

The White Wolf – A Romance

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A quiet life

After my fighter-spaceplane was shot down, and I was injured, I temporarily “retired” from the air-force to a small, wintry planet. Even though my *“take a few years break”* cabin was near-enough sea-level, and not all that far from the equator, the scenery was distinctly alpine. The trees were slow-growing pine-trees that normally grow right-below the timbre-line of tall mountains. The top-soil was typically mush, but permafrost wasn’t far below.

It had recently been exceptionally cold. We had unusual amounts of snow, perhaps a few centimeters a night. Without a melt, the snow accumulated to twenty-centimeters covering the ground.

My *“it’s dirt-cheap and maintenance-free”* house was a wood-cabin, four-by-four meters. The exterior wood was unpainted, and had colored to a dark brown-grey, either due to aging or stain-paint.

Inside was honey-colored.

I had a small kitchen-counter with a faucet. Underneath the counter were a few drawers with plates and cutlery, as well as a refrigerator-drawer. On the countertop was a small microwave-convection oven (technically, an extradimensional cooker), and a can-opener.

The only food I prepared were tins of processed meat, and occasional frozen fresh-meat, purchased from a local store.

The small convection-oven, bore-pump, aquifer-melter, and minimal-heating were all run off solar-power. I hadn’t noticed the solar-panels, which must have been on the roof. When my

convection-oven failed to run once-or-twice, I put that down to it being an old unit. But it could have been due to a few weeks of overcast skies, and low power in the batteries.

Opposite the kitchen-counter was a built-in single-person bed with cabinets below. A heating-pad was built into the bed cabinets.

Beyond the foot of my bed, directly opposite the kitchen-counter, was my front-door, and snow-boot drying matt.

On the corner opposite my bed was a short dresser, where I kept my old fighter-spaceplane uniforms and combat-medals. I also had a few changes of clothes in there.

I barely remembered my time in the military. Due to my injuries, my recollection was foggy, as was expected.

My low-stress “job” on this planet was that of a wilderness-park keeper. I would monitor the trees’ health, and clear the pathways of debris. That was it. I had fought in the war long-enough that I was allowed a recuperation break.

Other cabins were also in the area, perhaps occupied by ex-military like me. I didn’t know. The closest one was five kilometers away, I think.

But they were Wolfen, and I was Wolfen.

Wolfen males are quiet, and Wolfen males are loners. We don’t cross into one-another’s territories. I didn’t even consider the thought of interfering in their lives by stopping by for a chat. If I had considered such a thing, I would still have decided to not-bother my neighbors, and given them their distance. I may once have seen a Wolfen in the distance, half-a-kilometers away. He may have seen me. We both disappeared from one-another’s view.

Besides forestry monitoring and maintenance, all I would do is walk into “town” (a single shop) once a week for food. The walk

took about one-third of a day to get there, and one-third to get back. Days on the planet were sixteen Earth-hours long, with eight hours for both daylight and nighttime.

I needed the quiet.

I needed time to think.

I needed time for my mind to heal.



Life as a fighter-pilot

I had been a fighter-pilot in my previous life. I flew one of our normal-matter fighter-spaceplanes. Imagine a pyramid, stretched tall, with the top-point flying forward, and slicing edges on the top-and-bottom, and wing-like ones on the left-and-right. Add lots of bumps and wedges to make the fighter-spaceplane look cool.

I was sent on patrols looking for Hominid spaceplanes and cargo-vessels, up to ten stars distant. The Hominid spaceplanes were continually landing colonists on our planets, and then flying monthly food-and-supply shipments to the Hominid colonists. The colonists took-over our land, and enslaved our people. They continually tried to breed-rape us into compliant-and-pretty Wolfen that they could sell abroad.



Day two – Followed

I stepped onto a staircase landing outside my cabin's front-door, two steps above the ground.

I wore boots (the ground and snow were cold), thermal pants, a shirt, and a jacket. And I wore a hat to keep my ears warm.

Cold-fog flowed from my mouth as I exhaled.

I locked the door, and descended two steps down, onto the snow-crunching pathways. Oddly, the snow melted-off the pathways much-sooner than it left the mulch-like ground.

Today's task was the same as yesterday's. I was going-to meander about my territory, which was roughly what I defined it to be. And what my distant (five-kilometers away) neighbors defined their forestry-territory to be.

The air was chilly, though not as brisk as the previous two days.

I headed towards a section of the forest that I hadn't visited for a few weeks. The crunching of the snow-ice beneath my feet became hypnotic.

Whenever I would find fallen branches on the pathway, my job was to chuck them off.

All I had to do today was keep the pathway clean. And tomorrow. And the next day. The day after-that, I might check the trees for infestation. Nice and simple. Nice and relaxing.

I wouldn't see much wildlife, except for the chipmunk tracks scurrying across the snow.

Thirty minutes into my pathway-cleaning walk, I came across a decayed tree that had fallen across the path. It was more of a log, with a central trunk, and the stubby-remnants of branches.

A saw might be handy. But then, maybe not. Most of the trees were frozen-solid most of the time. It would be like sawing through granite.

I hadn't brought my arc-saw, so brute-force would be required.

Figuring-out how to move the tree off the path was as-stressful a problem as I wished to deal with... at least for a few years.

Perhaps the tree would just push away.

I tried pushing the tree-log. Nope.

So I looked to see why it wouldn't budge; some roots still held it in place.

I tried lifting-up the fallen tree. It was twenty-centimeters thick, and far-too heavy.

Brute-force had failed.

I decided to take my time; I didn't have anything else to do today.

On second thought, I did have something to do. I was out of food.

Oh well, the tree first.

I began rocking the fallen tree-log back and forth to loosen-up the roots, or perhaps snap them. With enough rocking, I would eventually be able to swing the tree-log off the pathway.

With my back tiring from bending-over to rock the fallen tree-log, I stood-erect from my crouch. I noticed a wolf one-hundred

meters away. Despite being white, she didn't blend-in with the snow and trees that well.

The wolf watched me.

I didn't know that wolves were on this planet. I hadn't seen them here before, but then again, I had only been on the planet half a year.

Why couldn't there be wolves? They might be able to catch the rabbit-sized chipmunks.

I could tell from her face, that the white-wolf was a she.

Why was she interested in me?

I didn't have a clue.

A thought crept into my mind... Perhaps she hadn't caught much food lately, with all of the snow. She might be hungry.

Back to work.

I rocked the fallen tree-log back-and-forth again.

With a fair amount of back-strain, I managed to swing it one-third off the path.

It was once-again time to rest.

I looked up.

The white-wolf was closer, approaching me.

Perhaps she was stalking me. That didn't phase me. I knew enough about wild wolves to know that she wouldn't hunt-attack me. She was just playing.

When the white-wolf saw that I was looking at her, she redirected her head to the left, in a nervous motion.

Crap, I had frightened her.

I didn't want to do that.

I returned my gaze downward to the log, and went back to rocking-it loose.

I eventually rocked and pushed the log two-thirds off the path.

Huff. I was out of breath. That was as much as I could accomplish today.

Tomorrow, I would need to cut the stubborn roots with my arc-saw. They held the fallen tree in place.

I now needed to visit the shop for food.

I walked back to my cabin, and picked up my sash-bag. I needed it to carry my groceries back.

Beginning my walk to the store, I realized that I hadn't seen the wolf after giving-up on my tree-log. I must have frightened her off by noticing her. Or perhaps she had gotten bored.

Maybe I'd see her again.

I liked wildlife.



Day two – A trip to the store

I headed west to the store, my sash-bag across my shoulder. It was just large enough to hold a week's worth of food, and some odds-and-ends.

The walk took about two hours. Now warmed by the sun, the pathway's snow-ice no-longer crunched with every step.

On the way, I picked-up and threw-off a few fallen branches that I found on the path.

The store was the same simple wood construction-style as used for my cabin, except that the store was sixteen-by-sixteen meters. It was built next to a slush-covered road.

A “spaceport” (eh-hem... a natural-clearing in the trees next to the road) was a two-hour drive away. I had only been there once, when I landed on the planet. I hadn’t been off the planet, or even in a vehicle, since I arrived.

My sister visited me once, four months ago. She had passed through the “spaceport” also.

Unlike my cabin, the inside of the store was heated to warmth, perhaps by a nuclear generator.

In one corner were jackets, thermal pants, boots, hats, shirts, and socks.

Toothpaste, toothbrushes, and medications were near the center of the store.

Tins of meats and vegetables, as well as crackers and bags of pork-rinds, were at the far-end of the building, to the right.

Of course, there was a cashier counter, where the store-woman worked. I didn’t know her name. She may have told me once, but unfortunately, I had forgotten.

My memory didn’t work well after my injury. It would heal in time. And my ability to think-and-react was even worse. Those abilities would also recover.

As I opened the store’s glass swing-door, the Wolfen-woman greeted me with a “Hi.”

“How are you doing?” I asked politely.

“A bit chilly.”

That was about as much as I ever spoke to the cashiers. I had been more-chatty before my spaceplane was shot down, but only slightly.

Formalities completed, I looked-around the store for supplies. I grabbed two tins of meat.

"You haven't seen any wild wolves around have you?" she asked.

Not concentrating on the conversation, or recalling what had happened in the morning, I answered, *"Uh, no."*

I checked the shelves for any other food that I might want. Nothing appealed to me.

What else did I need?

I walked-up to the counter where the woman stood. Behind her was a freezer full of food.

"Could I have some real-meat please?" I asked.

"Sure. We have caribou this week."

The woman handed me a few slices of frozen caribou-tenderloins from the freezer.

"Thank you," I said. I didn't have to pay. All of the food and supplies were free. It was one of the perks of being in temporary-retirement from the air-force.

As I walked out the store door, I slipped the tins and caribou-meat into my sash-sack. I zipped-up the sack as I headed back home.



