

Soldiers marched through the woods, armed with guns and equipment for survival. Going along with them were attack helicopters and a variety of battle tanks & construction vehicles flying over the trees and driving through the wide paths of the forest. The U.S. army was sent on a mission that they must do. They had a destination to go to and begin their operation there. Soon, they found a giant oval of white light sitting ahead of them before a stream. The commander of this mission, Bill Stevenson, riding a M1 Abrams said, "Men, we have reached the portal. I need all troops and vehicles to stop by it until further orders." The troops and tanks came and stopped before the portal. The AH-64 Apaches landed on both sides of their comrades.

Private Dylan Mark looked at the portal, feeling amazed by its existence. He never thought that something like that would ever exist. Seeing it now looked as if sci-fi or fantasy decided to merge itself with reality and give birth to this otherworldly creation. The military was not the first to discover the portal. Earlier, a hiker came out here with his granddaughter and stumbled upon this thing. They had went inside and found what were dangerous monsters in there, calling them Satan's minions. The hiker called the government about this, which then made the government send the army out here to investigate the portal. The details about why they were doing this were confidential only to the military higher-ups and the government. But Dylan did not care about that; as a soldier, his job was to only follow orders and see this mission through. He assumed that he and his fellow soldiers were here to shoot down the monsters before they became a threat to America.

Commander Stevenson spoke to his men, "Alright soldiers, you all know your mission, go inside the portal and see if our witness's claim of monsters in there is true. If you see one, shoot it. Understood?"

"Yes sir!" the soldiers replied obediently.

"Good," said the commander. "Now I'm going to send a few of you guys in to check if it's safe to go in." He looked to the tanks guarding the research team and ordered, "I want Unit A's soldiers to go in there and check the very first area inside." The IFV tanks from Unit A entered the portal and disappeared into its light.

The army waited for a minute before a soldier in Unit A spoke to the commander on the radio, "It's all clear, commander. We're good to go."

"Copy that, soldier," Bill replied. Then he said to the army, "The coast is clear, men. I'm going to let the research team in before the rest of us go in." The research team drove their tanks and jeeps into the portal. Then the rest of the army followed in after them. Dylan walked on in thought of what kind of world awaits them beyond the portal. He hoped the place in there would not be Hell or anything nightmarish like that. He may have been trained to remain stoic under pressure, but every man has their limits and he hopes that the portal will not be too much for him. After the last of the soldiers came inside, the army found themselves in a different forest. Though the place looks normal, Commander Stevenson was still cautious. He looked to the research team and told them, "Research team, you have the GPS. Tell us where we are."

The woman among the researchers activated up the GPS on the jeep to check out their whereabouts. He watched the computer's digital image form itself into an ocean. She zoomed in to see what island they were on, but there was no form of land anywhere on their location. So she decided to zoom out to see which part of Earth they were on. After identifying where they were at, she told the commander, "The GPS isn't picking up anything. It seems we're on an uncharted island in the Pacific Ocean far in the west of Alaska."

Private Dylan heard that and smiled at the thought that they just found what could be new American territory. He thinks, *'We could build a city here once we clear this place of the monsters.'* There would be new jobs and business here. They could even find some resources to benefit the nation as well if there were anything of value here.

The commander rubbed his chin and mused, "An uncharted island, huh?" Then he ordered the army, "Sergeant Smith, I'm placing you in charge of the IFV units. I need you and your team to do a reconnaissance around the place and report anything of interest to me. Do you copy that?"

"Yes, commander," Sergeant John Smith answered. The sergeant rode his tank ahead and ordered the IFVs, "All infantry fighting vehicles to me." The IFVs began to follow him deep into the woods.

One of Dylan's buddies drove up next to him and lends him a hand to get on. He said, "Come on, bud. We're going scouting."

Dylan took his hand and replied, "I'm coming." He climbed aboard the IFV and sat behind his friend before riding off after the others.

The IFVs were now far into the forest, away from the rest of the army. With so many tanks among his team, Sergeant Smith believed it would be best to spread out for more coverage. He ordered his men, "Alright soldiers, we're going to split up into separate groups and go different ways to see what we can find." He divided the tanks into 6 different teams and told them where they would be going. "If any of you find anything important, let me know ASAP. Now get to it." The teams split up and went out in different directions, sans the one they just came from. The sergeant's team was left with 7 tanks, including his. They drove through the forest with him leading the way. His co-rider manning the cannon watched his surroundings carefully, keeping an eye out for any hostile creatures along the way and ready to shoot if need be. Several minutes later, the sergeant's group got to a shore. The ocean water threw itself on the wet sandy border before retreating back to its body and then doing its cycle again. A flock of seagulls were at the beach searching the ground for food and making those squawking sounds. Smith continued his drive towards the beach. He knew the seagulls would fly away for safety upon being approached by their tank-riding predators.

Just as the treads of his tank went two feet onto the sand, the sergeant heard a soldier from another tank call, "Uh sergeant, I think we left behind some guys."

Smith's tank and 2 others stopped and the men on board turned and looked behind at that soldier. The sergeant noticed something past him and it looked wrong. 3 of the tanks in his team were missing. "What?" he asked. How and when did this happen? They were all supposed to be together.

The soldier who noticed the problem said, "They were just here a second ago. I don't know why they disappeared all of a sudden."

