Invane: Total Messes

“Someone please tell me how to stop this thing.” Someone shouted from the distance as me and Huzizu shifted our attention towards the source of it. No one said anything in response towards that somehow however. For neither of us had anything to do with that object that he was operating right now however. Yet despite the quietness surrounding ourselves, the high pitch noise still continues onward and filled the air with its annoying sounds that causes us to flatten our ears and stay silent at least for a while. This was the kind of morning that happened every day. Despite it changing every so often as to not confuse or bore us towards submission as time marches onward.

“Help!” That same someone continued screamed as the voice gotten closer towards us. “Should we help Horizoki?” I heard Huzizu responded fixing his attention to me. I frowned, yet pondered in silent while dipping my head towards the carpet below us. I had made this into a habit many times before. And many times, it had not failed us before… Except those few times however. But we do not talk about them too. “Fine.” I responded after a while, nodding my head as I turned to him. “Lets help the poor old wolf.” “I am not old!” Screamed the protested voice as the said vacuum and wolf came running by. Our attention was towards the vacuum, quickly noticing that the wolf was tightly holding onto the handle of it with his two bare paws. Screaming loudly as best he could overtop the volume of the object itself. As we stared onto him while he was drifting on by, the other wolves took noticed rather quickly and chased after him with hope that they will be able to catch up.

We had done this a couple of times already in many different homes however. Yet everyone in the pack was surprise that the such said wolf never learned however. I often find myself facepalming because of it and an exhaled sigh came from my snout before I got up onto my feet. Descended the last few steps and reached level ground. “Guys.” I screamed at the empty air surrounding us, “Did you all forget that the vacuum is wired and hook onto an outlet.” No responding voice. I shook my head and chuckled at least for a few seconds before running the short distance across and heed towards the nearest outlet where the wired hook was. Pulled it off from its home and something died in the distance.

“You did it! You save the wolf princess!” “How can I ever thank you!” Then came some sort of mock kissing event that you would find in some disney or kids shows. I only reacted with a disgust and turned myself away, raised my head and looked towards Huzizu who laughed at me. I hardened my face and glared at him in response, but said nothing else while climbing the steps and flopped down adjacent to Huzizu before responding to the silence surrounding us, “Come on. Lets get this on the road.” “Already?” Responded Huzizu, turning his head to me. But I forcefully turned his head upfront and growled, “Yes.” “Alright.” He said afterwards and started dry humping the carpet several times. Each time gradually inching to the edge of the carpet until we were over halfway that gravity decided to push us over. Yet instead of sliding down the flight of stairs like we are suppose to do, we flopped instead. Hitting our heads against the steps every second step or third I think. Until we reached the hard grounds below us was when both of us sat up and frowned. Holding our heads with our paws, “Ow.” We both said while the other wolves came towards the kitchen.

Now, I know what you are thinking. Why we wolves have relocated ourselves into someone’s home, doing the chores for them even though we are medieval types of wolves and not the modern kinds that we are portrayed to be. Well, the answer is quite simple however. We just wanted a new scenery to begin our whole new mess of things. Like what countless of websites had said about writers! New scenery, new surroundings equals new creative works! At least, that was what we believed in however. I cannot said for the others however except us; seems that they always wanted-

“Anyone hungry?” I heard Horizoki pipped in the silence that follows as my ears perked upon him speaking, I frowned and turned to Huzizu who shook his head and muttered something underneath his breath. “Oh crap. If he were to cook, this house would go up in flames.” I said, “We should stop him.” Huzizu spoke turning his head to me, I nodded with acknowledgement. But before any of us could make a move, we saw someone zipping by with a loud scream and a followed up smack sound afterwards. Confused and surprise, we decided to heed into the kitchen and wondered what the fuzz was all about. Towards our left, we noticed Horizoki hunched over with his snout overtop the cook circle upon the oven. Harkell, Haziyo and Havlut were busying themselves with the frying. It had seemed too that Harkell and Havlut were humming to themselves too.

