Banni: Surrenth Death

Things had not been the same however. I had been getting so many nightmares lately, from all different times that I had found myself screaming and yelling because of it. I was now laid off from my own job, a retail work apparently working for some company. The reason of me being fire was because of my lack of sleep and constant yelling and screaming that many employees were fearful of my own ‘episode’ as they would had called it. So now I am riding the bus; heading straight back into Hounds city by the order of the directives, in hopes of getting some sleep and escaping from this ‘nightmare’ dreamland that I had been having lately.

So while I was riding down the bus towards the closest stop sign that I could find, my attention was drawn towards the window adjacent to me. Staring right outside, towards the streets. Towards the buildings and many that were there that I cannot count or identify upon. Yet my mind was upon the recent memory, that time I was upon the road. I had wanted to forget it however. Forget almost everything that had happened thus. But it was almost hard, if yet impossible, to figure out however. Often, I would clench my paws and growl. Grounding my fangs because of these ‘responses’ that I had been having recently. But none were ‘actively’ in public. No, apparently according to my supervisors they were just, in private. In my own minds.

The bus had stopped moments later and had jerked me off from my own mind as I blinked a bit surprise upon the sudden stop that we were having that I rose my head up towards the ceiling and gaze towards the bus driver that was there. Upon the front, staring up ahead. No movement, no suggestive moves or anything from him however. Something that I was a bit surprise about. But chose, to ignore it anyway and promptly, rose myself from the seat that I was sitting upon and sidestepped towards the small little hallway to the side of me. Yet before I could make a step forward; the bus jerk a little and thrown me towards the back of the bus where somehow the door was opened behind me. Forcing me out onto the streets, the bus promptly left. Or just faded into nothingness, leaving me alone. Nothing but bewilderment and surprise upon what I had just saw or witness before me however.

With no hesitation, I promptly rose to my feet. Dusting off anything that was upon my own legs and body before taking a step towards the stop sign adjacent to me and, returned to the sidewalk. I lifted my head high upon the horizon and gaze upon my surroundings around me. Looking to the buildings of various sizes that were there; the streets that ran across my visions, running straight towards the horizon before me and a crossroads that were there. Everything else was peaceful and tranquility; something that I was rather worried about however as indicated by the ‘episode’ that I had gotten recently at work. Yet I was a bti surprise that the ‘episodes’ never happened again while I was on the bus ride, which somehow had me thinking however. But I just shake my head, and promptly turned my attention towards the horizon, gazing straight towards the crossroads that was a bit further up ahead of me.

I had always told myself ‘I would figure it out’ or ‘I will figure out my dreams’ or anything that was rather similar to those previous quotes. They would always circulate my mind, pondering and theorizing about the different things and their results that would unfold if I were to make that decision. Yet nothing had ever came into fruition, by the time I never made a decision at all. I had always exhaled a breath because of this. Because of my own inability to even make one at all. Even a little. For all I could do was just exhaled a breath and accept it; accept it to the brim in hopes of another opportunity presents itself for me. But none of that was happening at all when I resumed my walk down the sidewalk. Down it, while looking to the horizon. Looking to the crossroads while my ears stretched from my head, listening to the soundless and ringing that now echoed upon my own ears.

What was I expecting anyway? By the time that I had reached upon the crossroads. It was a question that I had rather asked myself; a question that was speculated only for me. Yet I was unable to answer it for some strange reason. For by the time that I had stopped upon the crossroads; I had instantly turned my attention towards the two paths that was forged before me. One was heading straight ahead; the other was towards the right, heading straight into the hospital which was adjacent to the park. There were millions of buildings there; some of them various of sizes than the rest of them however. The park, if I had recalled, was recently empty due to how nighttime the place was as all I had to look was towards the night skies above me.

I kept my eye upon the horizon in front of me. Towards the distant fog that was there hovering just barely above the ground. It obstructed my visions from being able to see the buildings and the results of what the horizon was holding too. ‘Not that it had matters however.’ I suddenly thought to myself, grounding my fangs while I immediately turned towards the right, instantly making a decision while my own legs did the work for me. Turning upon the grounds, towards the direction of where I had wanted to go however and entered upon the road that was towards the right of me whereas I resumed my walk down; eyes up to the horizon again and already seeing the hospital that was there.

Yet I was a bit surprised upon seeing an flat surface upon where the park used to be. For there was only grass now and nothing else. Pipes of different colors were scattered across the roads and grass, but they were hard to see because of their shades of green that was implemented upon the surfaces of those bars and pipes. Everything else was silent and empty; constantly changing for the better as I kept my eye upon the grass yard that was there. But no park then after. I had frowned, but shake my head before returning my sights back towards the horizon once more whereas I walked on forward. Reaching the hospital then afterwards and stopping upon the crossroads in front of me. I turned my attention towards the left and right sides of me. But I had returned, or forcefully glance towards the right upon seeing something that was there.

