

Private Dylan and Luna spoke with King Gregarios about getting some tribe members to help with the search for other tribes. Luna said, "We figured if we had more of us searching, then our odds will be better."

Gregarios thought about their proposition and replied, "I see. I suppose I could send the bravest of us to help, but it'll have to be voluntary." He looked to the man and continued, "After all, you did say that the world outside has dangerous men."

Dylan confirmed that, "Yes, I did."

The king said, "Well, I suppose I should hold a meeting this evening and wait for everyone to be present, so that we can find out who will join you."

Luna remarked, "That'll be a good idea. I sure hope Ashley is coming." It would be fun having friends around on the expedition. They could chat together about many things as they went.

Dylan said, "We'll meet you later, your majesty. We'll come back as soon as possible." They would probably return here after dinner tonight. It was the best estimate he had for when the meeting would begin, end or keep going on in the middle.

Gregarios replied, "I'll be looking forward to it. But first, how is Ronord handling his stay at the base?"

The man answered, "He's still just as grouchy as ever, but he's out of the infirmary now." Then he thought about his encounter with the black dragon. "He did seem kind of relaxed today though. He came with us on our search and even had a little chat with me." Now that he thought about it, it did seem unusual for the human-hater to want to be around one. Ronord never tried to interact with humans before. How strange.

"A chat?" Gregarios found it curious, too. He asked, "Did things go alright between you two?" He should be mad that Ronord left his confined place, but if a human like Dylan was there to watch him, then perhaps it was acceptable.

Dylan answered, "Yes, he never once yelled or got pissy with me."

The king presumed, "I guess it sounds like he's coming around humans." Sentencing Ronord to the new army base was working good in changing the black dragon's opinion on humans.

"Maybe," Dylan replied. It was too soon to tell. It may seem like it now, but it may only look that way because Ronord needed to be on good terms with him in order to join the search and make this adventure go smoothly. Otherwise, Dylan and Luna would have him back off. After all, the dragon was still bitter towards humans yesterday.

Gregarios told them, "Keep an eye on him and make sure he's getting along."

Luna promised, "We will, your majesty." Then Dylan rode the pink dragon back to the army base.

-----

The island tribe dragons were practicing spells taught to them by Whitley. The white dragon watched their every move attentively, making sure that each individual was performing the spells correctly. He nodded, "That's good, everyone. Keep it up and you'll all get the hang of it."

As the practice went on, Ronord and Private Kurt showed up, approaching the white dragon from behind. When they got close to him, Ronord cleared his throat loudly to catch the tutor's attention, "Ahem!"

Whitley turned around and met them face-to-face. He greeted warmly, "Oh hello again, Ronord!" He looked to Kurt as well, "And hello to you, chap."

The private waved with an equally friendly reply, "Hey."

Whitley said to the black dragon, "I see you're up and about again. Tell me, are you feeling a lot better nowadays?"

Ronord answered, "I sure am, now that I'm not stuck at that wretched infirmary." He scowled at the thought of his time spent there. "Anyway, I came here to ask if you would help me, Luna and Dylan search for other tribes around the world."

The white dragon replied, "Oh, you three are seeking the lost tribes, eh?"

Ronord confirmed, "Yes, and with your portals, you can go everywhere and seek them out."

Whitley told him, "Well Ronord, I would like to help you. But I'm afraid I have to warn you that finding the others will be easier said than done. The world is a very big place after all. And my portals don't exactly take me to wherever I want to go. You could end up anywhere with them like a desert or a volcano."

Kurt flinched at the last word, "Ooh, now that's something to worry about. Maybe we should poke our heads in first and check to make sure it's safe." He joked as he looked from to the other, "After all, we don't want to become barbecue, right guys?"

The black dragon commented, "Duly noted." There was indeed a good advice. On that thought, he should probably hold his breath as well in case the other end of a portal ends up being underwater.

"Indeed," Whitley said to the man. To Ronord, he said, "But still, the idea of seeing others like us fascinates me. I sure hope there are more than two tribes."