We decided to join them. Yet only Haziyo noticed us quickly and smiled in response. We smiled responding back to him till our faces hurt from it all. With the small time of quietness came Haziyo’s response to the silence, “Breakfest is not done yet.” “It is afternoon by the way.” “Twelve already?” A nod unknowingly escaped my head as Haziyo’s ears flattened and he whined, “Drat. I wanted to make my special.” “That burned fried pork pig that you had stole from a nearby farm?” Questioned Huzizu with his eyes raised up in question, Haziyo shook his head and laughed at least for a short while “No silly. Not ‘stole’ ‘acquired’.” “Does not look given to me however.” Huzizu concluded, “That pig was given to me.” “Nope.” Huzizu interrupted and the argument went on. I flatten my ears and turned my attention to Harkell and Havlut who were too busy cooking pleasantly by themselves. As smiles were plastered upon their snouts with their eyes turned downwards towards the oven below them, flipping over whatever they were cooking inside the pan. I frowned afterwards but said nothing else besides grabbing Haziyo from his conversation with Huzizu and pulled him away from the kitchen.

“Come on.” I started, leading him onto the hallway instead “There is at least something we can do to do the time.” “Well…” Trailed Haziyo with a frown as he turned to me and spoke, “There is that vacuum that is left upon the room.” “And the dishes?” I questioned, “Already done.” I raised an eye at him, curious as to how they had done it faster than we are. But shook my head and ignored it while nodding in agreement with him and walked towards the said room that he talked about. Heeding into the room, we had noticed how pitch dark it was inside. The room was also small, did we ever mention that too? Well despite leaving out some important details, Haziyo turned on the white switch in an attempt to illuminate the entire room a bit. But had remembered that light was not invented at all during this time and age and frowned as he facepalmed himself before muttering something. I ignored him and walked ahead; hitting the surface of my paw against several objects underneath me. Most of which I never knew what they were however. I growled, yipped and mostly every other wolf sounds that I could make while hopping like a bunny across the flooring towards the other side of the room where a pale wall was unknowingly in front of me for some strange reason.

Hitting against it and caused my entire body to fall upon the ground. I was not unconscious however just laying and relaxing for a while until I could get my bearings. Despite me hearing footsteps behind me and knowing full well that it was Huizuzi walking towards me, I exhaled a breath and got up after my bearings came back to me somehow. For I stood up and turned around, facing Huzizu who tilted his head while meeting my eyes a bit. Yet we never said anything to one another however as the silence loomed overtop of us. Then he broke contact and growled, muttering something as he turned himself around and faced the vacuum which is somehow behind us however. As his eyes widened, he walked towards the vacuum and spoke towards me, “Alright. So here is that vacuum that we are looking for.” “I wonder if it did ran away from Horizoki earlier.” I muttered as he turned towards me and said nothing. I motioned my paw and asked him.

Although he said nothing in response.

I walked to him as he held the gray ropes and glanced upon the grounds. HIs ears flatten against his skull as he spoke out towards me, “Why does this rope have to be so long?” “To reach far places.” “Like what?” “The moon.” I grinned, he shook his head “More like the outside of the house.” “Why?” Yet the conversation ended there as he moved away from me while still hoping that ropes. Following it down outside the room we were in and turned the corner, disappearing somewhere into the kitchen where screaming had perhaps occurred however. I ignored the screams, the pain and all of those other jazz as I lowered my eyes upon the vacuum itself. Noticing very quickly about a pale button adjacent to the black pipe, I rose a footpaw and gradually hit that button. Pressing and holding it down, I heard a light hissing sound like a snake somewhat.

