

Chapter 28: The Cassare Clan

After Ronan finished up his practice for the morning, he made his way inside the house. Minerva left the guestroom to go meet him. She saw him coming up the stairs sooner than she expected. Smiling, the woman said to him, "Ronan, I browsing up some volunteer jobs for you and I found some which I think would be interesting to you. One of them is from the ADR and it needs some volunteer mentors who can teach dragons and halflings how to read. What do you say, would you be interested?"

The man smirked and replied, "Actually I thought of something of my own."

"Hmm? You do?" asked Minerva, wondering what it is.

He slid past her and went to the guest room. Then he told her, "I have skills few people have... and with the way this town is... the people can't always rely on the police or any kind of authority to protect them all day and night from harm. I can give them a way to fix this. I'm going to teach every combat style I've learned, but to do so... I have to open up a school." The woman smiled and became intrigued with his objective. The man gave a small grin to her after he got himself dressed. "I can't live forever, and the variety in skills I have.... people can learn them individually and master them separately, but to be a professional in them all is even better. Can you help me to set up a school?" he asked.

Minerva was glad to help out, so she answered, "Of course, I will! It'll be good for everyone if they learned how to defend themselves. I'm glad you figured out what you're going to do next, Ronan. That idea of yours sounds great!"

Ronan smiled and beamed, "Fantastic! First step is to find a good location. It can't be a small place cause there'd be no room. It must be big." He got his robes, leather, and weapons all strapped on. "I'll be in town today, if you need me just hop onto Drake and he'll find me," he told her.

The woman nodded and replied, "Okay Ronan, take care! I'll be looking up business locations online to see where we can set up shop." He smirked at her and pulled his hood on before he ran out the front door. Then she went to her laptop and opened up the internet browser. She used the search engine in the toolbar to get a list of websites having lists of building locations with no businesses set. She clicked on the first link and opened up a page with pictures of buildings, but they were all those in Cypress's days before the reconstruction into Windfall. So this website was no use. Minerva went on to another website, but it was just the same as the first one; no updated pictures. She clicked on the back button and clicked on the third link. This time, there were a few updated pictures. Smiling, she thought to herself, *'Oh goodie!'* She checked out each link of the buildings and looked to see how much each cost, what set them apart, and if they were good enough to set up business.

Axle just sat there for a few moments before he spoke to the magi with a bit of shyness, "Atlas, about Juna, she may seem hostile to almost everyone she comes across, but that's because she is a protector spirit. She hates seeing people risk other lives for their own goals. Give it some time to know her, you might like her."

The magi looked down at the ground in self-blame and sighed, "Looks like Aeolus isn't the only one who's upset with me bringing my nieces into this. I thought I could do this because I was so confident of skill and power as the dragon champion. I felt like I could take on the whole world while keeping Danielle and Kylie safe." Then she remembered her fight with Spinx and continued, "But seeing how Spinx shrunk down that area trap spell around me after our fight, I wondered if I could ever survive like this, if our battle continued with no room left for me to dodge..." Then after brief thought at how to get around Spinx's seal spell, she looked back at Axle and continued to say, "Well I could always use my earth and ice walls to shield myself."

The white dragon explained to her, "The spell you are talking about; only two dragons know it. It's called Seal. It creates a raw energy barrier that is almost impossible to break though, except it not unbreakable. There's only one way to break the barrier." He looked down to the ground now and continued, "The spell was created by Trok as a way to stop the outside world from getting into the city. It required two dragons of the same blood line to create a barrier of that size around the city, or Trok would have not been able to hunt or even live longer than a year because of the demand of Seal, which put a huge strain on the caster body." Then his voice started to get depressing and almost turned into a scared whisper, "The other dragon that helped with this was Trok's son, Drago." He sounded scared as if dragon lord's son was bad omen.

Atlas looked at Axle curiously in concern and wondered, *'What's up with him? Who is this Drago and why's he scaring him?'*

Axle seemed to have pushed his fear behind as he went back to speaking calmly as he looked over the magi a bit, "To break the seal, you must reverse the flow of energy of the barrier. A simple counter wind or a wall of ice moving in the opposite direction could make the barrier weaker, even running or spinning will work. But that would not be enough to break it. You must keep the opposite flow going, even if the seal's direction switched, and then find the weaken rune and break it. This will permanently weaken the spell, unless it is dis-spell by the caster and recast again. This will allow you to continue to weaken the barrier with a simple spell or even physical attacks against the other runes or the wall, cracking it. At that point, you must put all your weight and even strength into it in hope of breaking though the barrier."