"Me too," Ronord replied. "Maybe they've even learned new ways, too, like the humans have." If the other tribes have improved on their cultures, then it would be good for his tribe to learn from them. Get some good ideas that would enhance their survival and whatever. "Anyway, it's not just you that I came for help. I need to know if you can get some of your tribe to help us out, too. Luna has already gone to our king about recruiting some of ours."

Whitley said, "Why of course, chap. I'll go talk to my queen and see if she'll let us."

Ronord appreciated, "Thanks, Whitley."

The white dragon told his students, "I'm apologize for cutting this short, everyone. But I must go to my queen for a personal matter. I'll return as soon as possible."

The island tribe understood as they said, "Okay, see you." "We'll be waiting." "Make it quick, please!" Whitley turned and left as he went on his way to the portal leading back to his home.

Kurt asked the black dragon, "So, how many tribes do you think there are out there?"

Ronord answered, "I don't know. We'll have to wait and see." He did his part; now he must wait for the help from his and Whitley's tribes to come.

-----

Time passed to the evening, when the military was having dinner. Dylan and Luna sat together outside the food tent, eating their meals and talking with each other. The pink dragon said, "I sure hope we get a lot of volunteers tonight."

"Me too," Dylan replied before he cut a piece of pork and ate it. Then a certain someone came over and sat down with them. Dylan and Luna were surprised to see him, approaching them like this. "Ronord, what are you doing here?" The man was puzzled as to why the black dragon was here. He was not the type to hang around humans; even if he did go with one to find the lost tribes.

Ronord grumbled, "Do I even need a reason to be here? I just wanted company; that's all."

Dylan replied, "No, but this isn't like you. I mean you hate humans. Why would you be around me?"

"Because..." Ronord tried to find some excuse without admitting his true intent, but failed at finding the right words. Instead, he opted for growling, "Shut up! I can do whatever I want."

"Er...okay?.." the man replied, taken aback by the black dragon's bitter attitude.

The three were silent for a bit with the two friends eating and Ronord just sitting there. The black dragon attempted to break the quiet atmosphere by striking up a conversation, "So, what did the king say about letting the tribe work with us?"

Dylan answered, "He's going to have a meeting soon with his tribe to see who among them wants to help."

"That's good," Ronord replied. "I've gotten Whitley in on this, too. His queen is sending a few of their tribe to help us."

Luna's eyes lit up as she beamed, "You did?! Thanks, Ronord!"

Even Dylan was just as content, "Awesome!"

"You're welcome," Ronord smiled, proud of the praise he received. "Just had to do something while you were gone." Then he kept the talk going by asking something off-topic, "So Dylan, they call you a private, right?"

The man answered, "Yes, why?"

The black dragon asked, "Is it some kind of special rank? What do the privates do?"

Dylan told him, "It's nothing really special or anything. A private is just a first rank. We're just pretty much the grunts of the army."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah."

Ronord kept the talk going by asking, "And how long have you been a private?"

Dylan answered, "Only for about a year." He stared at the black dragon, feeling awkward about Ronord's unusual behavior. It was like something was off here. Who was this dragon and what has he done with Ronord?

"A year..." Ronord repeated. "I guess you're still a rookie. I bet it'll be a long time before you get your promotion."

"If I ever get one," Dylan replied.

Luna was just as unnerved as her friend was about Ronord the whole time. But she soon figured out why he was acting this way. She asked him, "Ronord, are you trying to make yourself like humans this way?" She did not forget the sentence their king had put on him.

The black dragon whipped his head to her, growling, "So what if I am? What? Is that a bad thing to you?"

Luna flinched and stammered, "N-no, I was just...uh..."

Dylan spoke in her stead, "We were just surprised. I mean you're usually not this open to humans, well not to me as far as I know. But you didn't want to hang around us and now all of a sudden, you do."

Ronord sighed and looked down, admitting, "It's just that I have to do this or else the king will keep me trapped in my own cave."

Dylan suggested, "Can't you just lie to him and say you like humans?" It was that simple after all.

