

## Fantasy Action Scene

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The sun beat on Jason's back as the Trails came closer, their nails dragging against the ground. Jason's hood covered his hair, but Jason could still feel the heat from the sun as they waited underneath the foliage. The Trails moved forward while the merchant's caravan horses trotted in the dried mud. The line of Trails led back to the end of the forest, but the captain still wanted to hit the caravan. The enemy couldn't be allowed to receive these supplies and they couldn't allow their supplies to be taken.

The captain gave a curt nod from the other side and Jason crawled back out of the foliage to signal the rangers in the trees. A silent quip was heard as their arrows flew inwards and small thud noises as the bodies they flew into dropped dead to the ground. The first platoon was taken care of but there were still several platoons behind them. The captain ran out in front of the merchant's caravan and directed them to ride into the makeshift path they had lain out. The caravan bolted with speed and the rangers above hopped from tree to tree to keep up with it as they escaped. The second platoon was closing in and Jason heard their battle cries as they saw their fallen comrades.

"To arms!" The captain yelled.

The mages went first, sending fireballs out of the trees and into the backs of the Trails. A few managed to escape but were not alive long enough to escape the arrows that the captain's platoon sent their way. The sound of a horse's gallop came into range and the look on the captain's face let loose that he had not prepared for this.

“Charge!” The Trails horse rider yelled.

All of the platoons had now formed, and the entire force was heading into the trees. Everyone bolted in a different direction, hoping to retreat from the slaughter that

was taking place. Jason had no such fortune as a Trail came running in his direction, its claws had come to full bare. Jason ducked in close, scarcely dodging its closing swipe, and plunged his knife into the Trail's side.

He yanked his other claws upwards wildly, but Jason rolled out of his reach, taking an arrow from his shaft and sending it flying from his bow. No sooner had he dropped than was Jason surrounded by Trails. The screaming from those left behind echoed in Jason's ears as a group of Trails surrounded him. Their mouths making crooked smiles and brandishing their claws, clanking against each other's as they circled their prey. At once, they came in close to him, but a rope swung down towards him and he hastily grabbed it, swinging upwards just out of their reach. The captain smiled at him as his arm pulled Jason's up on to the branch.

"We need to go; the giants will be coming soon." The captain said.

Lodging himself forward, Jason felt the tree give way underneath his feet just as they left the branch. Jason concentrated on the branches in front of him as he swung forward but the trees simply didn't propel his speed fast enough. A quick glance behind himself gave him a glimpse of the giants tearing down the trees and the helpless men falling to their deaths on the ground below them.

"Get to the wall!" The captain yelled.

"The giants will have our heads before we ever get out of the forest!" Jason yelled.

“Then we better slow them down.” The captain replied, throwing his totem rock to Jason.

Jason caught the rock and threw it behind himself as his foot disembarked from another branch. As it flew into the air, Jason pulled an arrow from his shaft and smashed the totem rock in the air. In a glittering shower, the fragments fell to the ground which shook violently. Jason felt the captain’s hand grab his cuff as he fell through the air and saw the demonic hands splitting the ground to rip their disfigured bodies to the surface.

They landed on the ground, bolting into a run as the demons began to slice apart those foolish enough to run across the fragments. The wall was now coming into view, but the Trails were closing in on them faster than they could run.