

The military was in the process of setting up the camp as the construction crew was paving way for the base to be built. The bulldozers dug around the trees' roots before pushing them down and setting them aside with the fallen cluster. The excavators dug out the amount of grass and dirt that would allow for the crew to construct the base at an appropriate size. Private Dylan worked with his fellow soldiers on setting up the tents and getting things in place. They placed pegs far apart from each other in a formation big enough for one of the tents to be surrounded by. Then they raised the tent and pulled the strings to the pegs, where they were tied in place to hold it. As all the work was going on, a creature lurking from afar watched them from the shadows of the thick growth of trees. It was a dragon; he had been out hunting when he started to hear some strange noises. He came here to check it out and was surprised to find out the answer. There were humans here and they had gotten to this island somehow. The dragon turned and ran through the forest quickly. He had to go tell his tribe about this.

After going miles, the dragon saw the cluster of rocky mountains ahead of him. He flew up to the large open pit high in the middle of the mountains. There, his tribe resided, each of them going about their leisure such as basking in the sun, watching their hatchlings and chatting with each other. The dragon descended to the middle of the pit as he alerted, "Everyone, listen to me!" The other dragons looked up to give him their attention. He alarmed them, "I just saw humans. They're here! They've finally found this place."

The tribe began to panic as they started asking questions and fretting. "Humans, here?!" "Impossible! How did they find this place?" "No! They're going to slay us!" "I don't want to die!"

The king of the tribe came out of his cave after hearing the commotion. He asked in concern, "Nova, did you say you actually saw humans on our island?"

Nova confirmed, "Yes, my king."

The king asked, "How did they get here?"

Nova shook his head, "I don't know, your majesty. But I saw them building their nests when I was out hunting. I came back to warn you all as soon as possible."

Luna the hornless pink dragon was feeling very scared about this revelation as she shared the same thoughts with her tribe, who were all just as frantic as she was. They discussed, "This is serious!" "What's going to happen to us?" "What do we do?!"

The king tried to settle the tribe, "Calm down, everyone. The humans will be dealt with."

One of the female dragons, who was hornless like all the others of her sex, asked, "And just how are we going to do that? The humans have stolen our magic and all we can do is breathe fire, which only the males can."

Nova informed, "Well if it helps, none of the humans I saw were wearing any armor or carrying weapons."

The tribe looked at him hopefully as one of the dragons asked, "Really? They didn't have anything to protect them?"

"Nope, my eyes don't lie."

The tribe began to feel confident, feeling that they could eliminate the intruders with ease. The king rallied his tribe, "Then the odds are in our favor. I want every male in the tribe to come with me. We are going to exterminate these pests and chase off the survivors. Nova, lead the way."

The brown dragon replied, "Yes your majesty." Then he took to the air first with the king following him and the rest of the adult males coming after them. They all flew off to wage war on the humans.

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The camp-building and base construction were still going on as Dylan and his comrades set up another tent. The men engaged in conversation as they worked, talking about the mission and the mysterious island they were on. One of them asked, "So did anybody come across anything strange besides the invisible walls?"

Dylan answered, "Nope."

His friend, Private Kurt Ramsey, shook his head, "Not me. I'm pretty sure our news would have spread like yours if we did."

The first man replied, "Yeah, you're right. But hey, if there's one weird phenomenon here, there's probably bound to be more here. Like those monsters that are here. We could be like pioneers to a magical island."

Dylan agreed, "Well we ARE pioneers, Fred. We did discover this place after all."

Private Fred Huettner nodded, "Yeah, that's exactly what I meant."

After getting the tent up, one of the soldiers noticed something up above. He pointed up high and told the others, "Guys, look in the sky!"

Fred, Dylan, Kurt and the soldiers looked up as the former asked, "What? Is it a bird?"

"A plane?" asked another soldier.

Dylan answered, "No, those are dragons." He immediately recognized the features of the flock in the air upon seeing them. Scales, horns, spines, wings, tails and four legs were all the traits of a dragon. These must have been the monsters the hikers saw.