Ronord frowned, "He won't take it. The king will just ask the army what I was like with them and they'll tell him the truth. I'm done if this happens. That's why I came to you, because you're the first human Luna befriended and I thought you can and I can forge a bond together. So that when the king lands, I'll have at least someone to show that I've changed."

The man told him, "Well it's nice that you want to be my friend and all. But forcing yourself probably isn't a good idea. I think you have to be natural about it."

Ronord scowled, "And just how am I supposed to do that?"

Dylan shrugged and shook his head cluelessly, "Uh, I don't know."

The black dragon said, "Well if you don't have any bright ideas, then being with you is a waste of time." He walked away from them, done with befriending Dylan. If that man will not accept his friendship, then maybe his other choice, Kurt, will. The lighter-haired brunette seemed amiable after all.

But then Luna stopped him by calling, "Ronord, wait!"

The black dragon and looked back, snapping, "What?!"

The pink dragon proposed, "If faking niceness won't help, then maybe we could work together on getting you to overcome humans." She looked to her friend and asked, "Right, Dylan?"

The man said, "Well sure, I'll help." If they could get to the bottom of Ronord's misanthropy, then they could help him conquer it and make it easier for him to like humans.

Ronord turned around, asking, "Is that so?" He came walking back to them as he continued, "Well then, it seems I did come to the right people after all." He sat down before them and asked Luna, "So, how do you propose I learn to drop my hatred?"

Luna suggested, "Well... Maybe you could ask yourself, no wait, tell us why you hate humans." That certainly sounded like a good start to begin from there.

Ronord answered, "It's because-"

Someone nearby answered for him, "He lost his friends and brothers in that fight we had."

Everybody looked to Kurt and Fred, who both just left the food tent. Dylan asked, "Kurt, you know about this?"

Kurt confirmed, "Yeah, Ronord told me about it when we were looking for Whitley. I didn't even know these guys were sentient and stuff back then."

Dylan said, "No one did. All we could think about is survival."

Ronord said, "Well now you do, and I believe the one thing that would put my mind at ease is compensation for their deaths."

Dylan asked, "Compensation? What kind of compensation?"

The black dragon told them, "One that is equal to all the lives that this army has taken from the tribe."

Kurt scratched his head, "Well gee, I don't know. I mean we can't exactly bring back the dead. Maybe we could talk it up with the commander."

Ronord frowned with grudge, "He won't bother with it. In fact, he refuses to and just told me to talk to the king instead."

Dylan and everyone else felt bad for him. The dark-haired private said, "Well if the commander can't do anything about it, then I'm not sure what we can do besides asking for the king's help." He wished he had some good ideas, but nothing came to mind.

Fred suggested, "Why don't we make some kind of grave or monument for the dragons?" Everyone's heads turned to the red-haired man, expecting a good idea. Fred continued, "We don't have the bodies to bury, but we could make a slab with a list of the dead and place flowers before it to honor them."

Luna asked the black dragon, "Ronord, what do you think? I think flowers would be a nice thing to give."

Ronord pondered his thoughts on this until he decided, "How about statues for each of them?"

The men were astonished. Dylan tried to talk him out of it, "Ronord, do you know how much it costs to build a statue? Those things are expensive. I'm not sure if anyone's going to pay for them."

Ronord assured them, "Don't worry, you don't have to. My magic alone will create them. You humans just need to bring the flowers."

Kurt smiled, "Now that we can afford. My sister's a florist. I'll just pay for as much as we need and she can send those over to us."

Luna was excited at the thought of flowers, "Ooh, I love flowers. I can't wait to see what kinds she'll send."

Kurt grinned at her, "Trust me, they're going to be beautiful!"

Ronord said, "I hope they are, because I want them to be enough to put a soul to rest." Then he turned to Dylan and Luna, "And you two, don't forget to finish your food. You do have a meeting with King Gregarios." He had heard about that sometime after they got back to the base.

The two realized that in surprise as Dylan said, "Oh shoot, you're right! Luna, we got to eat fast now."

