Chatter and laughter danced through the bright woods on this Monday morning. The sun shone on glistening leaves, dark trunks and all kinds of wildlife skittering through the dense undergrowth. Sensing the humans, the mice turned and ran as Eliabeth raced past, Rose, Alex and Eugene not far behind. "We have to make it back or breakfast will be cold!" Elizabeth panted, slowing down. "But I'm so tired!" Alex, her friend complained. "Oh fine. Let's rest." The group sat on a log, slightly damp with morning dew, and admired their surrounds. Small mammals peeked out of holes and birds twittered, gliding on carefree wings. The earthy scent of the bush mingled with that of fragrant petals, taken from rambling bushes. Eugene stood, and proclaimed that it was time to go. He looked around for the path, but it wasn't there anymore.

After 10 minutes of panicked searching, Alex realised that they were getting nowhere. "We know the path *was* there, but not anymore. Let's just keep going the way we were. Then we can make it back it back to camp and figure out what happened." The others all agreed, so the left the log and strode onwards. After walking for nearly 350 metres, they all realised that not one of them recognised their surroundings. Gone were the bright evergreen trees, and the cheeky mice. All that was there, ahead and behind them was barren, desolate trees, all leaves long reduced to soil, and all animals under it. Ruby, who was afraid, whimpered shakily "Guys? What are we going to do now?" No one knew. Everyone wanted to.

Stuck in the other forest for hours, they started to hallucinate. At least, they hoped they were hallucinating. They saw flames appear in the distance, only to vanish in seconds, long fingered creatures in rags, hungry eyes black and empty dash around trees, and most scarily, someone else, following them on the horizon. Slowly creeping up on them. Stealthily. As if they thought they hadn't been seen.

Desperate to escape, the children reasone that they might get help from the mystery person, and could probably knock them out if they had to. So, with this in mind, they made their first good decision. Upon meeting them, they learned the man was called David, and he had been stuck here for several years. He took them to his shelter, and that was where he revealed who he really was.

"I am not David, nor am I your ally. I am certainly not your friend, but I will give you a chance to escape my creation. Yes, this enchanted forest is mine, and yes, I could kill you in less than a second. But kindly ignore that, as if you become scared I will not give you your chance to escape."

He disappeared on the spot, leaving only an egg, a massive, speckled red egg. It was as tall as Eugene, who was 14. Suddenly heat swarmed out of the egg and through the cave they were in. It rocked and cracked, and a baby dragon tumbled out. The kids cowered against the wall, terrified of the baby behemoth in front of them, capable of reducing them to cinders. However, the 'baby behemoth' thought they were it's siblings, so did not eat them on the spot. They realised that this dragon must be their chance, so accepted it and called it Fin.

After leaving they cave, Fin in tow, the kids realised that even with a dragon, they still didn't know how to escape, as Fin wasn't strong enough to carry them in the air. They did know they were thirsty though. They found a spring, and upon drinking it gained strength several times their usual levels. While uprooting a tree, in her anger at being here alone and without help or escape, Ruby had a stroke of inspiration. She ran to her friends, the first smile since they got here on her face. "If we give Fin (Here Fin stood up with a curious snarf sound) some strength water, maybe he could fly us out of here!" Excited, they gave Fin strength water and piled on his back. Then they took off.

Wind whistled past their ears, cold air biting through their summer clothes. The groud spread out like a map under them, allowing them to see every minute detail, including the path. The path! Their exit! The told Fin to go down and-

The were stopped. By another dragon. This one at least five times Fin's size and angry. Very angry. Fin ducked, weaved. Breathed flame. The kids hang on for dear life, fire and wind playing havoc with their senses. Flame blinded them, burnt them. Wind threatened to toss them off Finn, down on to the harsh ground, where they would never get up. They knew there was one way out.

Fin dove down past the talons of the other dragon, the sharp limestone green scales, nearly at the path. Closer, closer, closer. At the last second he leveled with the ground, barrelling through the portal from this world, back the children's. They would have a lot of explaining to do back at camp.

They flew into camp on Fin's back, the strength water just wearing off. All the adults said they would need some coffee for this explanation, so once they had their coffee, the kids told their story, the story you just read. Fin went on to become massive, and live on an island in the bermuda triangle, though he occasionally went back for visits to his siblings. They all lived, maybe not happily, but with an excellent story and even more excellent friends.