Day two - Tracked

When I returned home, the white-wolf was sitting on the landing in front of my door.

Odd, I thought.

Maybe she was someone's pet.

Or perhaps she was a wild-wolf who had spent a lot of time around people.

The second alternative worried me...

I approached my stairs slowly and cautiously, giving her time to run.

I expected the white-wolf to run-off before I got too close. A slow approach would give her time to retreat, and prevent her from feeling cornered.

When I reached about three-meters distant, the wolf perked-up and watched me. She didn't make any motion to get-up, or run. Crap.

Wild animals were scary. You never knew what they would do. But she was most-likely a pet wolf... I hoped.

A few paces more, and I stood at the base of the steps leading-up to my door. The wolf remained on my landing, alert.

Now what?

I moved so slowly and quietly that I practically shuffled. I quietly spoke to her as I approached.

She didn't move.

I reached the first step.

She just watched.

She must be a pet, I concluded.

But she might not be, I worried.

The second step, and onto my landing.

She didn't move.

I hoped she was a pet.

The large white-wolf still blocked my doorway. She hadn't gotten up.

How was I going to get in?

I pulled-out my key, and slowly unlocked my door.

I was about to step over the white-wolf.

Then she bolted up, and into my house, and onto my bed.

She snuggled into my blankets.

She was pet.

Relief on my part.

I wasn't about to try and chase her out now. I entered my house, and closed my door.

She obviously didn't mind being warm.

I unpacked the tins of food and real-meat caribou from my sash-sack. I placed the empty sack on the top of my dresser.

I back-glanced at the white-wolf enjoying my warm bed. It was kind-of nice to see someone-else in my house, even if she was only a wolf.

I tossed my hat on top of my dresser. I left my jacket on, though. It was cold, even inside.

My boots, I slipped-off by the cabin's door.

The white-wolf observed me from the comfort of my bed.

No bother. She was happy. I had no problem with her being inside for awhile, or even the night.

It was now time to eat.

I pried a slice of freshly-frozen caribou-meat from the frozen-together lump I had picked-up from the store. It fit onto a

rotisserie element in my convection oven. Three-minutes later, the meat was cooked, juicy, and crispy on the outside.

I didn't bother with a knife and fork. I just used my fingers to eat.

The wolf saw me eating food.

She clambered off the bed, nearly tripping on my second pair of shoes.

She nudged me behind my knee. That was an odd behavior.

Should I feed her?

I ate some more.

The white wolf sat-down on her haunches, and looked up.

Begging.

Yeah well, I could always get more food.

I handed the remaining half of my caribou-tenderloin to the wolf's mouth.

Rather than gulping the meat down instantly, the white-wolf set the food on the ground beside my feet. She held the meat-strip in-place between her paws, and began chewing-off small bite-sized pieces.

Odd behavior, I thought.

I had to step over her to get another strip of meat. The white-wolf was very calm about me doing that. Three-minutes later, the timer dinged, and I pulled-out my second caribou-slice.

I carried the meat over to my bed, where I sat down. The white-wolf had already claimed the floor in front of the small convection oven where I usually stood-up and ate.

I began eating my second piece.

The white-wolf finished her first caribou-piece.

She looked around for me. When she saw me with more food, the white-wolf bolted-up onto my bed, immediately behind me. Her muzzle peaked over my shoulder, and rested on it.

I got the hint.

The white-wolf received the remaining half of my second piece of caribou-meat.

She was a very-friendly wolf-pet.

She would have eaten more food, I was sure. But I had eaten enough, and I couldn't afford to feed her. (That thought didn't really make sense, seeing as the food was free from the store.)

Night was approaching.

I opened my door to let the wolf out.

She stayed on my bed, and watched.

I motioned for her to leave.

Nope.

She didn't even twitch at the thought of getting-up and going outside.

No problem. I closed the door.

I took-off my jacket, and tossed it on the dresser-top.

I climbed into my bed, underneath the sheets. The white-wolf was lying in the middle of the bed. I had to slide my legs underneath her weight.

This caused her to stand-up on my bed.

And then she walked-up to my end of the bed, and looked down into my face.

She wolf-smiled.

The white-wolf turned around. For a moment, she straddled me, her forelegs on my left, and hind-legs on my right. Then I got her butt. And then she nosed underneath the comforter with me.

Friendly, and obviously cold.

In her attempt to slide underneath my comforter and sheets, she completely dislodged them.

I got the hint.

I pulled-off my blankets.

“Where had the blankets gone?” she must have thought.

The white-wolf responded by standing-up, and turning around again. This time, she laid-down facing me, her nose to my shoulder.

I readjusted the sheets over both of us, and we fell asleep.



My prior existence

Before temporarily retiring from the air-force, I lived in a small town nestled amidst Douglas-fir-covered rolling-mountains.

My sister and I owned a condo together. It had a few couches to sleep on, a television, radio, refrigerator, kitchen, and bathroom.

My sister did office-work.

I was a *“Defender”*, a fighter-spaceplane pilot sent-out to shoot-down Hominid spaceplanes in our territory.

My day was nothing but stressful.

It began with a relaxing walk half-a-block down the road.

Our condo was one of ten in a two-story apartment-building. Five apartment buildings lined the road, each set ten-meters back from the sidewalk. In-front of the apartment buildings was cut grass. Behind the apartments was semi-deciduous forest, though it only-ever snowed a few times a year.

My “ride”, half a block away, was at the “*Quick-rent*” motorbike stand.

I ran my prepay card through its card-reader to unlock one of the parked motorbikes. My default preference was red. But today, the computer only had yellow.

Swipe.

Click.

Cachunk.

The yellow bike unlocked.

The lean-forward bikes looked very cool, but they couldn’t go faster than 40 kmph.

I rode the motorbike to the fighter-spaceplane “hanger”, about ten-minutes away. It was a large steel warehouse.

I parked my bike in another “*Quick-rent*” booth, and opened the warehouse’s corrugated-steel door with my work key.

The hanger was empty except for a handful of the pyramidal fighter-spaceplanes we flew. My spaceplane’s name was “*Lucy*”. I shared her with another pilot, a woman.

In the corner was a folding table covered with assorted helmets.

I grabbed one, tried it on, and found it to be the wrong size.

I put that down, and found one that fit me.

I strapped it on.

Lucy's door opened when I walked near her. I clambered up a step ladder, and through the DeLorean-like gull-wing door.

(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/DeLorean_DMC-12)

Inside Lucy was a shallow lightning-bolt-shaped seat, lying almost horizontal.

I sat/lay down into it, and strapped myself in.

Above me was a red button for "*Engine warm-up*" that I pushed. I toggled a metal flip-switch to turn-on the computer and telemetry. And a blue-button to my left, closed the door.

I had to wait ten minutes for the ship to warm-up.

While that was happening, I made sure all of the fighter's missiles were loaded (some icon-lights showed them in white), and that the spaceplane had enough non-baryonic-matter liquid-fuel (a simple fuel-gauge).

A light quietly beeped-on to indicate that Lucy had warmed up. I depressed the acceleration foot-pedals to release a safety.

An armrest attached to the seat had a tricky-to-get-to button that I also pressed.

Lucy dematerialized.

Outside of my front "window" – more of an array of video-monitors designed to look like a window – I saw grey fade into stars and symbols.

Now outside of my planet's gravity field, my seat rotated so I that I sat vertically, looking straight-out Lucy's window.

An automatic and semi-random flight-path took me away from the docking-station, and the planet.

Once I and my spaceplane were sufficiently-far from the docking-station, and potential telepathic spy-devices, Lucy's computer-screen displayed my orders.

A Hominid cube cargo-ship was running supplies to an illegal Hominid colony on one of our planets. The Hominids had seeded their colonies all-over our territory.

I was instructed to shoot the cargo-ship down.

I accepted the coordinates. A semi-random flight-path was generated to take me there.

I watched the stars fly past.

The flight took perhaps an hour.

When the cube was detected by Lucy's sensors, I took manual control.

I didn't particularly sneak-up on the cube. Lucy should be invisible to the cube. And Lucy's sensors didn't detect any-other spaceplanes in the area.

I saw the cube cargo-ship electronically sketched on my display screen. Sometimes the visuals were real images. Other times, they were 3D-graphics that almost looked real. And sometimes they were red-or-blue wireframe outlines of the objects.

The missile icons turned light-blue; I was close-enough to fire at the cargo-vessel.

Years ago, we used to first radio the Hominids and warn them that we were about to blow-up their spaceplane.

We didn't warn them anymore.

We just fired.

The missiles left my spaceplane.

I didn't see them hit.

Someone blasted me out of the sky two seconds after I fired.

Space is exceptionally quiet, except for a crackling you hear in your ears.

My spaceplane was gone.

Sitting alone in my ejected seat, I didn't see the cube cargo-vessel. It must have been extradimensional.

My eyeballs began freezing over.

I awoke in a hospital.

I had done this before.

I would have been placed into a new body.

I was groggy from having died, as expected. Body-death recovery typically took a few weeks.

This time, I learned, I was going into temporary-retirement. My injuries had been too-severe.



Day three - Playful

When I awoke in the morning, the wolf had managed to prop her fore-body onto my chest. Her head and muzzle rested on my right shoulder. She lightly-licked her lips as she also woke up.

I realized that I had somehow earned a pet wolf.

That day, I returned to the fallen tree-log that I had been trying to swing off the path. I brought a small arc-saw with me. The white-wolf followed behind and in front of me, and occasionally at my side.

Cutting the frozen tree-trunk would be impossible. The frozen roots would be equally as frozen, but one-tenth the cutting-area each.

The task took me a few hours.

And then it took an extra hour because the white-wolf kept playfully interfering.

I didn't see her for the first hour of tree-root cutting.

And then, while I was bent-over and concentrating on sawing a particularly hard-to-reach root, the tree shifted down.

