Treter: Like All

My eyes opened up. I started yawning suddenly as if I had gotten a nice pretty nap soon afterwards. Shaking my head before glancing around the surroundings that I find myself upon, I had noticed that I was upon the forest trees swaying close and far from where I was standing. It was rather a surprise for me however. One that I suddenly got up onto my feet, startled. Yet flinched suddenly about something onto my back. I glanced behind myself, noticing that Wyott was there. His head onto my flank, drooling with his saliva all over my lower body. He rather looked happy apparently.

I gave an exhale of a sigh and said nothing as I turned around. Raising my paw towards his forehead and knocked onto that thick skull of his. He was arouse that he opened his eyes afterwards; shifting his attention to me before getting up onto his feet. Yawning. “Good morning.” “It is evening.” I responded halfheartedly, shifting my glance towards the forest surrounding us instead upon him. As he blinked suddenly and raised his paws onto his eyes, rubbing them, he frowned and spoke back “It is evening? We must have missed the ‘game’ that will come into Virkoal Forest then.” “There is a game?” I questioned, glancing back to him as he nodded his head afterwards. Smiling only briefly before answering me again, “Yeah. The other canines of Canine realm will be coming here to… Oh boy.” He started then trailed off into realization as he suddenly sprinted off into a run. Leaving me behind once again. I growled after him. Chasing after his tail as he ran.

For we weaved through the forest woods, dodging the leaves that had came from them and sprinting across safely onto the other side of the forest grounds. It never taken us far however as we had approached whatever was upon in front of us however. A gray cannon with smoke rising from its other end. The other coyotes were here too: Wyott whom was staring at the cannon in silence. Wearing glasses over his eyes and holding a white notebook and pencil for some reason and Wovan who was manning the cannon at the time. A brief smile was upon his snout; looking directly onto the bleak skies above them and staring down onto the cannon’s other end apparently. I called out onto the two; they fixed their attention towards me immediately. Yet both had mixed responses and expressions upon their snouts however. As I removed myself from Wyott’s line and stepped forth towards the pair of coyotes in front of me, both felt a bit nervous towards me.

“Why is the cannon here?” I questioned with raised eyes; glancing briefly onto the cannon for a bit before fixing back towards the other two coyotes on either side of me. Neither of them had any sort of answer after that; for silence had loomed over our heads once more and I gave off an exhale sigh before closing my eyes and spoke adding in onto the words, “You know that Hunter’s pack would not like this however.” “They have agreed into allowing us testing it for them before that game we had imposed onto the canines.” “There is a game?” I questioned Wovan who nodded his head, smiling faintly as he dropped his paws from the butt end of the cannon. Dropping to his fours before walking a few steps to the side of the cannon and sat down, “Yeah. The canines of canine realm issued it. It was rather a surprise.” “Against what?” I questioned again, clearly confuse as to what was going on as I find myself glancing back and forth towards the two coyotes in front of me as they faced each other, raising their shoulders and turned back towards me, “Something about the fate of Canine. Different species wanted different goals. And because of their argument: this result into a game we manned.” “Cancel it-” I spat, but Wovan and Wyott shook their heads suddenly responding, “We cannot.”

I looked towards the pair in silence. Then shake my head and growled; “And why not?” “This is between them.” “We are canines. We can just make adjustments and repairments for this cannon-” “Actually-” “Shut up.” I growled towards Wyott who sealed his mouth suddenly and blinked with widen eyes as he find himself staring me down. I glared to Wyott for a moment, then turned my attention towards Wovan and Wivan. Both of which fell silent. A few seconds followed it before I shake my head and spoke again “Fine. But since we are canines can we join in onto this?” “What is the plan, Wissyon?” Wovan questioned me as I turned to him and smirked, “We are to man the cannon and aim it somewhere else. That is our goal. But how long does the game last-” “Just until the morning rise.” Responded immediately Wivan as he pipped up with Wovan nodded his head approvingly and I exhaled a sigh, “That long?” Another nod.

“Fine.” I growled, biting back my tongue from any more questions or comments before my ears flickered into the following silence again. With eyes upon me, I forced myself to speak once more. Turning around and face the forest’s North and started walking, “Come and find me at the entrance of Virkoal Forest, since we are joining into this most stupid game of fate anyway.” I demanded with a forceful tone into my voice. Wyott and Wovan nodded their heads as they had returned to their positions. Continuing reloading and firing the cannon with more smoke coming from it anyway. As for me and Wivan however, well we walked Northward for a bit. I with a confident smug smile plastered upon my lips and snout while Wivan lingered behind me with a worry look upon his face, as if there was something else that he never wanted me to know about however. But constantly, I am looking over to him. Studying his radicular confusing face as he flinched, everytime that he faces my way. I just smiled in response towards him as we walked a few steps Northward. Halting our steps suddenly and stand upon the grass beneath us with Wivan shifting his attention towards the surroundings around himself, then towards me.

