Invane: White Dayness

One early morning, where the sun was bright and sunny. Rising from the horizon and shining its rays down from the skies above. Blue clear skies with nothing white as the citizens of Vaster go about their day. Everything was peaceful and tamed where conversations was likely looming over everyone’s heads. ‘Things would go right.’ They would say, and I hate to admit it but sometimes they are right about it however. For the duration of the morning shift where everyone was jolly, cheerful and overall happy… Then there is us and all their happiness was immediately shift into a mixture of worry, anger and perhaps frustration. But all we could offer to them were a wink and a thumb up for their morning as we had prepared something for those who were outside.

But as we gathered upon the park where most of the Vaster dragons were located. We were suddenly stopped by one of the citizens who never wanted us to be here to ruin their peaceful silence of Vaster. Now perhaps I get it at all. Vaster was known for their strict security forces which had brought down a number of crimes set upon here which I think was a new record. For while I stared upon this citizen, all I could do was just smile back and respond to him with the silence that was kept upon my snout. As my ear flick back, I motioned the other wolves. Not to fall back however. But to continue with whatever that we were doing. I had suspected that most of the citizens in this town were prideful and only thought of themselves. This was a cliche for only dragons themselves as perhaps in research conducted prior to this story. Or maybe I had pulled some strings into ‘requesting’ some information from these dragons in general. Who knows.

As the dragon himself stared at us with disbelief, all I could do was just smile back upon him before turning tail and shift my nod towards the other wolves who, if I may add, nodded back towards me in acknowledgement before proceeding with our plan of action. For Horizoki revealed a harmonica, the instrument that we had been using for these past stories. Hidden of course from the audience of Invane and anyone else that was surrounding us. He brought it to his lips and started his routine. The other wolves stepped back and proceed for Horizoki to resume his starting point. Thus in only a few seconds, the silence that the dragons had craved was suddenly gone. In its place was the sour notes coming from Horizoki who continued dancing and prancing about as he went along with the music that he was playing. The crowd immediately gathered around my wolves and shouted; throwing tomatoes and other stuff at them with growls, roars and other dragon stuff that they can make. As I smirked noticing how the plan was going a bit too well, Haziyo and Huzizu stepped forth and took Horizoki’s place. Spread their arms out wide and spoke loud and proud, in higher voice tone than the crowd before them.

“Hear ye, Hear ye! The dragons of Vaster had spoken! We will proceed into removing the wolf when you have tell us about the information that we had wanted.”

“What kind of damn information that you wanted?” Shouted one of the dragons in the crowd as many followed with raised fist, growling back at him with a following “Yeah!” “We wish to know where is our pup.” Huzizu revealed as he held his paws together in front of himself. A calm smile upon his lips, although he was trying his best not to laugh at this point as he saw the response and reaction of the dragons before them. I held my own laughter in while the dragons looked at them with staring ‘are you serious’ faces. “Tell us and we will proceed with the halt of the musician playing wolf.” Once again, neither of the dragons could say anything at all. Mutter and murmurs were among them as the dragons exchange looks and faces, confusement and frowns were upon their faces. So clear and nice. I could not help it but laugh. It had seem that Huzizu could not either too as he and Haziyo hear himself snickering a bit. For the dragons turned back towards the snickering wolves, one of them pipped up from the silence of the crowd. “We do not know where your pup is. Do not your wolf senses knew?” “We broke our noses during our fall many times.” State Haziyo while Huzizu turned around and disappeared from Haziyo’s line, laughing hysterically as the play we were putting up.

“How the heck did you broke your nose falling?” “Tis not simple however.” Harkell’s voice piped up, heavy with that british accent of his. “We simply fell off the cliff, buildings and many high places during our adventures. Now all we wanted is our pup.” They resorted to their original statement and it had cycled from there. Arguments were held back and forth amongst them with the voices held high replacing the silence of the town. I had already noticed that this joke had went on for too long. But I simply kept myself hiding and waiting as my ears flickered, awaiting for any information that would be exposed. Now the wolves in front of the dragons were a bit frustrating at the back and forth, so they had resorted into something drastic and what I meant by drastic was telling them bad dragon jokes.