I took my foot off and pressed it again. That same sound entered my ears once again and I looked confused in ponderance of whatever that sound had made. So, i yelled across the room in hopes that Haziyo would be able to hear me. It was a surprise that he did too however cause I can hear him back. “Haziyo?” “What?” “THe snake had came back.” “The what?” “Snake.” “Oh he must be talking about that gray button adjacent to that pipe.” A pause and then some footsteps, “A gray button?” Haziyo questioned, fixing his attention towards me while I nodded in response and motioned him over. He came up adjacent to him and lowered his eyes to where I was pointing. Indeed, a gray button was there. “Pressing onto it will retract that rope over to the vacuum.” “Then lets do it then!” Screamed Haziyo as he slammed onto the button hard.

A fast hissing sound erupted upon our ears. Yet only I was the one who heard it. As I frowned and hardened my face, I stepped away from the vacuum hoping that it would not grow legs or something and became a boss or something that we have to fight against. With the fast paced sounds erupting in our ears and me retreating from Haziyo’s side, I raised my head and looked. Staring down onto the horizon where the end of the gray snake had appeared before my eyes. “Watch out!” I Screamed causing him to turned his head around and look at me. The gray snake came close, lurched up and bit Haziyo on the side. Haziyo erupted into a scream; yet that sound was short lived when he fell onto his side. Unconscious upon the ground with me running up towards him. “Is he alright?” I heard Harkell responded as he came running to the room we were in, I just nodded at him. “He is fine. Just a small injury upon his side leg.” “Seriously?” He responded with eyes narrowing at me, I shrugged in response to him. But said nothing else afterwards as he threw his paws into the air and screamed back upon the kitchen.

“By the by.” I questioned him as he turned around facing me, “How goes the kitchen?” After saying those words, we heard a high pitch alarm go off and a series of waterdrops fell from the ceiling above. Raining down onto the wolves, the food, fire and a bunch of other things. Harkell pouted and crossed his arms angrily as I stared at him with eyes widened yet no words escaped from my opened mouth as I kept to the silence. “Guys!” I heard Havlut spoke, “Does anyone know how to turn off an alarm?” “Have you tried turning it off and on?” A smack echoed through the halls, followed by a scream but silence became dead from now on. With my eyes rolling and chuckling rather slightly, I turned my attention to the now awaken wolf adjacent to me. Haziyo who opened his eyes, rolled himself over and stared up towards the ceiling. “What happened?” He questioned, darting his pupils over to me as I spoke to him in turn, “Nothing. Just you got smack and owned by a gray snake; the kitchen is a mess and nothing else happened afterwards.” “That is perfect.” He screamed, I looked at him as if he was crazy.

“How are things ‘perfect’?” I questioned, my head tilted to the side as he spoke. “I do not know. Just is however.” “Is it because we are the Hunter’s Pack who cannot do anything?” “Besides being the embarrassment of the audience we are performing for, yeah.” “I figured as much.” I muttered afterwards as he ran from the room and towards the kitchen. With the silence looming over me, I stared upon the vacuum in silence then shook my head while raising my eyes to the horizon. Casting them towards the hallway in front of me, I abandoned the vacuum and walked. A second later came an explosion and more fire started erupting. I blinked in surprise; but said nothing else while running straight forth the kitchen and screamed, “What the heck happened?” “This.” I heard Huzizu responded to me. I turned to him, noticing Horizoki still unconscious as Harkell and Havlut stand by him in uncomfortable silence. I narrowed my eyes upon the two of them; they reeled their heads back and said nothing while the burning fire, the raindrops continued onward.

Then with an exhale of a sigh, I muttered while pointing out of the room. “Everyone out. Now.” And so everyone did as they were told and yetted themselves out of the room by twos somehow. Once Harkell was the last wolf out. I stand alone against the raging elements that stand before me. The burning fire from the computers we never saw before. The series of raindrops falling from the ceiling above me. The smoke already rising from the pan towards my right with a black colored stake burned to perfection. I raised my paw; and slapped it against my face. Muttered something before heeding towards the computers first. I had noticed that the computers were plugged onto something that was underneath them. A white outlet it seemed. A cord was plugged into it which perhaps was connected to them. I waltz towards the cord and the plug; gripped against it and pulled. It unplugged itself in quick motion. But at the same time, my arm hit against the brown chair behind me. I groaned in pain afterwards. But removed myself from underneath the table and onto my feet afterwards.

