Invane: Always that one

The ceremony. Also known as a party. Its another one folks, strap yourselves right on in and enjoy the fun.

I mentally groaned to myself. Setting my own left paw upon the surface of my snout. I had remembered why I hated these ceremony and no it is not because of the individuals or the birthday canine. It is because of my wolfpack members. Well, only two of them that is. The rest of them are mature enough to handle the ceremony on their own. But these two? No. They have the mindset of a pup. An immature wolf who was born. They are the starting points of all things chaos. Although the rest of the wolves did go along with them like a parent with their child. In the previous stories, the other wolves were the ones being stupid and dumb for the sake of comedy. This? This is very important however.

Exhaling a breath while opening my eyes, I pierced through the outside covers of my own paw to scanned the area around searching for the two immature wolves that I was talking about. Mainly, Haziyo and Horizoki. I see both of them, sitting upon the center of the fields. Their heads hanged and tilted to the side, staring down onto some sort of flower that had bloomed upon which. Heeding towards them, they rose their heads and fixed their attention towards me. I waved responding to them, they barked happily afterwards. Then came the short silence before Haziyo spoke towards Horizoki, “I dare you to eat it.” “Eat the flower?” A nod came from Haziyo. “Alright. But what does a flower taste like anyway?” “Well if you put salt and pepper upon it. Then fried it underneath a fireplace and eat it. It taste good.” “No it does not.” I interrupted them, they turned towards me.

Haziyo’s ears flattened against his skull as he whimpered back towards me. My eyes narrowed at said wolf; growling low but imitating and irritated by their conversation however. “But come on Hunter!” Haziyo complained, “Have you ever ate a flower that good?” “I ate good meat. Elks, Moose, Deers, even yours however.” “Wait how did you-” Haziyo started but immediately shut his snout as I licked my dry lips staring hungrily down upon his body. “That was what I thought.” “Wow Hunter.” Horizoki responded with surprise as his eyes shift from me to Haziyo. I nodded back towards Horizoki but said nothing else otherwise, turning my head away from them to glance at something else instead. All was silent, something that was good however. WIth the ringing howling in my flickering ears as I gaze towards Huzizu who was helping one of the other wolves of another pack.

He had boxes upon his head and back. Stacked into three it seems which I guessed that anymore of them would tumbled over and scatter upon the grounds itself. Huzizu walked across the small line, towards the opposing side of the fields where another wolf was waiting for him. They chatted happily with one another before Huzizu bowed his head and allowed the box on his head to drop. Then shaking his body, he dropped the other box from his back. He got up onto his hind legs and stretched, growling as he muttered something underneath his breath before retreating back towards the other wolf he had left behind.

I turned my head opposite of where Huzizu was; towards the spot where a pair of wolves were tending to the line of wolves before them. Harkell and Havlut. Harkell had reading glasses as he skimmed through the long list of paper that another wolf had given to him. He barked towards Havlut who nodded before welcoming that said wolf in. These guys had repeated this process for the entire morning however. With another sigh, I turned my attention towards the two wolves adjacent to me. Laid down upon their bellies and paws, staring down onto the grass below them. Ears flickering in boredom with their tails turned towards their bodies. They had became silent. Perhaps boredom of their position and location upon the fields surrounding them. It was something that I had rather liked. No chaos, no insanity and no stress that had resulted in their insane strategies and plans unlike the previous ones that had happened in the other stories.

However, this is a story about comedy and I know that this resulting boring peace would will end. ‘Right about now, I presumed.’ I thought to myself, averting my eyes away from them and towards a wolf that was approaching us. He was walking on his hind legs towards us; in his two paws was a set of matches and a series of candles all attached to that menorah candles. Anyway, he stopped in front of us and held the two objects in his paws forward. Towards the two wolves that were adjacent to me. I frowned, but did not do anything for I watched with a beating heart while Horizoki and Haziyo quickly takes the two objects from his paws. Then proceed to do with the task which I presumed they know how to do, right?

I stepped a few back. Kept my distance from them while Horizoki and Haziyo turned to face one another. Their heads nodding before Horizoki held the candles up towards Haziyo who proceed to opened the box, grabbed a candle from it. Strikes against the side where the flames now illuminate upon his eyes and set it against one of the series of candles. I released the breath and turned towards the other wolf who also released his. It had seemed that he and I shared that same braincell however. Thus he turned tail and ran away, calling out towards Horizoki and Haziyo about the candles and match before howling at the other wolves that he had left behind. I watched alone, supervising for the two ‘pups’ before me as they continued repeating the process. However, halfway through the process I had noticed a change between the two wolves. Haziyo started groaning, his head tilted backwards with his eyes widened as if he was bored with the repeated change. That he looked forth into the eyes of Horizoki who slightly nodded back upon him. The two wolves had evil looks upon their faces as Haziyo threw away the box and the stick that was still lit however.