There was a long silence between us. Wivan kept fidgeting for some reason and his fur was standing on one end. His ears standing up, alert about something with his eyes looking out towards the direction of where the cannon was at, which was behind us of course. I called towards his name and he turned to me immediately; my eyes met upon him. I tilted my head to the side and questioned him; but he glanced away and spoke in a somewhat of a soft voice. Eyes already lowered onto the grounds beneath himself whereas his paws were sticking close together. It was as if he was a cat; forgetting that he was a coyote instead. I snarled at him, paw raised and tapped onto his shoulder. He flinched glancing back towards me again as I repeated my question once more. But silence was my then answer. I growled irritated but dropped the subject altogether and kept my eye back upon the horizon in front of me. For a few seconds more came footsteps as we turned our heads over our shoulders; spotting Wovan and Wyott behind us with smiles plastered upon their faces. Smiles that beamed with confidence and upon that it had irritated me. For something indeed was hiding. Yet I had already dropped it, considering that I would just figure it out once the game had started instead.

Thus, upon the silence, I turned back around towards the other three coyotes before me and spoke. Loud and clear for them to hear while their attention were upon me initially; but turned over to the horizon in front of us as I say, “Alright. Since we are also in this game too. I’d say we give our fellow canines a fair fight. We will start somewhere close towards the other end of Virkoal forest and stand; facing southward. You three do not know where the cannone lies right?” They all shook their heads and I gave an exhale; before nodding my head approvingly to them before narrowing my eyes as I and the others faced northward again, “Then let just go then. Towards the starting point indeed.”

The sun had settled down. Withdrawing its light from the lands and forest that surrounded us while we watched the darkness takes over. I exhaled a breath and closed my eyes, feeling the winds brushed against my own fur again while Wovan, Wivan and Wyott all shift their attention towards me in the following silence. All eyes laid upon my fur as I opened my eyes and glanced at all over them. For they stayed in silence, neither of them saying or stating anything in turn while their eyes were kept upon me then turned back up front into the horizon before them as the silence was settled and darkness loomed overhead. Another breath came from my own snout as I started sprinting passed the other three coyotes. All of which were startled and flinched as they tried to catch up towards me.

The winds bristled by; gentle like the breeze washing over the surface of the ocean waters as we ran. Weaving through the trees that stands before us, getting deeper into the lands of Virkoal Forest. For the first few seconds since this ‘game’. There were silence. Peaceful tranquility silence that I had grown to love however. As a smile was formed upon my own snout; I shifted my head over glancing towards Wovan and Wivan whom were lagging behind me. Our distance was short from one another and I had presumed that one of the coyotes had indeed wrapped a rope around my neck dragging themselves along for the ride with dust and something else lagging behind them. Facing up front once more, I suddenly stopped when I had noticed that a cliff was before us.

I blinked while the rope bypassed me so quick and sudden as Wyott screamed and fell into the tree abyss below himself. With Wivan and Wovan stepped forth to the edge, glancing downard. Wyott waved his paw upon them, shouting something that I had ignored while I just find myself glaring at the two coyotes over upon my right. Neither of them said anything as they shift their head to me, ears flattening upon their skulls as I just growled at them before responding. “Why you extended the forest? I thought it would just be there instead?” “Since we are joining, we had to make things harder for our pack. You did say you wanted a ‘challenge and fair.’” I just growled at them, then shook my head afterwards and gave off an exhale before nodding my head upon them. “Right… Right.” I trailed, returning my attention to the abyss as I questioned the two coyotes “Then how are we suppose to get down then?” “There should be a steep somewhere…” Trailed Wovan as he glanced left. Wivan stayed silent as he followed Wovan’s gaze. But I, on the other paw, just rolled my eyes and jumped immediately.

I felt the gravity imposed upon my own lightweight body as I descended faster at a fast rate. Hitting the grass trees in just a few seconds later which had landed adjacently to Wyott however, I smiled. Cheerful while raising my head up towards the horizon and spoke towards the other two. “Come on down!” “Why?” “it is safe.” I reassured. A moment of hesitate had came from either of the two coyotes as I noticed how they were looking onto one another. Then immediately jumped from the cliffside, pummeling down into the tree green leaves and branches where they had landed upon. Neither of them laughed or became cheerful when they had landed. But instead just glance towards me while I motioned them down. We all headed into the grounds below our feet and immediately turned around; facing the big moon at the distance.

A few seconds became silent as we find ourselves staring at the big moon. Wovan coughed then afterwards and caught our attention as we all turned towards him. He faintly smiled responding to our silence and attention as he stepped forth, nudging his head forward towards me which I nodded acknowledging him before leading the pack forth through the newfound ground we had found ourselves upon. However, just a few steps before we had began our journey, we heard rustle of leaves on either side of us which forced us to stop so suddenly as we turned our attention towards the sources of those sounds. There, a wolf along with his own pack of wolves were found. But there were only three of them apparently. The leader shift his attention towards me; then towards Wovan and Wivan before shaking his head silently and immediately departed from us. With his pack following close behind him, they had disappeared from our sights as I questioned Wovan and Wivan for a moment. But noticing how they shivered in the sight of the wolf.