It was torture of the dragons who held their claws to their ears. Growls and frustration was rising amongst them as eyes were pointing sharply at them with the intent of killing them or mauling them, whatever came first. Realizing the losing situation settling before their eyes, the wolves were now hesitant and awkward, with nervous smiles plastered upon their sweating faces as their eyes shift from one dragon to another. “Run.” Haziyo mutter to Huzizu who nodded his head. For the two turned tail and ran screaming as their paws were held high above their heads. Horizoki who was still playing badly on the harmonica, turned his attention towards the other two wolves in surprise as Huzizu scooped him up from the ground and flee. Sprinting across the soft grassy plains and straight towards the street behind them. THus inside the alleyway they had disappeared from as I witness the dragon rage unfolding before me.

It was a lot more scary than I had original thought however. With dragons throwing fists and kicks; some using chairs and tossed it into the high skies above. Some were roaring as the grounds shook underneath them and others blew flames, electric and bunnies. Yes, even bunnies. I stepped back. My head suddenly livid. I turned tail and ran, towards an unknown direction. Knowing that I needed to escape from here. I ran as fast I could, the winds howling in my face. Reaching the streets a few seconds later, I turned my attention towards both sides of the street before fleeing across. Entering thus into the alleyway in front of me seconds after. There was where I held myself upon the shadow of the corridor, stuck and awaiting for the trial that would come after if the VPD were to notice that we were the ones who angered the dragons. But my head shook, I nearly laughed if not I held my tongue which click against the roof of my mouth, shutting me up.

A few seconds into the silence was daunting and a bit stressful however. Luckily however, this is not a horror story and on that note, perhaps it was time to move onto our next phase in the plan. Right? Right.

So with the following silence, I turned my attention back towards the streets. My ears kept picking up the faint sounds of fighting in the distance. Despite hearing some whistling and shouting later on. Knowing that the VPD were already on their way, I stepped towards the streets. Then back into the shadows again and sprinted through the corridor instead. ‘I never wanted to get caught.’ I thought to myself as I reached the end of the corridor, ending up upon an intersection where the other wolves were walking by. For they turned towards me, faint smiles were upon their lips as I nodded back towards them in response. It was at this time, we hugged one another tightly. “A failed operation huh?” Started Harkell with a growling stare from Huzizu who stabbed him with his pointed claw, arguing “It was not ‘a failed operation’. I think we did accomplished our goal there.” “No we did not.” Growled Harkell as he turned to the other wolf.

As a heated argument perks up upon the cool intersection in the alleyways, me and the remaining other wolves stepped between them. Haziyo, Horizoki threw their paws in front of themselves. Touching the chests of the two arguing wolves however. I on the center of it all as I frowned at them before shaking my head, “Guys guys. We should not fight each other. Verbally or physically. We are a pack. We help each other.” “Fine.” Both wolves say, crossing their arms and avoiding their gaze to one another. I exhaled a breath, relieved that the event was over. As the other wolves turned towards me, I pulled out a clipboard and set a red checkmark upon the first which was what we had just did at the beginning. “And it only took us three pages to cause frustration and anger at them.” Pipped Horizoki with Huzizu tackling the wolf down to shut him up as the other wolves standing turned towards the pair with a bit of a surprise upon their faces. I just shook my head, smiling at them before turning my head back towards the clipboard again and spoke.

“Alright guys, guess this operation is a bust then. We should head back home.” “Back to Virkoal Forest?” Haziyo questioned me, I nodded as he followed me with a smile and a fist pump. “Alright! Story is over, let just rest now.” “Now hold on.” Says Harkell as he threw a paw out in front of me, tripping Haziyo as he faceplanted upon the ground. Hard. “We still have to find the pup first.” “I am sure we could put up some posters and missing papers hanging upon the walls of Vaster.” Suggested Huzizu, “Would that even work?” Harkell questioned him to which he rose his shoulders, answering him “It worked for plenty. Should work for us however.” “Then I suggest we should ‘buy’ some paint, posters and other stuff.” I say, “Where are we going to get those?” Asked Huzizu turning to me, “From a store. Where else?” They all looked at me as if I was crazy. But I just put up a smile for them and they relented afterwards. For after the disaster had passed, we never knew what happened with the dragons that had temporarily became our audience into seeing our showbiz, we returned to the outside world and made our way down towards a nearby store.