I looked up. The happy-smiling white-wolf had sat her fore-body on top of the log.

That actually made cutting the tough-to-get-to root a bit easier...

... for about two minutes.

The white-wolf released her weight from the fallen tree; she must have gotten bored. By the time I looked up, I saw her running tail-high towards the north-west.

Half an hour later, she approached me silently from the east. And began pawing my hands.

She tried to mouth-grab the arc-saw from my hands.

I wouldn't let her do that; she might cut her mouth. I wasn't worried about her running-off with the saw; that was a dog-thing.

I spent five minutes playing keep-away, holding the saw up above my head so she couldn't get it.

She was thinking about jumping. I knew that.

But then she got bored and wandered off.

Two minutes later, I once-again had to keep the saw away from her.

My cutting-progress slowed to nothing, until she tired of her play half an hour later.

The white-wolf wandered-off.

I got another fifteen minutes of work done.

And then from nowhere, the wolf's white back interposed itself between my face and the roots I was sawing.

I pushed her away a few times.

But she kept returning and bodily-blocking my work, almost pretending that she had coincidentally decided to stand "*right there*" and hadn't noticed that I was also there.

By lunch-time, I had ninety-percent of the tree off-of the path. I had cut through ten frozen roots. It was all too-much work, especially with a white-wolf playfully imposing herself.

I gave up, and returned home.

The white-wolf followed at my side.

Both she and I ate the remainder of my caribou real-meat. This time, she ate the entire piece at once. On the first day, she had daintily chewed-off small individual bites from the larger piece she had held between her fore-paws.

I didn't want to go out for the afternoon. The morning's tree-work tired me out.

The fallen branches could wait.

I spent the afternoon and evening lying-down in my warm bed, the white-wolf half on-top of me, comforter and sheets over both of us.

I wondered if I should stop-by the store tomorrow, and see if she was anyone's pet.

When I got-up briefly for dinner, I almost ripped a few button-loops off-of my shirt. The white-wolf had someone gotten one of her fore-paws inserted chest-high into the split-front of my button-down shirt. Her fore-paw was caught between two button-knots, and tugged at my shirt as both she and I got up.



Day four – Dessert in bed

When I awoke in the morning, the white-wolf was sleeping entirely on-top of me, underneath the blankets.

She began the warmth-conserving move sometime around midnight. I found it difficult to breath with her weight on my chest and stomach, but she was obviously comfortable, so I didn't make much of a fuss.

I awoke two-hours later with her fore-paw in my mouth. She had moved it in her sleep. I gently moved her fore-paw aside, and returned to sleep.

I spent the day tossing sticks off the pathway.

The white-wolf followed me around.

She couldn't playfully interfere with that job. I found it easy-enough to walk around her when she perpendicularly imposed herself between me and the sticks. When she first got in the way of a stick that I wanted to toss-off the pathway, I merely thought that she had coincidentally stopped in front of my goal. Three coincidences later, and an intelligence-pattern emerged.

The white-wolf ran back-and-forth across the pathway all day. I noticed that she stayed closer to-me than the previous day.

We returned home in the evening.

She was the first into the cabin, and into bed.

Since I was out of real-meat, I opened a tin of processed meat. Rather than peel-off individual slices, and eat one thin slice at a time, I cut-off a wedge of slices.

The white-wolf weighed slightly-more than me, perhaps seventy kilograms. If I gave her as much food as I gave myself, that would be fair.

I pried the slices apart, half-way through, and gave the white-wolf one of the meat-triangles on the floor. I ate the other, a kind of ham.

My triangle of tinned ham turned-out to be distinctly unsatisfying. I grabbed an unopened bag of pork-rinds from the kitchen-counter, and lay down in bed with it. Since the white-wolf was still busy eating her ham-wedge – she had particular difficulty when individual slices of ham stuck to the floor – I covered myself with the blankets. My back was propped-up against the wall with some pillows. (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pork_rind)

I opened-up the pork-rind bag, and began munching.

That got her attention!

The white-wolf jumped onto my bed, and walked-up my body.

She lay down on top of me, leg to leg.

Every-time I grabbed and ate a pork rind, I had to look into her begging-face, staring-up at me.

She got every-other pork-rind.

Half an hour later, I turned-off the lights.

Ten seconds after my room went dark, I got a butt in my face, as the white-wolf climbed underneath my blankets.





Day five – Back into town

About two in the morning, the white-wolf's body slid part-way off my body. When I awoke several-hours later, only three-quarters of her weight was on me.

My task for the day was obvious: I needed more food. With both the white-wolf and me in the house, I was going through twice as much food as normal.

And I needed to see if anyone had lost a pet wolf.

I put on my sash-bag, and walked out the door with the white-wolf.

She ran in front of me, behind me, at my side, left-and-right across the track, and everywhere else.

The white-wolf obviously wasn't going to leave me, I thought.

But then, about one-third of the way into "town", the white-wolf stopped and wouldn't go any further. I walked five-minutes beyond her stopping-point before I realized that she was no-longer tracking me.

I looked back.

She was three-hundred meters behind me, standing alert, and watching me from a distance.

I called for her to follow.

She may have considered running to me. But then she turned-around homewards, and walked ten-meters back towards the cabin. She stopped. And then she turned-about, and looked at me, perhaps nervously.

Did she see a predator of some sort? Was that what she was nervous about?

I scanned-around in all directions, but I couldn't see any animals except a distant rabbit-sized chipmunk. There couldn't be a predator; the chipmunk would have disappeared. Nor did the planet have any predators; I was certain that someone told me that.

Maybe the white-wolf was tired.

I walked back to her.

She stayed in place, and waited while I approached, nervously prancing left-and-right.

When I was within ten meters, I once-again called for her to follow me. I waved her towards me.

The white-wolf swayed to her left, and then walked back towards the house another five meters. She stopped, and swung-around to look-back at me.

Obviously, she wanted to return home. I couldn't do that though. I needed food.

I walked up to her.

The white-wolf waited for me to approach.

She had no collar or leash. If she had one, I could lead her to the store.

What was I to do?

I tried pushing-on her body, and pointing her towards the store. She acquiesced a little-bit.

I then tried to push her butt, in an attempt to convince her to move forward.

This definitely DID NOT WORK. The white-wolf became evasive after that.

How was I going to get her to come to the store with me? (Oddly, two days before, I wasn't bothered when she disappeared from my sight for an hour at a time.)

If I left the white-wolf on the path here, she might leave me forever. (Another odd thought.)

Or she might get herself lost on the way back. (Slightly more-plausible.)

Or she might forsake me and decide to befriend someone else. (This thought worried me.)

I needed a collar for her, perhaps.

Did I have one in my bag? (I knew full-well that I didn't.)

Perhaps I could use the straps from my bag and fashion a collar?

I took-off my sash-bag and to see if I had any spare straps in it, or if I could somehow use the entire sash-bag as a collar. One of the sash-bag straps might be looped into a collar.

I couldn't do that.

Well, I could... but that wouldn't be nice for the white-wolf.

I put the sash-pack back on.

Despite a niggling thought in the back of my mind that I should walk back and fashion a collar for the wolf, I decided not to.

She was a free creature.

Nor was I going to spend two hours walking-back, fashioning a collar, and returning.

I called to the white-wolf to follow.

She wouldn't. Instead, the white-wolf evasively and nervously paced between the left-and-right edges of the path.

I walked fifty meters down the path towards the store.

When I turned around, the white-wolf had only followed me a few meters. I called and motioned to her again. She crept backwards.

Another fifty meters, and she was now ninety meters away.

Then she was one-hundred-and-fifty meters back.

And then three-hundred meters.

And then I rounded a bend. She was out of sight.

I would stop and peer behind me every ten minutes.

The white-wolf hadn't followed.

That saddened me.

I slowed-downed my pace walking to the shop.

But when I reached the shop, I decided not to dally there. I would get my shopping done quickly, and head back home at a quickened pace just in-case the wolf was sitting on my cabin's steps.

A different Wolfen-woman was cashier today.

"Hello," I said.

"Oh, hello." She was doing a crossword puzzle.

"Is anyone missing a wolf pet?" I remembered to ask.

"No, I haven't heard of anyone missing one."

"If anyone asks, tell them I found a very friendly wolf-pet."

I was going to say, *"She is staying at my house,"* but I didn't.

"Sure. If anyone comes in looking for a lost wolf-pet, I'll mention that you found one."

I grabbed two more tins of meat, an extra blanket, and twice as much real-meat as usual. The shop-attendant didn't complain; I was feeding two.

With my bag over-full, the blanket dangling-out of the half-zipped sash-pouch, I began a brisk-walk back.

I didn't want to leave the wolf alone for long. She might not come back.

To my relief, the white-wolf met me ten-minutes' walk from the shop. She was very excited to see me, running back-and-forth across the pathway. She even trotted a few circles around me.

I pulled-out the new blanket and showed it to her.

She danced in front of me.

I opened it up, and threw it on her.

Smile-laugh.

The white-wolf ran covered by the blanket for a few minutes, until the thick-red blanket fell off.

Then she grabbed it with her mouth, and ran with it a ways down the path.

Fifty-meters later, I pick-it up off the frozen path, and packed the blanket into my sash-bag. The white-wolf was now joyfully meandering one-hundred meters in front of me.



Day two – Shit! Shit! Shit! This is cold!

“Go on sis! Shoo! The house is two-hundred meters that way.”

My two-legged sister pointed towards an unseen house, and then nearly kicked me out of our spaceplane.

Why did I have to do this?

“Because YOU’RE the one who said you didn’t want to fight in combat. If you’re not a fighter, then you’re a breeder, or you help the fighters,” she answered, having read my thought.

Fuck you.

I was now a four-legged wolf for genetic-diversity reasons.

I clambered-out of the spaceplane, onto the frozen ground.

I looked back at my sister.