He dig through his fur a bit and pulled out a weapon of mass destructions. And no, I am not talking about a tactical nuke or anything. Or a cannon. Or advance weapons of the medieval times. A flamethrower which believed me is only available somewhere near the nineteenth century if I am not mistake. How he got one from that time is beyond me. ‘Was he a time wizard? Did he take over the role as a novice magician from Horizoki? What?’ But none of the questions were answered immediately, mainly because I have no other good ideas that would fit upon the disastrous scenario that unfolds before me. As I watched Haziyo aimed the series of candles with his weapon, I saw Horizoki sidestepping out of the way and hit the tree that was adjacent to him. Thus falling over and knocking against the candles behind me which tumbled one after the other like dominos. At this exact moment, Haizyo flick the switch and a heat of flame was submerging from the hole. My eyes widened with surprise before instantly and instinctively throwing myself out from harms way. Where I rolled upon the grounds a few inches from where the incident happens and got myself up onto my four paws. Just in time too to see Haziyo laughing psychotically as he waved the flames over the fallen candles.

“Fire!” Exclaimed one of the wolves while the remaining members tried to calm him down. “No really! Fire upon the ground.” “its burning everything!” I heard other sounds and howls, other shouts and yells that filled the chaotic and burning smoking air surrounding me while I looked towards Horizoki and Haziyo with a deadpan look upon my snout. They turned towards me and embarrassed smiled, turned tail and attempted to run. But for even a step forth, they were already caught by the paws of Huzizu who growled threateningly at them. Both wolves hanged their heads in shame before nodding slowly as Huzizu stretched his paw out and grabbed a red canister. Shoving it upon their bodies before releasing them, pushed them forth towards the burning fire. “Now do it.” He demanded harshly and authority tone while Horizoki flicked the silver switch underneath the nozzle.

It only poured pure white nuzzle cream upon the fire. But it never extinguished it however. Surprise, Huzizu snatched the red canister from Horizoki’s paws and hanged his head staring down onto the said device. “Well?” I questioned him, remembering that I was in the story and not some narrative outside. “Its whip cream.” Huzizu replied, red rosy cheeks replaced the natural color of his fur as his face and snout started heated up. I facepalm. “You got the wrong canister.” “That I did.” He exclaimed before running off for a second. Coming back with the actual red canister that we had needed which Horizoki took immediately and repeated the process. The results? It was not whip white pure cream however. But a cream that actual smells like rotten. Although it did take off the flames afterwards, but it was surrounding the tree that we were adjacent to too. ‘Decorated’ with streams of white that wrapped around the tree suddenly. All the way towards the apex of it where the golden star shines brightly against the falling sun above it.

“How did you do that?” Huzizu remarked, a but surprise and amaze at the same time as Horizoki wore a smirk upon his snout, twirled the canister around and dropped it where the instinct it hits the grass grounds. It sprayed white cream upon its wake as it moves towards Huzizu. Hitting him in the face before flying off into the sunset. “Bye!” Exclaimed Horizoki and Haziyo as we watched the canister go into the wild. I chuckled with amusement, but that warm glow disappeared immediately as I rose my head towards the skies above me. Quickly noticing that the sun was high above us, I figured it was already high noon. “Guys afternoon!” My ear flicked upon the announcement, turned my head over spotting one of the wolves already clapping his paws together with a bright smile upon his snout. Scanning his eyes surrounding the fields. But when he met with mine, he walked over towards us. “Oh great.” I muttered to myself noticing him approaching, hitting Horizoki and Haziyo in the side as they jumped, turned and looked at me. I nudged my head, pointing to the approaching wolf as his mouth opened, speaking towards us.

“I need you guys to do a birthday cake.” ‘Crap.’ I thought with eyes widened as Horizoki and Haziyo nodded their heads and smiled, “Alright, Come on Hunter. Lead the way.” “First we need a cook book before you guys go burning the hut down with your antics.” I demanded turning towards them with eyes narrowed. Only Horizoki smiled and shook his head as Haziyo started laughing for some reason, “There is no cookbooks inside the kitchen. I presumed that only one…” The wolf turned his attention towards the awaken wolf lying upon the ground, “Or two may have known how to do it.” I facepalmed again and closed my eyes before nodding responding at him, “Yeah. Four of us knew how.” ‘Four?’ He echoed me, I nodded silently before throwing my head to the side and Horizoki and Haziyo followed me down towards the hut with the ingredients. We walked in the direction of where the hut was. Luckily for us there was only one upon the fields. I had remembered how lost we were when we were inside a medium size village with thousands of huts scattered about. It had nearly taken twenty or so minutes to search for the right hut and entered into it. For us to accomplished our goal in the long run however.

