening in the gentle breeze.

Brushing his silky black hair out of his face, his keen eyes noticed a crowd of people suddenly turn and run. "Watch out!" he bellowed powerfully. As he turned towards the danger, his sandals pounded on the hard, dusty floor.