She pointed me towards the house.

The path upon-which I was ditched, veered off to my left. It would lead to the house, half-a-kilometer away. If I needed help, there was a small village a few-hours walk away. Signs along the frozen path pointed the way.

I walked a few meters down the path to get away from the spaceplane's electromagnetic field, and then turned-around to say goodbye. My sister's spaceplane was fading-away as it went extradimensional. She had to leave quickly so that the Hominid militaries wouldn't find her, and shoot her down. And so that the Hominid mind-readers wouldn't suspect that I was here either.

What now?

Onward to the house.

Fuck the frozen path though; I was a wolf, wasn't I.

I diverted off-of the path, and into twenty-centimeter-high snow.

Fuck!

Shit, it was cold.

I took a few more four-legged steps into the snow.

Shit! Shit! Shit! This is cold!



Day one – *“I have a new body for you”*

My sister and I lived in a five-pod extradimensional spaceplane. Inside, it was a six-hundred square-meter house.

On the outside, it was just a pie-plate UFO.

We had a backup-attachment that could make it look like a blue-painted police-box. (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/TARDIS>)

I was lying on our stainless-steel operating-room table. Our operating-room was located next to the laundry and dry storage.

Standing next to the operating-room table, my sister grabbed an oxygen-mask, and placed the oxygen-mask over my muzzle. She then stretched the mask’s elastic-headband over my ears, and around the back of my head. That would keep the mask on.

Two days before, my sister had told me that *“I was in-luck”*. A new body had arrived for me. It was specially-designed to withstand chemical and viral attacks expected from the Hominids.

We had flown our spaceplane in retreat an enormous distance already, running from the advancing Hominid phalanxes/hoards. When we began our evacuation-journey to here, we were told that the space we were running-to was perfectly safe.

By the time we got here, the space was engulfed in war. That changed both of our plans.

“I’m going to turn the first gas on,” said my sister, acting as body-swapping doctor.

“It [body swapping] was an “easy” medical procedure,” she had claimed. My sister had helped many people swap to new bodies. So she said.

I couldn't talk with the mask on. To let my sister know that I had heard her, I raised my right arm, and signaled with my hand.

Blank.

Five minutes later, I woke-up, without having remembered going to sleep. It was actually thirty-minutes later, but it felt like five to me.

"Don't move much. We still have some work to do," came someone else's telepathic voice.

I didn't move.

I felt that I was lying on my side, most-likely on the stainless-steel operating table.

My eyes were closed, perhaps taped closed. I had been warned about this.

My sister and someone-else were moving around me.

"Just a minute," telepathed the someone-else.

The odors were very-strong in here. Lots of medications. Many different people-smells.

Something must have happened. I was no-longer in my spaceplane's operating-room.

"We're going to remove the tape from your eyes," said the someone.

I peered-out as the tape-tabs were pulled from my eyes. I was looking at a two-legged Deer... or perhaps an Elk.

Behind her stood my sister, smiling nervously.

My vision was shaper in this body, I noticed. Color seemed less-saturated though.

"Just wait," joke-commanded the Elk-woman who had removed the eye-tape.

The Elk-woman walked out of view.

More tape and straps were pulled from my arms, chest, and legs.

Three minutes later, I still couldn't move my head. Perhaps it was strapped down.

Yup.

The strapping was removed.

Someone grabbed my chest from behind. A third person was here.

Some hooves took-hold of my legs.

"We're going to help you to the ground. This will be safer for you than if you got-off the operating-table yourself." Before undergoing the body-swap, I had thought I would be able to just slide-off the operating-table in my new body, put-on some clothes, and walk back into my television-room.

Oh well. Something had happened.

Very-strong arms picked me up by my chest.

My new body felt a bit strange.

Whoever moved me didn't take much care in my comfort and non-panic. I had been looking horizontally, staring at an empty operating table. When I was effortlessly lifted-up by the unseen giant, my head rolled, and I got a glimpse of the lights hanging-down from the ceiling.

I tried to right my head so I could better-discern what was happening. This didn't help. When your soul is first attached to a new body, you can only see colors, then shapes, and then after a few weeks, your soul (or your new brain) automatically counteracts motion.

I was just seeing shapes. As I was moved, the motion of my head translated into my perception that the room was swaying-

and-rotating erratically back-and-forth. It was like watching a home-video photographed by someone who quick-rotated the video-camera 360-degrees in five seconds.

I didn't perceive that my head and body stopped moving until ten seconds after they actually had stopped.

"We're going to put you on the ground now," said another telepathic voice, from the person who had picked me up.

I felt my feet touch the cold floor.

My torso was horizontal.

And then my sister crouched-down near my head, and held my hands to the floor. She nearly-accidentally kneed my jaw.

Something was wrong.

How could my torso be horizontal, my legs be straight out, and my feet on the floor?

And how could my arms be extended straight out, and my hands on the floor at the same time?

And my head was looking horizontally at my sister's knee.

My hands didn't feel right either.

"I'm going to release your weight. Standing will be a bit odd."

The strong person who held-up most of my weight via his grip on my ribcage, relaxed his support.

My feet AND HANDS gradually took more-and-more weight.

Soon, I was standing using only my own muscles, a pair of hands to either side of my torso to steady me. My sister, still kneeling down, steadied my fore-legs. My hind-legs were propped into place also, but I couldn't see how.

My head was only three-quarters of a meter off the ground.

I looked down at the ground.

My hands were paws!

I looked up and left, at my sister's face.

What the fuck happened?

"You're a wolf," she said, a joking smile on her face.

"Why am I a wolf?" I asked sardonically. I found that I couldn't vocalize properly.

"Fuck," I swore. That-too came-out sounding weird.

I looked-around a bit.

My head was three-quarters of a meter off the ground!

I could see the operating-table legs and wheels.

I could see the legs of the Deer-woman a few meters distant.

"What happened? Did something go wrong with the operation?" The sentences I spoke were blurred and unintelligible, like baby-Wolfen-talk.

"Um," my sister admitted. *"You said you didn't want to be in combat, right?"*

"Yeah." That word came-out almost correct.

"This is the only way for you to avoid combat."

"Are you serious?" I asked in an indistinguishable babble.

"Yup."

"I am going to slowly release your hands," said my sister, as she let-lose her grip, and stepped away.

She stood up.

All I saw of her were her knees.

I didn't fall down.

The giant had been steadying my hind legs with his feet. He also stepped back.

I was a wolf.

I was a wolf?

Shit.

"You're not going to like this part, ☹️" warned my sister.

Someone wrapped a collar around my neck, and then I was leashed.

And then a dog-halter was pulled over my head, just to make sure. Someone buckled-it up.

What was going on?

"This is just training," answered the Deer-woman. *"Don't worry."*

The Deer-woman walked-up to me and took the leash-end from the giant-person standing behind me. My sister wouldn't take it.

"Come. Follow me," the Deer-woman said in a jokingly-mocking tone.

I looked up at my sister.

She was both embarrassed, and relishing in the joke.

My collar... MY COLLAR... pulled at my neck.

Okay, this was a joke.

I hoped.

Pulled-on by the collar, I walked a few steps.

I could handle walking.

I didn't like this.

I hoped my sister was joking.

This was only temporary.

I'd be put into a new two-legged body soon, not this four-legged one.

At least I wasn't male.

Was I male?

I looked underneath, but couldn't.

The Elk-woman tugged on my leash, preventing my head from looking anywhere but forward. *"No peaking."*

"Don't worry sis, you're still a sister."

The Elk-woman led me to the end of the long operating-room, and then led me in an arc to turn me around.

Turns were a little difficult, especially on the slippery floor.

I was collar-led past my operating-table, and out of the operating room.

This was not my spaceplane's operating-room. I had already guessed that.

More importantly, my body – My ORIGINAL body – wasn't on any of the operating tables.

"Where is my body?" I asked with child-like unintelligibility.

The Deer looked at my sister.

"This is your body... sis."

"No. This is a wolf's body!"

"No. This is your body now," reinforced the Deer.

Then my sister told me the bad news. *"We already recycled your old body. It went into the protein vats."*

Unknown facial-expression from me.

"Shit. Are you serious?"

"Come," answered the Deer, as she tugged at my collar.

I was collar-led out of the operating room, and to the right.

In the new room was an obstacle course.

The first obstacle I was collar-led onto was an artificial sinusoidal-hillock of sandpaper and rocks.

And then I had to climb-up some steps.

And then down the other side.

I hated the collar already.

I then had to crawl through a tube... without the collar.

And in the corner was a bed that I had to hop onto. This took a few goes. Getting down was even scarier. I needed someone to support and steady me the first few tries.

And finally, my sister leash-led me to a yellow rubber chew-toy.

I wasn't going to pick it up.

My sister knelt-down, and disconnected the leash.

"You tell her," said the Elk.

"Here's the deal, sis." A few more pieces of information were given to me. *"You won't fight. We know that. But you can't sit around and do nothing. We need to keep some of us safe, just in-case we all die."*

"Your assignment during the war is to hide-out on a planet. During that time, you will be four-legged."

I nearly growled.

Hey! I could actually growl!

My sister had read my mind, and laughed.

The Deer kicked my hind-leg in humor.

"You obviously cannot maintain yourself four-legged. You cannot brush your teeth, do the dishes, or cook..." My sister had said the same about the two-legged me, the week before.

"You will be assigned a two-legged Wolfen to take care of you."

That didn't make any sense. Why spend a two-legged resource to take-care of a four-legged resource?

"Just wait. It gets better," jested my sister. *"We have specially selected your two-legged Wolfen caretaker to be 100% personality-compatible with you."*

That was good news, actually. My sister was only fifteen-percent personality-compatible with me, especially at the moment.

Professional personality-matching services were quite expensive. They worked very well. Unfortunately, your ideal friend

would inevitably be five-hundred-and-ninety-two galaxies away... so far away that you would never-ever meet them.