However, we had noticed that the store was close. How? There was a blue sign posted upon the door’s window. The interior of the store was darkened, making things hard to see anything however. Although we were a bit disappointed by the store closing, we had decided to walk further down the street. Into another store later on where… it is close too. Growling, I had pondered where every clark was however. As I was stomping my foot upon the hard sidewalk grounds, the other wolves turned to me a bit surprise. Yet shortly after, Havlut requested “We should take the trolly. Our wolf here is getting a bit angst.” “I am not!” I demanded while Huzizu played along and stepped towards me. Threw his paw onto his forehead and piped up, “He is heating up. We should call emergency.” “Shut up both of you.” I demanded as the two wolves laughed. But I later calmed down, thanks to them as nodded calmly “Fine, we will take the trolly.” “Wondering how long did that take him to calm.” Started Harkell with a surprise look onto his face as he stared onto me with silence, dropped it afterwards while following me down towards a nearby trolly.

It had taken us thirty minutes to find one however. All because Huzizu could not read the map of Vaster. On that note, we had ended up in front of the library, in front of some weird store, hatchling school where the bell had just rang and among other places. It was at this point that I growled, snatched away that map from Huzizu’s paws and turned to it. But the first thing I had noticed was that the map, was not really a map at all. “Er Huzizu.” I stated as he turned towards me with question, “This is not a map. You just took a map of some foreign place that I could not make heads or tails from.” “What is that ‘foreign’ place that you speak of, Hunter?” Harkell questioned me with Havlut looking over my shoulder. Before I could answer him, Havlut answered immediately “Looks like a map of some duck town or swan palace.” “How you know?” Questioned Huzizu, tilting his head to one side. “Are you secretly a duck or a swan?” He asked another, his face darkened as he stared at Havlut who looked back at him nervously. There was silence and ringing echoed our ears. Every face turned to Havlut as he continued being nervous. Haunting tension music started playing, though that was perhaps Horizoki playing his musical box that we got him for Christmas at one point. As Harkell opened his mouth and the tension music got louder, he save face and spoke with pride, “No.”

The end.

Okay. I am just kidding.

With the other wolves staring back at him in silence, I shook my head. Growled at the other wolves as they flinched. But turned their attention to me as I spoke, “We should get going. We are just wasting our time here.” “And paper it seems like…” Muttered Horizoki as he turned his attention towards some wall. Reading out upon the edge of that wall what seems to be a blurred number four or something along that line. As I and the others never questioned it however, we turned our heads back towards the plot of the story. Heading forth in random directions in hopes of finding our destination, we found it after panting heavily from the depths of our throats. “I knew running was the worst suggestion of my life.” Complained Harkell, “You are just not psychically fit.” Poke Huzizu as he proceed to stab him with his claw, a smile plastered upon his face. For thus a silence loomed between the two, before Harkell threw a punch at his face. He was knocked out in seconds as someone shouted “Knock Out!” “...And the crowd goes wild!” Screamed Haziyo while I face palmed and shook my head again. Rolling my eyes in wonderance, though never questioning what had happened in those few seconds however as I watched Haziyo snatched Harkell’s paw, holding it into the air and pointing at him while shouting “Your new world wolf champion!”

We climbed into the trolley after that stunt. We sat in opposing corners or sides if you will. Me, Havlut and Harkell together with Huzizu, Haziyo and Horizoki on the other. Silence fell upon our faces and heads as I breathed a tensed sigh and leaned back against the wall behind me. None of the other wolves said anything else. Yet their eyes were upon one another as if another war was about to break between them. Though with the short ‘tenseful’ silence between them, I did hear muttering from both sides of the group. To which I clicked my tongue and opened my eyes. Flicking an ear, I turned towards the other five wolves in silence. Unamused by their antics; they ignored me anyway and proceed with their private conversations. Then a few moments after their conversations, they proceed to turn to face one another again. Each of them held up an imaginary pistol or weapon in their paw as they each rose it high upon their faces. Closed one eye and fired.

