Invane: Fesvitmess

“I cannot believed you managed to kick us out, Horizoki!” Screamed Haziyo as he faced him. Their eyes were met. Horizoki huffed, his cheeks blushed before looking away as if embarrassed by the entire thing. As he stared off somewhere else, we heard him mutter something underneath his breath. His ears flatten while Haziyo growled at him and walked a bit farther away from him. He too muttered something. I just rolled my eyes, exhaled and shook my head. Knowing too long this might take a while we these two. I scanned the area for the other wolves. Already seeing that Harkell and Havlut already paired themselves together. Raising and falling their white cups of teas as they enjoyed the tranquility surrounding them. They looked almost fancy themselves however, with their expensive white cups and their foreign accent. My eyes narrowed upon them. But looked away after a short pause in silence to look elsewhere. Pondering as to where, we should be going however.

It was a few hours late into the party that we were invited to and shortly kicked out off. All thanks to Horizoki and his dumb old tricks. “They are not dumb!” Yelled Horizoki as he interrupted me suddenly, I flattened my ears and tried my best to ignore him. But his loud voice was making this impossible. Shifting my head towards the nearby trees closest to me, I bluntly ignored their argument while I go along with the monologue I had perfectly for this scenario.

It was mainly a festival party hosted by the villagers. I think it was a world wide event however when I presumed that the R7 and the VPD also celebrate this event too on their own way. Anyway, we were having the time for our life. Partying and conversing. But it had to be Horizoki and his magician tricks to set fire onto all of the villager’s huts and houses that kick us out. I groaned upon that image. Remembering it vividly upon my third eye as I closed my other two eyes and frowned. Snout pointing downward to the grounds. My lips split. No words came out. As my ears continued to be assaulted by the words set by Horizoki and Haziyo. Luckily, I did not had to say anything when Harkell threw a white cup at them. At that sudden sound, we were all startled. I sharply turned around. Havlut widened his eyes at his friend. Horizoki and Haziyo shifted their gazes upon Harkell. Their eyes glared angrily at one another. A short tensed pause came over us afterwards. With the birds chirping softly and quietly in the background. Perhaps I could tell that they were nervous about the situation that unfolded before our eyes. Or it was something else that I would not know. Either way, we were heading straight for a bad turn.

“Why do you insisted on throwing your cups at us when-” I heard Horizoki spoke bluntly, his words shot directly towards Harkell who growled softly at him before speaking, “Mainly because you and Haziyo are way too loud for comfort. You two speak as if the entire pack needed to hear your concerns!” “This is how I normally talk!” He shot back at him, Harkell gaze at him in response. “ ‘ how you normally talk?’ Are you joking? You used your soft voice when you are expressing other feelings other than madness. That is not how-” “Just shut up.” “No.” And the conversation was sharply stopped. The two opposing sides glared at one another with eyes narrowed and fangs peeling back. It was almost as if there would be a civil war between them. I frowned and stepped forth immediately between them both, shouting out towards them. “Stop it both of you. Are you not teammates?” There was no response afterwards. I blinked in response towards their silence before speaking out again, repeating what I said before.

They heard it. Their ears flickered in acknowledgement. Yet their snouts were sealed tightly and made things impossible for a smooth landing however. Knowing full well this might escalate towards a harsher scenario in the near future, I closed my eyes and waited. Yet when I opened them, I was surprise to see that the two wolves were still in their spots. Completely widened eyes, a different expression. For unknown reasons. But when I shifted my attention towards what was ahead of me, I was legit surprise to see Huzizu standing there with his eyes narrowed pointing towards all three of us. Me, Horizoki and Harkell. But his eyes were settled to me, “Why had you not stop this fighting already, Hunter? You are the leader of the pack?” “Yes. But they would not reason.” I started, Huzizu chuckled softly but that died afterwards. I could tell that something was on his mind. Something that he wanted to say however. He always does that short chuckle or laugh every time. As his eyes resettled towards me, raised them up a bit higher however, he spoke as he nudges his head towards the north behind me “Come. The Hunter’s pack are requested to come forth from their hiding grounds.”

“Back towards the village?” I suggested while tilting my head. Huzizu nodded slowly and quietly while turning tail. An exhaled of a breath came from his snout while his ears pulled back. He whispered. But only towards me. “The villages are burned down. We know who fault that was.” “Indeed, but I guess that was not important huh?” I asked, he smirked back in response before nodding “Right you are Hunter. We have attackers. Someone that are familiar towards us wolves, but a different species however.” “Right right…” I muttered nodding back at him, snout lowered to the ground for another time before raising towards him and spoke, “Lead.” “Sure.” and the conversation ended there. I howled towards the other wolves; they responded with their own before forming up against me. Horizoki, Haziyo over to my right. Harkell and Havlut to my left. Both sides still angry with one another. But nothing of conversation came to use from either of them. So I just let it be and allowed Huzizu to lead us straight back towards the village in turn.