Who had they selected to be my friend and caretaker?

“Your caretaker will be a MALE!” My sister emoted her eyes wide, meaning both, *“You’re going to like this,”* and *“This should be fun.”*

The *“male”* part didn’t particularly appeal to me at the moment, and not ever in the past. Men weren’t necessary. And neither were children.

My sister didn’t mention the arctic conditions until an hour later.

The cramped cabin (she had called it a house), the boring stick-moving, and the tinned-ham, I had to find-out for myself.



Day two – The scouting portion of the hunt

After walking a dozen steps through the leg-penetrating cold of the snow, I decided to walk on the cleared path instead.

One-hundred meters down the path, I saw my future home. It was a cabin. ☹️

And it was just a TAD smaller than I expected. I thought it would be at least two-hundred square-meters, not sixteen.

I sat and watched the cabin for a quarter of an hour.

Was that really the right house? Maybe it was the house's garden-shed?

Conveniently, out walked my male Wolfen, all bundled-up for the cold.

Meanwhile, I was freezing.

I slunk-back into the trees, so he wouldn't see me. It would be fun to try stalking him. *"Shit! Cold! Cold! Fuck!"* I thought one swear-word per step, as I walked through the snow towards some trees. I would hide behind them.

The Wolfen-man walked past me, without noticing.

Cool! I could hide.

I waited another five minutes to make sure he was completely out of sight.

Should I follow?

No, I thought. I'll just sneak into his house and wait for him. It would be much warmer in there.

I walked down the pathway to the house, climbed up two steps, and stood beneath the door.

How was I going to open it?

It had no door-handle! Just a circular brass lock.

Which meant it was locked.

How would I open the door even if it had a door-handle?

Fuck.

Maybe there was a backdoor.

I circled around the cabin, finding nothing but stacked sticks behind.

What now?

I certainly wasn't going to sit-still in the cold.

My sister and our heated media-room were long gone.

I decided to follow the man and see what my *“best matching-male within five-hundred-and-ninety-six galaxies”* was doing. It had only been ten minutes since I last saw him. He should be easy-enough to find.

I walked after him.

Then I trotted.

This was fun!

Then I broke into a run.

Wheee!

Then I did a face-plant into the snow.

Oh well, back to a trot.

I eventually found my man trying to push a fallen-log off the pathway.

He saw me, but then went back to working on his log.

I looked like a wild wolf, so I decided to play a wild wolf. I hid underneath a pine tree, on a patch of ground without snow, and watched the Wolfen-man from a distance.

My sister had told me that his name was Jacob.

When he finished with his fallen tree, Jacob walked-back to his house. I followed a few-hundred meters behind, just to be safe... and because it was fun.

I should have been faster. I could have squeezed inside.

I saw Jacob walk into his house, and close the front-door.

I began planning to sneak-up to the house, and to paw on the Jacob’s door. That should earn me entry.

I was fifty-meters away from my plan, when the door opened.

Don’t close that door!

The door shut. The Wolfen-man walked-out and to his right, down a different path.

So much for warmth and surprises.

I followed the man down the path: Out of curiosity, to keep myself warm, and because I had nothing else to do.

Walking long-distances on four legs was much easier than on two legs.

The man never saw me as I followed behind.

He never saw me as he walked into the store.

Nor when he left the store with a full sash-sack.

And he didn't see me on his way back home either! Cool.

Two-hundred meters before he reached his house – I recognized the area – I bolted ahead of my future roomie and beat him to the front door.

I laid down and waited, pretending that I had been waiting there all day.



Day three – The up-close hunt

While Jacob sawed his fallen-tree, I wandered-about and played wolf for awhile... which was fun. It was fun not to think. It was even more fun to not-worry about the war.

But I did need to think.

Why was Jacob selected for me?

He “felt” like a nice guy... which was always an important quality.

His financial circumstances weren’t my dream ~~husband~~ roomie. A four-by-four meter cabin with limited heating, no toilet, and only a toaster-oven wouldn’t normally have appealed to me.

... but it was cozy.

Smile.

Television would have been nice though. ☹

Jacob was quiet-spoken... which I liked... but which I didn’t.

It would be a challenge for me to get him to “*emerge from his quiet-shell*”. I decided I could do that. That effort was in-itself fun.

Jacob’s life was BORING so far. Cutting logs wasn’t terribly interesting.

What did he do on his more interesting days?

Maybe a bit of prodding would get him to drop the boring log-moving task, and jump to his next work-task. Odds were, his other tasks would be more exciting.

But then again, whether his work was exciting to me didn’t really matter. I didn’t have to spend all day with him. If he wanted to do boring work, he could do boring work... but I could encourage him to do more-interesting work.

Why else would I have been matched-up with him?

He was single. So was I.

He was two-legged. I was four-legged... That provided a problem. But, I’d be two-legged after the war was over. (*Virtual-pillow gets thrown at Mike for writing this. I’m still four-legged.*)

Oh well, being four-legged for awhile was fun. Getting a two-legged Wolfen to fall in love with a four-legged Wolf was also a fun challenge.

What else did we have in common?

Given his sixteen square-meter cabin, and his relaxed and low-stress work habits, Jacob was obviously not in a hurry to get anywhere quickly. Neither was I. A good fit.

But he was boring as shit... which as I stated before... was a fun activity to work on.

Having thought-about Jacob that for an hour, I got bored.

I let my playful wolfish side take over. I never had a playful wolfish side, but now that I was a wolf, I might-as-well.

I wandered-back to Jacob.

He didn't notice me.

I elbow-leaned on the stump he was cutting. I had experience doing that. When two-legged, I had elbow-leaned against many nightclub bars. My lean said, *"Here I am. I'm ready to be picked-up for a date."*

Jacob was sawing something at the end of the tree, perhaps a branch. He looked-up soon-after I did my bar-counter lean, and then went back to sawing.

I have had many bar-guys pass me over, but none went back to sawing.

Oh well, time to wander-around some more.

I found some chipmunk-tracks and followed them a ways.

Then I returned to Jacob.

He was still sawing.

I tried to grab his saw with my ~~hands~~ paws.

They proved ineffectual.

So I tried to grab the saw with my mouth. (I had never thought about grabbing an object with my mouth before, ever.)

That didn't work either.

Jacob raised the saw above his head.

He was playing! 😊

No fair holding the saw above your head!

I wondered if I could jump high-enough to get it.

Most-likely not.

I'd have to practice jumping. There were plenty of branches to jump-up to and catch. (I had never thought about jumping up and catching branches with my mouth before, ever.)

I went away and practiced jumping.

When I came back, Jacob once-again held the saw too-high for me to jump.

So I went back and practiced some more.

Eventually, my jumping height reduced due to weariness... and after I sprained my right rear-ankle. I gave-up on the saw-grabbing method as a way to coax Jacob into doing more-interesting work.

I resorted to a trick that I had used many-times with my sister. I learned that if I stood in front of whatever she was doing, she would eventually stop doing it. Lots of Wolfen employ that trick. It's REALLY annoying, but it works!

Body-imposition worked with Jacob also!

Jacob abandoned his task for the day, and returned home with me. We had a good meal, and a better snuggle.



Day four – More branches

Telepathy still didn't work. If it didn't work after three days on the planet, it wasn't likely to ever work. I was almost-certainly signal-blocked so that the Hominid mind-listeners, working from telepathy call-centers on neighboring planets, wouldn't think I was any more than a pet. Jacob may have been blocked also, hiding his military past from the Hominids.

Jacob didn't return to his tree-stump today!

Instead, he spent the day tossing fallen-branches off the pathways in his territory.

My "*stand in front of someone*" approach didn't halt the branch-tossing. Jacob just walked around me.

So I wandered-off to play wolf some-more.

My nose was much better than before, particularly when I placed it close to the ground. I could actually smell the snow footfalls of the chipmunk tracks.

As well as where they urinated and defecated.

And if they were healthy or ill.

Such observation-abilities weren't much use in the real world, but they were fun to try.

I returned to Jacob, to keep track of his location... and to harass him a little bit. I didn't do too-much pestering, since Jacob obviously had work he needed to get done.

So I wandered-off again.

I practiced running without ending-up in a nose dive.

And I practiced some more jumping.

And then I ate some snow because I was thirsty.

And then I returned to where Jacob had been, but he had moved-on.

I could no-longer see him.

I could have just followed the path, or even looked for his footprints, but I had more fun sniffing-out his footfalls.

I didn't like the smell of his boots. His feet smelled much better.

Once I found Jacob, I harassed him so that he wouldn't forget that I was there.

And then I found someplace to sit... and think.

How would I reveal to Jacob that I was intelligent? I didn't want to spend my entire life pretending that I was a pet. I would have to speak to Jacob. I hadn't tried speaking to him yet because I was having too-much fun being a wolf.

I did know that I didn't understand Jacob's language. I would have to get Jacob to teach me his language. There was no point in me teaching Jacob my language. My wolf-shaped mouth and vocal-tract couldn't properly announce-and-vocalize my language, or his.

I got-up from my impromptu thinking-spot, and found Jacob again.

And then I found another thinking-spot, one which had no chipmunk urine-odor.

What else did I need to think about?

I needed to work on our relationship-bonding. I had to do more than taking food from behind his back, and sleeping on top of him at night.

More cuddling.

More playing.

That would work.

And it did!

Later that evening, when Jacob pulled-out his bag of junk food, I succeeded wonderfully. He couldn't resist me staring puppy-like up at him. (Puppy-like stares had never worked with the men I encountered at Wolfen bars.)

Approaching from behind, and puppy-like stares, were un-Wolfen. There were very wolf-like though. I didn't realize it, but my personality was changing.



Day five – Predator and enslavement

Despite yesterday's conclusion that telepathy would never work for me on this planet, I tried telepathy once-again. It was still disabled.