Smith frowned, "They can't vanish just like that. They got to be close by somewhere. I'm going to call out to them." He got out of his tank and walked past the others, back-tracking their path. He placed both hands around his mouth to act as an amplifier and then shouted, "Men, where are you? We need you back with us now!" Silence was the only response he got. It seems no one has heard him. He tried again, "Men? Hello!" Still there was no answer. The sergeant walked ahead, believing that going further will better reach the missing soldiers' ears. He made his third and final attempt, "Listen soldiers, I don't know where you are, but if you've been lollygagging then-" His feet stopped moving when the tanks and soldiers appeared like they have just teleported. The sergeant was astonished; he looked at them with brown eyes wide with surprise and cried, "What the?!"

Now the other men he was with earlier were all sounding surprised. "Did you see that?!" "The sergeant just disappeared!" "How did that happen?!" "This is weird!" "I don't believe it!"

Smith turned around and told them, "Hey, I'm still here! Look at me!" He patted his chest with the fingertips of his hands as a gesture for attention.

But the soldiers apparently did not listen as they continued, "Did you think that's what happened to the other guys?" "I believe so."

Before the sergeant could tell them again, one of the missing soldiers told him, "It was like this for us when we tried to tell you that we're still here."

Smith turned and gave him a confused look, "Huh?"

The other missing soldier nodded, "Yeah, you all thought we were gone, but we've been standing here this whole time. We don't know how you can't see us."

Smith replied, "Well I'm not sure how either. But at least it's good to know that you're still with us. I'm going to let the others know."

The sergeant walked back to the others and they immediately looked surprised again. "Guys look, he's back!" one of them cried.

Smith replied, "Yes, I'm back. But me and those soldiers were still here the whole time."

"Really? How?" asked one of the confused soldiers.

Smith answered, "It seems like we were hidden behind some mumbo-jumbo magic wall that made us invisible. I don't know how that works, but that's the only answer I have." He motioned with his hand to the missing soldiers, "Come on out, soldiers. These men need to know you're still here." The tanks made their appearance driving past the ghost wall with one at the very back having the front half shown.

"Wow, no way!" said a surprised soldier. This was something that no one ever saw in their life until today.

The sergeant went back to his tank and got into his seat. He activated the radio and said, "Commander Stevenson is going to want to hear this. I'm reporting this right now." He connected the transmission to the commander and told him about the strangest discovery they ever saw.

Private Dylan's group was in another part of the woods, still trekking and exploring the mysterious land. Then the radios on IFVs activated as Commander Stevenson was calling all the reconnaissance scouts. He told them, "Calling all soldiers! Sergeant Smith has found an interesting and really strange discovery at the western shore." He emphasized the word 'strange' to advert to what he said next, "Apparently, there's an invisible wall that you can pass through, but it'll hide any person and tanks behind you."

Corporal Tom Krueger responded back on the radio, "Hold up, commander. An invisible wall? You're not pulling our legs, are you?" Everyone was in disbelief about it; it did sound more fantastical compared to the portal and its monsters. But then again, if these can exist, then maybe this weird wall does, too. They must be truly in another world.

"I'm serious, corporal," Stevenson replied. "Smith told me the details and he doesn't sound like he's lying. I've sent the research team over to his location to test and confirm its existence. If anyone else finds another ghost wall, which we'll be calling them, contact me so I can map it out later. Commander Stevenson out!" Then the transmission was turned off.

"Invisible walls..." murmured Corporal Krueger as he shook his head slowly. Then he said a bit more loudly, "That's it, boys; I'm confirming that we're in another dimension. There's no way, ghost walls and monsters can exist in our world. We're on fantasy island and this will be a story that our grandkids won't believe."

Dylan thought in agreement, *'You can say that again.'* He wondered what else they were going to find next. Probably a horde of 10-foot trolls, a river of fire, some magical rocks or a talking pink dragon.

Pretty much anything could be possible in this place.

Some minutes later, the group sees a large field ahead of them past the end of the forest. They drove out the woods' border and looked at the wide mass of land spread throughout the view. Krueger smiled and said, "Well, well, well. Looks like we got ourselves a perfect place to rest for the night. Gotta let the commander know about this." He set up the connection to his superior and told him, "Commander Stevenson, this is Corporal Krueger, I found a large field where we can set up camp."

Stevenson's voice relied from the radio, "Excellent, corporal! We can set our base of operations over there. The soldiers and I will drive over to your location and we can get build our camp."

Krueger replied, "We'll be waiting for you, sir. Krueger out!" Then he turned off the radio. The IFVs drove out further into the field and stopped to wait for Stevenson and his soldiers to arrive.

After several minutes later, a horde of SP Howitzers, M163 VADs, M1 Abrams, construction vehicles and attacks helicopters arrived at the clearing. They all stopped by Krueger's group and the commander got out of his tank. Stevenson eyed the field, feeling impressed and saying, "That's a pretty good spot you found, corporal. It looks like we can build both a camp and a base here, too."

The corporal smiled, "Hey, we were lucky this place exists or we would build just the camp. Pretty convenient, huh?"

"Yes, I would say," the commander agreed. Then he ordered his men, "Alright soldiers, let's set those tents up now." The army got the tents and camp supplies and started to create the camp. As they were doing so, he told the corporal, "So I got a call back from the research team and they confirmed the ghost wall does exist."

Krueger replied, "So we're on fantasy island after all. Next thing you know, someone's going to find witches who are behind all that mumbo-jumbo stuff today." He took a drink of his water canton.

Stevenson smiled, "Heh witches. They probably might be here on this island. They might even be the monsters that old man saw." Then he mumbled to no one in particular, "That is if they actually are human."

The corporal overheard him and asked, "Huh?"

"Oh nothing. Come on, let's go help the men build." The commander and the corporal went to aid the soldiers with the task.