Out from the forest, we entered onto the village gate. Once we were inside, we stopped and stared out onto the horizon. Gazing down onto the fires that eat up against the straws and logs that make up the huts and houses. We only had to blame Horizoki for his ‘magic’ that was indeed the one causing this however. But the rest? The unknown species of canines that we see in the distance? That was perhaps a different cause. Something that we never knew about however. As Huzizu stepped aside and revealed me hiding behind him, I stepped forth and break from my own group. Growled loudly that the silence was shattered and the chaos was paused upon a moment. All eyes, villagers and the species, gazed back upon me in response. As I directed my attention straight towards the species and spoke with anger hiding behind my words, “Why are you attacking the villagers? What species of canines are you anyway?” I questioned. No response back from the species. As their eyes were shifted and fixed towards me. With laughs or chuckles erupting from their throats, it was the perfect time for one of the villagers to already snapped their necks. Killing them instantly.

For in response came the species’ growl as they responded with a bite. I facepalmed after seeing this unfold. It had seemed to me that the species were red thick fur. Ears that looked the same as us and a long tail. Basically what I am saying is, the unknown species that we are facing are identical to us in shape and form. But I guess what was different was our different colored fur. I mean, no wolf would be wearing a red thick fur however, right? Those are mainly for foxes… I trailed off while ranting mentally. I found myself staring off onto the ‘fighting’ before me. A shook of my head later and I nodded towards the other wolves. They grinned in response and quietly dispersed away from me. Each of them heading into their own direction. For when they hoped onto their spots and grabbed the things for use, I take a step forward and growled. It had seemed that stopped the action a bit while I tried to reason with them a second time. But before the words could come forth, they were already fighting with greater intensity. Cups, glasses and shards of glasses were flying in all directions. With the villagers using their long stick spears to stabbed against these unknown species while they retaliate in response. Just by either backing off or hoping onto their sticks and charging right at them.

“They are not listening! Either one of them!” Screamed Huzizu, a bit surprise by the unfolding event before us. A flick of my ear acknowledge him before I charged up front and growled. I never knew what I was doing however. Nor what I was thinking. Everything was according to this plan. This false plan that I put together in my mind, brain without any sort of backup- However while I was dwelling straight into my mind, I spotted a flying barrel heading straight my way. I blinked in response while concentrating upon it. I jumped back and landed a few inches away. Setting the distance between myself and the fighting party while I gaze towards the left, spotting Horizoki and Haziyo already holding barrels and such overtop their heads. All the while wearing red neckties over their necks with two large letters running the length of it, ‘HK’ “What the heck does HK meant?” I heard Harkell questioned while Huzizu face palmed and expressed an long dreaded sigh that escaped from his snout, “Here we going again…” He muttered while another barrel flew straight into the head of the species, knocking him back a few inches away from the villagers.

The attack was relentless. Barrels of all sizes, and a chicken for some reason, came flying from one direction. And not the band mind you. Filling the blue and beautiful skies with brown wooden things. Making contact against their enemies and forcing them to fly at different locations and distanced from the other villagers. It was maddening. The rest of us were surprise at the terrifying accuracy of Horizoki and Haziyo, we had forced ourselves to sit this out and bring out medieval popcorn and drinks just to enjoy the show. But just as it was getting good however, it was over very shortly afterwards which made us groaned and whined in response that we had set aside the food and drinks just to join in onto the next scene however. Which involves the villagers.

But the attack was not done however. As more disturbing things came flying into the skies. What I am talking about is, flying cakes, fruits a house… I blinked several times before rubbing my own eyes with my paws. Staring down onto the house that was crashed onto a nearby species who yipped and fled away from the villagers. Gaining splinters and other stuff that was impaled against his thick fur. I shuttered and closed my eyes, averting to see the injury that befell upon my eyes. “Is it over now?” I heard Harkel questioned upon the sudden but tensed pause of silence as my eyes were opened again. Horizoki and Haziyo came out from their hiding spots and rejoined us once again with proud expressions upon their faces. Huzizu rolled his eyes and said nothing while I planted a paw upon their shoulders nodding in response. But also feeling happy for them. As they yipped in response and break into a grin, the villager responded with their own set of cheers. As straw hats were thrown into the air, later disappearing into the atmosphere where they would not be return ever again. Us wolves were surprise by such the strength that our eyes were bugged out in response. We stared at the straw hats flung and later disappearing. I felt something upon my shoulder, looking back down again. I spotted a villager already looking at me, our eyes met while he spoke.

Something in a foreign language however. To which I perceived it as a good thing however and howled in agreement towards them. A responding chuckle came after me while we continued our celebration.