Something that I should not have however. Something that had forced me to close my eyes and rub them. Either in fear or was drowsy at the time that I had needed sleep momentarily. But by the time that I had opened my eyes; it was still there apparently. That same fox; just a different form somehow. It was rather hard to explain what it was actually. But it had no face, like that legend creepypasta that inspired a game! I frowned, taking a step back. Suddenly, my heart started increasing its beat a bit, gradually becoming faster as I lingered about, staring upon the fox before me. Thus, I turned around and ran. I retrace my steps back down the roads. Back towards the previous crossroads that I was upon. Reaching it suddenly and stopped, glancing over my shoulder just to see that the figure was already gone. Yet upon my spot; was an orange pill somehow. Adjacent to it was a piece of paper. Words and sentences were written upon it. But I dared not to retrace my steps back towards there again; just to see ‘him’ once more.

Noping afterwards, I just heed the corner and left the path entirely. Exchanging it for that path with the fog ahead of me. But somehow, the fog was gone. Another piece of note was there; again sporting that same set of wordings and sentences therein as I had taken noticed of it however. Curiously, I walked up towards the piece of paper and grabbed upon the grounds beneath me. I then take a step backwards, just as I hear something in the distance and something whizzed on by suddenly. Hitting upon the surface of the building, right adjacent to me. A loud sound erupted upon the pure silence, soft as it was while I kept my eye upon the piece of paper in front of me.

It was a report. Details about some patient muttering about some sort of two moons. Pupils were upon those moons however, staring straight towards him. That same patient was later released two months ago underneath the treatment of some sort of pills. Yet he complained that something was-

A sound softly interrupted the silence as I instantly lifted my head from the paper that I am holding. I turned towards the side; then to the other side to the building adjacent to me where the arrow was still stuck upon the wall. Then turned over my shoulder, gazing onto the distance horizon behind me. Finding nothing was there. Except for the purest of silence that was still lingering over my head. I growled, rather silently. But frowned while still feeling the fear and anxiety coursing through my entire body. I shake my head and turned back around; back to the horizon in front of me where I resumed my walk once more. I had threw away the piece of paper just as it had floated in midair and landed safely upon the ground. By that time, I had reached the huge wall in front of me. Something that I had not seen beforehand however.

As I had found myself staring wide and surprise by the sudden wall, I instantly turned towards the left. Gazing towards sa pair of arrows pointing to the alleyway between them. Shadows shudder upon it whereas a pair of eyes stared back onto me somehow. I shake my head and ignored the ‘eyes’ for a good moment as I stepped forth towards the entrance of the alleyway whereas I had taken a deep inhale breath before entering right on in.

As I had suspected and anticipated a alleyway, I had found myself upon a hallway now. I blinked rather surprise by this sudden turn of events while raising my head up towards the ceiling above me. Gazing towards the flickering of lights that was there. Running down the halls, sports something at the very end. A wall or something with a crack at the center of it all. I had find myself staring onto that crack for a moment and lowered my head down; gazing towards an ax that was lying upon the ground. I grabbed it instantly and hacked onto the wall. The wall chip and breaks into thousands of pieces before the entire thing crumbled down and I had found myself staring onto the abyss; a golden orange circle sphere thingy was in front of me somehow. I reached for it; in an attempt to snatch onto the sphere.

But I had found myself back to the entrance of the alleyway. Reaching out towards the fire torches that closed themselves up towards me in perhaps an attempt to burn me somehow. I reel my paw back to avoid such fate. Yet my heart was pounding in my chest; and thoughts were circulating in my mind. Pondering about what I had just witness, and remembering about some sort of sphere. Some sort of yellow orange circle that was in front of me, something that I was reaching for however. Ignoring any sort of theories that reside upon my own mind, I exhaled a breath and returned my attention back towards the alleyway in front of me. The fire torches that I was reaching out for; reeled back into the darkness. Well deep within the following soundless silence looming over me as I exhaled another breath, calming myself down hopefully and dive right through the alleyway.

I had anticipated that the alleyway would be the same as with the other alleyways that I had came across upon beforehand. Sure enough, it was with the purest of darkness now covering upon my own surroundings. Enveloping around me like a blanket or something while my head raised high towards the horizon. Towards the pairs of ‘eyes’ that I had saw beforehand as I walked on forward. Step by step. I walked, until I reached upon the end. Soft music played in the background however as I immediately stopped and my ears started flickering upon the sounds surrounding me however. For sooner than I had anticipated, I was already in front of the door before me. Something that I instantly, reached for however and grabbed onto the knob before entering right on in.