Atlas replied, "Huh, so that's how it works." With all that info in mind, the magi felt a bit confident that she would have an easier time defeating Spinx.

Then the white dragon sounded a bit nervous, while trying to remain calm, "Atlas, you might be able to. There is a chance you might not be able to as well." He quickly changed the subject and said, "And about

room for dodging Spinx's attacks. A bigger target is easier to hit, whereas a smaller target is harder to hit. So if you want, I could try and help you train in the human form so it's easier for you to use."

Atlas thought that would be a good idea in case of an emergency. She flashed an eager grin and said, "You know what? That sounds like a great idea! Let's go do it right now." Without waiting for a response, she transformed into her human form.

Axle changed to his human form as he started to walk around the woman, almost as if looking over her work of the spell, but this time slowly and muttering somethings to himself as he came back in front of her. Nothing happened for a few seconds until Mekarth and the now calm Juna came over to them. Atlas figured that the man must have called them over with his telepathy. Axle spoke to his brother, "Mekarth, I need your help training Atlas on her human form." They gathered close together as they chatted amongst themselves. Atlas raised a brow, wondering what they were saying. Though, she kind of knew that they were discussing how to train her. Once they were done, all three of them broke away from each other as both Axle and Juna took to the air in their dragon forms.

The black dragon came up to Atlas and laid his head down close to her. He spoke softly, "We have agreed on a training style for you. I will explain the rules of this training. First, you must try to remain on me as long as you can with them trying to get you off. You are allowed your magic minus your shapeshifting magic. So if you change to your dragon form or even a halfling form, your training will stop. Just remain in your human form as long as you can keep it going. Finally, I'm under your protection as of right now until this training is done, so that means you will be looking out for not just yourself but also me as well. I have no magic or any fancy abilities, but I have my own tricks. Also, no outside help. The only help you will get is from me. And one Last thing, you have to be riding standing on my back." He bent down to let the woman get on him. Atlas walked carefully and slowly over to Mekarth; she still wasn't used to walking as a human. Then she climbed onto his back and stood on him. She imagined this kind of training was going to be tough as there was a high chance of her getting knocked either by Axle or Juna, or by Mekarth's flight if her feet can't hold on to him.

Then Atlas got telepathic calls from the siblings; the first one from Juna said, *'I really hope Axle is right about you, Atlas. If not, well you can guess what might happen.'*

The woman replied, *'Oh yeah, I already imagined that.'*

The next one from Axle said, *'Take this easy and slow, OK? Worry more about yourself and your own abilities and keep an eye out for Juna. She's still a bit mad and you can thank your friend for that one.'*

'Huh, I guess she can't forgive Aeolus for what his horde did to you. Can't say I blame her though,' the woman replied. She'd be very angry too if someone worked together with a bad guy to hurt her nieces. Well maybe it was either that or Juna still thinks the horde leader wants to kill all humans. *'So when do we start, Axle?'* she asked. No response came from the dragon lord, no matter how many times Atlas tried to contact him.

Mekarth spoke to her, "This is not going to be easy, so I suggest you try and move your footing with the flow of my body. It won't be easy I will admit, even Axle had the hardest time trying to stay on as well when he was trying to do this training. Come to think of it, it was him who made up this crazy training in the first place."

Atlas frowned and asked, "What the hell? And he's going to use this kind of training on me, a beginner? What's the benefit in that?" And most importantly, how long did it take for him to master that? If Atlas and company were going to warp back to Rudvich to get to Trident Mountain today, a training method that takes a long time to master may not be useful at all if they were to encounter Spinx again.

The dragon answered, "He said you would ask that, and the answer to that is Acrobatics, also reaction time. He also said and I will quote, "That she needs to be challenged. She needs to be push to her limits." He got up and continued, "I really don't know why he putting a hard training style on you so early, and I'm not going to argue it at all. If you want to know, take it up with him afterwards. He has his reasons."

"Alright, I'll see what's up with that later," said the woman.