Swell over midnight came the dying of sounds and enjoyment. What came afterwards was the sounds of silence and reflection. We were gathered around the campfire at the center of the village. Horizoki and Huzizu were of course, tired from all the partying we had done and had curled up to sleep. Harkell was enjoying the last bit of tea. Havlut was looking at the fire with terrifying grin expressions upon his face. Haziyo was staring down onto Havlut with a scared expression. His ears were pulled back and flatten against his skull. I chuckled at the two and kept my eyes upon the fire for a moment. Crickets chirped surrounding us as the cold air washed over our furs. It was the most enjoyable of nights however and I would not exchange it for any other way. Oh yeah, the villagers on the other hand were already turning in to sleep for the morning. I guessed it was also time for them to work. The chief even said it was an important project.

Ignoring the concerning thoughts about the word ‘project’. I simply closed my eyes and flicked my tail a bit before lowering my head upon my paws. Sounding asleep as the night went on. Peace and quietness had bestow upon our campfire. Although that was short lived when Horizoki started to howl. A flying frying pan was shot out from one of the tents or huts over to our left side. When contacted, it made a loud bang that disturbed my sleep and shot awake the other wolves besides Horizoki. I yawned, a frown escaped from my snout while I shifted towards Huzizu who plainly nodded his head. His eyes closed. As I got up onto my feet, I nudged my head towards southside and walked away from our campfire as we retreated into the forest behind us. For after we had entered in, we split apart and went towards our spots. Sleeping as the night rolled onward.

But the sleep god would not let us sleep for the second time in a row as my ears had picked up something flickering in the distance. And my nose started smelling something burning otherwise. I heard screams and yells loud in my ears that I started waking up suddenly. My eyes slowly opened up. Seeing the flames of terror welcoming me to the life ahead. I yawned and got up onto my feet, suddenly nudged forward a bit by Huzizu who was behind me sticking his head deep against my butt. As I growled at him angrily yet blushing at the same time, I snapped my attention towards my surroundings. My eyes widened while I exclaimed, but my voice somehow was gone. Lost deep within my stomach as another contact was made which made me fling forth. Having been awake, I now know what trouble we were in. But many questions were upon my mind. Most of which were related to the fire and flames that I had been seeing around me. But my head shook, knowing that I would figure that later as I ran the dirt road across the forest lands. Hoping to find an exit later on.

We ran the dirt road across. Fleeing from the fire, flames and smoke that arises above our heads. The leaves turned to bleak, the trees lost their bark. The bushes were gone. Upon the forest floor, everything was being eaten alive by the flames. And it had seemed that we would been next on the menu. Fear and uncertainty raced across my face while my legs ran across. The harsh winds blew against my face, pushing me back only bit by bit. Luckily however, it was not enough since I was gaining ground here than the winds. I raced through the burning trees. Watching as branch after branch fell from their treetops, blocking the alterative roads underneath them and preventing anyone from getting through. It was devastating and hell. Yet the place was too warm for comfort however as sweat came psychically upon my own wet fur.

Regardless, I still ran. I heard footsteps running behind me. I turned my head over my shoulder and look, surprise to see Huzizu running behind. As I call to him, often coughing about, his ears shot outwards and his eyes met with mine. A grim smile erupted from his snout as he and I slowed to match our pace, a sudden conversation came between us which was started by him. “The forest is burning, Come on! Where are you heading to?” “Is the village Southward or Northward from where we camp?” I questioned him as he looked at me angrily or disappointed. “Southward. Why are you heading North?” “To get away from the forest flames. In addition, that was where the other wolves of our pack are heading to.” “You really are an idiot.” He muttered finally, realizing it afterwards while I paused and gaze at him with anger. He said nothing in answer to me but kept quiet while he sharply turned his head, nudgingly pointing southward. The opposite direction of where we were suppose to go.

“Why are we heading there? That was where the villagers are, you know.” “What? So we do not need their hospitality?” “Mainly because they chased us out the first time.” “That was when Horizoki was using magic to cast fire onto their huts and villages. He really thought he was a magician then.” We argued back and forth for a while. Shouting and insulting one another while belittling little false information we had implanted upon our brains. Till the fires all caught up upon our dry mouths and dehydration was rapidly coming our way while when I bite my tongue and growled weakly at Huzizu, “Quiet. Let head northward. That is where the other villagers are anyway.” “You idiot. Thats the Order and Chaos cities and town!” Huzizu growled, also weakly as he bit my tail and dragged me across the dirty roads. Heading the opposite way while I ‘threw a tantrum’ “You really are a pup…” I heard him muttered after relaxing. I just grumbled and said nothing while staring at the ground.

For by the time we had arrived upon the village floor, the sun was already risen. Above us and shining its deadly rays down upon our furs making us warm as we submerged from the forest behind us. Our eyes widened in surprise as we saw what a terrible event happened before us.

“Oh crap.” I heard Huzizu’s jaw dropped.