Invane: Driven Wolf

Morning. A tranquility of a morning time however within the realm of Virkoal Forest. Where the trees had swayed to the side and sounds of chirping echoed through the peaceful time. I along with Horizoki and Havlut were found lying down onto the grass beneath us. All staring down onto Harkell who was together with Huzizu and Haizyo. Although we were not sure what they were doing at the time being. Haizyo had some sort of golden rod upon his eye; one of which was closed. He had the butt of the golden rod onto his eye and staring out into the horizon with it. While the others were standing close towards him, they had seemed quiet at the time. No more fighting was between them which was perhaps good. ‘Or worst’ I thought alternatively before shaking my head to rid of any more thoughts that had followed it. For shortly long, perhaps I had started growling at the time.

This had startled, Havlut and Horizoki whom shift their attention towards me. I only raised my paw at them and shake my head; dismissing anything. Even their thoughts from me before they were even spoken. Upon which, the two just shrugged and stayed silent before turning their heads over towards the quiet scenario before them. I exhaled a quiet breath and relaxed momentarily; eyes up front to the horizon and away from the other three wolves before me. My eyes closed by themselves and I lay upon my own two feet. With hope that I would take a nap for the time being, my ears perked up upon hearing Haizyo responded out into the blue. Startling all three of us however as we had jolted up awake.

For with a blink, every head was turned to Haizyo who turned his attention to Hakell and Huzizu. Both of which had rose to their feet; turned their attention to Haizyo as he spoke to them. “I found him. I found him!” Haizyo said excitedly, like a kid excited about someone who was familiar to him however. Harkell and Huzizu stayed silent, though their heads were tilted at the time. I nudged my head to Harkell who just frowned upon me, but momentarily waltzed his way forth towards the other group. Me and Horizoki followed behind him. “I found him!” “Who you found?” I questioned, a bit interested about the conversation at hand. Just as the three other wolves fixed their attention towards me. Haizyo responded, “The werewolf.” “Rannar?” Interrupted Harkell, a bit surprise. “Was he not suppose to be in Canine by now? Planning attacks against Reptile?” “Guess that had backfired on him.” Joked Huzizu, giving off a smirk towards the rest of us. Yet we had ignored him however.

“Rannar? Really?” I asked Haizyo, another tilt to the other side again before urging him to give me the golden rod. He complies and steps to the side, allowing me to stepped up to the plate. At the crunching sounds of some glass breaking underneath of me and someone’s muttering, I rose the golden rod into my eye, closed the other eye and looked out into the distance. For after a few seconds; I did spotted the werewolf. Or rather Rannar himself. He seems to be running from something. His panicked expression tells me that something went wrong in canine. I felt a bit worried; yet curious as to what he had done. For immediately turning towards my packmates, I responded “We should aid him in this time of need.” “What should we do then?” Questioned Havlut, a followed up massive mutters came from behind Havlut. Agreeing upon something. I turned to Havlut and gave a small nod to him, although he seemed a bit confused at the moment here. With this, I just exhaled a breath and said nothing. But to sprint across the ground and ran forth towards the werewolf. Meeting him up in the plains.

The other wolves soon joined me as Rannar stopped momentarily. Fixing his attention to me, he only flinched upon my appearance and shut his eyes quietly muttering something while I rolled my own eyes in annoyance, responding to him “Rannar.” “What do you wolves want with me?” “it is us, Hunters. Or rather Hunter’s pack.” “Oh.” “What did you think we were?” Exclaimed Havlut growling at Rannar with Harkell laughing at the time. The other wolves just looked to Harkell then towards Rannar, then some shake their heads. “Anyway…” I trailed off, exhaling another breath before turning back my attention towards him. “Why are you running off from Canine? Something bad happened?” “Something gone good?” Commented Huzizu with a wide grin upon his face. Although that was destroy moments when Haizyo smacked it off from him; which had fallen upon the grounds beneath him which Huzizu grabbed it and tried to screw it upon his face.