As if making sure that her position was correct, Mekarth told her, "Move your right foot a bit forward and your left foot a bit more to the right, keep your footing closer together but not too close and not too far either, or you will fall off." Atlas did as she was told while watching her feet carefully so as to get it right until they were in the correct place. Then he spread out his wings as he ready himself to go into the air. The woman braced herself by pressing her feet down as hard as she can, hoping that this would help to keep her on him. With a few powerful thrusts of his wings he was off the ground. As he was going in a straight line up, Atlas felt like she was going to fall off to the side, but with luck she managed to keep her balance. His climb was smooth, but swift at the same time as he climbed even higher. "Whenever you're ready, Atlas, just tell me and we will start heading the way where Axle and Juna went."

The woman replied with a strong determination, "Oh I'm ready for this, alright. I'm going to do whatever it takes to learn from all this, if I want to beat Spinx." The dragon flew to where his siblings were at a speed not too slow, but not too fast either to knock Atlas off his back.

Aeolus looked to Pyro, thinking that he might know others of his breed who would be much more co-operative than the cassare village that Sargoth spoke of. The horde leader sent a telepathic message to him, *'Pyro, do you have a minute here?'*

The cassare responded, *'Okay, I'll be right there.'* The disaster dragon waited for Pyro until he saw him flying his way over to him. The cassare landed, sending a cloud of dust in the air. "You wanted to see

me?" he asked.

Aeolus explained, "Yes, I needed your help on finding more brute dragons and cassares like yourself. You see, I plan to take our horde to Shadow Wind and subdue Dracul in case of a fight, so that we can get the truth out of him on who he really is. The reason why one cassare and two brutes alone won't do it, is because Lord Dracul's bound to have lots of soldiers under his command. We'll need as many anti-magic dragons to fight off whatever magical forces Shadow Wind has." Not only that, but the horde was also comprised of mostly pygmy dragons with a ratio of 56 to 39. The horde leader needed bigger dragons to balance out the numbers. "Since you are a cassare yourself, you're bound to have kin of the same breed as you. Which now brings me to the question. Do you know any others of those breeds I'm looking for?" he asked.

Pyro answered a bit nervously, "Well... Yes. My clan lives a little farther west, but I'm not sure if it would be a good idea to go talk to them. They... don't trust outsiders."

"Hmm, that could be a problem," said the disaster dragon with a frown. It sounds like Pyro's clan were just as confiding as the cassare village. Aeolus wondered how he was going to earn the hearts and minds of dragons such as these and motivate them into helping his causes. He thought inquiring from Pyro for about his clan, so that they could ideas on recruiting them, but first he needed to know everything about the clan so that he can understand them. "Did anything happen to make them suspicious of outsiders?" he asked.

The cassare explained, "Well, cassares are usually hunted by humans because of our abilities, which would explain why we're so weary of them. But dragons choose to avoid us, so we don't really have good relationships outside of our clans. I guess we're just used to being left alone. Besides, we're pretty territorial."

Aeolus briefly shook his head as he said, "Shelter out those who shelter out you. Now I understand why the cassares choose to be isolationists. Thank you for sharing that information with me, Pyro. Now I can start working on ideas on how to gain their trust. And it would even be better if you helped me out as well since you know your family a lot more than I."

Pyro shifted uncomfortably. "Well, my clan is rather arrogant and very defensive. They are also pretty hot-headed and will take the smallest comment as a challenge. But they have a deep hatred for humans, so they will probably be quick to joining the hoard," he shrugged.

The disaster dragon picked up Eitri's magic stone and said, "Hmm... this may be a bit easier than I thought. Very well then, I suppose it's time we made our way over to meet them. I'll use this magic crystal to warp us to your clan's place. But first, you must give me the mental image of where they live at."

The cassare nodded and answered, "Not too far away, a few miles South from here. They live in a series

of caves on the side of a cliff." He sent him a mental image of the steep rock face, dotted with dozens of caverns. "But if you're going to meet my kin, don't take me with you. We don't exactly see eye to eye..." he requested, looking down at his claws.

Aeolus understood his soldier's nervousness and said, "Very well, I'll go alone. But do be prepared to face them should I ever return with the clan." This fair warning would give the cassare time think on how to deal with any possible stress he'll get from his family. Picturing the clan's home in his mind, Aeolus used Eitri's stone to warp him over to the place. There was a bright flash and the horde leader was gone with purple clouds left behind in his place before they quickly disappeared.