"On it!" the pink dragon replied as the two hurriedly finished their food.

Kurt snickered jokingly, "Heh heh, try not to choke yourself there, buddy."

-----

The whole tribe gathered before King Gregarios with Dylan and Luna standing behind the yellow dragon as important figures for their mission. The king began the meeting, "My tribe, today, Luna and Dylan had come to me requesting some assistance in their quest to seek the other tribes and see if they have lived to this day. I am holding this meeting right now to see who among you would be willing to use their portals to help search the whole world of the missing tribes." Some of the dragons felt eager to aid the duo until their king gave them a stern warning, "But know that I do not make this request lightly. Though the human race has gotten better for the most part, there are still others out there that may not be as kind as the army is. I ask that you all take precaution when searching parts unknown for the tribes. So now I call among your help, who among you would like to help Luna and Dylan find the other tribes?"

The tribe thought about the possible consequences and risks they would face if they volunteered. Some deterred themselves from leaving their home, especially after hearing how Ronord's magic failed against the military's might. The busy mothers did not want to leave their hatchlings behind and instead, chose

to stay and raise them. But there were others that were eager to help, including Ashley, who was the first to speak up, "I'll go!" Luna looked at her friend, happy that she was joining the mission.

Alex was the next one to volunteer, "And so will I."

Cyril said, "If there's other dragons out there, then we'll know that we're not the last of our kind." Then he remembered a certain white dragon, "Well there's also Whitley's tribe. But you know? The more, the merrier."

A male navy blue dragon said, "I'll go, too."

A red female declared, "So will I!" More dragons offered to join the search.

Gregarios responded to the volunteers, "Very well then. Tomorrow morning, I'll send you all to search for the tribes. Let us know if any of you have found one. This meeting is now over." The king went back to his cave as the tribe dispersed.

Cyril and Ashley went over to Luna and Dylan as the red dragon asked the latter two, "So, do you think we can do this?"

Dylan responded, "If we all work hard at it, then yes."

Ashley was quite gleeful about the quest, "Oh boy, this is going to feel like an adventure. All the places we can see and all the places we can explore. I like to see what the world outside has to offer."

Cyril cautioned her, "Hey don't forget that there are dangers everywhere. We shouldn't be too careless about this, especially when there's a human we don't know."

The teal dragon replied, "Yeah, yeah, I know. They have guns and everything. But still, I wouldn't mind seeing all sorts of new things." She smiled at the thought of exotic terrains, animals and plants that were waiting for her to be seen.

Luna said to her, "You should hang out with me and Dylan, and that way, we can all see the world together."

Ashley beamed, "Great idea! I'll meet up with you at the base tomorrow and we can all go."

Dylan agreed to that, "Sounds like a plan. I hope we have fun out there."

Ashley smiled, "I'm pretty sure we will."

-----

On the next day, an AH-64E Apache Longbow flew over the forest, doing its routine patrol around the outskirts of the base. Lieutenant Ginger Linza was giving his attack helicopter a test flight to make sure all systems were working well. As his flight went on, he noticed something unusual beneath the trees on the ground. "What's this?" he murmured to himself.

"What's what?" asked the gunner.

Ginger got a look at the objects he saw. There were earthy statues of dragons scattered around. He had never seen them around before in these parts until now. Someone has been making these things, probably using magic to do so. Pretty soon, he saw a black dragon using magic to raise a heap of soil and bend it into shape, giving it a draconic form like the other statues. The pilot asked, "Looks like someone is making art here. Want to take a short break and check out them out?"

The gunner replied, "Eh sure, why not." The Apache landed on a flat ground, careful not to hit the branches as it descended. The two riders got out to take a closer look at all the statues. The sculptures were excellently-detailed; everything about them looked realistic such as the scales, eyes, wings and everything else. They also seemed to be made out of soil and stone. The gunner smiled, "Hey, this is some pretty neat work."

Ginger commented, "I wonder who the sculptor could be."