A bell rang through the silence. Coursing from one room to the next until it was faint upon my own ears. As I looked around, I had noticed rather quickly what the place was like and it was a bit messy persay. The first room that I had found myself upon was the living room. A fireplace was adjacent to me, facing it was a pair of sofas leaning against the wall. There were some instruments at the corner of the room, one of the corners that was adjacent to me. Beyond the sofa and fireplace was an entrance path towards the kitchen. Yet, to my surprise the room was not a kitchen at all. Rather, it was a forest. Even worst, it was my own forest. The forest that I had once lived in beforehand long before this series had ever began or when I was kicked out from my own pack.

I was surprise where I was that my own eyes widened upon the realization of the familiance of where I was. Yet I was afraid somehow and I do not know why however. Was it something about the pack or the familiarity of the forest that got to me somehow? Or the forest itself. Either way, it was already worst and this was not aiding in the slightest at all. With my tail between my legs, I exhaled a long sigh and frowned, shortly before entering right into the forest therein.

So many memories reside upon my mind. Many of them good; many of them bad. The majority of both were just humorous and funny that I was unable to hold my breath from chuckling however. Yet so few of them was the time that I had dwelled on however and I was not sure why. It was perhaps related to my own falling out with my pack. Yet something did bug me and I still do not know the answer to it.I walked down the forest’s entrance; which had revealed a brown path laid out in front of me. It stretched further into the horizon where it had disappeared from my own sights. Birds, chirps and among other sounds echoed upon the forest grounds; receding that same memory once more. I said nothing, nor did anything at the time and just moved onward.

I took the brown path, as it was the only path that was there. I walked it down, I kept my eyes lingering on the ground with my ears flattened upon the skull of my own head. I would find myself whimpering, afraid or scared about something. Afraid of the familiarity of the forest that I was upon. Or was it because of the packmates that I had worked with beforehand? Maybe something else however? I shake my head, ridding of the following thoughts that were there and just continued onward, instead. The forest was like a normal looking forest; trees bunched up upon themselves onto the sides of me apparently. The bushes were adjacent to the trees; brustling like some sort of animals were upon them. All of which stretched forward, stretched straight into the horizon where they somehow faded from my sights. I had not realized that I was staring, lingering onto the horizon before me to know that there was someone there.

Someone familiar to me as both the sight and smell had confirmed it however. I paused at a good distance away from the figure; my own eyes narrowing and glaring upon the figure before me whom just stretched out its paw straight towards me. I kept at the distance and waited at least for a while. But the silence was shattered when it had started speaking my name, “Rannar.” “Rannar.” “Rannar!” Then in a snap of a second; like a flash of white, the entire forest had changed drastically. I saw flames everywhere. Burning and eating everything up. I saw another wolf together with the wolf that I had just saw beforehand. Held their paws before breaking up amongst themselves as the two shadows departed from one another, leaving my sights. Gone like the forest that I had knew beforehand.

“Rannar!” Someone kept calling my name somehow. “Rannar!” The voice was coming close as if it was screaming in my own ear hoping to get me awake or to get me to turn around. I did not response, I said nothing in turn of my own response and thus instead, I fled. I fled away from the burning of the forest. Away from everything that had gradually unfolded before me. Out towards the whiteness areas that make up the horizon.

For when I had came through, I bang my head against the window adjacent of me. I jolted awake, a bit surprise as I had turned my attention towards the left. Staring at, once again, the red stop sign. Yet the environment was different than the first time that I was on however. Instead of the buildings nor the crossroads being there; it was a single house. One isolated single house. Standing in front of me, and isolated upon its own block. My eyes was widened; either from the realization that I was home or the different dream occurred. Yet the smack upon the side of my head, woke me instead and I find myself growling, instantly turning my attention towards the opposing side of me. Now finding whatever this thing is in front of me.

I… I cannot describe it at all! It looked like me in wolf form; long before I had became a werewolf or transformed into one however. Its eyes were purest of white; blackness surrounded those white small eyes. Its ears were sharp; yet there were something chew off at the tip as dried blood was leaking from the wound. The body remained the same as me; bloodied and dry just as it had been left. But nothing else. As this thing speak my name, I shake my head upon its response just as it had grabbed hold onto me by the neck. Stormed out of the hallway of the bus that we were upon, and promptly threw me out. Upon impact of the grounds beneath me, my visions returned to me again. The bus driver, was not me, rather, a wolf who was dirtied and bloody; but his eyes were tired instead of white small pupils with blackness surrounding it. Its ears were small; indicating that the wolf was somewhat a teenager somehow as he promptly close the doors before me and left. I exhaled a sigh, raising myself up from the grounds and turned around towards the door.