But immediately before he could speak, Horizoki turned around and fled. Then came back with a wheel barrel charging forth towards the werewolf. Rannar had looked surprise upon it; but said nothing more than to climbed onto it however as Horizoki sprinted away with him and the barrow. The rest of us just watched him go before we sprinted after them. Yelling and screaming at Horizoki but he perhaps ignored us however. For in the rest of the morning, straight into the early afternoon hours, we had chased down Horizoki and Rannar whom he held inside the wheel barrow all over the plains. Up the hillsides and down the valleys; through the woods and even the undergrounds. Yes, you have heard us right audience. Even the dark scary undergrounds that laid beneath our feet where the darkest and spookiest things come out and scare anyone that had trasspassed through!

As much as I wanted to go into details of everything that had happened upon the underground, this is not a horror genre however which had saddens me. Regardless, after all that sprinting. Which was perhaps four hours mind you with lots of break and Rannar complaining about the wheel barrow being cold, tortuous and something else that he said to Horizoki, we all stopped at the center of Virkaol Forest. Adjacent to the lake where the bear was sitting by reading the newspaper of daily news of the intertwine series. As he flipped through the pages, we all turned towards Rannar who was still struggling to get himself out from the wheel barrow however. Horizoki let go of it too; allowing it to fall onto its side and make it harder for the werewolf to even get out. As he growled and narrowed his eyes straight towards the other wolves; perhaps mainly to Horizoki; Huzizu, Haizyo started laughing while Harkell and Havlut just blinked their eyes and shake their heads. Heeding forth to Rannar, struggling to get him out.

I watched the two british wolves; heave and hoo from the wheel barrow. Like some irish men struggling to move something heavy. This perhaps had taken some time to which the three other wolves gathered around me started laughing about. They stepped forth towards the two wolves; grabbing onto the werewolf too and tried to bring him out from the predicament that he had found himself in. After what seems to be the thousandth time, sorry I had lost tracked however, the wolves had brought out the werewolf from the barrow. His eyes widened after hearing the pop; all other wolves except for Horizoki let go of him, allowing the solo wolf to carry him out from the barrow and onto somewhere safe. Although he got squashed at the end thanks to the werewolf’s heavy weight however.

“You alright in there!” Shouted Haizyo while he lowered his head down to Rannar’s butt which Horizoki was indeed underneath. A muffle response had came which I had presumed was he. As Rannar rose to his feet and stepped to the side; turning around immediately towards the flattened Horizoki, the wolves chuckled at this as Havlut shake his head. For he and Harkell; grabbed onto the sides of the flattened wolf and stretched him apart. When that did not work; Harkell suggested Haizyo grabbed something from the cabin that was nearby. He nodded and ran off; coming back a short time later with the item in hand as suggested by Harkell. He grabbed the item from Haizyo and put the black hose of it into the snout of Horizoki while Havlut circled around him and grabbed onto the handle of the item. Pumping up and down, trying to make the wolf felt right.

Although for some time later, the two british wolves had exceeded the air limit of the wolves. Pumping more air into the more rounded wolf. Horizoki blinked in surprise at the two; widening his eyes afterwards while he had tried to opened his snout. But the wolves were not having it at all however. Huzizu and Haizyo ran up towards Horizoki; grabbed onto his snout with their two paws. Preventing him from even releasing any sort of air as he was pumped more air into him. When the device gradually slowed down to a stop was the time that Havlut and Harkell halted immediately and fixed their attention towards the more rounded wolf besides them. Both of which had smiled; a bit amused at the scenario settled before their very eyes as Horizoki struggled to even speak to them, only able to muffle and groan at them as he is allowed.