Ronord was going around creating statue replicas of the deceased dragons. He had used photographic memory to make his magic mold the statues to look exactly like them. As he created another one, he prayed to the fallen, 'My brothers and friends, I hope this pleases you all.'

After the statue was made, the dragon heard someone say, "Well, well, look at you making all these fine works out here."

Ronord turned to look at the lieutenant and his gunner. He recognized, "You, you're one of Dylan's friends."

Ginger smiled, "I didn't think you were quite the sculptor, Ronord. I have to say that all your works look great!"

"Thanks," Ronord appreciated the comment. "I didn't do all this as a hobby. I just wanted to make something to remember my friends by."

"The dragons we killed?" asked Ginger, assuming that was what the statues were modeled after.

"Yes."

The lieutenant replied, regarding the statues, "I'm sure they'd like them if they could see them. These things would be a hit in an art museum. But I'd think you'd rather they stay here as graves to honor them by. I can respect that decision."

"That's my intent for these things. I want to feel like they're still here with my tribe in spirit. Their loved ones and I can visit them anytime and pay our respects."

"Gee, that sounds wonderful. I bet your tribe will really appreciate that." Ginger glanced at his helicopter before continuing, "Anyway, I gotta take my chopper back to the base. Maybe I'll see you again next time."

Ronord watched the man and his gunner leave for their Apache. They boarded the vehicle and flew it back to the base. The black dragon murmured after them, "See you." He went back to making statues.

-----

For a few days, Dylan, Luna, Ronord, Whitley and the volunteers of both tribes have been using their portals to find other tribes, but they keep coming up empty-handed every time. A few had encountered some dangerous events like vicious wildlife, horrible storms and one natural disaster in a form of an earthquake. But luckily, everyone survived and no one had been discovered by an outside human. Meanwhile, Ronord had gotten a bit more friendlier towards the humans, his mind having been eased by the making of the statues, started by Fred's idea, and Kurt's huge order of flowers for them. The tribe members who stayed behind appreciated the memorials made for their fallen loved ones.

Luna summoned a portal, making another trip to find a tribe. Dylan, Ashley and Ronord were with them. Ashley said, "I sure hope we find someone today. I'm getting tired not finding any tribes."

Dylan assured, "Hey, it's only been a few days. There's still plenty of time before we can call it quits for good."

Ronord reasoned, "Our chances are still pretty slim though. The world is a very huge place after all, but nevertheless we got to keep trying."

Luna flashed them a confident smile for cheers, saying, "Let's all wish for a great luck and hope we succeed this time."

"Yeah!" Dylan and Ashley replied, returning their smiles to her. Ronord remained silent, his determination was just as strong. They all went into the portal and came out in a rocky valley with barely any plants around. This looked like a spot where finding a dragon or more would be easier, since it was an open field, as opposed to where trees are blocking the view. The group searched the place around.

Luna flew over the chasm of the valley and overlooked the ground down below to the bottom, seeing a running river with the surrounding greenery of the plants. Soon, a moving figure caught her eyes. There appeared to be what looked like a dragon drinking water from the river. Excitement overwhelmed the pink dragon that her mouth formed a wide, open smile. She shouted to the others, "Guys, I found one! It's another dragon!"

Everyone turned their attention to her, feeling their hopes rise. Finally, a living evidence of another tribe. Ashley asked, "Really? You did?!"

Dylan asked, "Where are they?"

Luna pointed down below the chasm she hovered over and answered, "Down there!" They went to the cliff and looked down to see the drinking dragon taking off away from the river.

Ashley said, "He's getting away."

Dylan said, "We should follow him and see if he can take us to his tribe." He got onto Luna's back and they all flew after the lone dragon, going over the desert as they went to wherever the dragon went.

Soon, they saw the dragon descend down towards a group of his kind that were standing and laying about at a huge cliff. Luna announced, "There they are! I knew there were other tribes out there." This tribe looked smaller than the one back at home; maybe the others were out hunting.

Ronord smiled, "Looks like our time and energy finally paid off." Now they have 3 tribes in existence. The island tribe dragons flew down towards the desert tribe and landed on an empty space before them.