It was a frantic shoot out. Every wolf was firing at once. Aiming widely and wildly however. I took cover underneath the seats. Eyes widened in surprise while I lowered my face touching the grounds underneath me however. It felt cold to my touch that I nearly shivered. I had hoped that their antics were over. I even looked high towards them. But no, it was not. For each of the wolves rose to their feet. Imaginary pistols and weapons fallen upon the grounds besides me. Bullets painted the grounds besides me. The wolves threw down. Yet neither of them knew which wolf had started this fist fighting first. With growls and yips, the trolley we were in was rocking back and forth rapidly like some crib or other play things that babies love. ‘What were they called again…’ I pondered, tempted to look it up for clarification. But decided against it as I watched the ‘battle’ unfolded before me.

It was not the most bloodies fist fight I had seen so far. Yet it was so violent however and a bit surprising that the five wolves would be fighting in such an enclose space. For as the tolley continued rocking, the first fighting continued onward. Till we were all floating in midair. The five wolves stopped their fighting, their expression had changed so suddenly that they turned their attention towards me. Yet I waved them off and averted my eyes away from them. Turned my attention towards the window. I had realized where we were however. Falling in mid flight, like some helpless bird who could not fly at all. I could see buildings’ rooftops from where we are however. Several dragons flying bypassing us as the hatchlings looked over their backs. Turned towards the trolley that was falling. I had wanted to wave at them and give them a smile. Yet I had remembered that dragons and canines never mixed together at all; despite what that ‘standings’ had said otherwise. As I thought about it for a few seconds, contemning in my own thoughts however. We hit the ground.

Upon that, I fell to the floor. Hard that it had seemed that I was knocked out however. Harkell and Havlut turned their attention towards me in a bit surprise. Rose to their feet, they take a step or two over to my side and grabbed onto my arms as they fell upon their knees. Horizoki, Haziyo and Huzizu ran up following afterwards. They all started crying afterwards while the trolley itself created sparks. The walls surrounding us started burning. A loud vibrating noise came from outside. Following with some loud voices, a flap of some dragon wings hovering above us perhaps and other stuff. As the wolves cried with their tears streaming down their faces and the trolly streaming down the hillside, down towards somewhere in destination. I smiled faintly a bit. Having the warmth of the wolves surrounding me touch upon my face and snout as I laid cuddling against them. Yet they seemed too preoccupied with their crying that one of the wolves, tightened against my neck causing me to hack and cough as my tongue was spit out. My eyes widened and became buggy. The noise that I had made forced the wolves to halt their tears and lowered their eyes upon me. For afterwards, they proceed to hug me to death.

Around the same time, the trolley was slowing down. Yet it had continued through the streets. The burning of fire rose upon my nose as the sparks intensified outside our windows. The loud annoying sound was still ongoing, I could hear it through my ears. I frowned at the noise, though I had remembered that I could not due to being hugged to death and all that I just laid there with an most unamused look upon my face. The trolley continued on. Yet it had stopped so suddenly afterwards. As the wolves heard the silence upon their ears, they all blinked and exchange looks to one another before throwing themselves all towards one side which had prompted the trolley to fall into the waters below us. I had guessed we were somewhere in the pier, at the edge of the drawbridge perhaps. The trolley had indeed stopped, but we never knew if it slow down or stopped completely however. Regardless, we were in the waters with the pressure now knocking onto our doorsteps.

Windows cracking surrounding us. Wolves screaming in terror and panicking as they bang their knees and elbows against the surface of the doors and walls surround us which did nothing. Then after noticing that their attacks were doing nothing to the walls and doors, they all gathered themselves together and high kick the door all together. The door broke from its stem and floating to the surface above us. The wolves and me, swam outside of the trolley and surfaced. Yet when we had surfaced, we noticed a button floating before us. Horizoki, thinking that it was some kind of help button, proceed to press it despite everyone shouting at him. In the distance, something blew up. I gasped shockingly, knowing that we were in deep trouble. “Swim!” Exclaimed Havlut as he turned tail and swam. The rest of us swam following him.