What would Jacob do today?

Hopefully it wasn't picking-up sticks.

When Jacob put-on his sash-sack, I suspected that he was going shopping. I didn't know what he needed to purchase, though. I didn't care. My mind could use a walk down a different pathway, one with interesting building-scenery at the end.

I followed Jacob for three-quarters of an hour before something worried my intuition.

Something felt wrong.

Perhaps my wolf-senses sensed a predator in the area.

Who knows.

There might be a bear or allosaurus in the area.

(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Allosaurus>)

I stopped, and scanned around.

I couldn't see anything.

What really freaked me out about the event was how I was treated by Jacob.

Jacob noticed that I had fallen far-behind and stopped. He called to me.

I wanted him by my side for his own safety.

I waited.

Jacob walked the three-hundred meters back to me. I felt safer now that Jacob was safely under my protection.

But then he tried to push me.

What an odd way for him to convince me to continue walking forward. Didn't he try to imagine what I was thinking? He should have reasoned-out that I had sensed danger.

I became very nervous after that.

Somehow I knew that Jacob decided to put a leash on me. And somehow I knew that he was thinking about taking me to the store, and tying me up there.

But those "knews" could just be my imagination.

But they weren't...

Jacob pulled-off his sash-sack, and looked to see if he could fashion one of the straps into a collar.

Shit.

I didn't like that.

That nearly severed our relationship right there.

I don't know what I would have done if he had collared me.

I wouldn't let him collar me, because then he could have tied me up. I didn't want to be tied-up and sold-off to someone. (I didn't think-about where the "sold-off" idea had come from.)

Fear in mind, I backed off.

I wouldn't let Jacob get near me.

If I would have thought about the incident, I would have realized that perhaps he was being telepathically influenced by Hominid mind-controllers. Perhaps the nearby Hominids, and there were always nearby Hominids, had somehow begun listening to our relationship. But I didn't think about that at the time.

Later that afternoon, after Jacob had left the store, I completely forgot about his transgressions. Though whenever I saw him with his sash-sack, I always thought about being collared.

Jacob gave-up on me, and walked to the store alone.

I sat and reasoned my situation-out, watching Jacob disappear around a bed.

I didn't trust him (at the moment).

I didn't want to follow him.

But my wolf-senses warned me of danger, so I felt it imperative that I protect him.

Any sort of wild-animal predator could be out there. Two people could fight-off a predator better than one.

So I tagged-along several-hundred meters behind Jacob, not letting him see me.

I waited outside the small general-store for Jacob. He took only five minutes to buy his food.

When I glimpsed his silhouette leaving the store, I rushed homeward on the path a few-hundred meters, and waited for Jacob there.

I now had a solution to a problem, though. The next time Jacob went to the store, I could tag behind him, and wait outside. He wouldn't be able to tie-me up then.

Wait a minute!

That solution didn't make any sense.

I'd have to think about my not-so-brilliant conclusion later-on...

Jacob walked into view.

When he saw me, Jacob pulled a blanket out of his bag. It was obviously for me. 😊

When Jacob got close enough, he tossed the blanket over me.

I hated that.

But I got the symbolic gesture.

I ran down the path with the blanket, hoping Jacob would give chase. (I didn't notice how wolf-like I was becoming.)

Jacob didn't chase me. 😞

But he did pick-up the blanket. There was something satisfying about having someone look-after me.



Day six – Words

I awoke before Jacob did. I had spent the night with my forehead on-top of his chest. I thought-about licking him awake, but then realized I was thinking too wolf-like.

When Jacob's eyes opened, I spoke *"Hello"*. Despite my baby-Wolfen-speak, the word came-out clearly, sounding like *"aa-oo"* combined with a yawn.

Jacob just looked at me funny.

I said *"Hello"* again.

He must-have assumed I was yawning. ☹️

Jacob had not yet spoken more than a few phrases to me. He most-often spoke *"Zhie-ey"* to me, most-likely meaning *"Come [here]"*. He still thought I was an animal-wolf.

If Jacob thought that *"Hello"* was a yawn from an animal-wolf, I'd try something more-complicated.

My spoken *"How are you?"* (*"oo wah-yuh"*) was unintelligible due to my wolf-shaped mouth and vocal-tract, even to myself.

Jacob heard the phrase though.

He propped himself up in bed, quizzical. His arm-muscles had to make an extra effort because my weight was still on his chest. I liked that; I don't know why.

Jacob said something, but I didn't understand.

I tilted my head in a question.

He repeated the phrase.

I still couldn't understand what he said. I tried to remember it.

Damn.

Jacob must have been speaking a different language. That would make communication more difficult.

"I don't understand you," I spoke once. My articulation was so muddled that I wouldn't have understood myself speak.

"I don't understand you," I spoke a second time, so that Jacob would know I was speaking a language, and not imitating sounds.

Quizzical look from Jacob.

He was getting it!

Jacob spoke a different phrase.

What did he say?

And then Jacob decided it was time to get-up, and out of bed.

Nope. No success.

"Getting out of bed" wasn't the response I expected from him. I thought he would begin talking-his-head-off to me.

Instead, it seemed to me that Jacob half got-it. He thought something was unusual about me. Perhaps I was a particularly-intelligent wolf-pet who had been trained to say *"Hello"* and *"How are you?"* and *"I don't understand you."*

Bastard.

Jacob was intellectually dense, as well as boring. I could fix the boring. The slow-on-the-thought part was trickier. When I got back to my spaceplane, my sister and I would be able to give him some drugs to make him more intelligent.

Jacob prepared to go out, as usual.

I followed him out the door.

Once-again, ~~we~~ he picked-up sticks and fallen logs.

To make Jacob's stick-cleaning task more-interesting to me, and to show Jacob that I was intelligent, I began teaching Jacob my language... though spoken with infant-Wolfen articulation.

I would speak “*Stick*” whenever Jacob picked up a stick. He heard this word many times during the day.

Whenever we came across a fallen log, always pushed-off to the pathway’s side, I would run the far-side of the log. I’d turn-around to face Jacob, and as clearly as possible, announce “*Log*”.

What else could I name?

“*Snow*” ... It was everywhere.

“*Sky*” ... Pointing was difficult.

“*Tree*” ... They were everywhere also. And the word was too-difficult to say with my mouth.

A *Macy’s*-like department-store would have been a much-better place to teach Jacob my language. “*Shirt*”, “*Skirt*”, “*Purse*”, “*Shish-kebab*”, “*Chocolate*”, “*Sofa*”.

Towards the end of the day, Jacob realized that I could speak a few words. In his mind, my intelligence-estimate would be rising. I was perhaps a talking-wolf, with an IQ of about 40. I wasn’t entirely sure that Jacob had learned my words for “*stick*” and “*log*” though. 😊

This was fun, I thought to myself.

Within a week, I’d have Jacob convinced that I remembered my aeronautical-engineering courses from twenty years ago.



Day seven – Cooking

Jacob took his own time waking-up.

I didn't want to wait long.

So I stood on his stomach. Both of my fore-paws dug in.

Standing over him, muzzle-to-muzzle, the morning-lick was getting more-and-more tempting, but I resisted.

When Jacob was obviously awake, which occurred about two seconds after I stood on his stomach, I spoke my morning greeting, *"How are you?"*

Jacob looked at me bleary-eyed, not comprehending what I said.

Should I say *"stick"* and *"log"* again?

No.

"How are you?"

No response from Jacob. He was most-definitely dense.

But very cute.

What next?

I needed another word.

I looked around.

I pulled at the blankets with my paws. I spoke the word, *"Blanket"*.

And then I repeated the word, *"Blanket"*.

I pawed the wall, *"Wall"*.

I repeated the word, *"Wall"*.

And then I returned to pawing at the blanket, and I again-spoke, *"Blanket"*.

Another spark in Jacob's eye.

But not-quite a full spark.

Jacob thought I was issuing a request. He picked-up the blanket, and tossed it over me.

Again, as if I were a pet-wolf.

Depressed feeling... This would take time.

By the time that I had pawed and stepped-forward enough to yank the blanket off my head and body – I hated the static feeling – Jacob had gotten up, and had already changed his clothing.

He was once-again preparing to go outside ...

... and pick-up sticks.

Boring.

I didn't want to pick-up sticks again. There weren't enough "words" out there.

When Jacob opened-up the door, his boots already on, he expected me to jump-down out of bed, and follow him out the door.

I didn't. I stayed in bed.

Standing in the open doorway, the cold coming in, Jacob asked me a question, and then motioned for me to go outside.

I nodded (up-and-down) and spoke, "No."

Jacob spoke a different sentence, and motioned again.

I once-again repeated, "No."

Jacob motioned once more.

I waited, eyes twinkling.

Jacob gave up. He closed the door from the outside. I heard his boots crunching-away on the path.

I waited in his bed for a quarter-of-an-hour to make sure that Jacob had gone.

My quest for the day was to find books, to convince Jacob that I was intelligent. Jacob would have books somewhere in the cabin. He had to.

I might be able to read the books, or at least learn a few words of his language, such as articles and prepositions. If that didn't work, I could scatter the books around the room, open, implying that I could read. I had used the "*scatter books around*" technique many times to convince my sister that I had spent time studying.

However...

I was now hungry.

Jacob didn't feed me enough.

Well, he fed me almost enough. But if he kept feeding me as little as he did, I would be on the slim side. Not starving. Just thin.

I preferred to be a bit weightier, particularly with the snow.

Breakfast! I needed breakfast.

Jacob never bothered with breakfast, but I would.

Wolf paws are absolutely lousy at opening drawers.

One of Jacob's drawers was a small pull-out refrigerator. I managed to pry-open the drawer with my fingernails. It had no front-mounted handle, instead relying on small finger-depressions on the sides of the two-centimeter-thick drawer-front.