The tribe looked at the newcomers curiously with surprise, wondering where had these new dragons come from. A female magenta dragon asked, "Who are you?"

Luna began to introduce her group, "Why I'm Luna, and these are-"

She was cut off when someone from the tribe noticed Dylan on her back. The green dragon shouted, "She's brought a human!"

The tribe started to panic, holding their young & eggs close to them for protection as many spread out wings, getting to take flight away from there. Their king alarmed, "Quickly everyone, fly and get away from here." The tribe took off into the air to flee. Ronord had not expected that kind of reaction when they saw the man. He assumed they would try to toast him to ashes like how his tribe did upon their first encounter with the army.

Luna cried loudly to them, hoping they would listen to her, as she assured, "Wait, he's harmless! I mean it!"

The tribe stopped leaving and turned to hover as one of them asked, "Really?" They were still skeptical about this.

The pink dragon assured, "Trust me. I've known him for some time. He won't hurt any of you."

Dylan put on his friendly face in an attempt to make himself look less dangerous for the tribe. Worried about any interactions he attempted would frighten the tribe, he nervously greeted, "Uh...hey there."

One of the tribe members descended down to the ground and walked up to Luna, braving himself for whatever harm the man might inflict on him. After he drew closer, the light brown dragon warily brought himself closer to Dylan. Ronord scolded him, "Stop being a fraidy cat! He's not going to hurt you."

The brown dragon tensed nervously as he stared at Dylan, taking his time to brave himself. Ashley gave him a reassuring smile, "Trust us, he's a friend."

The brown dragon touched his nose onto Dylan to see if he would do anything. The man refrained from petting him, in case it would make the dragon get the wrong idea. When no harm came to him, the brown dragon smiled, losing all sense of fear. He turned to his tribe and told them, "Hey guys, I think he's really safe after all!"

The whole tribe became relieved as their king said, "Then we have nothing to fear then. Whew, what a relief!" The tribe flew back down to the ground. The king greeted, "Greetings, I'm King Micah. I'm never seen any of you before. Where did you all come from?"

Ronord answered, "We're from another tribe. We came using our magic to make a portal here."

The tribe looked surprised as Micah asked, "Did you say magic?"

The black dragon confirmed, "Yes, it has returned."

The tribe was excited at the wonderful news. One dragon beamed, "Praise goodness, now our lives will be easier again!"

Ronord said, "I could teach you, but I'm afraid I'll be overstaying my time away if I do so. So I'll just let Luna and Ashley train." He asked the two females, "Can you handle it?"

Luna nodded, eager to help, "Of course!"

Ashley said, "I'll teach them as much as I can."

Ronord smiled, knowing that they've got this. He took off and flew all the way back to the portal. After his return to the island, he went back to the base and saw Dr. Pierce conversing with an island dragon. The cerulean dragon said, "You know? There used to be other creatures your kind forgot about."

The head researcher asked, "Really? What are they?" She was intrigued to know what other mythical creatures actually existed in this world.

The cerulean dragon answered, "Why in the past, we dragons used to get into conflicts with minotaurs, chimeras, cockatrices, gargoyles, and the dreadful demons. Griffins were also our enemies as they liked to hunt our young and eat our eggs."

Dr. Pierce thought about the creatures mentioned, 'So there are other six-limbed creatures. Perhaps any of them could be related to the dragons in some way.' She then asked, "You said 'used to', so you don't have any problems with them anymore?"

The dragon confirmed, "Not since the day our forefathers came to this place. We believed they may have disappeared along with the magic."

Pierce wrote all that down in her notes, murmuring, "Interesting." Sounds like the banishment of magic might have something to with their supposed extinction, that or humans might have hunted them off or they're just isolated in other parts of the world, yet to be discovered. Ronord just left the two alone and went further into the premise of the base, looking for a place to lie down and rest.