But despite that and temporarily ignoring that thought for a moment, I and Huzizu entered the tent first. Followed by Horizoki and Haziyo. The darkness covered our eyes as we searched around the small room we were in. “This looks nice.” Started Huzizu as I nodded acknowledging him, “It is not complex and neat like the modern times however.” “How you know that?” Huzizu questioned me with a tilt of his head, but I ignored his question and walked forward. I clapped my paws together; the huge bang sound echoed the room. Startling both Haziyo and Horizoki at the same time as their eyes fixed upon me, I met their eyes momentarily before switching my gaze towards Huzizu, “First things first. Get the ingredients and the instruments that we will be using to bake a cake.”

For all you modern folks, you would be expecting a huge circle surface followed by another huge circle surface overtop of it. Decorated with white or chocolate cream and candles overtop of it? Right? Well in medieval times, cake is bread and vice versa however. So we will be calling this bread from now on however.

With Huzizu and Haziyo gathering the ingredients, I turned my attention towards Horizoki who had gathered the instruments. A different kind of instruments however. I blinked with bewilderment at him, but kept silent afterwards for a short while. Then spoke towards him, “Er, Horizoki. That is not the instruments we are using to bake a ca- bread, I mean.” “We are baking bread?” Horizoki questioned me with a tilt of his head as I nodded at him suddenly, “Yes. Do you not remember that bread and cake are in-” “Interchangeable, yes I did hear you say that however.” I smiled at him, but that smile lasted a short while. “Stay in the kitchen and get the instruments needed.” “Oh.” He responded before searching around the cabins and boxes and such. It had nearly taken a minute for him to find everything that we had needed so far. But everything was here however.

The sticks butters, salt, sugar, cinnamon and flour. “So how are we going to bake these bread then?” Huzizu questioned me, I smiled faintly before nudging my head to the side. Pointing down towards the stone or clay ovens adjacent to me. “Oh.” He responded as I get onto the baking and cooking. Thus, when everything was said and done. We had baked cakes! “Good work everyone!” I praised while Horizoki poke the cake on the side then raised his head to me questioning, “Why are the cakes small?” “Yeah!” Complained Haziyo grabbing a piece and popped it into his mouth, “There are a lot of these. But why they look like cookies or somesort.” “I guess the author was trying last minute meals or something.” Huzizu shrugged meeting my eyes as I responded with my own. “Anyway.” I say, breaking the short silence surrounding us. “Haziyo and Horizoki, I need you two to stab the cakes/bread with-” But before I could say the word, ‘candles’ I already saw the two wolves poking and stabbing them with their paws, “No you idiots. With candles!” I growled at them. They turned to me in silence, then towards one another before grabbing a candle each and stabbing and poking the cakes/breads. I facepalmed.

After explaining to them what I mean exactly, they nodded and poke the surface of the cakes with such said candles. For after it was all done, I barked towards Huzizu “Think you can clean up the place?” “Sure.” He replied as he grabbed his apron and started right off the bat. “Come with me you two.” I motioned for Horizoki and Haziyo. Both of which nodded their heads and walked, following me down as I escorted the cakes/bread towards the nearby table. Setting them down, I grinned while admiring my handiwork. The other wolves surrounding me, marveled upon the breads/cakes But were a bit surprise into seeing it a bit small. Disregarding the size of the cake, everyone gathered around. Such said ‘birthday wolf’ sat down upon the bench of the table. Folding his arms as his eyes look up to the cakes in front of him. The rest of the wolves, excluding me Haziyo and Horizoki, sang. But it was more of howls screams and other wolf sounds that you can probably research at an engine however.

While the song of screams faded upon the blue skies, I rose my head towards the skies. Already spotting that the sun was positioned between the high noon and sunset horizon on the other side, “Its late afternoon.” I muttered correctly which caught the ears of Haziyo as he turned his attention towards me with a perplex look upon his face. I said nothing back, but kept my snout shut as my ears flickered upon hearing Huzizu’s footsteps behind me. Already approaching us with rapid fast footsteps as he attempted to join in onto the celebration. Squeezing between me and Haziyo, he smiled brightly. Although his fur was sticky with a couple of birthday patches and other stuff as me and Haziyo looked at him, chuckled before returning our sights towards the… “Incoming!” Exclaimed one wolf immediately as a flown cake was directed at me.