Wyott was even more confuse however as I had found him tilting his head to the side in question of the shivering between Wovan and Wivan however. As I stepped forth towards the pair; they turned towards me and shook their heads. Fangs still grounded upon their own snouts; eyes still meeting my own as I spoke towards them. “We will make it. We can beat the wolf pack of canine and get to that cannon before then.” “its not just the cannon I am worried about.” Wovan whimpered respondingly to me as the attention had caught me. I looked to him. Then towards Wivan who said nothing also. Then back and forth for a few seconds or cycle before shaking my head; and smiled towards them. For onto thus, I turned around immediately and fled from them. Raced across the fields of the forest before me, trailing behind the wolf pack whom were a bit ahead of us however. But I had guess it had never mattered anyway.

Wyott raced up after me with Wivan and Wovan at tow as they caught up to me in silence. I kept my eye up upon the horizon in front of me where the moon shines upon my eyes; glistering onto its surroundings and keeping the faithful light in the night skies. I had indeed almost smile to myself because of that. But never minding that now however, I did have a ‘race’ to win. So picking up dust that kicked behind my own feet, I raced across the fields of the forest as the winds harshed and increased in speed in an attempt to push me back. For onto a few seconds later on of running, I had noticed the wolf pack close by upon my eyesight. Our distance apart from one another was not so long now as the lead glanced over his shoulder; spotting us immediately.

A couple came from him. A bitter smile appeared upon his lips as he too kicked up a storm and speed up increasingly. Leaving behind ourselves and his fellow packmates in the dust as they themselves were either shocked or worried at all. ‘But never minding that now.’ I thought to myself with glee, am too kicking up a storm and racing through the fields, immediately bypassing the wolfpack and l eaving my own pack of coyotes behind as they too were either shocked or worried at all. Mostly perhaps for my benefit however as they knew something that I do not however. Regardless, I race up towards the wolf who again glanced over towards me and growled. But it was not an irritate or frustration; it was something else. Something that I only knew because of my own history before this series had even started. And upon that growl, I just smug at him. Confident was running through my own veins as we raced each other neck to neck upon the fields. The dust clouds kicked up and heighten till it had covered the clear night skies behind us. We were closing in onto the destination now. ‘It would not take that long however.’ I thought to myself.

Indeed it never took that long; for in the near distance from us stood the isolate tree standing at the center of the fields. With large roots scattered and buried deep upon the soils of the fields, I immediately stopped and blinked while the wolf adjacent to me went on ahead. Though silence was upon his lips suddenly as he continued. Fading out into the distance, disappearing from my sights as I find myself staring down onto the tree before me. There was something oddly familiar about this tree however. Yet somewhere deep within my own brain I cannot figure it out at all. No matter if I had tilted my own head to remember such memories. But my head was shaken to rid of those thoughts that had halted me from the race with the wolf and upon which, I snarled immediately and ran down the remains of the road straight towards the tree in front of me where I too had faded from everyone’s eyes.

I was upon the interior of the wood. It was such a small space around myself. Brownness was upon the walls and floor of the space that I was in. Even though it was empty about, I glance towards the center of the space; spotting the wolf and the cannon was were there. I snarled immediately and jumped him. Tackling him onto the ground as he was surprise; we rolled upon the grounds a few distance from the cannon itself. Down towards the walls southwest from the cannon itself. Knocking onto wood while the entire tree rumbled violently. Neither of us had cared at all as the sounds of fighting was embedded onto our ears; forcing ourselves to ignore the surroundings around us and instead focused upon one another.

Claws were in the air; growls and snarls were too as the void became shattered and were replaced with sounds and such. We were both angry; perhaps it was for the competition at hand. Or was it rather something else however? I would not know since the wolf underneath me bit onto my leg and I released him from his imprisonment and jumped backwards. He took the advantage and casted me to the side; rushing forth towards the cannon itself and aimed it. But not towards Canine, rather away towards…

My eyes widened as I noted the cannon’s opening straight towards me. The wolf smiled confident that he had won this competition and grabbed onto the brown rope at the other end of the cannon. However just before he could yank it to fire the cannon. Someone else had came from the shadows. Then another. Both me and the wolf glanced over; spotting a Dhole and a Jackal. Standing still staring down onto the wolf and me with narrowed eyes upon the wolf. Neither of them did anything; there was no additional movements either as the rest of the packs from all four species came forth from the entrance behind the latter two. The wolf pack and Hourans came forth towards the wolf leader and myself respectfully as the Dhole and Jackals stand by the other two.It was the longest pause in the tenseful competition between all four of us. But something about the competition had me widened my eyes upon the realization that had struck me. For I turned towards Wovan and Wivan; both of which flattened their ears and frowned, nodding as if to confirm whatever was I was saying or answering towards them. For thus onto that moment, I find myself growling as I turned towards both the Dhole and Jackal before us.