Wolf "hands" cannot rotate to the sides. I had to apply my fingernails to the top of the drawer, where there were no finger-depressions... and where the countertop overhung the two-centimeter-thick drawer-front to hide it.

I noticeably scratched the top of the refrigerator-drawer in the process of opening it.

Shit.

Oh well.

Inside was the tasty fresh-meat. Being raw, the meat would need cooking. I didn't think I could manage pulling-out the meat strips, unwrapping one, opening the small convection-oven, and cooking the meat-strip. My manual dexterity wasn't that good. It most-likely would never be that good while I was four-legged.

The refrigerator drawer also held the remainder of a block processed-meat, and a wedge of distinctly-unpalatable slightly-off cheese.

I could have grabbed the half-full bag of pork-rinds from the counter... but no, they weren't to my liking.

I wanted the block of meat-slices, wrapped in thick cellophane. I pawed-forward the block from the back of refrigerator-drawer. This task was itself challenging.

I briefly considered picking-up the meat-block between both of my paws, but decided that I couldn't. I was standing on my hind-legs, and already using my front-paws to hold me up.

I grabbed the meat-slice block with my mouth, and set it on the ground.

Oops. I forgot to close the refrigerator-drawer! I jumped back-up, and applied my weight to close it.

My attention returned to the meat-slice block.

I pulled-off (and tore-off) the cellophane with my fingernails.

Then I impaled my fingernails through the topmost layers of the meat slices. A bit of lateral pull, and I separated them from the heard. The individual slices fell to the floor, next to the meat-slice block.

I ate the three separated slices.

Or at least tried to.

Licking them off the floor didn't work.

My front-teeth couldn't scrape them off the floor.

I had to paw them into a loop, and then bite-grab the raised loop.

I ate all three slices.

More food?

Yup.

I pulled-off and ate another four slices.

And then to show Jacob that I was intelligent, and that I had eaten, I did my best to rewrap the meat-block with its cellophane.

That didn't work well.

Oh well.

I picked-up the meat-slice block with my mouth, and set it on the kitchen-counter. The wolf-slobber would evaporate and/or sink-in; Jacob wouldn't notice.

A poorly-wrapped block of meat-slices would clue Jacob into the fact that I had opened the refrigerator-drawer, pulled-out the meat, and eaten some of it.

Pet wolves couldn't do all that!

Breakfast finished, my next task was to explore Jacob's dresser. It might contain some books to read. (I didn't realize that Jacob had drawers underneath his bed.)

The dresser was infinitely-more difficult to open than the refrigerator-drawer. The dresser drawers were much larger and heavier.

They had front-mounted handles though.

I couldn't pull-open the drawers using their handles. My fingers weren't slender-enough to fit in, nor were my fingers strong-enough to pull-out the heavy wooden drawers.

I tried to pull-on the handles with my teeth. The combination of my pointy nose, my desire to not lose any teeth, and the weight of the drawer prevented me from opening the drawers that way.

So I pawed-open the top drawer from above.

Fifteen minutes later, and with noticeably-scratched woodwork, I opened-up the first of two drawers.

Inside were Jacob's flight uniforms, with his military medals on-top.

I paused to think.

What had Jacob experienced in the war? How horrible was it?

Was that why Jacob only wanted to pick-up sticks?

I would have to ask Jacob about the war someday.

I never wanted to go to war.

Pause.

A moment of silence.

What was my sister doing?

Pause.

Again, pause.

I hoped she was okay.

Pause, and return to Jacob.

I was still curious about Jacob. Should I mess-up his neatly-folded clothes to see what was beneath?

I did.

I stood on my hind legs, and rummaged through the clothes in his top drawer with my paws. He had two flight-uniforms, with medals on top. And several sets of clothes.

And some socks!

Using a combination of my stick-dexterity paws, and my mouth, I took-out a pair of Jacob's socks for myself. My hind-feet were always cold.

With the top-drawer explored, and no books found – I had temporarily forgotten that I was looking for books – I pushed-closed the top-drawer with great difficulty. I couldn't manage to

close it all the way. The right side, I manage to push in all the way, but the left was wedged-out a few centimeters, and wouldn't budge.

Now for the bottom drawer...

The exceptional overhang of unclosed top-drawer made opening the bottom drawer all the more difficult.

I couldn't paw-open the bottom-draw from above.

So I lay on my side and pawed.

I left noticeable scratches on the sides of the drawer.

After quarter of an hour, I abandoned opening the bottom drawer.

I was tired.

Oh well.

I had a new toy to play with, though...

I happily picked-up the sock-pair with my mouth, and hopped onto the bed.

Wolfen socks have left-and-right red-fabric handles on the cuffs. Using a combination of my stumpy fingers, and my teeth, I managed to put-on one of the socks, half-way. And the other was only a token one-third on.

Hmmm.

I was feeling distinctly frustrated.

No books. No bottom drawer. And I couldn't properly put-on my socks.

Damn.

I nosed and pawed my way underneath Jacob's comforter, and fell asleep.

When Jacob returned for lunch, he was amused by the socks on my feet.

After closing the cabin door, Jacob walked straight to the bed, and sat-down on it, behind me.

I turned-around to face him.

He gently pushed me onto my stomach.

What was he doing? Inquisitive-smile on my part.

And he turned me over onto my back.

Mmmm. This was interesting.

Jacob readjusted his own position. One of his legs was folded on the bed, the other hanging off.

With some effort – I was larger than Jacob 😊 – Jacob pulled my fore-body onto his lap.

He reached over me, his chest uncomfortably pushing on my head and scrunching my neck up, and he pulled-up my socks.

I had at-least won one victory today.

I licked his muzzle in happiness and affection. I didn't realize how wolf-like I was becoming.

Jacob patted my stomach in response-affection.

That felt good.

My tail wagged. I didn't even notice the embarrassment.

I wished the moment would last forever. I would have to get Jacob to put my socks on more-often.

Unfortunately, Jacob had to prepare lunch.

He noticed the meat-slice block on the countertop, including the teeth-marks and poorly-wrapped cellophane.

Jacob looked at me.

I was no ordinary wolf. 😊 I wolf-smiled at Jacob.

Jacob said something to me with a smile in his voice.

And then he pulled-off some meat-slices, and fed them to me in bed.

Tail wag.

He handed one meat-slice to my mouth at a time. All I had to do was lay upside-down, and wait to be fed.

After I had finished eating, Jacob pulled several slices off for himself.

I didn't notice, I was so happy.

I was still lying upside down.

Jacob pushed me over.

He got into bed.

And floated the blankets down upon us.



Day eight – Books?

I woke-up Jacob with a quick nose-lick.

“How are you?” I asked.

This time, Jacob looked at me with a smile.

By now, Jacob must have realized that I was fairly intelligent. I needed to push the issue. My quest for the day was to find and pull-out Jacob's books.

But my first priority was my socks!

Jacob had taken-off my socks the previous night, before we went to bed.

I crawled-out from underneath the blankets, accidentally giving Jacob a butt-shot as I turned around, and mouth-picked-up my socks from the end of the bed.

I turned around again, and walked-up beside Jacob, who was still lying down.

I dropped my socks onto Jacob's chest.

He understood.

I winked, and turned myself onto my back, besides Jacob, waiting for him to sit-up and put the socks on my hind-feet.

I was wolf-smiling all-the-while.

Jacob sat-up, and put my socks on the hard-way.

He non-deftly hauled me up against the corner-wall; his bed's cabinet was built against the wall.

Then Jacob leaned over me, and put my socks on, one at a time.

For some reason, I loved the attention.

I also realized that I was very NAKED. Normally, I'd be embarrassed by the scene. But I was now a wolf. And I had been naked for the entire week.

Jacob slid out of bed.

I stayed wedged in the corner, legs up, listening to what he was doing.

The refrigerator-drawer opened.

Wolf-smile. 😊

Jacob returned to bed, carrying a few meat-slices for me. He fed them into my mouth one at a time.

Having paid enough attention to me, Jacob got out of bed. He put the meat-block back. While doing so, he spoke something to me, perhaps in a mocking-scolding tone.

Jacob prepared-himself to go outside and pick-up sticks.

I rolled-over to watch him dress, but Jacob had already changed his clothes by then.

Jacob opened the door, and beckoned for me to go outside.

I sat still and watched, declining.

Realizing that I had decided to stay-in for the day, Jacob closed the door, and crunched down the path.

I lay-about in bed for half an hour, making sure that Jacob was really gone.

And, oh, did I enjoy the bed, especially the way Jacob's odor combined with mine. It was glorious.

Interesting. I realized that I had never thought-about residue fur-odor like that.

After enjoying the scented ambiance of our bed, I hopped out of bed, to begin work on the bottom-drawer of the dresser. Inside I would find books.

If Jacob had a flat piece of steel around, I could have used it as a pry-bar to pry-open the bottom dresser-drawer.

I didn't see one.

My only solution was to try lying-down sideways and scratching-open the bottom-drawer with my fingernails, as I had tried yesterday.

That didn't work.

So I applied my front teeth to the upper-right corner of the dresser drawer-front.

I succeeded after quarter-of-an-hour of scratching and grabbing at the drawer-front with my teeth.

Unfortunately, inside were only shoes.

Didn't this guy have any books?

I pushed the bottom-drawer closed so Jacob wouldn't notice.

It closed all of the way.

The fingernail scratches, and the teeth marks, and the chewed-off corner, and the splinters of wood on the floor, might alert Jacob that I had looked through his possessions.

Unfortunately, the mess couldn't be helped by this point. It didn't occur to me that I should push-aside the splinters of wood so Jacob wouldn't see them.

Depressed look.

I had failed at my quest to find books.

Now what?

Back to being bored.

No television.

Not enough pillows.

Jacob must still be picking-up sticks.

What was I going to do?

I didn't want to stay inside.

Could I get out of the house, by the way?