The dragons flew over the camp and blew down their fires at the tents and men. "Ah crud!" Fred cried as he and his group narrowly avoided getting torched by the ray of fire that burned the grass below. Some of the other soldiers were not so lucky as their uniforms got set ablaze and they began to scream in pain. Some ran away for help, while others did the smart thing of doing the stop, drop & roll technique to put out their fires. The construction crew got out of their vehicles and fled for safety as they let out panicking screams.

Commander Stevenson rushed to his burning tent and picked up his M16A4. Then he went back out and shot at the first two dragons he saw. They let out pained roars before they fell and dropped on the ground. Stevenson ordered his troops aloud, "Men, take up your weapons and defend yourself. I want to see these beasts drop like flies."

As the soldiers went to arm themselves, Dylan picked up a M72 LAW and aimed it at the flying dragons. He pulled the trigger and a grenade flew out high into the air. It hit one and bombarded it with an explosive blast. The dragon fell down with severe burns on its body and wings. He fired at another one and then a third one, killing them both with ease. Another dragon flew to him from the side and blew fire at him. "Whoa!" cried Dylan as he threw himself out of the way before he could get toasted. But he got caught on the shoulder anyway and he felt the flame cooking his skin underneath. The private winced as he patted out the flame, hurting his hand in the process.

The same dragon made a U-turn and went for Dylan again. But then it was shot down by a tank missile. The private looked next to himself to see Kurt riding a M1 Abrams. He pumped his fist triumphantly, cheering, "Hoo-yeah, saved your ass, bud!" Dylan smiled thankfully at him for the rescue. Then Kurt suggested, "Hey, let's make a game out of this. Whoever shoots down the most dragons wins."

Dylan gladly accepted the challenge, "Alright, I'm game." Then they shoot down the dragons together, trying to outdo each other in the number of kills.

Under the army's might, many of the creatures were slain. Bullets and missiles shot at them from the ground as the attack helicopters flew to help bring down the menace as well. The tribe was losing numbers rather quickly and the king knew this. He roared to his tribe, "They're too powerful! Everyone, we must retreat!" The tribe stopped fighting and flew away, saving themselves before they could suffer any more casualties. But Stevenson shot down three more of them before they got too far.

With the dragons' assault over, the camp was left with burning tents & unarmored vehicles, wounded men and lifeless bodies of dragons, some of which had fallen onto the tents and stuff. The unharmed soldiers went to douse out the flames with fire extinguishers, while the nurses went to tend to the wounded. Dylan and Kurt relaxed, but neither of them was happy as they were thinking about what just

happened. The black-haired man said, "Man, that sure was something. I didn't think the monsters would find us first before we did."

"Yeah, me neither," Dylan replied. The dragons' behavior was very strange. Most animals, even a pack of predators, would normally stay away from human settlements and they certainly would not hunt prey that were not native to their territory. This felt more like a raid than a group hunting together. There were like hundreds of dragons in the air; no large animal species has that amount in their packs. Just what were they dealing with here?

After dousing his tent, Stevenson went inside and picked up his communicator. He contacted the army base back in America, "This is Commander Stevenson, I need to get in touch with General Caine. Over."

He waited for a little bit until a gruff voice sounded on the communicator, "This is General William Caine here. What's your report, Commander?"

The commander answered, "It's been confirmed, General. There are dragons here beyond the portal. They're on an uncharted island in the Pacific Ocean. We'll send you the coordinates soon."

"Excellent," the general replied. "Once we've taking control of the island, it'll become another territory of America. Just keep carrying out Operation Delta and we'll send you men and supplies whenever you need them."

"Roger that, General," Stevenson understood. They hung up and the commander left his tent. He went over to the research team, who were busy dissecting one of the dragons, one of the takes they were here for. He asked the leader of the group, "Doctor Pierce, is everyone in the research team alright?"

Doctor Melanie Pierce answered, "We are; all of us. None of us got touched in the attack."

"That's good," the commander replied. "It wouldn't do us good if we lost our researchers before we could learn a thing about these beasts. Anyway, keep doing your work. We'll be bringing a live one captured to you soon."

"Got it," the woman replied. Stevenson walked away from the team. He looked at the aftermath of the camp around him. The army was still recovering from the damages they suffered. He would let them rest for now until he was ready to send out some men to capture a dragon.