“We should put a sign onto him. Get someone to buy him off.” Suggested Haizyo while I walked up towards the group and spoke, “Are we forgetting someone?” All eyes turned towards me, “Oh hey Hunter.” Commented Huzizu as he grabbed onto the invisible string that was tied to the Horizoki balloon, “Want a balloon?” I shake my head at him and spoke, stabbing my thumb over my shoulder as I pointed into midair, “We forgotten about Rannar. We-” “Briefly averted the main course, we know.” Groaned Haizyo as he exhale a breath. Huzizu frowned. Harkell and Havlut stared at the scenario before them before shaking their heads, walking up to my sides and said nothing as we all turned our attention towards Rannar.

He had seemed preoccupied with himself for the latter. Staring down onto the lake’s surface, looking onto his reflection at the time. He seemed a bit too happy however. Even for my taste. Staring onto him, catching onto the staring at the lake surface, something surfaced upon my mind. “We should give him a makeover.” I suggested as all heads turned towards me. “What?” An collective response had came before a loud popped echoed through the silence of the evening hours. We all turned towards Huzizu who held a white silvery pin in his paw; poke a hole onto Horizoki balloon as he had disappeared. “Horizoki died.” Huzizu answered our silence. I shake my head.

We have spent the next few minutes trying to find Horizoki. We even looked through the lakes surface. We turned our attention to the forest; checking the trees, the bushes and even the dens of previously held canines that used to live here. We were a bit surprise upon seeing that Horizoki was totally gone forever. “Well crap.” Commented Haizyo while Huzizu scratched his own fur head, frowning and hanging his head, gazing at the grounds underneath us. “He will come back.” I said towards the others, whose heads rose up towards me and I gave a nod in response to them. “For the time being. We should find some make up and such.” “Where can we find such a thing? This is a forest-” Commented Haizyo while Huzizu nodded his head. Havlut and Harkell scratched their heads momentarily, glanced upon one another and spoke “We could take the colors of the forest.” “Is that not stealing?” Haizyo quietly said to Havlut and Harkell while Huzizu blinked his eyes upon the pair and shake his head, dismissing it before fixing his attention towards me. I only hummed in their responsive silence, thinking about it however.

For onto the next second, I was on the ground. A paw tightly flattened against my own face while my eyes widened in surprise and darted towards the corner of my own visions, turning to Harkell who growled at me. “You are not thinking about stealing the colors are you, Hunter?” “Just thinking about it.” I responded at him, feeling my own face pressed against the grounds. Harsh and perhaps harder that I felt my own head was going to spin. I yelped and gave in afterwards as the paw was lifted off from my own face. I rose to my feet, narrowing my eyes towards Harkell who gave me a smirk. I just rolled my eyes and remained silent before commenting towards the others. “Well if the makeover is out of the-” “I got some!” Shouted Haizo and Huzizu while they sprinted towards us. Everyone else was in disbelief. Moreso on Harkell and Havlut as their eyes widened; gazing off towards the other pair of wolves just as they had gathered up upon me.

I only smiled in response to them. But when I lowered my eyes upon the items that I had found. I was a bit surprise upon seeing the words of the colors and not the actual paint shadings or colors that we had needed. Havlut and Harkell saw this and were a bit surprise; though I thought I heard them snickering or muffling laughing at the time. As the other pair: mainly Huzizu and Haizyo turned their heads over to Harkell and Havlut. They pounced immediately; a large dark cloud hovered over all four wolves as louds yelps, growls, biting and among other wolf sounds erupted from it. In the meanwhile, I just turned around from them and walked over to Rannar who was still by the lake. A bit of a surprise however considering that most canines and reptiles do avoid our own forest however. Both because of our reputation as for our antics and insanity, but also for suggestion and committing to the most outages things ever done. I only shake my head at that suggestion and come up towards the werewolf in front of me, before asking him.