I hadn't tried yet.

Again, I found myself unknowingly thinking like a wolf, quickly shifting my attention from one object-of-interest to another.

The door had a latch handle.

I stood up, and pulled the latch down.

The door opened inwards.

A bit of a nose-nudge, and I was out.

I was free!

Shit.

It was only a door. Opening it wasn't a major accomplishment. Why was I so excited?

Now that I was free, I realized that I couldn't close the door from the outside. There was no handle, only a circular key-well.

Oh well.

I left the door open.

No-one would break in. On a very unlucky day, a chipmunk might wander in.

I ran down the path to find my... ~~boyfriend... husband...~~
~~friend... roomie... companion...~~ I had no abstract-name for the male Wolfen thing that had put my socks on.

Crap, I had left my rear socks on!

Oh well.

Jacob could take them off when I found him.

That evening, when we had returned from my outdoor language-lessons – I had finally taught Jacob the words for “*stick*”, “*log*”, “*tree*”, and “*sock*” – Jacob wasn’t pleased to see his door wide open though. What did he expect? He saw me outside running up to him. Did he think I could close the door by myself?

After a tasty meal of elk meat-slivers, we snuggled into bed and slept.



Day nine – Never take a wolf shopping

“How are you?” I spoke as I pawed Jacob awake.

I was standing on-top of Jacob’s chest. Chest-standing was a bit of a power-trip for me, particularly when I balanced each of my hind-feet on each of his outstretched legs... which I couldn’t do well, because my feet kept sliding-off his shins.

I was on top.

I was in charge this morning.

I had a plan.

As soon as Jacob was awake, I leapt off-of the bed, and headed for his dresser. I stood onto my hind legs, my forelegs resting on the top of the dresser.

My tail wagged.

Crap.

Tail wags were embarrassing-enough when I was two-legged. Their arcs were twice-as-large now, and four-times as embarrassing.

Oh well. I had more-important things to do.

I verbally dragged Jacob’s sash-bag off-of the dresser, and dragged it to the base of his bed.

I leapt onto the bed with it.

And face-planted myself into his mattress! The bag had caught on something.

I managed to not slide off the bed, but the sash-bag slid onto the floor.

Jacob got the message though.

He said something to indicate his understanding.

I tried to repeat what he spoke.

Jacob looked at me quizzically.

He said something else.

Oh well. That frustrated me. He didn't realize that I was trying to learn his language.

Within ten minutes, we were both out the door. I even got to see Jacob undress this morning, while he changed his clothes.

At the beginning of the long-walk to the store, I was quite ebullient. I ran left-and-right across the path so I could learn its boundaries. I was always in front of Jacob, though I sometimes fell-back to walk along-side him.

But then I ran low on energy.

And then Jacob spent half-an-hour moving a heavy log out of the way.

No day way perfect.

I play-helped him by tugging-on one of the fallen-tree's branches. It tasted terrible, but it was a fun thing to do for about two minutes.

When we finally got to the store, Jacob opened the door and let me in.

The store wasn't much, but it was wolf-accessible.

I found a pillow, and mouth-dragged that into the middle of the room.

Jacob and the cashier watched. The cashier spoke something to Jacob, who responded.

I discovered a row of books on the bottom of a shelf, and pawed a few off. More than a few, actually. I unloaded one-third of the books that were on the shelf. Wolf's paws aren't very-good at angling-out thin books.

I was looking for children's books. Surprisingly, I found a few.

With only teeth and stick-like paws, I found the children's' books to be difficult to pick-up. I eventually mouth-carried three of them, one at a time, to the pillow. Maybe we'd get a discount due to teeth-damage.

I should have thought about a pen and paper, but the idea didn't occur to me. I also forgot to look for a television.

My shopping finished, I sat my butt down, and watch Jacob and the woman watch me. I wondered if he was going out with her. The thought didn't bother me.

Ten minutes later, Jacob had gotten some more meat-strips from the woman, as well as a few new tins of processed meat.

Jacob walked back with a full satchel. It contained food, my books, a screwdriver, and more socks for me.

I had to mouth-carry the pillow the whole trip back. All of my saliva was gone within an hour.

Fast-forward to sunset...

That night, before we went to bed, Jacob more-deftly propped me onto my back, against the corner. Two pillows were behind my head.

I was still naked.

He occupied the right side of the bed.

He covered both of us up.

And read to me a story about a tiny yellow tug-boat.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Wolven appearing in people's dreams

If you visit the “furry” forums and read through the anthropomorphic-animal dreams that people post, you’ll notice that half of the dreams include anthropomorphic Canines (wolves, dogs, foxes, and coyotes). Thirty-percent include anthropomorphic Cats. Ten-percent feature “lizards” or “dragons”.

(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Furry_fandom)

Hypothesize that:

1. “Aliens” exist.
2. Not all aliens are Greys or Saurians. Some might be Chimpanzee-evolved, or Lemur-evolved, or Simian.
(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Grey_alien,
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Reptilians>)
3. Hypothesize races of intelligent Canines and Large-Cats.

Australopithecus-animals (our ancestors), Chimpanzee-animals, and Lemur-animals began with grasping hands, which would-have enabled tool-use, which would have encouraged intelligence-formation.

(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Australopithecus>,
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Theory_of_evolution)

Other races could have been evolved and/or genetically-engineered from other mammals, such as canines (wolves) and large-cats. The species would NOT have begun their evolutionary-climb with the grasping hands necessary to

produce tools, so tool-use couldn't be used to encourage intelligence-formation. Instead, selective-breeding and genetic-engineering by already-existing aliens could sufficiently increase the canine/cat intelligences to "person" levels.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Uplift_Universe)

4. Faster-than-light communications are possible using non-electromagnetic signals.
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Electromagnetic_radiation)
5. A planet-wide and interplanetary internet already exists for non-electromagnetic signals.
6. Hypothesize that "video-capable" mobile-phones can be shrunk to incredibly small sizes, and implanted into the brains of Homo-Sapiens for purposes of monitoring them. The implants also support telepathic-communication features.
7. The mobile-phone alien-implants can be implanted invisibly and painlessly while people are sleeping. Small remote-controlled invisible-and-ethereal floating-bots can fly through three-dimensional walls, and install the telepathy-implants into our brains without invasive surgery.

Small remote-controlled invisible-and-ethereal floating-cameras also exist. They can automatically track

someone's location and head movements, and video-transmit the same scene that the person sees.

8. People with mobile-phone alien-implants can see transmitted video-imagery while they dream.

One application of this technology is "*dream sending*":

1. An invisible-camera follows someone around on another planet, in another galaxy. Audio is recorded along with the video. Emotions and thoughts can also be recorded.
2. The video, audio, emotions, and thoughts are real-time transmitted to Earth via a faster-than-light intergalactic-internet.
3. Someone on Earth in REM-sleep receives the transmission through their mobile-phone telepathy-implants. They experience a dream, looking through the eyes of someone on another planet.
(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rapid_eye_movement_sleep)
4. The emotions and thoughts of the person on Earth are real-time transmitted back to the person on the other planet.
5. The person on the other planet can decide to "listen-to" the thoughts of the dreaming-person from Earth.

Simplistically put, when you dream, implant-technology lets you experience a few-minutes of someone-else's life, on another planet, in another galaxy.

This explains prophetic dreams, or any dreams with meaning. They might be scripted-dreams "sent" (transmitted) to Homo-Sapiens by aliens who wish to warn us of possible futures. (By the way, prophetic dreams are **speculations** about the future. Prophecies are not destinies.)

Implant-transmitted dreams also explain the UFO MILABs people, who have dreams about ultra-top-secret "American" UFO-projects. Those ultra-top-secret UFO-projects are actually occurring on other planets, not on Earth.

(<http://www.alienjigsaw.com/I%20Forgot/Book%20Page.html>)

Implant-transmitted dreams also explain the anthropomorphized-animals that appear in the dreams of "furries". Search the furry-forums for posts about their dreams.

(<http://forums.furtopia.org>, <http://furnation.com>, <http://www.furstralia.com>)

Some more comments about "sent" dreams:

- Some of your dreams will be more colorful, or have higher resolution, depending-upon what model of floating-camera films your dream-visuals. High-quality dream cameras are 45 frames-per-second , 8000 x 3200 pixels, and 8-chroma (not just red, green, and blue).

- Intergalactic agreements, applying to Earth's Homo-Sapiens, usually limit our dreams to only-include Hominids and terrestrial-looking animals.

Consequently, many four-legged animals appearing in our dreams are “dream-acted” by intelligent four-legged animal-evolved people.

- Real-time computer-modification of the transmitted dream-visuals can obscure non-Hominid faces so they look like Homo-Sapiens faces.

Ape-evolved people, Simians, Alotians, and Nor have faces that can easily be automatically digitally-modified to look like Homo-Sapiens.

I once had a dream that included a Saurian helicopter-pilot, whose face was computer-modified to look Hominid. Her modified-face ended-up looking like a flabby melted-wax Hominid face. Her real face was green, feathered in back, and dinosaur-head shaped.

- By treaty, some people (many furies) are allowed to see non-Hominid races in their dreams.
- If you are having a dream that includes anthropomorphic-animal races, remember to try and look at your hands during the dream. They might not be Hominid hands. Finger-locations might be wrong.

- Many Canine-evolved people live in neighboring galaxies. Large populations of Cat-evolved people live ten-ish galaxies away. For purposes of good-will, both meta-races encourage individuals to participate in “dream acting”, letting Homo-Sapiens on Earth *“peek through their eyes during their day-to-day lives.”*

Other nearby races, such as Greys, Saurians, Rabbit-evolved people, and Cthulhuoids, do not partake in the good-will dream-acting programs. They are less-frequently seen in people’s dreams.

For more stories

You can download more of my short stories for free from:

<http://www.disclosuree.com/Stories.pdf>