As Mekarth flew on, Atlas noticed that her being on the dragon's back was like a human riding on one, although it wasn't like how humans really do it. *'Well doesn't this feel kind of crazy; a full-grown dragon riding on another dragon's back. I must fit in with the hatchlings and pygmies that do ride,'* she thought. Pretty soon, she saw Axle and Juna in sight. Calling out to them, Atlas shouted, "Hey Axle, we're ready for ya!"

The man walked up the silver dragoness's back and started to walk closer to her head. "Okay then, Atlas. Your time starts-" Axle started to yell back as he jumped off the right side of Juna. "Now!" The man fell, but his sister on the other hand climbed higher into the sky, right into the light of the sun. Axle took on his dragon form and changed course to fly under Mekarth, who started to growl.

Atlas saw the two siblings coming at her. Her first instinct told her to cast fireballs at them, which she did by channeling fire magic energy into her arms and then force them through her hands. The hands became heated and fireballs were cast at the dragons. But these fireballs were much smaller than the ones she normally cast as a dragoness. In fact, they were the size of basketballs. Axle dodged the spell as he continued his speedy approach until he came up close enough and came to a dead stop. He forced the air current he had trailing behind him to blow ahead of him in a heavy breeze straight for Atlas. The woman squeezed her eyes shut and clutched her arms to her chest as she held herself against the wind. Once the breeze stopped, the woman opened her eyes again and saw Juna bursting out of the black smoke with a burn mark on her right wing. She went straight for Mekarth from the angle and speed she was going at, trying to crash into him. Mekarth was not moving as he simple said, "Remember what I said at the beginning. Time for you to act on it."

Charging magic energy to her hands, Atlas yelled, "Oh no, you don't!" Then she yelled as she cast two fireballs at the silver dragoness.

The flash appeared in front of the steep rock face with Aeolus hovering in the air. He looked from left to right at the row of the caves and thought, *'Okay, now I'm in their territory. But which of these caves has*

their leader?' He knew it would be better to speak to the leader as if he can convince him or her, then the whole clan will be willing to join the horde. Aeolus landed at the cliff and looked inside one of the caves to see if anyone was inside, but no one was there, not even an egg. He turned his head away from the cave and spotted a large cassare with multiple scars across his body standing at the edge of the very top of the cliff. Apparently, he must have just left his cave. The disaster dragon walked along the cliff until he was behind him. "Greetings, fellow dragon," he said politely.

The cassare turned to him with his teeth bared in a growl and asked, "Who are you? Why are you on my territory?"

The horde leader answered, "I'm sorry if I trespassed onto your territory uninvited, but I'm looking for the leader of this clan. An associate of mine heard about the cassare clan here and told me how you all hated humans like we do. I'm Aeolus, the leader of the Vulture Horde who's dedicated to wiping out humanity at a global scale and one of the five dragons who worked together to invent the Spell and pass it to everyone end slavery forever."

Then Aeolus heard a voice behind him saying, "I am sorry, but do you mind another cassare? I would love to help you in whatever anti-human schemes you plan."

Aeolus turned his attention to a larger cassare, twice his size, and asked, "And you are?" He noticed that this cassare's scale color was orange like a magi dragon's. Then he saw a stone fall on the side of the cassare's head with a clunk, after which he saw the scales glow. The disaster dragon thought, *'He appears to be part magi; he might have some magical abilities he could provide. I have to know about his abilities before I bring him into the horde.'* the disaster dragon thought.

"My name is Yopple," the larger cassare answered. Then he asked again, "Did I hear something about the Vulture Hoard working against humans? That sounds good to me."

The disaster dragon answered, "Yes, you did. My name is Aeolus, the leader of this horde. If you are to join my horde, then I would like to know the name and capable abilities of my potential recruit."

Yopple told him about himself, "I used teleportation to get here. I can also use telekinesis. Alas, as to my knowledge, they take lots of energy. I also mastered magics of the elements of Fire and Water. I have an unusual sense of smell and for some reason, my scales glow. Those are my abilities and I may develop more later on. I can also help you to persuade more allies for the Vulture Horde. I might be part Magi; who knows, I never did. My old master kept many secrets from me."