Splash! Everything went silent. My eyes shut but opened afterwards. All the wolves started gasping but their mouths hanged opened. Such said culprit was looking a bit worried. Meanwhile, Horizoki and Haziyo started licking my cheeks and snout. Already eating onto the bread cake as they moaned, “Its so good!” Exclaimed Horizoki, shivering with excitement while Huzizu laughed otherside. You could say that I was not having a good time. Since all of the sticky stuff is already onto my fur. Dripping or sliding down towards the grounds below me as I wore an uninteresting look and directed my eyes towards such said wolf. Although the silence fell surrounding us and I had known that the said culprit was worried. I exhaled a breath and sighed, shook my head while turning my attention towards Horizoki and Haziyo who already ate the last of the bread cakes attached to me. Calmly, I reached over the brown table. Stole a bread cake and forcefully slapped it against Haziyo’s face. In response, Horizoki tackled Haziyo onto the ground while tongues were already aggressively licking for that cake to be shove onto their snouts. A good round of laughs echoed the silence skies as my snout curved also breaking to join in onto the chorus.

This short lived laughter was shattered when our ears perked upon hearing someone shout from the hut behind us, “Popsicles!” The wolves, pups, Horizoki and Haziyo who were on the ground; stopped suddenly. Shifted their attention towards the wolf at the hut behind them and came charging forth at him. In response, he started screaming before being tackled onto the ground and stolen were his goods. “Glad that was not me.” I heard Huzizu spoke at the results with Harkell and Havlut nodding their heads. I joined in with them with a nod acknowledging that statement while the rest of us continued watching the wolves eat their treats upon the impeding evening silence.

Night had already fallen. Stars shone shimmered in the skies. With the moon hanging high alongside the stars, I along with my packmates sat along the grassy plains. Keeping the silence upon ourselves and watched the other wolves leaved the celebration behind them. Till our numbers dwindled until it was just us and a four other wolves around. Such said wolf approached me in silence. He met my eyes, I nudged towards Huzizu who acknowledged it. Motioning the others to spread out and heed to the separation, they committed to the cause leaving me isolated with the wolf before me. We met in silence. But that silence was short lived when he spoke in a whisper to me, “You know I am not an actual male wolf right?” “Heh.” I smugly smiled at him, nodding my head at him slightly before speaking “I know you are not. Your scent is very different than an actual male wolf. Rather… You are the opposite are you not? Driria?”

“Not use fooling you huh?” Driria chuckled, raising his paw to his neck. Clicked onto something and changing his voice towards his natural one. “Yeah it is me.” “Although, is this a real birthday or a cover up?” I questioned her immediately with a loud clear normal voice, then realizing what I was doing. Dropped my tone and kept it silent as I repeated the question again to her. Driria shook her head, her eyes narrowed at me as she spoke. “It is not a real birthday. And like you said, it is indeed a cover up.” “For whom? Who is spying against Virkoal Forest? Or-” “Someone that wants to murder the Order Coalition. I presumed you know whom I meant.” “Her… am I right?” Driria nodded again and raised her paw poking me upon my forehead as she spoke amused “Sharp one are you not?” “A trait I needed after becoming a leader of a pack.” I responded with my own smile. She chuckled in response.

“Not just her, by the way.” Driria explained in a whisper, I tilted my head to one side questioning her she continues, “Reports were saying that Chaos realm’s R7 are on the move too. Having achieved a pact with another realm and forcing Order out from the merged.” “So? Fight them.” I growled back but she held her paw onto my snout shaking her head, “We cannot. They will react responding at Order.” She looked over her shoulder gazing down onto the night skies again before muttering at me, “Last night before this celebration, the VPD have gone missing. Ruaija stated that their last known location is that abandoned house. Located near the borderline of Chaos and Order. I take it you know what to do?” I groaned mentally, a frown reappeared upon my snout as I hesitated nodded, splitting my lips responding to her “Yes. But it will not be a pleasant experience however.” “I know that.” She chirped with a smile upon her face.

“You guys are the best in Virkoal Forest. You can accomplish anything you set your mind into all the while sticking stupidity and sheer luck down everyone’s throats. It is simply amazing.” I looked at her, perplexed and unable to response to the sudden praise as I find myself silent. She smiled and raised her head meeting my eyes as her tone lowered to a mutter, “But for the time being. How say we enjoy ourselves here?” “Just us?” I questioned her, she nodded responding to me as I exhaled a breath and shook my head. We raised our heads towards the night skies, enjoying the peace and harmony that followed. Well… Almost.