

Not that escaping should be necessary for the Byzantines. Vahan's army was larger, more experienced, and had superior technology. There was little doubt of victory.

Vahan watched his army train. **Infantrymen** jogged up and down under the watch of a steely-eyed officer, holding their spears and shields aloft. In battle they would form a perfect barrier, preventing any of the enemy from attacking the troops within. Behind them the rest of the infantry would be sheltered, ready to throw javelins and shoot arrows at the enemy.

Then there were the mighty **cavalry**. He could see them, making **crude** jokes and **jostling** one another. Little could dent the **arrogance** of a cavalryman. Armed with lances, **long-swords**, and short-bows, they would be the key to crushing the enemy. They would charge at the Muslim soldiers, shooting arrows as they advanced. Then they would crash into them with their battle-trained horses, scattering men left and right.

Finally, there were the champions. Seasoned officers and warriors, they would begin the battle by fighting **duels** to the death against their Muslim opponents. General Vahan knew many would die. But those who succeeded would strike fear into the hearts of the other soldiers.

The Byzantine soldiers were as diverse as the empire itself. People from Armenia, Syria, Egypt, Greece, the Balkans, and more. They were also unstoppable.