"Yes, you're definitely part magi by sound of it," said Aeolus. He told Yopple why, "Most magis have the ability to teleport and that spell came from the pure blood magis and can be passed on to their descendants." Then suddenly, he felt a bite on his tail, causing the disaster dragon to roar out in pain. He whipped his head around to see who or what had snapped him. Nobody was there, but Aeolus knew he wasn't imagining things. *'Something had bit my tail alright, but who did it?'* he thought. He was pretty

sure the scarred cassare wouldn't do this, so he looked around on the ground for the culprit, but couldn't find anything. Then he heard a snap above and looked at the tree meter away from him to see a broken branch hanging down from its place. Soon after that, Aeolus felt something poke him on the leg and looked down to see what it was; nothing. But he did hear a rustle in a bush, which he looked at right now.

His attention was soon taken by the scarred cassare who roared, "ENOUGH!" Aeolus turned his attention to him as the cassare continued, "You are all trespassers on MY territory and I have the right to know why you are here! That goes for you as well!" The last statement was addressed to the mysterious newcomer in the trees. He called to someone behind Aeolus and Yopple, "There's someone up there; stop them." The disaster dragon watched the female cassare fly over to the tree. Seeing how the scarred male was demanding of his guest and how he ordered his fellow clanmate, the disaster dragon now knew that this cassare was the leader. The clan leader turned back to the two other dragons and demanded, "Start explaining, and don't try anything funny. Your magic won't work here." He glared at Yopple.

The horde leader said, "Right, so as I said. I am the leader of the Vulture Horde and I am in need of cassare recruits. I won't ask of you to bring in the whole clan, since I understand you need some of your members to protect your turf." Remembering the army and Spinx, he added, "The reason I need cassares is so that we're likely going to face magic-using humans and halflings in the future. Some of them may be necromancers who have used the dragons they killed as their new slaves." To be more convincing, Aeolus warned, "You probably may think that you don't need to join the horde as your clan can nullify the humans' magic and you will always be safe here at home. But you mustn't underestimate humans; their innovative and clever minds can work around their lack of advanced weaponry from the Spell and their lack of magic from your fields. One day, they'll find the best way to kill your whole clan with either a new strategy and/or new weapons." He had seen humans evolve in their technology and culture throughout his lifetime, so he knew what to expect from them later. "That is why I need your help. We need to destroy all the humans around the world as soon as possible to protect all dragons, including your own clan." Hopefully this emotional appeal would work to win the clan leader's support.

Yopple added his explanation, "Yes, and I came here to join the Vulture Horde. I realize that the Horde is in need of cassares to kill humans, and since I grew up with a human, I know their secrets and how their minds work. The majority of them are stupid but somehow clever as hell. That is why the Horde needs me. Because I know how humans work." His scales started glowing again. The magi cassare made himself a little taller and continued, "And with your help, the Vulture Horde will be unstoppable, and humans will get a taste of their own treatment. Fellow cassare, I would love it if you could join the Horde with me and become glorious. Imagine, standing above all those human corpses. Don't you want to see all of them die under your claws?"

The clan leader looked fascinated by their words, but he was still skeptical. "Is that so? Well then, where is this Vulture hoard you speak of? And how did you manage to get into my camp unnoticed?" he asked.

Aeolus answered, "My horde is back at the lake. I used a magic stone from one of my magis to warp myself here."

Yopple stared at the scarred cassare and answered, "How did I get here unnoticed? Well, maybe they thought I was just another cassare? No, probably not. Hard to miss orange scales. Ask your clan why they didn't notice us."

Salvo glared back at the magi cassare as he explained. "Most of my clan is out hunting. That's probably why nobody noticed you." Then Aeolus heard the bush rustle louder this time and saw a dark myst pygmy dragonet fly out of it with the female cassare nearby. The female must have realized nobody was in the tree, so she went to search the ground. The dark myst bit the female's ear, causing the cassare to roar in annoyance and thrashed her tail, attempting to knock the pygmy out of the air. She missed as the small black dragonet flew around into the trees. Then she threw a small stone at the clan leader before hopping away. He dodged and the stone hit the ground with a thud. The female began to chase after the pygmy, but her leader raised his tail to stop her. "Don't worry. It's not worth our time," he said. She nodded and flew down to her den.

Looking at the pygmy, Aeolus thought, *'So that's who's been troubling us. What a pesky little hatchling.'* The disaster dragon thought about dealing with her later, if she didn't leave the clan's home before then.