“Harkell and Havlut! Can you two come inside the kitchen please.” I yelled into the hallway as the said two wolves came running. They appeared before me and upon the kitchen room. They were panting too however, but do not seemed to mind it at all as their attention was towards me. Nodding, I nudged my head over towards the right side. Pointing towards the oven and the pan that was overtop of it. They nodded again and ran towards the oven. They turned the dial till it was snapped off from the oven. Hitting against one of the wolves in the eye causing him to scream and stepped back. Such said wolf stepped onto the ball underneath him and slipped upon the grounds. A loud smack echoed through the kitchen while Harkell laughed suddenly and Havlut growled, with his eyes narrowed onto the other. I just rolled my eyes and shook my head at them while turning around and set my eyes upon the other thing that had been needing to be done.

The raindrops from the ceiling above us. “Anyone got a chair?” I exclaimed, turning my attention towards the two wolves who was helping one another get up onto their feet. I turned away from them and spotted a brown chair adjacent to the table over to my right. I grabbed onto it and dragged it across the floor, a few inches from its spot and stopped. Climbing upon its top, I extended my paw high above my head in an attempt to grab the alarm above me. Yet I could not reach it however, it was upon my own paw tips, if that was a word however. “Hey I need help.” I spoke towards Havlut and Harkell, both of which shifted their attention towards me. They came running inward. Upon stopping at the chair, they held it down tightly with their paws as their eyes were raised high towards me. I glared at them in response and nudged my head towards the ceiling above me. “I meant up here.” I growled.

They climbed the chair and attempted to stretch their paw high. Gripping upon the tip of the alarm, I exhaled a breath. “This is not working at all.” “If only we have some sort of tea with us.” “What does tea have anything to do with us reaching for this alarm?” A silence while our eyes met in silence. “Regardless…” I trailed and hopped off the chair, landing upon the grounds of the kitchen while taking a few steps backwards and raising my head high, “You guys are looking good.” “How is this helping us reach for that alarm?” Screamed Havlut with his eyes narrowing back at me. I smirked at him gleefully “It is not. Just wanted to get you back for something during our in between breaks between stories.” “While the author was working on different stories?” Asked Havlut with his head tilted to the side, I nodded back at him in response. “Right.”

Within the next few seconds, the two wolves were continuing their attempt upon reaching the alarm. Till they both gave up and just used one of the brown pole sticks that they had snatched from an earlier storyline and rose it to the ceiling. HItting against the surface of the alarm which causes it to break off. Crashing upon the chair’s surface between the two wolves, they proceed to stomp upon it.

Meanwhile, I, on the other paw, have decided to see what the other two wolves were doing about. I entered the halls and drifted towards the room where me and Haziyo had left the vacuum to its own. But stopped immediately when I noticed that said vacuum started running amok once again. Drifting left and right and all around the halls, I threw myself towards the side; hitting against the wall in front of me. It had inflicted aches in my forehead. Luckily none of them were that too injury however as I attempted to turn around and groaned. Sitting upright while raising my paw towards my forehead and looked upon the other two wolves, “Where is Haziyo?” I questioned them, they shrugged in silence and said nothing else while my eyes widened and rose to my feet. Heeding to the kitchen and then towards the white door that I never seen in my life until now. And towards the beautiful outside doors.

Where I had noticed that it was a mess. The yard looked messy; destroyed flowers and pots were scattered everywhere. Stray and neighborhood dogs and cats were laying their waste everywhere while barking or hissing at one another. The white fences was broken and lines from the lawnmower was all over the place. Only one wolf, I knew had the capability into doing this and I yelled out his name in an attempt to hear him come running back.

“HAZIYO!”