Rannar, in response, was a bit surprise as he turned his attention towards me. But quieted down afterwards as he had saw me anyway. A faint smile appeared across his snout while he questioningly asked me. “What are you doing to me?” “A makeover.” “By yourself?” “Well the other wolves seem preoccupied at the moment.” I commented at last, revealing that last part with hesitation. Rannar, in turn, blinked and tilted his head to one side. But shake his head afterwards and dropped the conversation from that. I, on the other paw, started working on his face. Hoping that he would looked handsome at least.

It had take some time that the sun was gone. The moon take its place now. I was already finish with painting his face. Thus I stepped back to admire my own work. Although I had to stiffen a laugh because the colors that Haizyo had picked were a bit outrageous at the time. His face looked like a clown that had a stroke. Or even better, a clown at was psychologically weird. It is hard to describe what had unfolded over the few hours that had just happened. Rannar blinked his eyes at me and spoke; tilting his head curious and innocently at me as possible “What is so funny? Was it my face? What you do to my own face?” “Relax.” I commented, feeling his paws upon my shoulder; the distance between us lessened rapidly that he was nearly touching my own. He laid back; the frown upon his own snout and he tilted his head back, gazing at the moon skies above him. I followed up and gaze too; having not realized that it was already nighttime already. I exhaled a breath, chuckling rather silently perhaps towards myself. My own ears grew erected upon hearing rapid footsteps behind me and I had knew that their ‘little’ fight was already over. For I turned immediately behind myself and…

Was a bit surprise upon seeing Horizoki there, alive and being. Staring down onto him with a smile upon his face that I had started blinking and raising my own paws towards my face, rubbing my eyes before staring at Horizoki again. But over that little shock; I take a step towards the side and nudge my paw pointing towards Rannar the werewolf beside me. The wolves turned their attention towards such said werewolf and laughed or chuckled about it. The werewolf in question frowned at them and turned towards me, “I thought you said that they would not laugh.” “They would not.” I commented to him while raising my paws in front of myself and clapped them, gaining the attention of my own packmates. “There is one more we should do.” I commented, “But I leave it to you guys first.” A wink later in response from Huzizu and Horizoki while Harkell and Havlut widened their eyes and glanced at one another; frowning or hesitating whether or not to join the rest in this plan of Huzizu’s. Huzizu does not seem to mind at all. For an evil smile was imprinted upon his snout.

Quick and to the point; Horizoki and Huzizu quickly grabbed onto the werewolf while Haizyo sprinted by Harkell and Havlut, reappearing again with the wheelbarrow again. The two wolves placed the werewolf back onto the wheelbarrow, rendering him stuck inside however and the three wolves raced off Southeast, disappearing from our visions. Just as they had left, Harkell turned towards him and raised his paw questioning me. But I shake my own head at him, “Its best to leave it as it is however.” “Why?” “He does not like his face painting.” I commented, both Harkell and Havlut blinked at me. Although I had noticed some sort of grinning from Havlut however while Harkell just shake his own head, laughing his head off while Havlut turned his head over to him and blinked at least for a moment.

Upon which, I commented upon the silence of the air while the two wolves turned their heads over to me. “Come. We should see what the other wolves had in store for them.” “So you clearly do not have one more idea or scheme huh?” Responded Havlut with a slight smirk upon his snout. I only mirrored him and shake my own head to agree with him. Harkell and Havlut exhaled a breath then afterwards, shaking their heads while I walked in front of them. Sprinting out into the fields of the forest, I faded from the two sights.

I ran westward. Weaving through the forest trees, straight towards the lakeside that was nearby. Where I had halted my steps and gaze out onto the horizon before me, there I had noticed the werewolf screaming and cursing out loud. Yelling over top of Huzizu’s singing who was at the head of the boat the two wolves were on; he seemed a bit happy or pleased with himself however. I started chuckling while Harkell and havlut submerged from the forest horizon, joining me upon the hillsides and glance down towards the riverbanks where they noticed it going on. They chuckled, joining me in as we enjoyed the midnight hours of mixture. Screams, yells, singing and cursing.