-----

Sometime later, Dylan, Luna and Ashley returned to King Gregarios and told him about the discovered tribe. The king said, "So that makes another tribe still alive to this day. Excellent! Looks like we might not be so endangered after all. I wonder if our island would be to their liking. We have plenty of food here and that can save their dying numbers." The search team learned the reason that the desert tribe's numbers were so low was so that they could ration what little prey they had out there and keep anyone from starving.

Dylan replied, "I'm sure King Micah will be grateful for this, when he hears this."

Gregarios said, "You should tell him this the next time you see."

Luna said, "Hopefully, our next portal will take us back to him." It could probably take days, weeks, months or even years to summon the right portal back to the place.

-----

Another day had gone by. In a thick, dark forest in another part of the world, Cyril was out looking for tribes. The place was so dense, compared to the one back at the island, with so many trees around him limiting his view of the far horizon. Finding a tribe looks like it was going to be tough. Not to mention, he could get lost in these woods and may even forget his way back to the portal. The dragon kept on going until he found a pair of hunters up ahead armed with guns. Remembering Gregarios's warning about some humans, Cyril distant himself away from the men, hiding out of their sight. He heard one of the men's voices, quieted by the distance, asking, "See anything yet?"

The other man, a taller one, denied, "Nope."

Looks like Cyril was still safe. The dragon made a run for it when he stepped on some old dried up leaves that made a crunching sound. This alerted the hunters as the bearded man asked, "What was that?"

The tall man was heard saying, "I think it came from that way."

That was Cyril's incentive to bolt away for his life. He ran for some time, hoping that he would be fast enough to escape the humans and their bullets. Good thing they did not have tanks or helicopters or else he would never escape them. Suddenly, the ground beneath his feet gave way and the dragon starting falling. "Yah!" he cried. Luckily, the fall was short and he did not suffer any damages, but the landing still hurt him. Cyril saw something unusual before him. It looked like a dark stony arch with ugly-looking creatures & strange vines carved into it and it was adorned with dull red gems. The dragon got a closer look at it, wondering why such a structure was left hidden underground. There appeared to be no tunnel surrounding this place that would lead to it, except for the sinkhole that just occurred. Cyril went up to the arch and touched structure, feeling the smooth, hard surface. Then when his claw touched one of the gems, it started glowing bright red and a powerful force glued his claw to it, draining magic energy out of the dragon. Cyril grunted painfully as he asked, "What's happening...?" It lasted for a short while as the other gems started glowing as well. Then a portal or swirling yellows & red appeared where the wall within the arch once was. The force freed the claw and flung him back all the way to the end of the room.

Cyril slowly got back up as the pain from the impact ached him. The next thing he saw were monstrous creatures coming out of the portal. One was animalistic in appearance with three heads and the others were humanoid and scaly. His face dropped in horror as he recognized these creatures from the stories he's heard. He could not take them all on by himself for they too were magical; he needed to get out of here. A gargoyle spotted the dragon and let out a raspy screech, alerting the others to his presence. Cyril took off into the air with the chimera being the first to follow him. The creature chased him through the woods as its brethren joined in on the pursuit. More monsters of various kinds came out of the portal and flew & climbed up out of the hole. Cyril ran as fast as he could, trying to escape these creatures. He cast a magic ball at them and it hit the chimera, knocking it off its feet. A demon conjured a spell of its own as fired a magic laser that burned the dragon on his thigh. "Yowch!" he cried. The chase kept going on as he tried to ditch the fiends. He missed his path for the portal.

The hunters heard lots of sounds of roars and snarls somewhere. The tall one asked, "What the heck is that?"

Then soon, a horde of creatures, creatures that looked like they came out of a fantasy film, charged at them. The alarmed men, believing them to be very dangerous, aimed their rifles at the horde and fired at them. An imp dropped dead before a behemoth was the next to fall; the killings did not deter the monsters as they kept going. After getting too near for the men's comfort; the bearded hunter cried, "Shoot! Let's get out of here!" They tried to make a break for it, but the horde caught up to them and started devouring them like a pack of hungry wolves. The hunters' last breaths were in the forms of terrified screams that filled the air.

Some of the monsters found Cyril's portal and went right in to see where it would take them.