The dark myst huffed and made a strange chattering sound that was somewhere between a grumble and a chuckle, and then she sighed. "I'm Baltia," she said. "Dark myst pygmy, as you can no doubt tell, and the best aim with a small stone you're likely to see. Or get hit by." She did a backflip and then landed on the disaster dragon's head, blinking her bright green eyes. "So, there's a horde?" she said with a grin. "Any chance I could help stir up some trouble? I'm a good distracter."

Aeolus answered, "Yes there is, but we only allow those who are interested in ridding the world of ALL the humans in." She was definitely good at messing with others and look like perfect bait to lure out the guards. But for some reason, she doesn't seem like the type to go around killing "innocent" humans. Aeolus needed to make sure who he was dealing with, because he didn't want another Zeditha who would go desert the horde and warn another human settlement about them.

The clan leader grumbled and said to Baltia, "If you're looking for trouble, my clan is the wrong place to be." Then he turned towards the disaster dragon and said, "As for whether or not I'll join your 'horde', I'll consider it. For now, you can go back to where you came from and wait. If you don't hear from me by night fall, then I'm not coming."

Aeolus responded, "Very well, I'll be patiently awaiting your answer. The three of us will take our leave." Knowing how magic would be ineffective to use in the clan's home, he decided to get Yopple use his spell far from here. "Yopple, Baltia, let's go," he said before flying out of the clan's home and into the sky.

Baltia rolled in the air as she followed the other dragons. "Dragons, humans, all the same to me. Both have ears to bite; both jump at a pebble to the head!" she chuckled. "Dragons have tails to bite as well and that's good, but humans can't fly and they never look up, which can be very amusing. I know I'm a dragon, but which one anyone else is don't matter much." Aeolus frowned; that dark myst was more interested in pranking others than working towards the horde's goal. Plus, he was pretty sure the others wouldn't be happy about having their tails bitten or getting rocks thrown at their heads. She was certainly not fit for the horde. Then she continued, "I can tell the difference though, obviously. And I'll happily annoy anyone you point me at." She sped to catch up, then flew happily through the branches, flipping over and under them in a nice game of avoid.

To make sure that this was someone he could trust not to annoy his horde, the disaster dragon asked in suspicion, "So am I to presume you won't be messing with the members of my horde?"

"Well..." the dark myst began. "I'll try not to. And I certainly won't annoy anyone while you're attacking a village or anything. After all, if I'm really bored, there are some good branches out there that I can stone or I can fly off and annoy other humans in advance." She did a few spins in the air, happy that she wouldn't be alone in this stupid forest any more.

Aeolus frowned and shook his head, "Try doesn't sound like an absolute promise."

Yopple leaned in towards her and snarled, "Well listen here, I won't tolerate being in a horde with an annoying pygmy biting on my tail unless you promise to NEVER annoy me or any others of the horde. Got it, shrimp? If you bite my tail or throw a stone at me ONCE, I will report you and have you kicked. Got it? I noticed that stone and I only ignored it because if I reacted, I would look bad. Got it, hatchling?"

Baltia sighed and spat through her teeth, "Fine, stones and bites are for humans only." The horde leader heard her mutter some things under her breath before she cheered up and grinned, "But attack lots! I could even be a spy, I get anywhere, cause a little trouble, steal some of their weapons and such..."

Now that's a promise, but she sounded annoyed about that. With more things she said she'll do, Aeolus has gotten ideas of what to teach the pygmy dragons later. Baltia may not be the best pygmy he's looking for, but he'll be willing to give her a chance to see how she performs. "Alright then, we'll see how you do, Baltia. But if you ever make ONE mistake that ends up costing the horde, you'll be kicked out," the disaster dragon said. Then he looked to Yopple and gave him the image of the lake. *'Yopple take us there. We're leaving now,'* he said.

The magi cassare nodded and said, *'Sure thing, sir. One problem; I used my teleportation magic to get here. Now I need extra energy to get us back or I will be out for at least a day. Want me to take the risk?'*

Aeolus was planning on getting his horde trained later and he didn't need Yopple to collapse on him. *'No, I will use the magic stone to warp us instead,'* he said. Then he flew up higher above the others

to get out of range of Yopple's anti-magic presence before the disaster pictured the lake in mind and teleported the trio over to the lake.